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# PUNCH



## VOL LXXII

LONDON:  
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1877.





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101  
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LONDON:  
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE OF THE EDITOR





**B**EHEMOTH or Bogey? Awful Apparition or Sorry Show? Colossus of Roads and Realms, Over-stepper of Deserts, Over-strider of Mountains, Floorer and Framers of Faiths, Extinguisher of Nationalities, Absorber of Empires, Disposer of Manifest Destinies, Defier of Magnificent Distances; or Immensest of Impostures, Darkest yet Dullest of Diplomatic Deceptions, Shallowest of Shams, Biggest of Bubbles, most Barefaced of Bankrupts, Gelatinous of Giants, and Weak-kneed of Warriors? The most far-seeing and far-reaching Power that ever pursued a settled purpose of Universal Dominion through centuries of shifting circumstances; or the most monstrous mushroom-growth of empire that ever struck root in corruption, to swell to deceptive dimensions, and thence dwindle into swift decay? Thou canst not be both. Art thou either—or neither?

Has PUNCH, with Russia in Bulgaria and at Erzeroum, a right to sit smoking the cigar of composure on the stone-wall of insular impossibility, or ought he to be doing penance in his own sheets for his mockery of more penetrating piercers into the Millstones between which are ground out the Destinies of Nations in the mighty World-Mill?

Such was the question which, after much distracting study of London's many-minded newspaper organs—summer sun and iced cups and nerve-soothing Nicotian aiding—PUNCH pondered under the shade of his own laurels.

Suddenly there seemed to stand by him a shadow—yet not a shadow, but a very solid substance—a Presence as of a brother-Briton, but with a more settled purpose in his face, and a more searching sharpness in his eye, than belongs to mere mortal. And the Presence stretched out its hand so that the shadow fell across PUNCH's brow, and straight it was as if he had passed suddenly from the fierce heat and ghastly glare of the Black Country of Political Polemics, all lit up with blazing questions, into a cool region of sweet airs, and cooling waters, whereof it was revealed to him, he knew not how, that the Presence was the Presiding Power.

"This is an age of Examinations," said the Presence, "though as yet I have not admitted them into my system, unless when, like Mr. Cook's Tours, they can be 'personally conducted,'—that is, put under the guidance and correction of Common Sense, your humble Servant—"

"My ever loyally acknowledged, and to the best of my ability faithfully served, Master," cried PUNCH, prostrating himself.

"I rule," replied the Presence, "as far as I yet *do* rule in England, in the person of my valued ward, QUEEN VICTORIA. We have just celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of her reign. Let us drink her health and long life in a cup suiting alike the time and the toast—cool as her head, clear as her understanding, strong as her sense, and bland as her temper. They that are loyal to her, are loyal to me. But, methinks, I have rarely seen that loyalty put to greater strain than of late."

"Your Majesty surprises me," observed PUNCH, respectfully. "The present claims to be eminently the age of Common Sense."

"Ritualism and Home-Rule, Spiritualism and Foreign-Loan-Financing, Continental Levies and Papal Infallibility, China-Mania and Oxford Æsthetics, Brotherhood of the Holy Cross and Russophobia to the contrary notwithstanding?"



sardonically interposed Common Sense. "I began by saying we live in an age of Examinations. I propose to examine *you*. What makes the Strength of Nations?"

"National Health and National Wealth."

"Enumerate the leading symptoms of National Health."

"Diffused Education, wide-spread Comfort, a well-balanced Political Constitution, Reverence for Home, Loyalty to National Institutions, Sobriety, Respect for Truth and Fair Dealing between man and man."

"Which of these do you find in Russia?"

"Not one. I find, instead, an almost utter want of Education; a thin varnish of Luxury, but no Comfort; a Despotie Government; Communism in the villages, Affiliation to destructive Secret-Societies in the towns; Drunkenness and Falsehood generally prevalent; Dishonesty in private dealings, and Corruption in public offices."

"What are the chief conditions of National Wealth?"

"Widely-diffused and intelligent Industry, and labouring Arms at command, with accumulated Capital and sound Credit to set them to work; a fertile Soil; Commerce; Manufactures; abundant Raw Material; and Free Trade to turn all these to the best account."

"Which of these do you find in Russia?"

"Not one. I find, instead, a poor, pining, and protected industry; labour scarce, ill-trained, unenergetic and largely reduced by the constant drain for military service; little accumulated capital, heavy indebtedness and exhausted credit; a soil barren over by far the larger part of its enormous extent, and where it is productive, with the trade in its raw material exposed to an overpowering foreign competition before which it dwindles yearly; next to no healthy commerce or manufactures, and a rigidly protective system."

"What makes a nation formidable to its neighbours?"

"Aggressive intentions, backed by effective force."

"Do you find these united in the case of Russia?"

"No. Admitting the intentions, I fail to find the force that should be formidable to a really formidable opponent?"

"How, then, do you account for her conquests round the shores of the Black Sea, about the ridges of the Caucasus, and in Central Asia beyond the Caspian to the borders of Afghanistan and the confines of Chinese Tartary?"

"Because in these cases she was dealing with barbarians weaker than herself."

"Do you not fear what Russia can do to endanger our rule in India?"

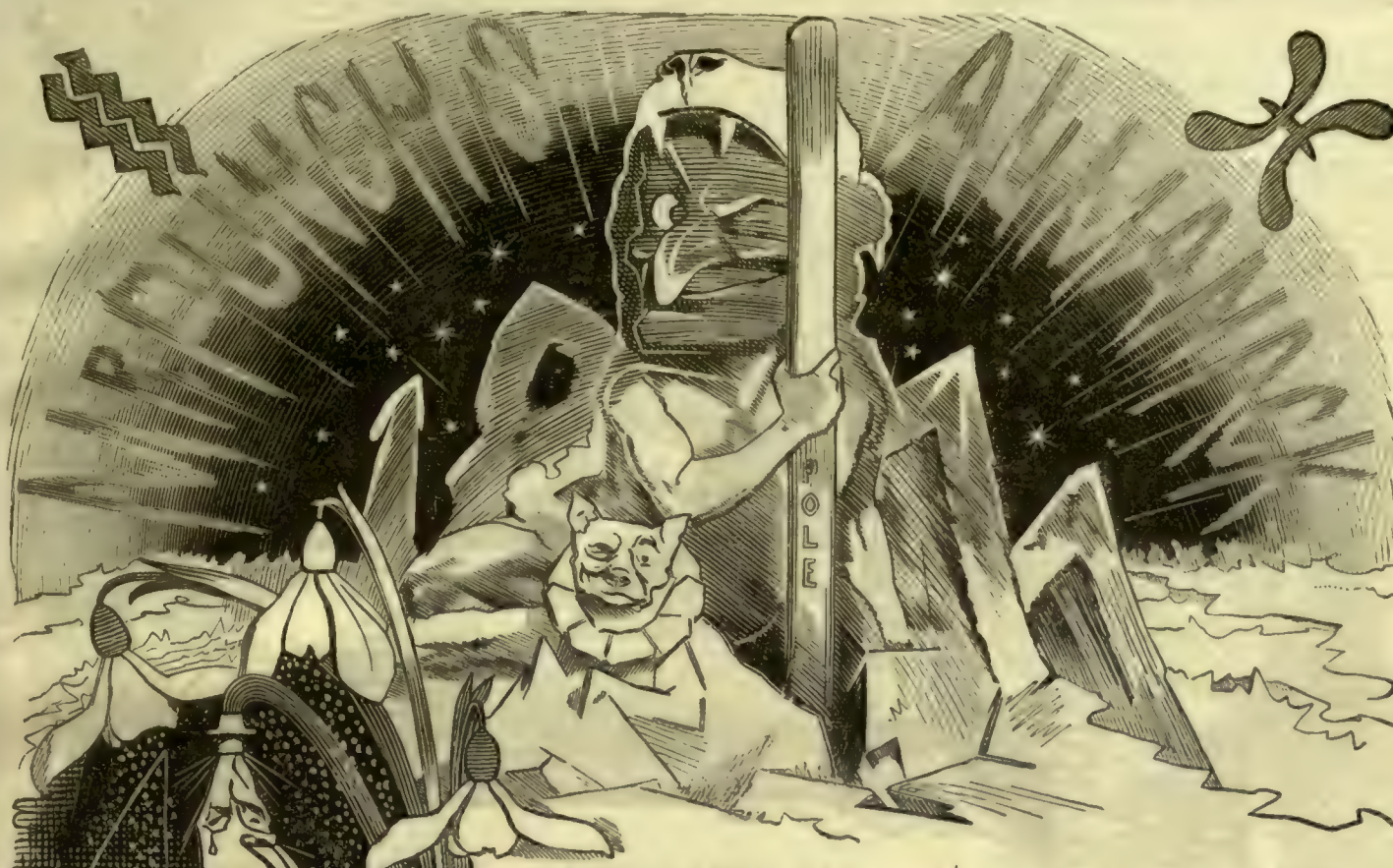
"No; for I think our basis of defence about the strongest, her basis of attack about the weakest, in the world. If a thousand miles of waterless deserts and impassable mountains, and more than that distance between even the border of these and the sources from which all Russia's supplies must be drawn, and that by a nation whose European credit, as I am assured by those who are loudest in their fear of her, is exhausted, and whose internal system is honeycombed by the secret workings of discontent and disloyalty, be not sufficient defence of a power rooted as England is in India, with her communications secured by her command of the sea, her soldiers and sailors well trained, well officered, and animated by the high courage of our race, and the wealth and credit of Great Britain's vast empire and world-wide commerce at their back, then facts and fancies are one, and PUNCH has read History in vain."

"And, worse still, has studied in my schools and worked in my service to no purpose!" exclaimed Common Sense, as, with a sudden explosion of impatience, he shut down with a snap the Russian Old Bogey into his Box, while TOBY rested in peace under the shadow of



And BRITANNIA was calm, knowing that, if TOBY slumbered, she might sleep secure.





AQUARIUS

1	M	S	r.	Sh.Bm.	12	P	Levater d.	24	Lo	Pitt d.	1896
2	W	S.	a.	dh.im.	13	S	Jan. L. Th.	25	W	Van b	1749
3	W	Hunt b.			14	S	2nd E. Epip.	26	Th	Barna N.	
4	Th	Shumbe-ene			15	M	Def. L. Th.	27	F	Brasil disc.	
5	F	Radatsky d.			16	Tu	Onibow d.	28	S	Pazis capt.	
6	S	Ruppency			17	W	Franklin b.	29	S	Septuag. B.	
7	S	1st E. Epip.			18	Tu	Lytton d.	30	W	Victor d.	
8	M	Dr A. V. b.			19	F	Watt b.	31	Th	Chas I bhd.	
9	W	Fuslin duc			20	S	Fabian		W	Hilary T. b.	
10	Th	Idonmud d.			21	M	38 of E. Epip.				
11	Th	Hilary T. b.			22	M	Vincent				

January.

PISCES

1	Th	E. Coke b.	12	M	Pallin d.	23	F	Str J Ray d.
2	F	Sr. 7th dion	13	Tu	Revolt. 16-8	24	S	Matthias
3	S	Sr. 4th Sion	14	W	As. Wash.	25	S	28 in Lost
4	S	Ser g. Sa.	15	Th	U. Le. tia	26	M	1. Moved.
5	M	Galvin d.	16	F	Burke exo	27	Th	Evelin d.
6	Th	Ch. a. H. a	17	S	Whisham d.	28	W	J. Tennal
7	W	Q. of Se. Sh.	18	S	18 in Lost			
8	Th	Hf. Q. Da.	19	M	Imperic. b.			
9	F	Derna. m	20	Tu	J. Home d.			
10	S	Q. Vicmer	21	W	Inden t.			
11	S	Quinqu. S	22	Th	Poguen d			

February.

WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.  
Monthly Memoranda by a Modern Momus.  
‘One season for hawke and another for hounde,  
But Peele huntynge’s a Sporte dureth all ye yeare rounde.’

JANUARY.  
JANUARY! Month melancholy,—  
Save to connoisseur in folly!  
He finds food for gay reflection.  
“Happy New Year?” Ha! Ha! Affection  
Truly cuts most comic capers.  
Happy indeed! Just watch the papers.  
Were all happy? I, for one,  
Could not be. There’d be no fun.  
Fools won’t fail though. Send me cards  
Decked by daubers, rhymed by bards!  
Grin and burn them. World won’t vary.  
Geese abound in January.

LITTLE TOMMY’S QUESTIONS.  
FOR JANUARY.  
WHY does Papa look so angry when he opens his letters?  
Why does he say that Mamma must retrench?  
Why does he call the Milliner naughty names?  
Why did he want to kill the Tax-collector?  
Why does he abuse the Butcher?  
Why does he call the Grocer a cheat?  
Why does he scowl at Mamma’s bonnet?  
Why won’t he take me to see the Pantomime?

HOW DID HE TAKE IT?  
“Beauty skin-deep? An envious saw, shaped by some  
dry old stick!”  
Ogling himself, quoth PACHYDERM, a most conceited  
elf.  
“The Sage was right,” his friend replied; “but then  
your skin’s so thick,  
That no one yet could ever see the beauty—save  
yourself!”

CANDLEMAS will this year be celebrated by many  
Ritualist clergymen by burning candles in broad day-  
light. N.B.—“Advanced Ritualist,” a retrograde  
Parson—a clerical Crab who goes backward.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST.—Young Freshmen and  
Old Salts.

LITTLE TOMMY’S QUESTIONS.  
FOR FEBRUARY.  
Why do FLORIE and EFFIE say that the 14th is such  
a ridiculous day?  
Why does FLORIE (who got such a lot of letters) say  
she likes old customs?  
Why does EFFIE (who was forgotten by the postman)  
say she thinks Valentines rather vulgar?  
Why does Papa call young MR. CUBLYWIG “a  
puppy”?  
Why does EFFIE agree with him?  
Why does FLORIE cry about it?  
Why does Mamma kiss her?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.  
FEBRUARY.  
FEBRUARY! Fools again,  
Rampant, constant (like the rain).  
Rink,—look guys, court thumps and lumps!  
Football,—ditto, bruises, bumps!  
Sport? Aha! Send purchased slummary,  
Crassest form of Cupid’s mummery!  
Prig gets venom’d Valentine,  
Phiz delicious to divine!  
Postman swears, of Love he’s sceptic.  
Muffs eat pancakes, get dyspeptic.  
Sport to view each fresh vagary,  
Lots of fun in February!

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.  
(For Students and Examiners.)  
Q. Define the Earth.  
A. A round, impudent, unprincipled, body.  
Q. Why impudent?  
A. Because it is a cool body travelling round the  
sun,—which is about the coolest thing we ever heard  
of.  
Q. Why unprincipled?  
A. Because it borrows what it cannot repay, and  
makes light of it.

A VOICE FROM THE LANE.  
WHY should corn dealers prosper? Why, indeed!  
Walk down Mark Lane and mark how all suck seed!

SPLENDID MEXDAY.—Living in state



## ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. You say that "The attractive power of Bodies is in proportion to the amount of matter they contain." Explain this.

A. Of course I didn't say anything of the sort, still I shall be happy to afford you any information in my power. Evidently a well-informed conversationalist is "company," and an attraction in himself, as is a good pianist, a first-rate songstress, and an agreeable, chatty, pretty woman. But the prettiest woman in the world loses all power of attraction if she has only her face to depend on. *She may always depend upon her face, but you cannot be always hanging on her lips.* A pin has a head, a cauliflower has a heart, a calf has brains: and a pretty woman may have the head of a pin, the brains of a calf, and the heart of a cauliflower. Beware in time!

WHEN actors complain that all they require is "parts," they generally tell the exact truth.



## PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

(By M. F. J. FRIZ-SOLOMON, Esq.)

"BIRDS of a feather flock together;"  
Else would they freeze this wintry weather.

"Charity begins at home;"  
Why send blankets to Africa, bibles to Rome?

"Fast bind, fast find;"  
Unhappy nobleman, bear it in mind.

"Kissing always goes by favour;"  
If it did not, who would like the flavour?

Sue a beggar, and catch a \*\*\*\*\*  
Holders of Turke, exhibit your nous.

"Money makes the Mare to go;"  
And a Stockbroker's spouse is a lovely show.

"Pound foolish and penny wise"  
Is the man who a millionaire miser dies,  
As his soul will know when it homeward flies.

"When the Cat's away the Mice will play,"  
Means Parliament out of Session, they say.



## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR MARCH.

Why does EFFIE say she likes Lent?  
Why does MR. RUBRIC, the curate, agree with her?  
Why does EFFIE eat so much lunch, and so little dinner?  
Why does MR. RUBRIC only take fish at dinner?  
Why does EFFIE go to church twice a day?  
Why is EFFIE working a pair of slippers?  
When will EFFIE pay me the sixpence she promised me for not calling MR. RUBRIC "MR. REDNOSE?"

## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

MARCH.

MARCH! Girls frights with cold red noses,  
Funnier sight than ditto roses!  
Swells down gutters chasing "tiles,"  
Sight that makes me breathe with smiles.  
East wind up, and dust a-flying,  
Folks in streets seem all a-crying.  
Fun to read how bellicose Pats  
Celebrate St. Patrick. Flats!  
Here's to Mars! the pair with Cupid  
(Viz.: at making mortals stupid).  
Laugh till collar loses starch,  
At fool's pranks in blustering March.

## LONDON PRACTICAL JOKES.

*One Good Practical Joke.*—The dust-carts, overloaded, collecting dust, and adding to it at the same time, in the hottest part of the most sultry day in July.

*Another: The Water Carts.*—Turning the water on suddenly at the corner of a street, and quite close to the kerb, where there are Ladies and Gentlemen waiting to cross. Real good fun this.

*Another and a better Joke.*—Maundering cabs, empty; going at a walk. Driver sees somebody in the middle of a crossing, helpless, and urges on his steed with a flick of the whip, suddenly. Foot Passengers' panic.

*The Best Practical Joke in London* is, perhaps, the environs of Covent Garden Market at any time, but specially from Friday night till Saturday midday. Impassable for cabs, and therefore generally chosen as a short cut to any railway station by a cabman who knows his fare is in a hurry. Covent Garden, however, is beyond a joke; it is simply a disgrace to the Metropolis.

THE BIGGEST MOTH IN CREATION.—A Mammoth.

## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

APRIL.

APRIL! Dedicate to Folly;  
Apemantus might be jolly.  
Cold! Don't care for the thermometer,  
Favourite instrument Foolometer!  
High this month. Sumphs think it Spring,  
Dress,—and shake—like anything.  
Buds all a-blowing,—so bards sing 'em;  
Fancy Flora with a Gingham!  
Girls look gay, fal-lals and flowers,  
Fun to see 'em caught in showers.  
Rain that forms adown one's nape rill,  
Type of fool's spring-fudge in April.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR APRIL.

Why do Mamma and the girls go to the Park?  
Why does Papa say it is folly?  
Why does FLORIE take me out?  
Why does she send me to play by myself when we meet MR. CURLYWIG?  
Why does MR. CURLYWIG give me a shilling not to tell?  
Why is FLORIE always asking for letters at the post-office?  
Why does EFFIE say such disagreeable things about MR. RUBRIC's engagement?  
Why mayn't I smoke, like Papa?

## FASHION AND TASTE.

DIFFERENT people have different opinions:  
Some like ringlets and some like chignons.

MEMORANDUM FOR MARCH.—Biting North-easters.  
Walk not in the teeth of the wind.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—A broiling hot day and a cloudless sky all serene. Thunder and lightning, attended with a heavy shower of aerolites. An eruption of the long quiescent volcano, Primrose Hill. At the same time, a terrific cyclone, which unroofs the Houses of Parliament, whilst the Monument is overturned, and St. Paul's swallowed by an earthquake. Oysters (there being yet an "r" in the month) rise to a guinea apiece, and some fools buy them.

PLAGIARISM IN A POLICE-COURT.—At Bow Street, before the sitting Magistrate, MESSRS. BLANKTON, Music Publishers, have up MESSRS. DASHFORD, other Music Publishers, on a charge of stealing a March.





## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR MAY.

Why do Mamma and the girls go to Court?  
 Why does Papa say it's a perfectly disgraceful?  
 Why does Mamma smuggle the Dressmaker up the back stairs?  
 Why do the girls invite all their friends to come and see them start?  
 Why do their friends call FLORIE and EFFIE "frights" when they think I am not listening?  
 Why does EFFIE say that Papa ought to know that MR. CURLYWGIG would stand by the carriage in the Park?  
 Why does FLORIE ask after Mrs. RUBRIC?  
 Why does Mamma give me some sweets not to say anything about the quarrel to Papa?

## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

MAY.

MAY! A merry month indeed  
 To Diogenes! I feed  
 Full on fooleries, phrenzied, frantic,  
 Critic cant and cockney centric.  
 Love to see R.A.'s array,  
 Few can paint, but many pay.  
 List to Gosling Green's remarks,  
 Girls' warm gushes—awful larks!  
 Fair May buds? They're few; but rare  
 Budding boobies in Mayfair.  
 On the whole one should be gay  
 Who hunts fools in town in May.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR ALL FOOLS.—An *opéra bouffe* singer, having lost his voice, advertises a reward for its recovery.

BIRDS OF SCIENCE.—Naturalists are puzzled to know why Swallows perch on the telegraph wires. The reason is perfectly plain—they are sending messages to say they are coming.

NEW CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.—"Qui fit Mæcenas?" Some commentators are of opinion that these words were, in the first instance, addressed to this eminent Roman by his tailor, and that they ought to be rendered, "How does it fit, MÆCENAS?"

A FOOL'S ERRAND.—In the heat of the dog-days a practical punster, very far gone, went to the Zoological Gardens, to cool himself at the pole in the vicinity of the Polar Bear. He complained of having found no pole near that bear; the only bears that had a pole being brown bears, and he saw them climb it, but didn't feel himself at all the cooler.

## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

JUNE.

JUNE! Rose-month. The rose I scorn,  
 Tickle me to trace the thorn.  
 I, sub-rosa, scan society,  
 Fools in ever fresh variety.  
 Ruralizing now the go,  
 Swells cry "jolly," find it "slow."  
 Slow! that acmé of the horrid  
 Swellodom's purgatory. Torrid  
 Weather! Row then! Duffers do so.  
 Picnic,—comfortless as Crusoe.  
 Folly frisks to merry tune,  
 In the jocund month of June.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNE.

Why did MR. CURLYWGIG call upon Papa?  
 Why did they remain talking for two hours?  
 Why was Mamma sent for?  
 Why did FLORIE cry her eyes out?  
 Why did EFFIE say Papa was right to object?  
 Why did FLORIE, after she had been down to Papa's study, return smiling?  
 Why did EFFIE look so angry when she told FLORIE that she congratulated her?  
 Why should that great lanky chap, CURLYWGIG, be made my brother-in-law?

## WHOM NOT TO MARRY:

Or, Diogenes the Younger.

*The Lady with a Mission.*—She will fill your house with parsons or professors, lecture you on her pet hobby when she can get no other audience (which will be pretty often), consider all your old friends frivolous, and treat you with supreme contempt if you venture to hint that you like your dinner punctually, and properly cooked.

*The Lady of Fashion.*—She will regard you as an appendage, a cheque-drawing animal, a useful purveyor of equipages and dresses and diamonds and lace, a person to be ignored as much as possible in Society.

*The Millionaire's Daughter.*—She will persistently make you aware that it is *her* house you live in, *her* carriage you drive, that the servants are *hers*, the dinners *hers*—that, in fact, she has bought you, and given for you much more than you are really worth.

*The Pious-Parochial Lady.*—She will devote all her time to the distribution of tracts, the inspection of cottages, the collection of gossip, and interviews with the Curate. Each Curate will be a more "blessed"

## ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners)

Q. "Gravity decreases with distance." Explain.

A. Quite true and just so. However stupendous an idiot a man may be, you cannot very well laugh at him to his face, specially if he be a remarkably muscular idiot. When he is gone, or when you have gone, or when his back is turned, then he is, as the French say, "*pour rire*" (which, according to English soundings, is a particularly happy phrase as applied to laughing behind any one's back), and when he is a hundred miles off, you can put off your gravity, which is an assumed habit, and go into perfect fits of laughter. Thus you see how "gravity decreases with distance." Go away, I want to laugh.

THE Liberal party are sadly in want of a good cry. They should have patronised Jo.



LINTY - SANDHURNE - INY-ET, DEL.

man than his predecessor, especially if he have the shifty eyes, aggressive teeth, narrow forehead, and shambling knees which modern Curatism has developed.

*The Female Novelist.*—She will sit up all night writing improprieties, and pass all day in town, worrying publishers, who are at present sad victims of the irrepressible petticoat.

*The Horsey Woman.*—She will laugh at you as a muf if you don't ride across country, buy "screws" from her particular friends that you will have to sell for as many tens as she gave hundreds, and cost you a fortune in doctors' bills by breaking her collar-bone at least once every season.

*The Gushing Female.*—She will devour you with kisses, to the injury of your shirt-front, or weep on your bosom, with much the same result. To her either is equally delightful.

*The Widow.*—DIOGENES pauses. The theme is too great for him. Vide Mr. Weller, Sen., in *Pickwick*, *passim*.

STICKING AT NOTHING.—Fighting shadows



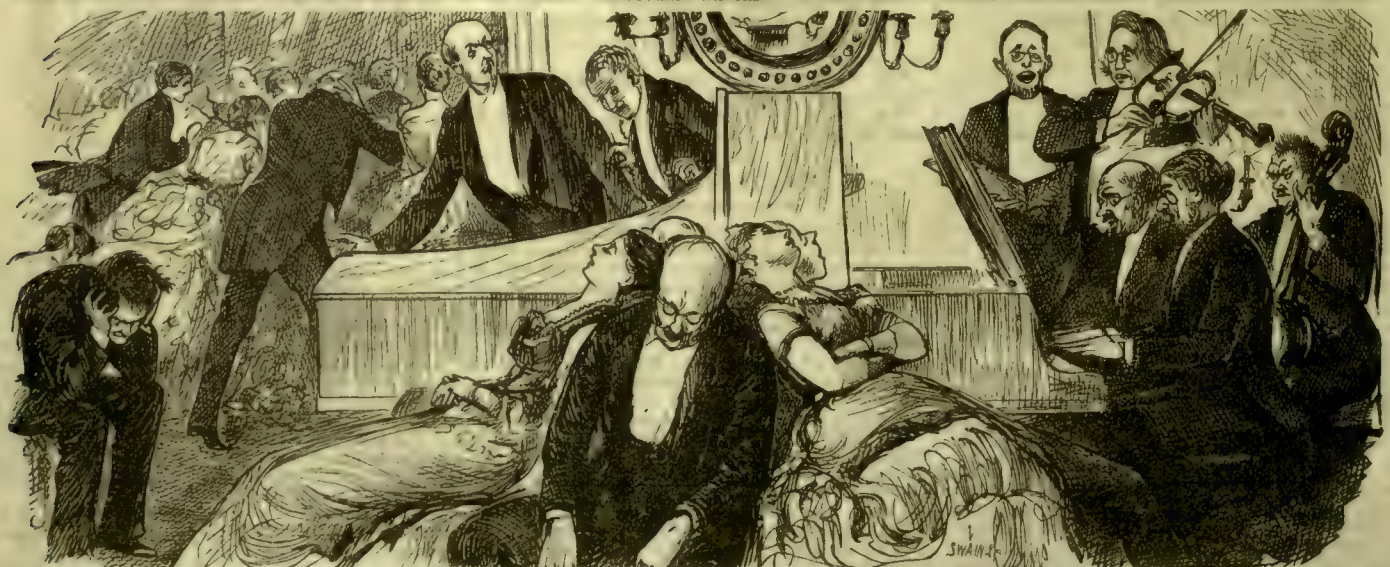
MUSIC AT HOME.



I.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE PAST—A MELODY BY MOZART.



II.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE PRESENT—A BRILLIANT FANTASIA FOR THE PIANO BY SIGNOR RUMBELSTOMSKINI.



III.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE FUTURE—TWENTY-FOUR CONSECUTIVE INTERDEPENDENT LOGARITHMIC STUDIES FOR VIOLIN AND VIOLONCELLO, WITH DOUBLE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE PIANOFORTE, SUPPLEMENTED BY UNISONAL DESCRIPTIVE AND CORROBORATIVE VOCAL EXPOSITION IN FIVE MODERN LANGUAGES.





JOCUS RITUALISTICUS.

Ritualistic Curate (with a view to further innovations). "ANYTHING FRESH, SIR, FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL?"  
 Facetious Vicar. "FEAST OF ST.—? MICHAELMAS!—OF COURSE,—R-R-ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE SAUCE, MY BOY!"



A "HOT CORNER." AUTUMN MANŒUVRES, 1876.



CURSORY RHYMES.

I.

THERE was a little Gun  
Weighing more than Eighty Ton,  
Which made a great sensation, and a greater noise;  
Every trial shot, they found,  
Cost quite five-and-twenty pound,  
But there's not another nation got it's equal, Boys!

II.

CAPTAIN O'PIP  
Has lost his ship,  
And can't tell how it founderd.  
Let it alone!  
The salt sea foam  
Will never let out who blunderd.

III.

JACK MCGILL  
With gout being ill,  
Was ordered Vichy water:  
But feeling down,  
Poured out "Old Brown,"  
And finished a tumbler after.

IV.

POLLINARY,  
Light and airy,  
How does your fountain flow?  
Cockles, squills,  
And camomile pills,  
To the dogs with the rest  
may go.

V.

DICKY TANNHAUSER  
Made such a noise, Sir,  
Letting off fireworks yellow  
an' green  
What to him might be  
music,  
Would nearly make you  
sick;  
O! sure such a Wag ne'er as  
this has been seen.

VI.

HEY diddle, diddle!  
A slate in the middle;  
A message come down from  
the moon.  
The medium he laughed,  
To see such sport,  
And took in the too-credulous  
spoon.

HOUSEHOLD PROVERBS.

First catch your hair, and  
then hook him.  
Scratch a millionaire, and  
you'll find a snob.  
When the chaperone comes  
in at the door, the lover flies  
out of the window.  
Too many cooks spoil the  
policeman.  
The cook's nose, shows where  
the money goes.  
No savings, no sweetheart.  
Borrow in haste and repay at  
leisure.  
You can't wear your lady's  
gown and have it in the ward-  
robe.  
Marsala under any other  
name will be as cheap.  
There's no school like the  
old school.  
No Alp without a tourist.  
Cook looks on many tourists,  
the tourists see but one Cook.

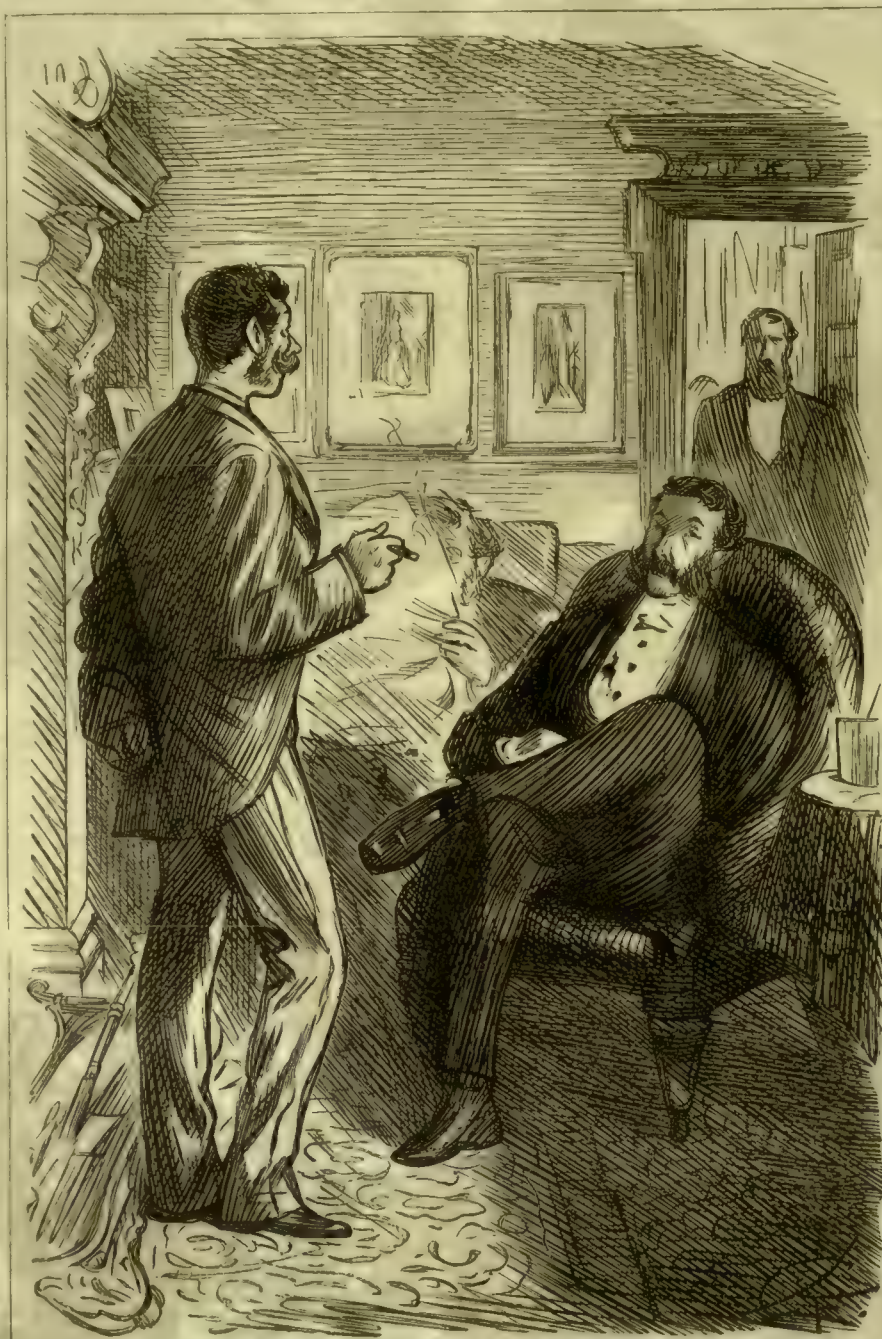
ASTRONOMICAL.

BEAUTY, unwedded, seen at rout or ball,  
Is like the noonday sun which shines on all.  
When Hymen's ring o'er Beauty's finger slips,  
That sun oft suffers—annular eclipse!

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Can you define Longitude?  
A. Yes, if you allow me a certain Latitude.  
Q. As this application cannot for a moment be enter-  
tained, we will pass on to another subject. What do  
you understand by "a question of Time?"  
A. My asking you what o'clock it is.



Captain Brown (narrating his Trip to the Continent). "THEN, OF COURSE, WE RAN DOWN TO GRANADA,  
AND SAW THE ALHAMBRA—"  
Captain Jinks (untraveller Athlete). "No?! WHAT, HAVE THEY GOT ONE THERE TOO!!"

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Under what conditions does a body fall to the  
earth?  
A. The conditions vary. But when a body is asked  
afterwards, the answer attributes the accident either to  
the heat of the room, or the salmon, or the cucumber,  
or something that has disagreed with it (the body in  
question), but in no case is any reference made to the  
wine.

LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANIES.

It is proposed to form a Syndicate for the establish-  
ment of Companies with strictly limited liabilities to  
carry out various useful purposes. Now that nobody  
cares to buy Turks and Egyptians, investors will doubt-  
less be glad to hear of ventures whose shares will imme-  
diately reach a big premium. Among them may be  
mentioned—

A Company for the Suppression of Unsatisfactory but  
Opulent Uncles and Aunts,  
and the proper Distribution  
of their Assets among their  
younger Collaterals.

A Company (under the pre-  
sidency of SIR WILFRID  
LAWSON) for introducing Malt  
and Hops into Ale, and eli-  
minating Fusel Oil from  
Whiskey.

A Company (under the pre-  
sidency of SIR CHARLES  
DILKE) for Improving the  
quality of Modern Criticism.

A Company (under the presi-  
dency of LORD SHAFFESBURY)  
for the Vivisection of Scien-  
tific Professors. Shorthand  
writers will be engaged to re-  
port their remarks during the  
operation.

A Company for Ostracising  
Fishmongers who sell Oysters  
out of Season.

A Company for Inoculating  
Upholsterers with the First  
Principles of Decorative Effect.

A Company for Quietly Re-  
moving the Turks from Europe  
into Asia, and keeping them  
there.

A Company for Carrying  
Honesty to the Stock Ex-  
change, Honour to Tattersall's,  
Gaiety to Buckingham Palace,  
and Sea-water to London.

PRÆNUNTIA VERIS.

A TOKEN from the coming  
Spring  
Has greeted me to-day,  
Which tears into my eyes can  
bring,  
And stop me on my way.

'Tis not that in the pathway  
lies  
A primrose heedless tost;  
'Tis not the martyr bud which  
dies  
Before the lingering frost.

Nor yet the subtle whisper,  
heard  
Clear 'mid the blustering  
wind,  
That tells of flower, and bee,  
and bird,  
And April days behind.

No! 'twas that while with  
eager pace  
Heedless I hurried by,  
A gnat, the firstling of the  
race,  
Flew straight into my eye!

POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.  
—We have changed all that.  
There is now extensively ad-  
vertised a "Singer Manufac-  
turing Company."

THE PAY'S THE THING.—  
Recruits are in request. Let  
them see a little more of the  
colour of your money. That  
is the flag to rally round.

TOM TIPPLER makes his grog so strong, that he is  
obliged to use toughened glass.

MEM. BY A BACHELOR.

(Who narrowly escaped being a Benedict.)

MARRIAGE a lottery? Yes! My stars I thank  
That I have drawn its greatest prize—a blank!

A MEDICAL TITLE.—Sur-goon.













### SPIRITUALISM MADE USEFUL.

WHO KNOWS?—What sized bowl is required to drown care in?

PROPER FARE.—What would you expect to find on a literary man's breakfast-table?—*Bacon's Remains, Final Memorials of Lamb*, if in season, and Shelley fragments.

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—Presenting an unfortunate who has invested his little all in Turkish Bonds with a *Porte-monnaie*.

CAUTION TO "COMICAL DOGS."—Remember how many jokes may be classed under these two heads:—1. Funny, but old; 2. New, but not funny.

WHAT OUGHT TO GO TOGETHER.—A turnip watch and an eighteen-carat gold chain.

DOMESTIC.—It was a homely but pungent observation, on the part of a man of much experience and observation, that marriage without love was like tripe without onions.

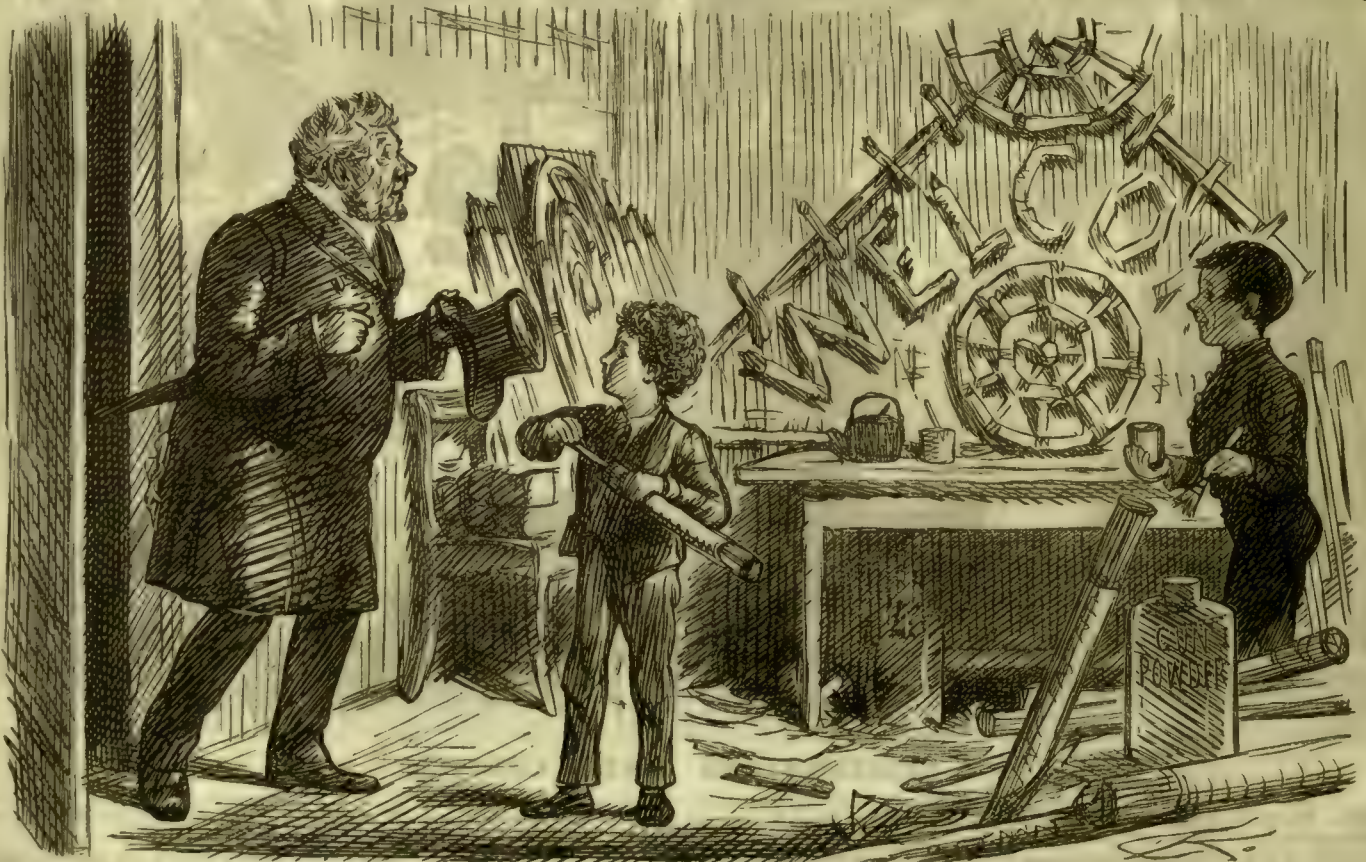




**DELICATE ATTENTION.**

*Confiding Spinster.* "I'M AFRAID THE SEA IS TOO COLD FOR ME THIS MORNING, MR. SWABBER."

*Bathing Man.* "COLD, MISS! LOR' BLESS YER, I JUST TOOK AND POWERED A KITTLE O' BILIN' WATER IN TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF, WHEN I SEE YOU A COMIN'!"



**A LITTLE SURPRISE.**

*Master Tom (November 4th).* "ROBERT AND ME MADE 'EM ALL OURSELVES, UNCLE, FOR TO-MORROW NIGHT, IN HONOUR O' YOUR VISIT!"

*(Uncle John tries to look delighted, but has a shrewd suspicion that his Bed chamber is directly over this Magazine!)*



PICTURES OF THE DAY (TO COME).



I.—PROCESSION OF THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE FORM DIVINE, HEADED BY MONSIEUR WORTH.  
(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Leighton.)



II.—DOCTOR MEILANION JONES, FINDING HIMSELF OUTSTRIPPED IN THE RACE FOR PATIENTS BY THE FAIR DOCTRESS ATALANTA ROBINSON, GALLANTLY THROWS HER A WEDDING-RING, AND WINS THE DAY.  
(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Poyater.)

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE.—The other day at 1 P.M., luncheon-time, a hungry man walked into a pigeon pie. He has not been seen since.

THE HERREW PASTORAL NYMPH.—Old Chloë.

THAT Palmocryptic sea has one paradoxical peculiarity: though ice-locked, it flows on for ever.

TO SCHOOL-BOARDS.—There is something far better than school before breakfast—breakfast before school.

THE HEIGHT OF SINCERITY.—Wishing an aged person, at whose decease you will come into property many happy new years.

THE VERRY IDEA.—Let's have some lunch.



## ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Is the Earth ever at rest?

A. Never: and not likely to be as long as its principles of action have a tendency to keep it in a perpetual state of revolution.

Q. The Earth moves, eh?

A. Yes, at a meeting of the planets it always moves a resolution.

Q. That is not an answer. Is it an ascertained fact that the Earth moves?

A. No: but it is an ascertained fact that the sea does, and the effect is most unpleasant. Judging from our sensations on shore, which are generally of a pleasurable character, we should say that the Earth does *not* move. But send a boy out to watch. I'll go, if you'll give me five shillings.

HOW TO GET RID OF A BORE.—Make an appointment to meet him on Waterloo Bridge, and throw him over.



## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS

FOR JULY.

Why are FLORIE and CHADWICK (that's CURLYWIG) always together?

Why do they always sit together in the morning room?

Why does FLORIE give me shillings not to sing a song about the baboon who married the monkey's sister?

Why doesn't old CHADWICK like being called "Daddy Longlegs" when I come down to dessert?

Why does EFFIE laugh at the name?

Why does FLORIE say she knows why EFFIE encourages me to be rude?

Why does EFFIE want to know what FLORIE means?

Why does FLORIE ask again after Mrs. RUBRIC?

## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

JULY.

JULY! Mercury up to "melting."

Grand to see great gables pelting

After, what? A leathern sphere!

True "pursuit of folly" here.

What would old ERASMUS say?

I swig "Iced Hatfield," and survey.

Girls look on, their boredom's shocking,

Might set Mephistophiles mocking.

Cricket, perfect type of life,

Dull display and aimless strife.

Need no other goose-round try

Than "the Oval" in July.

## THE NEW CRUSHER QUADRILLE.

(A most fashionable dance, as performed at the most crowded balls of the season.)

FIRST FIGURE. *La Pastajoke*.—Opposite couples set-to and squeeze, walk on each other's toes, attempt to turn round, fail completely, and return to their places. *Chaine des dames*. Struggle of gentlemen to recover their respective partners.SECOND FIGURE. *L'Etoile*.—Advance three inches to opposite lady. Drive your elbows into crowding neighbours. Walk through both dancers' skirts, and back into opposite gentleman's waistcoat. Exchange cards. Set to your partner. *Balances* on next man's instep, and apologise. Mop foreheads all round.THIRD FIGURE. *La Long Poule et la Poule all together*.—Hands across and back again. Wriggle up to *vis-a-vis*. Carry off polonaises and round *dos-a-dos*.

Clear your legs, and close with your partner. Surge to right and left, and resume position as you were. Take out a reef in waistcoat.

FOURTH FIGURE. *La Touchando*.—Advance, if possible. Lift your partner on to your *vis-a-vis*. Remain deaf to all expostulations. *Chasses-croises*. See what you can, and return to your places. Lose tail of your coat, and swear silently. *Cavalier seul*.FIFTH FIGURE. *Grand Corn Galop*.—Up and down on your own ground and your neighbours' corns. *Pas seul* on an Alderman's pet bunion. Change partners, to your own advantage, if possible. Get hopelessly mixed up with another set, and sink exhausted and completely crushed behind a block of ice, whither three couples have already retreated in hopes of a breath of air.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR AUGUST.

Why is FLORIE to be married next month?

Why does Papa say he requires change of air?

Why is he going to Paris with his friend, MR. SKYLARK?

Why does Mamma say it is shameful?

Why does Papa quarrel with Mamma?

Why does Papa get out his cheque-book?

Why does Mamma sigh, and kiss him?

Why mayn't I go to Paris with Papa, as well as MR. SKYLARK?

## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Mimes raise one more Moloch,

Quit the wicket and the rowlock.

At the sea-side, those who've leisure—

Toil, stare, weary,—call it "pleasure."

Society! a Simple Simon

That might tickle sternest Timon.

EDWIN woos his ANGELINA

To sound of nigger's concertina.

Pater familias spends much money,

To be bored, B. flatted. (Funny!)

Till sent home by early raw-gust,

Which he thanks. I do love August.

## MEM. BY MOSHESH.

THIS practish of punning, now growing the rule, Needsh—like those who add monish to monish—admonishment.

I'd deal capital punishment out to the fool Whosh ev'ry remark for a capital pun ish meant!

## AUTUMN TINTS.

BELIEVERS in the Canards of the silly season—Green.

Mater familias when pater familias suggests postponement of the autumnal outing—Black.

Pater familias totting up the expenses of ditto ditto—Blue.

LAURA's cheeks when the long expected "pop" is brought off at Scarborough—Couture-de-Rose.

Ditto, ditto, when papa and mamma "won't have it"—White.

Tip-tilted noses exposed to nipping equinoctials—Red.

LADY FITZ FALDERAL's locks when she arrived at "that out of the way hole," Slowcum-on-Splash—Golden.

Ditto ditto after a week's sickness and the loss of her dressing-case—Grey.

JACK IMPREC's holiday suit (third season's wearing)—Russet.

M.P.'s autumnal "spout" to his constituents—Partly-coloured.

NATIVE LAND OF KNOWLEDGE.—The Isle of Scio





# THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR. SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER! Month a regular stunner:  
No such gaby as your gunner.  
Tramps through turnips, sludge, or stubble,  
After game not worth the trouble.  
Nuts to me! I eat ripe fruits  
And shoot folly as it—shoots!  
Spouters too,—St. Stephen's shut—  
Vent irresponsible boah big butts.  
Caucuses for free discussion,—  
*E.g.*, rows and brain-concussion.  
Sportaman, Congressist, and "Member,"  
Split my midriff in September.

# LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS. FOR SEPTEMBER.

Why is every room in the house turned topsy-turvy?  
Why is EFFIE so very cross?  
Why does FLORIE get so many visits from her old schoolfellows?  
Why is old CHADDY always in the way?  
Why is old CHADDY always being sent on errands?  
Why does Mamma cry when FLORIE tries on her wedding-dress?  
Why does EFFIE say that white isn't becoming to FLORIE?  
What toys will Papa bring me home from Paris?

# ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS. (For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Can you explain the phenomena of Sunrise and Sunset?  
A. Certainly. It will take some considerable time, so if you'll have the legs of yesterday's Turkey grilled and devilled, and a few slices of plum-pudding fried, and a bottle of your very best at ninety-nine shillings a dozen, with cigars to match, all ready by ten o'clock I'll come and explain everything. Yes, Sir, there shall be no secrets between us. We won't go home till daylight does appear, and we'll soon find out what it is that goes round, whether it's the Earth: or not.  
(End of examinations.)

THE Police have made a great raid upon dogs, yet they cannot catch one Collie.

We scoff at savages who bow down before strange idols, yet we invariably "worship" the Bench.

# LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS. FOR OCTOBER.

Why does Papa say he wishes it over?  
Why does Mamma think he might be more amiable, as she has had all the trouble?  
Why are we all to go to church?  
Why is old CHADDY dressed in a blue frock-coat?  
What do they all cry about at the big breakfast?  
Why does old CHADDY go away with FLORIE?  
Why does EFFIE say that poor FLORIE never looked worse in her life?  
Why mayn't I have some more cake?

# THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR. OCTOBER.

OCTOBER! Surely no month else is  
Like it. Folly in *excellis*!  
Boobies everywhere. Half sorry,  
Scarcely time to pot each quarry.  
Science-spouters make me chuckle  
Till wet eyes need vigorous knuckle.  
Cap-and-bells upon a platform,—  
O, but Folly! rich in *that* form!  
Love to see it pose and stammer,  
Labouring out each party crammer.  
DRACO himself could not keep sober,  
At public Goose-show in October.

# SOCIAL STATISTICS.

A LODGER in a quiet street (according to advertisement) has counted six and thirty barrel-organs, three monster pony-drawn ditto, eleven Anglo-German bands, seven dancing pifferari, fifteen troops of Sable singers, at least a score of solo-players on the harp, the flute, the fiddle, the key-bugle, and the tom-tom, nineteen begging ballad-bawlers, six or seven sailors singing nasal psalms, and five and twenty howlers of "ten-a-penny wanuts," visiting its precincts within a single day.

It is currently believed that, in spite of the Police, and the Mendicity Society, the yearly income of the beggars in the streets of the Metropolis in the aggregate exceeds three hundred thousand pounds.

It has been estimated that at a dance of ninety-three young people the words, "so glad, don't you know!" are used upon an average eleven times a minute, and the phrase, "awfully jolly!" as many as nineteen.

It is computed that the Autographs, which, on sundry shallow pretexts, have been extracted from English

# ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. What do you mean by "Greenwich Time?"  
A. Well, I should say from April to July, after which the whitebait are worthless.  
Q. What is "mean time" at Greenwich?  
A. It has two significations. For example, the first is when my mother-in-law comes to spend a day with my wife, and I am *mean-time* at Greenwich.  
Q. And the second signification?  
A. When you are asked to join a friend at Greenwich, and he won't stand you a dinner, or refuses to pay for Pommery *très sec*.

GOOD PLACE TO SEND UNRULY LADS TO.—The Smack Boys' Home, Yarmouth.

HAPPY RELEASE.—Paying off a mortgage.



SCORPIO											
1 M. S. 6h. 3m.	12 V. Ona. Loo. d.	23 To. R. Derby d.	1 M. S. 6h. 3m.	12 V. Ona. Loo. d.	23 To. R. Derby d.	1 M. S. 6h. 3m.	12 V. Ona. Loo. d.	23 To. R. Derby d.	1 M. S. 6h. 3m.	12 V. Ona. Loo. d.	23 To. R. Derby d.
2 To. R. A. S. 34m.	13 S. Edw. Conf.	24 W. Webster d.	2 To. R. A. S. 34m.	13 S. Edw. Conf.	24 W. Webster d.	2 To. R. A. S. 34m.	13 S. Edw. Conf.	24 W. Webster d.	2 To. R. A. S. 34m.	13 S. Edw. Conf.	24 W. Webster d.
3 W. Sings. Coats.	14 S. 30th of Tr.	25 To. R. Crispin	3 W. Sings. Coats.	14 S. 30th of Tr.	25 To. R. Crispin	3 W. Sings. Coats.	14 S. 30th of Tr.	25 To. R. Crispin	3 W. Sings. Coats.	14 S. 30th of Tr.	25 To. R. Crispin
4 To. R. G. 11h.	15 M. Marat. Shor.	26 P. Rogers d.	4 To. R. G. 11h.	15 M. Marat. Shor.	26 P. Rogers d.	4 To. R. G. 11h.	15 M. Marat. Shor.	26 P. Rogers d.	4 To. R. G. 11h.	15 M. Marat. Shor.	26 P. Rogers d.
5 P. Florinda	16 T. Bonaparte t.	27 S. G. Cook b.	5 P. Florinda	16 T. Bonaparte t.	27 S. G. Cook b.	5 P. Florinda	16 T. Bonaparte t.	27 S. G. Cook b.	5 P. Florinda	16 T. Bonaparte t.	27 S. G. Cook b.
6 S. Faith	17 W. H. Parl. b.	28 S. 23rd of Tr.	6 S. Faith	17 W. H. Parl. b.	28 S. 23rd of Tr.	6 S. Faith	17 W. H. Parl. b.	28 S. 23rd of Tr.	6 S. Faith	17 W. H. Parl. b.	28 S. 23rd of Tr.
7 S. 19th of Tr.	18 To. R. Taylor	29 M. Kestrel d.	7 S. 19th of Tr.	18 To. R. Taylor	29 M. Kestrel d.	7 S. 19th of Tr.	18 To. R. Taylor	29 M. Kestrel d.	7 S. 19th of Tr.	18 To. R. Taylor	29 M. Kestrel d.
8 M. B. Actium	19 F. Kralier d.	30 To. R. Tower lock	8 M. B. Actium	19 F. Kralier d.	30 To. R. Tower lock	8 M. B. Actium	19 F. Kralier d.	30 To. R. Tower lock	8 M. B. Actium	19 F. Kralier d.	30 To. R. Tower lock
9 To. R. Denys	20 S. R. N. Varine	31 W. A. Hallowe	9 To. R. Denys	20 S. R. N. Varine	31 W. A. Hallowe	9 To. R. Denys	20 S. R. N. Varine	31 W. A. Hallowe	9 To. R. Denys	20 S. R. N. Varine	31 W. A. Hallowe
10 W. Oaf M. T. h.	21 S. 11th of Tr.		10 W. Oaf M. T. h.	21 S. 11th of Tr.		10 W. Oaf M. T. h.	21 S. 11th of Tr.		10 W. Oaf M. T. h.	21 S. 11th of Tr.	
11 To. R. M. D.	22 M. S. Edgill		11 To. R. M. D.	22 M. S. Edgill		11 To. R. M. D.	22 M. S. Edgill		11 To. R. M. D.	22 M. S. Edgill	
										October.	

LIPNEY SANDS, 1877. 1877. 1877.

authors and artists of celebrity within the present century would, if they were set up in a column of the very smallest type, now current in our newspapers, overtop by more than four-fifths of a furlong the heights united of the Monument, the Clock Tower, the Nelson Column, and St. Paul's.

The weight of the Valentines sent last year through the Post Office exceeded by some ounces twenty-seven tons.

The number of Puns made yearly on the words "tongue" and "trifle" by young Gentlemen at super-time amounts, it is computed, to five millions and fifteen.

NEW CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.—"No cede matris"—Do not give way to the temptation of eating apples.

WHAT A NAME FOR OUR CLIMATE.—"Merry-weather!"

REGULAR CANNIBALISM.—A morning paper asserts that the "true function of the Militia is to feed the Line!"





## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER! Month of fogs and guys,  
Noddledom's own paradise,  
Folly takes a civic turn.  
Ah! if all the guys they'd burn  
On the fifth, as lots do one,  
Life indeed were void of fun.  
Rising morn with rosy kirtle,  
Pale to Lord Mayor, at his turtle,  
Rising rubicund to show  
Elocutional "Old Clo!"  
No! were Wit at its last ember,  
It would flame, stirred by November.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR NOVEMBER.

Why does the Doctor say Mamma wants change of air?  
Why doesn't Papa like Brighton?  
Why does Mamma say, "Of course it isn't so pleasant as Paris!"  
Why does Papa say, "Anything for a quiet life."  
Why are we all going to Brighton?  
Why does Effie like the Skating Rink?  
Who's the chap in the moustaches?  
Why does he help Effie?

## A ZANY'S ZIG-ZAG ROUND THE ZODIAC.

A Rhymist *quand même* has essayed in these lines  
An anti-phonetic set-to with the Sigas.

A MUSIC-MANIAC, born under ARIES,  
Had three virgin vocalists, all of them MARIES.  
He taught the fair three, while the Sun was in TAURUS,  
To chant the loud wailings of WAGNER in chorus.  
It solaced his soul, and he cried, "With these women I  
Hope to work wonders before we reach GEMINI."  
But alas! by the time when the Sun was in CANCER  
He found *toujours* WAGNER with women won't answer.  
And so, while the Sun was careering through LEO,  
He taught them a tender and twittering *trio*,  
But they tiffed, and then wouldn't keep time in it, *ergo*,  
He wrote a new song for each virgin, in VIRGO;  
Yet they all of them "struck" for more money in  
LIBRA,  
Not one would sing "do" nor (without a big bribe)  
"ray."  
He sighed, when he found them all silent in SCORPIO,  
"How wondrous that WAGNER she-temper should  
warp. Heigho!"

They essayed SANKEY's psalmody 'neath SAGITTARIUS,  
With vocal effects the reverse of hilarious.  
MOORE AND BURGESS came next, as they neared CAPRICORNUS,  
Cried he, "This won't do!—*Cognoscenti* will scorn us!"  
But, alas! they'd sing naught, as they entered AQUARIUS,  
But rapid Virginia's versicles various:  
And so when the Sun was just entering PISCES,  
He turned up that triad of Musical Misses.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR DECEMBER.

Why won't the chap in the moustaches help me  
as long as well as EFFIE?  
Why does Mamma want to know what I mean?  
Why does Effie say I am always telling stories?  
Why does she pinch me when we are alone?  
Why does Papa say that "he will horsewhip the  
scoundrel?"  
What's the meaning of "an elopement?"  
Why does Papa say, "Well, we are rid of both of  
them!"  
And, lastly, why does Mamma cry, and kiss me, and  
tell me to be a good boy, as I am the only one left?

## THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER! Now the picture-papers  
Folly urge to cut fresh capers,  
To my special delectation;  
*Nous* deserts the entire nation.  
Christmas, Fetish with red nose,  
Makes all men as mummers pose,  
Cant of charity, chant the carol,  
Meaning,—love of board and barrel,  
Orgies amorous and Bacchic!  
Nemesis in form Stomachic  
Makes Old Motley's mimes remember  
Folly's Dance in drear December.

## ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. How would a modern gun-smith describe the solar system  
A. As a "central fire, and a lot of revolvers."  
Q. Is it true that foreign stocks rise and fall under the influence of any of the Heavenly Bodies?  
A. Yes. But the cause can only be satisfactorily referred to the action of those eminent financiers—the Great and Little Bear.

## CAPRICORNUS

18	Prs. Win. k.	19	V. C. Chibber d.	30	S. 4 S. in Adv.
20	S. 1 S. in Adv.	21	Th. St. Lucy	24	M. Christ. Eve
22	M. Brachury d.	23	P. A. d. d.	25	Th. Christ. Day
26	Th. Richard d.	27	S. 3 S. in Adv.	28	W. H. Holiday
29	S. 3 S. in Adv.	30	S. 3 S. in Adv.	31	Th. C. Lamb d.
1	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	2	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	3	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
4	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	5	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	6	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
7	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	8	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	9	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
10	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	11	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	12	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
13	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	14	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	15	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
16	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	17	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	18	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
19	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	20	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	21	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
22	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	23	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	24	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
25	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	26	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	27	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
28	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	29	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	30	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.
31	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	32	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.	33	Th. S. 3 S. in Adv.

-INLEY &amp; SAMPSON, PRINTERS, 15, BILD.

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(By a Poor Expectant of Perks.)

AIR—"When other tips," &amp;c.

When other Gobs. for other clerks  
Shall "strike upon the bell,"  
And proffer, liberal and no larks,  
The "tips" they love so well;  
Perhaps in that ecstatic hour  
Old "Screws" may softened be.  
O touch him, though he's close and dour!  
Then, Yule, remember me!  
When geese and turkeys fly about,  
And f'n' pun-notes abound;  
When hampers tall, capacious, stout,  
In passages are found;  
When pass the bottle and the cask—  
E-lee-mo-syn-aree,  
At such a season I'd but ask,  
Dear Yule, remember me!

HUNTING APPOINTMENTS.—Office-seeking.





### ON NEWBURY FIELD.

[It is proposed by the Newbury District Field Club to raise a memorial of LUCIUS CARY VINCENT FALKLAND on the spot where he fell in arms for the King's cause, in the first Battle of Newbury, Sept. 18, 1643. £600 is required for the purpose. Nearly half the sum is already subscribed. Subscriptions may be paid at the Old Bank, Newbury, and in London at Messrs. DRUMMOND'S, RANSON'S, ROBERTS'S, and the London and County Bank.]

THERE stands a pillar upon Chalgrove Field,  
Where by war's blind event JOHN HAMPDEN fell,  
To die, still praying till his lips were sealed  
That God would save the land he loved so well.

That stone reminds our times of peaceful ease  
How HAMPDEN'S stainless sword, drawn to defend  
Old monarchy and ancient liberties  
Of England, was borne stainless to the end.

We see the stern and steadfast face, still set  
Peacewards through rising storms of civil life:  
By a high purpose purified from fret  
Of party feud and hate-embittered strife.

There was another, who to HAMPDEN'S goal  
Pressed on by other road than HAMPDEN went;  
Whose yearning after peace so vexed his soul,  
It robbed his night's rest and his day's content—

FALKLAND, who, when men's hearts were tried with fire,  
Came from the furnace pure as gold thrice-proved:  
Who threat of Parliament and royal ire  
Withstood, in strength of his high aim unmoved,

That he might teach a land that revered law  
To brook the rule of law-abiding kings;  
For this he strove, while with hope's eye he saw  
The waving of the White Peace-Angel's wings.

But when they closed in smirch of blood and smoke  
On Edgehill field, he drew a burdened breath,  
Went weary, as a man whose heart is broke,  
And rode the fight like one who seeks for death.

At Newbury he found it, in the van  
Of BYRON'S charging troopers charging home.  
Of the King's following the noblest man,  
Who had crowned Law and Peace 'neath Freedom's dome.

No stone yet marks the spot where FALKLAND fell.  
The time is come such record were supplied.  
As Chalgrove pillar doth of HAMPDEN tell,  
Let Newbury tell how FALKLAND lived and died.

'Tis well that England lift a thankful heart  
God hath so blessed our land, that either cause,  
The King's and Parliament's, could find a part  
For FALKLAND, HAMPDEN, loving both old laws  
And ancient liberties: that when they drew  
Reluctant swords, ne'er forged for brothers' wars,  
Still Truth and Right, seen reek of battle through,  
In life and death to both were guiding stars.

### SEVEN LABOURS FOR SOMEBODY.

1. When will Somebody do something towards the general introduction of some really sweeping measures for the cleansing of our pavements?
2. When will Somebody do something towards decreasing Christmas, and all the year round drunkenness?
3. When will Somebody do something towards removing Temple Bar and Holywell Street?
4. When will Somebody do something towards making chickens, beefsteaks, salmon, butter, eggs, and oysters, as cheap as they once used to be?
5. When will Somebody do something really sensible in Parliament, or out of it, to cause a marked decrease in preventible railway accidents?
6. When will Somebody do something to induce educated Britons to club together for the establishment of a worthy National Theatre?
7. When will Somebody do something to solve the pressing problem of compulsory school attendance?

ALARMING FAILURE.—The New Year—gone into liquidation!



## KAISER-I-HIND.

(Queen proclaimed Empress of India at Delhi, January 1, 1877.)



LINKY. SANDOZ. INV. ET. DEL.

Roar, cannon, to the brass-bands' blare, and elephantine tramp;  
Big drums, make all the noise you can, and native tom-toms thump!  
While VICEROY LYTON changes gilt howdah for gilt throne,  
And VICTORIA'S Indian titles are to India's corners blown!

Prank yourselves, SCINDIAH, GAERWAR, NIZAM, RAM, JAM, & Co.,  
Rear your new-brodered banners, your new-coined medals show;  
Own that Old England, when she likes, can turn out a parade,  
Almost as well as if such pomp were *her*, as 'tis *your*, trade.

Think not of cost, nor of the needs that call for it elsewhere;  
The cloud of coming scarcity that darkens the parched air:  
Let not the whiff unmannerly of cyclone-swallowed dead  
Come 'twixt your new nobility, and attar freely shed.

Lay your nuzzers down in homage at the courteous Viceroy's feet;  
Drink the sweet powder of salutes, increased new ranks to greet:  
Nor ask if all this tinsel, these gewgaws, bind the band  
More close betwixt your weakness and the strength of England's hand.

'Twas not *thus* England spread her rule, from CHARNOCK'S narrowway  
To the days of CLIVE and Plassy, of WELLESLEY and Assaye;  
But, first, by sharp swords in strong hands, and when their work was done,

By proving she knew how to rule the Empire these had won.  
And if some stains of force or fraud deface that record long,  
The force is used, the fraud condoned, she *now* is just as strong:  
The baser greeds of gold and rule a higher power o'er-rides,  
By purer law than yours directs, to ends more worthy guides.

She holds your swarming millions now, but as a trust of Heaven,  
To civilise and educate to her best teaching given:  
A nursery for her Statesmen, for her Warriors a school,  
To show men how a wiser West a wider East can rule.

Till India, as she bows before her Empress-Queen to-day,  
Can offer *her* a gift for all the blessings of her sway—  
Governors wise in council, and Christian soldiers, bold,  
If need were, a more troubled East to take into their hold.





### HOW WE ARRANGE OUR LITTLE DINNERS.

*Mistress.* "OH, COOK, WE SHALL WANT DINNER FOR FOUR THIS EVENING. WHAT DO YOU THINK, BESIDES THE JOINT, OF OX-TAIL SOUP, LOBSTER PATÉ, AND AN ENTRÉE—SAY, BEEF?"

*Cook.* "YES, 'M—FRESH, OR AUSTR—?"

*Mistress.* "LET'S SEE? IT'S ONLY THE BROWNS—TINNED WILL DO!"

Meanwhile we govern India, 'fore all, for India's good ;  
To teach and rear her chieftains to rule as rulers should.  
To teach and rear her people to the fair arts of peace,  
So to leave a self-ruled India when our Viceroy-rule has ceased.

### FROM THE STYE.

(A Protest from our Learned Pig.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HRUMPH! I am a well-meaning animal, with a liberal appetite and an unprejudiced taste. Man is a stingy brute, with an unscrupulous conscience and a squeamish stomach. *Hinc ille lachryme!* (I am a learned pig you will perceive.) Give a pig a bad name and—eat him; abusing him afterwards for daring to disagree with you! That's human justice all over. We porkers call it ungracious gluttony. *Hrumph!* I have no particular ambition to be eaten at all, but if *post-mortem* deglutition is my destiny I would fain die with a good dietetic reputation, and escape posthumous prejudice. Were the ban of MOSES and MAHOMET made universal, I should not repine. A pig—like the Premier—is pachydermately imperturbable under spiteful pin-pricks, particularly if they serve a useful purpose; he will not fume at misrepresentation, provided he thereby escape the pot. But to feed on us, and then flout us, is a little too bad. I am *nice*—oh, yes, I am emphatically and indisputably *nice*. Trust Epicurean humanity to discover that, even without the lambent light thrown on Roast Pig by the *Essay of Elia*. Bo-no, the swineherd's boy,—(ah! I should like to have had the roasting of him! I would willingly fire my stye for the purpose; they say "Long Pig," even with a Chinese flavour is toothsome and succulent)—Bo-no, I say, was representative of his race. I am admittedly delicious. But I am unwholesome forsooth! Boah!!! Has any one yet proved that pig as pig is not as salubrious

### SOMETHING LIKE SUNDAY AND WEEK-DAY SERVICES.

OUR Life-Boats', are they not? Here is a summary of them for 1876. Close on five hundred lives saved, and eighteen vessels rescued from the very jaws of destruction; and out of the twelve hundred men afloat during the year in the 256 boats of the National Life-Boat Institution, only a single man lost, to the 498 saved by their aid—aid rendered at what danger to life and limb, at what cost of exposure, hardship, calm courage, and skilled self-devotion, no record can tell.

Organisation the Institution gives. Courage, strength, and skill, our gallant English sea-faring coast population finds in abundance. But money it is for England to contribute, for the establishment of stations, the provision of boats and apparatus, and the payment of the rewards bestowed by the Institution on those who aid in its good work of life-saving at sea, in the shape of medals and money—968 medals and £50,000 having been granted since its foundation, in recognition of such service.

Need *Punch* say more in furtherance of his call not to "Man the Life-boat"—that is done already—but to money it. This may be done through any banker in the United Kingdom, or directly through the Secretary, 14, John Street, Adelphi, London. "Adelphi" means "brothers." What quarter so fit for the head-quarters of a Society doing, if ever Society did, a work of Christian and, wider, human brotherhood, among those who "Go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters."

### How about those Buttons?

THERE are few things more wonderful, in Dr. SCHLIMMANN's wonderful "find" at Mycenæ, than the enormous quantity of buttons he has come upon in these mysterious graves. It has been hitherto supposed that the chieftains of the heroic age had souls above buttons. But we know that in the earlier obsequies of chiefs slaves were sacrificed to the manes of their owners. The most probable explanation which we can offer of the Mycæan buttons is that they belonged to the garments of the pages who, no doubt, were burned in numbers round the bodies of their buried masters and mistresses.

DIET CHEPE.—Cheapside in this weather.

as savoury? Diseased, of course, I play the dickens with the dupes and the duffers who strive to digest me. And serve them right! But why should I be diseased? I have been listening to my *Écho*, *Mr. Punch*, and this is what I hear:—

"Two hundred and fifty pounds of diseased pork had been seized (in Glasgow) by a Sanitary Inspector. In the course of the trial it transpired that the pigs before slaughter 'seemed dropsical.' A butcher who was examined—and seemed to look on the matter with great *nonchalance*—considered that this might have been caused by the pigs having been fed on the putrefied stomachs of diseased horses. When horses became dropsical it was common to give them spirits of nitre or antimony, and if the pigs were fed on the flesh of such diseased animals, the disease might be communicated to them. The witness added that, 'it was just in the way of business to dress such carcasses.'"

There!!! In the way of business!! And then they blame me!!! *Hrumph!* It is disgusting! Why not brand the conscienceless brute who feeds his unsuspecting porkers on such foul offal, dealing out death at third hand from luckless horse to deceived pig, and from deceived pig to gulled humanity! I have a somewhat indiscriminating appetite. It is my weakness, and I confess it openly. I have the misfortune to be carnivorous rather than eclectic. But I have no preference for disease-gendering garbage, I am *not* the Reynolds of my race. Give me wholesome food and plenty of it,—I am not particular, anything from acorns to "hotel tub" will suit me for a change,—and "the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure" shall not suffer post-prandially from me. But diet me on rotten fish, diseased potatoes, or putrid horse, and if Nemesis takes the form of Trichinosis, or other disgusting disorder, who is to blame? Not I, but the money-grubbing miscreants whom it were indeed base flattery to call "greedy as a pig." *Hrumph!* Down on them, dear *Punch*, and exonerate your much maligned correspondent,

TOBY.

(Before the Name was usurped by your own Puppy of a Dog.)



# WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY

MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,

Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—"The Treble Event."



At his wit's end, LAWYER FERRET, hit upon a plan to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

"He must lose three Derbys in succession, must he not?" asked the astute Lawyer of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN.

"Yes, so says the Will," was the answer. "And if he doesn't, the property is mine."

"Is ours," the Lawyer rejoined, with grim humour.

LADY DI, seated in the barouche, laid her nervous hand on a diamond-hilted poniard she wore at her girdle.

MRS. AZAMYLE, who had just returned to herself, trembled. She did not like poniards.

LAWYER FERRET had arranged it in two seconds with the Bookmakers and Owners. The Bell rang for the next Derby.

There were no starters, except *Moka* and the *Invisible Prince*.

"Now," exclaimed the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN, "he's done. With one or the other, he must walk over the course, and win. Ha! ha!"

But Mr. STRINGHALT raised his hat, and begged the Hon<sup>ble</sup> Gentleman's pardon. He (Mr. STRINGHALT) had just purchased the *Invisible*, and had backed him heavily.

As he had said, the *Invisible* won. *Moka* nowhere.

"Hooray!" cried SIR THOMAS, while LAWYER FERRET and the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN absolutely danced with rage and disappointment.

A storm was brewing. The Bookmakers, over two hundred of them, utterly ruined by following LAWYER FERRET and the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN's advice, began to eye the pair threateningly.

There was yet another race.

"*Moka* must win—shall win this time," screamed LAWYER FERRET, as with the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN, who was now dressed as a Jockey, he furiously approached CAVASSON, intending to tear him from his horse, and throw him down the hill, when PULLMAN would get up, and win on *Moka*.

But it would have been easier to have torn a Precentor from his stall than to drag the Dumb Jockey from off *Moka's* back.

"Base villains!" screamed the two hundred ruined Bookmakers, who were no uninterested spectators of the exciting scene.

"Base!" echoed LAWYER FERRET, in a deep voice. "Base! We must be base for the treble event."

But they were not to be mollified with a witticism, and already they were taking off their coats, and turning up their sleeves.

Yet there was one chance!—just one!

If the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN CARR could but substitute himself for the Dumb Jockey! Then, once mounted on *Moka*, he would force the obstinate animal to gallop for dear life, and, by winning the third Derby with one of the Jeddington Dodd Lot, the two previous races would go for nothing.

LAWYER FERRET, the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN, and CAVASSON the Dumb Jockey, were engaged in a deadly struggle. The two former, animated by despair, put forth all their strength. A loud shout went up from the Bookmakers.

CAVASSON could resist no longer. The surcingle was loosened, the girths gave way, and he tumbled to the ground—an inert mass.

In a second the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN was on *Moka's* back.

One flash of the whip! one flourish of his spurs in the air! and—he was off.

Off, but not thrown. *Moka's* heels were light and quick, but the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN's seat was as sure as if he'd been elected without a dissentient voice.

*Moka* would not stir.

LADY DI and MRS. AZAMYLE screamed, and waved their handkerchiefs in their frenzied excitement.

Gussy, in her brougham, leant back fainting. Was she about to lose her lover and her happiness for ever? Oh, if *Moka* would only be firm! if she would but lie down and refuse to move! One of the others might win the Derby, and *Moka* be last after all.

LAWYER FERRET suddenly reappeared, bearing a long pole with bright, gleaming, attractive vegetables, such as *Moka* loved, fixed at one end.

This he gave to the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN.

In an instant he saw his plan. A gleam of hope shone on the pallid countenances of the Bookmakers.

The Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN rested the pole between *Moka's* ears, so that the tempting bait of carrots and green vegetables hung within a few inches of the animal's clear-scenting nose. Highly trained as *Moka* was, yet she was not gifted with such common sense as might have told her that no amount of galloping would bring her one fraction nearer the coveted prize.

Yet—off she started—full gallop.

A ringing cheer went up from the Bookmakers, who now ran along by the course, laying the odds, right and left, on what was, evidently, a certainty.

What were the odds?

Why, two thousand to one on *Moka*!!!

And where was SIR THOMAS DODD?

In the middle of her career, SIR THOMAS, standing on the top of Gussy's brougham, was offering three thousand to one on *Invisible Prince*, and taking all the odds he could get against *Moka*.

The Bookmakers, relying upon LAWYER FERRET and the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN CARR, took him in every direction at once. They backed *Moka* for millions. They were determined to skin the lamb that day, and the lamb was SIR THOMAS DODD. "Done! Done! Done!"

But *Invisible Prince*, who has been nowhere at first, is now creeping up alongside. And who has been put up to ride?

Is it possible? Yes! There is no doubt about it! There are the black, purple, green, red, and orange stripes!

It is CAVASSON, the Dumb Jockey of Jeddington.

Tottenham Corner is passed. *Moka* first, *Invisible Prince* second; the rest nowhere.

Suddenly, from the crowd, the report of a pistol is heard. *Moka*, thoroughly trained, knows the signal. She drops, as though shot. There she lies, quietly eating the carrots and the greens, with the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN wedged in, under her. No effort of her Hon<sup>ble</sup> rider could extricate himself, or get her to move. There he lay—a prisoner. LAWYER FERRET tore his hair, and cursed, but he was borne onward by the rush of two hundred Bookmakers.

It was WILLIAM BUTTON who had fired the pistol. He had had a long experience in the Comic business of a Circus, and this was one of the tricks he had taught *Moka*.

"Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoopla tchik!"

Cheers from the Grand Stand. Cheers from the honest public. Groans and execrations from the two hundred Bookmakers.



The Numbers are up—

INVISIBLE PRINCE . . . : 1

The rest Nowhere.

"Thanks, CAVASSON!" cried SIR THOMAS DODD, deeply affected. "You have saved the honour and name of DODD!"

"But," screamed LAWYER FERRET, "you have forfeited the estates! You have not lost three Derbys in succession!"

SIR THOMAS smiled, as, from behind the Judge's box, an elderly gentleman stepped calmly forward, with a parchment in his hand. FERRET recognised him. It was MR. GRAZIN LANE, the well-known Chancery Interpleader.

MR. GRAZIN LANE bowed politely to LAWYER FERRET, and the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN. Then he said,

"Excuse me; I am a little hoarse."

A yell came up from the Bookmakers, who were in no humour for a jest. MR. GRAZIN LANE continued calmly,

"This is no joke for any one. I have here several legal documents; but, if you will allow me, I will skip over what is unnecessary."

"Skip!" they cried, like one man.

MR. GRAZIN LANE bowed, skipped over the legal forms, and then, after taking the necessary steps, he cleared his voice at a bound, and thus addressed the assembly.

(To be continued.)

\* From Editor to Public.—Telegram just arrived. It is to be finished next week. Last chapter not here yet. Shall bring it up with me on my return from the Major's, Bogus Park, Boshey, where, I'll be bound, they are keeping Christmas in true old English fashion.—Ed.

## CUTTINGS FROM NEW-YEAR DIARIES.



LD Paterfamilias

(Friday, Jan. 5).

—Dividends due at the Bank: mustn't forget that the Fire Insurance expires on the 9th. Wrote to ask JONES to send me back the umbrella I left at his rooms on New Year's Day, when we dined together to finish the holiday on the Stock Exchange.

Materfamilias

(Friday Jan. 5).

—Dividends due at the Bank. Tried to get GEORGE to give me a new bonnet. First attempt was a failure. On reminding him, however, that

business couldn't have detained him on New Year's Day, at MR. JONES's, he changed the subject, and wrote me a cheque. Must get the children new shoes for to-morrow's Twelfth-Night party.

Miss Fanny (Friday, Jan. 5).—I do so wish my next quarter's money was due as MADAME CRINOLINE's bill has left me almost penniless. It may arise from my buying gloves with four buttons instead of six. "O poverty, poverty, how bitter is thy sting!" I wonder who wrote that? Of course I remember, it was ALEXANDER SELKIRE.

Miss Laura (Friday, Jan. 5).—No news of him! I wonder if he will be at the children's party to-morrow? He may, and then I shall see him once again. Even when he is pretending to be a horse for the amusement of the children, he looks romantic. O Love, what a strange thing thou art, changing the most lowly things into all sorts of other things! I write this with the window open with my eyes turned towards the black, cheerless midnight sky! I hope I shan't catch cold!

Mr. Charles (Friday, Jan. 5).—Nothing on for to-day. Children's Twelfth-Night party to-morrow. That little flirt LAURA is sure to be there. Shall I go? Depends whether I can cut into a rubber at the Club. In these hard times can't afford to lose my cards.

Master Tommy (Friday, Jan. 5).—Just eighteen hours to the Twelfth-Night Party. What lots of cake I shall eat! Twenty

days more to the end of the holidays. Ain't I sorry! What a rot diary is! Shouldn't keep it if papa hadn't promised me five shillings if I wrote some things every day for a fortnight. Come, I have done enough for to-day.

Mr. Tentofour Seeling-Waz (Friday, Jan. 5).—Stayed at the office all day reading the papers. Had a snooze in the afternoon, and dined at the Club.

Mr. Fox Wolf, Lawyer (Friday, Jan. 5).—Good day's work. Sold up three widows, and dispossessed six orphans. Sang "Dreaming of Angels" with great success at a soiree in the evening.

Lieutenant Subretache (Friday, Jan. 5).—On guard all day, and, consequently, nothing on earth to do. Couldn't find anything to read but the Queen's Regulations. Read some of them for a novelty, and found them dry and difficult to understand. Wish I had had a Bradshaw—might have read the advertisements instead.

Mr. Shakespeare Byron Jones, Amateur Author (Friday, Jan. 5).—Made up my mind to write a five-act tragedy in blank verse. Wrote to the Editors of six Magazines asking if they wanted any articles. Offered to do a Pantomime for MR. CHATTERTON, at Drury Lane, if it wasn't too late. Thought out the first chapters of my Novel. Spent the rest of the day in considering what I should call the new paper I mean to start.

Mr. Punch, 85, Fleet Street (Friday, Jan. 5).—Hard at work all day. No time for diary writing. Leave all that sort of thing for people with more leisure on their hands than brains in their head-pieces.

## NEW?

A Query by a Querulous Quidnunc.

"I wish you a Happy New Year."—Popular Saying.

HAPPY? That's doubtful! Pessimists would say Those who are like to find it so are few: And of all New Year's deeds from day to day How many will be New?

What if War's waking bring black fear and sadness, With parting's pang to palace, hall, and hovel? Alas! about that immemorial madness There's nothing that is novel.

If Trade peace-fostered flourish, then the rout Of Mammon's thralls old triumphs by old troubles Will buy once more: there's little new about The tints that brighten bubbles.

Black-hackle cocks round clerical mare's nests Will spar, sects pit to-day against to-morrow, But each new vestment Reverend Mimes invest From the dead past they'll borrow.

The old political pot-à-feu will boil With the old hash of all the old ingredients; Old principles fresh-furbished act as foil To old re-trimmed expedients.

Neologies galore will take the town,— Mere masquerade—old faces with new masks!— The frothiest must but prove, when settled down, Old liquor in new casks.

Art, new-coined terms upon her tongue, will trace, With fingers feeble as old hands were furious, Faint copies of the ancient glow and grace,— Antiques as pale as spurious.

Poesy, plumed for unexampled flights, Will deem it soars, while in old mire it grovels; Sumphs vainly seek new radiance in new lights, Or novelty in novels!

And fools will play their old preposterous pranks, Old politicians make their big blunders; And jesters scatter time-worn quips and cranks; And priests roll harmless thunders.

New Years? Alas! I've greeted not a few, But spite of pseudo-seers who jarred and jangled, I find they've brought me little that is new, To much that is new-fangled!

SEASONABLE QUERY.—If the Mussulman wants muscle for war, how can the Russ fight without its sinews?





### VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

THAT PLAYFUL BUT TENDER YOUNG BARD, THE HON. FITZ-LAVENDER BELAIRS, ENJOYS THE ALMOST PERFECT BLISS OF READING A LITTLE THING OF HIS OWN TO A CIRCLE OF WEAK-MINDED BUT INTENSELY SYMPATHETIC WOMEN:—

"TO A FAIR ARCHERESS.

"Glad lady mine, that glitterest  
In shimmah of summah athwart the lawn,  
Canst tell me which is bitterest—  
The glamaw of Eve, or the glimmah of dawn,

"To those with whose hearts thou litterest  
The field where they fall at thy feet to fawn?  
As a buttahfy dost thou fluttah by!  
How, whence, and oh! whither, art come and gone?"

Chorus. "HOW EXQUISITE! HOW REFINED!! HOW REALLY QUITE TOO FAR MORE THAN MOST AWFULLY DELICIOUS!!!"

[As the Poem is not of equal merit throughout we only quote the first Stanza.

### A CALL TO THE COAST-GUARD.

(By Authority, according to the "Gardeners' Magazine.")

Ye Custom-House officers keep a look-out  
The coasts of Great Britain and Ireland about,  
At all ports, English, Cambrian, Irish, and Scotch,  
Against a bold Smuggler far worse than *Will Watch*.

Look sharp, or he'll smuggle himself, contraband  
More fearful than Cavendish, into our land,  
Concealed in Canadian cargoes, or freights  
Arriving in vessels from Yankeeedom's States.

'Cute rascal, he'll try out of vision to hide,  
Because he's detected as soon as descried,  
Being plainly marked out, as with figures or types,  
By colours resembling the Stars and the Stripes.

He looks like a lady-bird as to his kind,  
But is bigger, and longer from front to behind;  
And the stripes which the vagabond bears on his wings  
Distinguish that plague from those innocent things.

His colours, however, are yellow and black,  
Some spots of the last at the top of his back,  
Five stripes of the same on one side, and five more  
On the other; in heraldry Sable on Or.

His name's Colorado; wherever he goes  
He devours every precious potato that grows.

Entomology's doctors the title have stuck to him  
Of *Doryfera decemlineata*—bad luck to him!

Look out for this foe, worse than 'tater disease,  
Aboard ships, inside sacks, upon wharves, and on quays,  
Under sheds, in all packages, bundles, and bales,  
In fact anything brought us by steam or by sails.

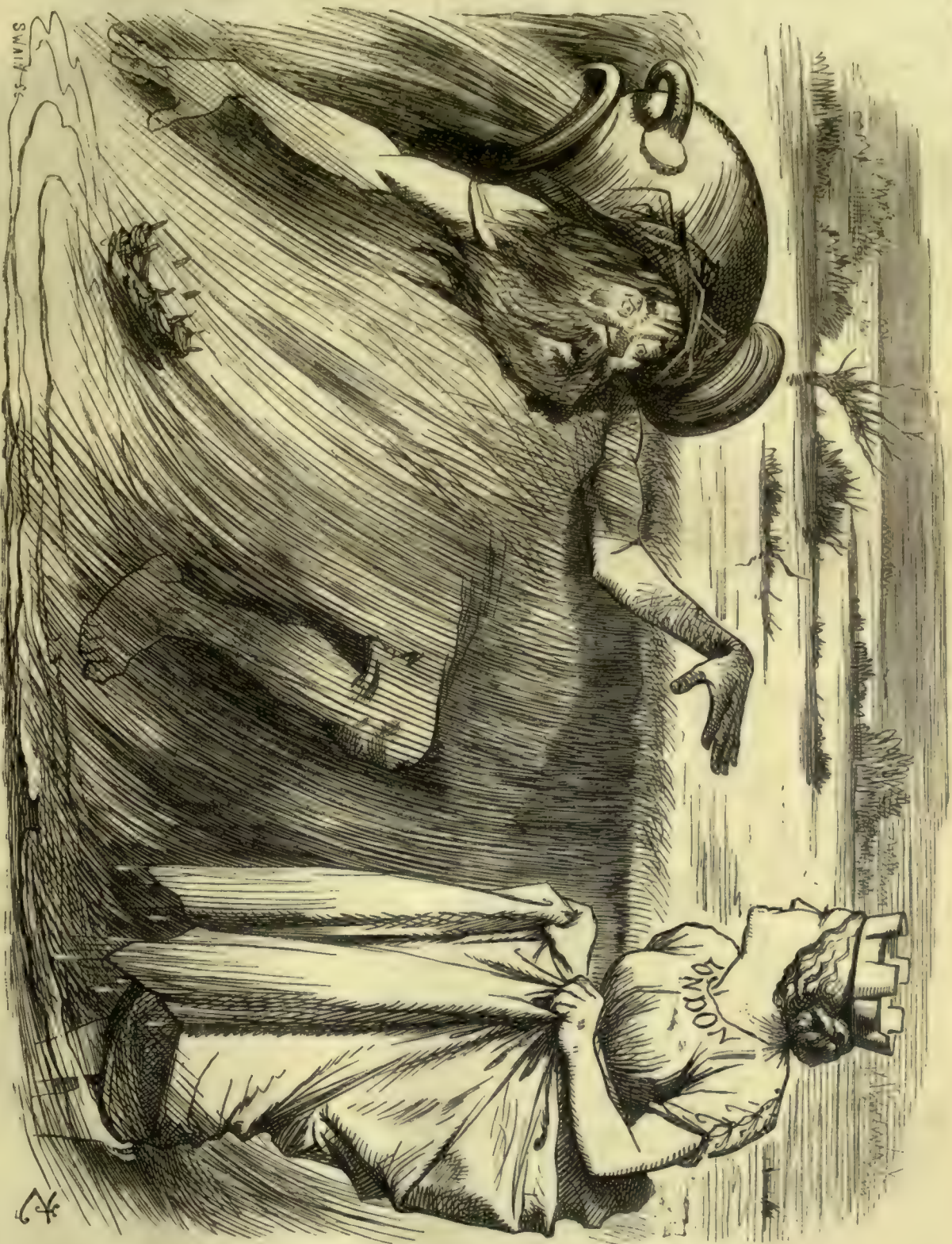
Tide-waiters, and Searchers, and Coast-Guard, and all,  
Prepare on this Smuggler self-smuggled to fall,  
To put down a foot on him, wheresoe'er found,  
And squash him and squeleh him to smash on the ground.

It may not be easy, or possible quite,  
To stamp out a murrain, a fever, or blight;  
But at least we can stamp beetles out if they show—  
When seen, serve this vicious American so.

### The Better Way with Betting-House Keepers.

THE proprietor of a sporting journal the other day pleaded guilty at Guildhall to a charge of having kept his house open for betting purposes, the repetition of an offence for which he was fined £100 about a year ago. His counsel, on the plea of domestic affliction and dangerous illness, "asked that he might not be sent to prison without a fine." SIR ROBERT CARDEN, with some hesitation, decided merely to fine him £100 and £5 5s. costs; but added that "in all future cases imprisonment without fine would be inflicted on such offenders." Perhaps it would be better that they should "not be sent to prison without a fine," but smartly fined in addition to being imprisoned.





## WHO'S TO BLAME?

LONDON. "OUT OF YOUR BED AGAIN, YOU TROUBLESOME OLD LUNATIC! DO YOU WANT TO DROWN US ALL?"  
FATHER THAMES. "TAIN'T MY FAULT! I AIN'T RESPONSIBLE! I SUPPOSE IT'S SOMEBODY'S BUSINESS TO SEE ME SAFELY TUCK'D IN  
O' BOTH SIDES?"



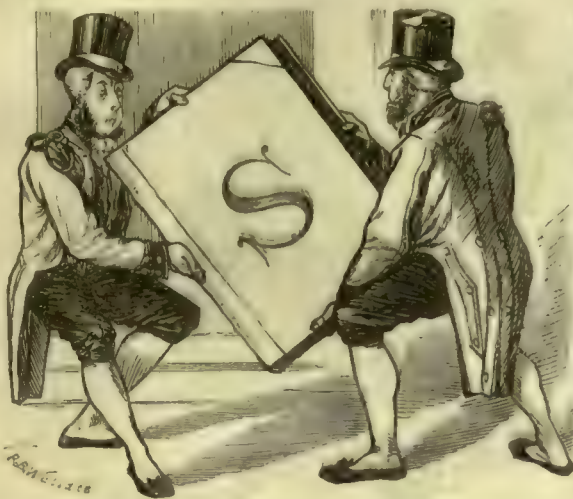




## MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ EUX.

No. I.—THE GREAT MAN AT HOME.

(By One who Knows—his Footman.)



Several magnificent Parks, one leading out of the other; then a gorgeous garden full of tropical plants and flowers, a fresh and fragrant tangle of greenery, a musical, melodious, murmuring *mélange* of birds, fountains, fruit-trees, lakes, and mountains. Always blue sky, and always sunshine and soft sweet breezes. Such the surroundings of the Palace.

The House itself. A noble building of marble and precious stones, now reminding one of the

Louvre, now of Hampton Court, now of Belvoir Castle. A quaint old place, with immense stacks of red brick chimneys, heaps of bronze doors, and hundreds of latticed windows. A home for a CROMWELL, a NAPOLEON THE GREAT, or an EDWARD THE CONFESSOR. At the back, twenty square miles of good mixed shooting, and a hundred leagues of trout-stream.

The Servants' Offices excellent. A splendid *suite* of apartments for the Butler, with a secret passage leading from the comfortable library into the cellar. An airy pantry, with cupboards full of plate. A nicely-furnished Housekeeper's Room, the very place for wit and comfort. A Servants' Hall ever ready to extend its hospitality to *littérateurs*. And the *employés*, in their powdered hair and magnificent uniforms of plush smalls and yellow coats—nice, amiable, unaffected men, full of anecdotes of Him—the Great Man it is their pride to serve. From the Butler himself down to the young gentleman in buttons all equally chatty and confidential.

Up-Stairs. Gold, silver, and blue brocade. Here is the Hall where the Great Man puts his umbrella and hat. That unpretending bronze peg is the one upon which he hangs his overcoat. Yonder cupboard hides his well-worn wide-awake, his hunting-whips, his favourite rods, and his short pipe. The Great Man, when he can escape from his followers, delights in a ramble across country. He will start at four in the morning, and, whistling to half-a-dozen dogs (a retriever, two foxhounds, a Newfoundland, a bull-terrier, and a pug), will, thus followed, hunt for hours the artful rabbit or the wily snipe. Then he will drop in at a country inn, and dine on the simplest fare—some soup, a little fish, a few *entrées*, and a bird. But this he will do only when he has some particular chum staying with him—such as His Royal Highness fresh from Marlborough House, or my LORD BEACONSFIELD. On State days he will remain in the gold drawing-room, in his simple but effective costume of black velvet slashed with red satin, giving audiences to the great and noble. Courteous to the last degree, he bows his guest into the jewelled chair, and talks for five minutes. Then he rises, and another graceful bow proclaims the interview at an end. But he is an inveterate smoker, and never appears without a homely "yard of clay" hanging from between his lips.

His wardrobe contains all sorts of magnificent costumes, the gifts (in great part) of his admirers. Here is the Court dress of a North American Indian, there the *mufsti* of a Field-Marshal of Peru; yonder (thrown about in confusion) are a number of patents of nobility. The Orders of Knighthood (of which the Great Man possesses sixty-seven) are not here to-day. They have been sent down to the footman's pantry to be brushed up with the rest of the plate.

And how does the Great Man spend his day? At five he wakes, and takes a cup of tea with two lumps of sugar in it. Then he dashes into a swimming-bath, and afterwards spends a couple of hours in his private gymnasium. After this he is ready for his secretaries. Ten of them enter his study (a small apartment, full of books, desks, and magnificent extra-sized chandeliers), and read to him his correspondence. As his letters number on the average two thousand a post, his secretaries read them simultaneously to save time. Then comes breakfast—a simple meal of coffee, claret, lobster, mushrooms, muffins, pig's fry (a dish of which he is particularly fond) a few *pâtés de foie gras*, and perhaps a haunch of venison, or a canvas-back. After breakfast the usual business of the day commences. From noon till two o'clock he writes. He is a quick thinker, and works fast. In these two hours he will sometimes knock off at one sitting a five-act comedy, a draught treaty of commerce, and a three-volume novel. At two he sees the Ambassadors, giving precedence to the French as the representative of an unfortunate people. Then come the German, the Russian, the Italian, and the Austro-Hungarian. Of late he has refused to see the Turkish Ambassador. It is scarcely necessary to add that the Great Man talks to each

foreigner in his visitor's native tongue. After the Ambassadors come the statesmen. LORD HARTINGTON is put into the Red Room, while SIR STAFFORD NORTH-COTE lounges in the Blue.

Even if each visitor should receive no more than the regulation five minutes, these interviews consume several hours. At six, the Great Man devotes some forty-five minutes to recreation. It is at this time that he meets his greatest friends *en petit comité*. The brown boudoir (furnished in the Oriental fashion with couches and Old Masters) rings with the laugh of ALFRED TENNYSON, the chuckle of CARLYLE, the soft "ha-ha" of CHARLES READE, and the boisterous merriment of MR. GLADSTONE. The rare old glasses at these times mirror the faces of such men as SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, MR. BUCKSTON, SIR GEORGE NARES, MAJOR O'GORMAN, and DR. CUNNING of Scotland. Then comes dinner, a glorious meal with a *menu* a yard long; and then the Great Man goes out to be petted and fêted by Society, to dance with the Duchess of This, and to flirt with the Countess of That. At these times he refuses to talk business. BISMARCK may telegraph and ROTHSCHILDS may follow him about, but to no good—his rule has not an exception. When he requires country air, a hearty welcome awaits him at Balmoral, Sandringham, and Osborne. He refuses daily invitations from the Elysee, and the imperial palaces of Vienna, St. Petersburg and Berlin; he hates ceremony with its guards of honour, its court-banquets, and military reviews. He likes to be with his friends, and when he pays a visit, only takes with him half-a-dozen of his valets, and a few *cordons bleus*. And what is the name of this truly Great Man? The question is easily answered. The name of this truly Great Man is—*Mr. Punch*.

## HOW TO USE A CLUB.

NEVER pay your subscription until you have obtained post rank. Modern Clubs collapse so suddenly that it is well to be on the safe side; besides, you gain the interest of the money and get your name advertised free *gratis*.

Always run down the Club when you are in; even call it a pot-house. The other members will, of course, think that you belong to several superior Clubs, and love you accordingly.

Always swear at the Waiters. It is not included in their wages, but they regard it as a perquisite.

No Club Man, who is wise, ever buys a new umbrella. Why should he, when so many men daily do it for him? The time for the best is between seven and eight, when members are pretty safe in the dining-room.

If you take a fancy to any engraving in the rarer library books—cut it out when no one is by. If the Committee inform you that this is dishonest, reply that that may be their impression, but that you prefer proofs.

When the Smoking-room Waiter brings you the cigar-box, ask boldly and loudly, "Which are the eighteen-penny ones?" and select quietly a twopenny cheroot. So you gain at a minimum of expenditure one of the greatest advantages of wealth.

Invariably black-ball men who are put up for election by either your proposer or seconder. As in nine cases out of ten we have cause to regret introducing men as members of our Club, you will be doing your friends an unobtrusive yet essential service.

Start at strangers as though they were some new form of wild beasts. You don't pay an entrance-fee and annual subscription to have your Club turned into an hotel. Besides, other members' friends are always cads.

When the conversation turns upon books, though the only two you know are your laundress's and an old *Ruff*, speak airily of your "library." That at the Museum is as much yours as it is anybody's.

Get hold of a lord if you can, even though it be but an Irish peer; invite him to dinner, and take care that everyone knows who he is. After he is gone, shrug your shoulders, call him "Poor devil!" and hint that you "dossay he's glad of a dinner." So you score doubly.

When compelled to speak of your three-pair-back, allude to it as your "chambers;" and to SALLY, your fifteen years' old maid-of-all-work as your "man."

Back your bill daily. Complain of the cigars, dinner,





### RECOLLECTION OF HUNTING SEASON (CLOSE OF 1876—BEGINNING OF 1877).

*Paterfamilias.* "WELL, I BEGIN TO THINK THE WEATHER IS A TRIFLE TOO OPEN!"

wine, coals, gas, and attendance, and you'll soon be a Committee-man yourself. Then you can snub other grumblers.

Pocket the Club stationery. It is far cheaper than buying your own, and it is only wasted at the Club.

Wear your hat in every part of the house. It informs strangers of the fact that you are a member, and is an altogether dignified and becoming method of asserting your proprietorship. This is a rule to be rigidly observed when any member happens to be showing a party of ladies over the house.

Keep new members at arm's length: let them clearly understand that, while you are compelled to tolerate their presence, you are by no means certain that they are not swindlers and vagabonds.

By observing these few rules, and some others which *Mr. Punch* may furnish you with upon another occasion, you will, in time, become a most popular member of your Club, and when in the fullness of time you die, your place will not easily be filled.

### OUR BENEFICED DISSENTERS.

FRIEND PUNCH,

It is verily gratifying to see friends E. F. CROOM and J. PLIMPTON, Churchwardens of St. James's, Hatcham, and upholders of friend TOOTH in his defiance of the law and the Court of Arches, seemingly in a way to arrive at a sense of his position and their own. Thou hast doubtless read their letter to the *Times*, wherein they say:—

"We are not such a small body as many think; the English Church Union and the Church of England Working-men's Society together number more than 25,000 Churchmen, and these do not represent a tithe of those who sympathise with us."

If not so small a body as many think, the party they belong to is a minority not perhaps as large as they imagine. As to the "tithe of those who sympathise with them," how much longer do they suppose members of the Church by Law Established are likely to continue paying tithes to Clergy whose followers have at last begun to discern them to be ministers of another denomination? The above-named friends go on to testify as follows:—

"It is said we are lawless. No more lawless, I take it, Sir, than Nonconformists were when they refused to pay Church-rates, which were then imposed by the law of England, by permitting their goods to be seized rather than give up the principle for which they were contending—that citizens should not be compelled to support a religious institution against their consciences; so we, for principle, are determined to suffer loss of property, and of liberty if need be, for the maintenance of the right of the Church of England to govern herself in spiritual matters without interference from secular authority."

When friends CROOM and PLIMPTON, on the part of friend TOOTH and his adherents, describe themselves as representing the Church, those three said friends doubtless remind thee of three other such, the celebrated apparel-makers of Tooley Street, who styled themselves the People of England. Whilst, however, with one breath our Hatcham friends claim to typify the Church whose Government they disown, thou seest that with the other they compare themselves to Nonconformists; and it may be hoped that they will soon discover how nearly they resemble them, the resemblance being precisely such as one pea bears to another. They persist in practising rites and ceremonies of their own, and refusing to conform to those of the Established Church by Law—matters of ritual prescribed by that Law as interpreted by its legal Judges; and it is notorious that their Nonconformity as to postures and gestures signifies Nonconformity of opinions also. Wherein, then, do their Ministers differ from friend SPURGEON, friend PARKER, friend NEWMAN HALL, and the Nonconformists who sit under those and other Nonconforming friends? In two important but unessential particulars. They preach and practise their Nonconformity within the steeple-houses and other edifices of the Establishment, instead of Salems and Ebenezers of their own, and they sack the Established hire. Otherwise it is manifest to every creature above a donkey, and, from the avowals above quoted, appears to be dawning upon even their own intellects, that they are all of them, laity and clergy, no more and no less out-and-out thorough-going Nonconformists and Dissenters than friends CHADBAND and STIGGINS—Dissenters and Nonconformists though of a different colour from the drab which distinguishes the "vestments" of thy broad-brimmed Friend,

OBADIAH.

SCURVY OUTBREAK.—The attacks on the Arctic Expedition.





### THE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Gerald (who has been listening with exemplary patience). "MAMMA, WHEN IS HE GOING TO TALK ABOUT THE PUDDING?"

### WHY STIR HIS STUMPS?

WHAT, in the name of common sense, could the Vicar and Churchwardens of Wadsley Bridge have meant by objecting to the bat, balls, and stumps on the tombstone of BENJAMIN KEETON, the Cricketer, with the loving and Christian inscription, which, thanks to the kindness of a Sheffield Correspondent, a Cricketer too, *Punch* is glad to be able to append:—

"Farewell, dear wife, my life is past:  
My love was true until the last.  
Then think of me, nor sorrow take,  
But love my Saviour for my sake."

Altogether we never heard of a more creditable gravestone: nor is this professional symbolism a new thing in the tombstones of those parts. The Vicar and Churchwardens may see in Wadsley Bridge Churchyard a Musician's tombstone, with its music-bars and the notes of HANDEL's sublime strain, "*The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised*," carved upon it; and a Blacksmith's, charged with the hammer and pincers flanking the horseshoe of his grimy but useful occupation.

Did not the Vicar at least know—whatever the Churchwardens may have known—that in the good old times this carving on the tombstone of the implements of the sleeper's handiwork, beginning with the Soldier's sword and the Dame's distaff, was an almost universal practice? And bat and balls were KEETON's tools as a professional Cricketer.

Then, if we turn from the practice in the matter to the principle at the bottom of it, where can be the objection to what is a mere record of the sleeper's craft—true labour wherein was one of his life's best prayers,—*qui laborat, orat*,—but a record addressed to the eye, at once picturesque, and encouraging local art; instructive, as showing what trade implements have been; directly intelligible,

and more vivid in its appeal to the memory than any description in words would be, while infinitely closer to the fact than most monumental enumerations of the virtues of the departed—your grave-stone mason being the one recorder who observes the law, more charitable than honest, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

The more *Punch* considers the matter, the more he feels inclined, instead of objecting to the practise of such symbolic stone-cutting, to wish it were everywhere restored in English Churchyards, till the proverb should run "True as a tombstone," instead of "False as an epitaph."

We are glad to find that Wadsley Bridge Vicar and Churchwardens having thought of it, have naturally thought better of it, and have determined to leave BENJAMIN KEETON's bat, balls, and stumps where his widow has placed them.

### January Summer.

An advertisement announces that:—

"Cherry Ripe! is commenced in the January Number of the *Temple Bar Magazine*."

Here is indeed a proof of the extraordinary mildness of the season!

### OFFICIAL OMISSION.

We see advertised extensively "Inexhaustible Salts, as supplied to the QUEEN." What a pity that they were not supplied to the Admiralty in time for issue to the last Arctic Expedition!

POKER—red-hot—banished from Pantomime, has been received with open arms at some fashionable London Clubs.

### EDUCATIONAL EXPENSES.

It may be that the relation existing between education and crime is precisely the reverse at Manchester of what it will be found to be everywhere else. The Chaplain of Manchester Gaol the other day read a report declaring the experience of the Assizes and Sessions at Manchester to show "that mere reading and writing have been the instrumental means without the use of which the forger, the embezzler, the fraudulent trustee, the base coiner, the false begging-letter writer, the dishonest warehouseman and clerk, and such like, could not ever come into existence as criminals." Perhaps the development instead of the prevention of crime by education is peculiar to Manchester. Otherwise School Boards will not be found such economical institutions as it was predicted they would. An outlay in education rates, instead of being repaid by reduction of county rates will simply necessitate augmented local taxation for prison expenses. But let us hope it is an exceptional and not a general fact, that the Three R's are conducive to the growth of a fourth R—Roguary.

### NEW TWELFTH-NIGHT CHARACTERS.

THE QUEEN as the Star of India.

The SULTAN as the Injured Innocent.

The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA as the Two-headed Dilemma.

MIDHAT PASHA as Chéri-Bounce.

LORD SALISBURY as the Pilot who did his best to weather the storm.

GENERAL IGNATIEFF as Jack Brag.

EARL BEACONSFIELD as Lord Bateman.

MR. GLADSTONE as Cerberus, the three-headed Janitor of the gates of London, Rome, and Constantinople.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT as the Angel with the Olive Branch.

MR. TENNYSON as Harold-Hard-writer.

GEORGE ELIOT as the Poet of Moses & Co.

MR. SWINBURNE as the Blush Rose.

MR. CARLYLE as the Cremorne Hermit.

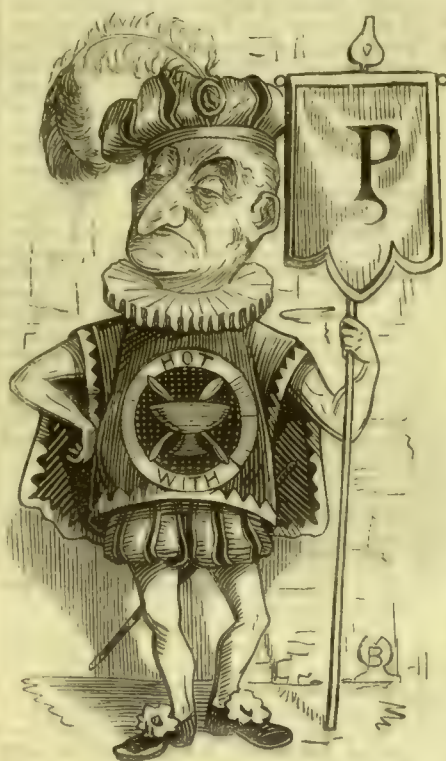
DR. SLADE as the 'Possum up a Gum Tree.

MR. SPURGEON as the Christian Minstrel.



## MANAGER BEACONSFIELD'S TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Theatre Royal, Delhi.



PRECISELY within a week of Christmas Day there has been exhibited in the Capital of India a spectacle curiously similar to those magnificent displays with which the sentiments inspired by that solemn season are wont to be demonstrated in the Metropolis of the British Empire. The proclamation of Her Majesty's Imperial title at Delhi on New Year's Day was attended with ceremony and pageant just as much calculated to astonish and gratify the natives privileged to witness it as analogous pomps and splendour here to amaze and delight the youthful mind. The scene on the plain three miles north of the Vice-regal camp at Delhi; the amphitheatre and dais—the circular platform of light blue framework, relieved by illumi-

nated panels alternately displaying the Royal Arms and the Imperial Crown intermingled with the Imperial Initials, with its umbrella-shaped canopy of red, white, and gold supported on gilt posts overhead; the gorgeously-coloured semicircle of seats reserved for the native grandees and high officials under its white awning fringed with blue, and resting on white and gilt figures decorated with flags and festoons; the attendant troops and guards of honour; the picturesque costumes and uniforms of the guests and visitors; the VICE-ROY and LADY LYTON riding in a gilt howdah on a huge elephant, followed by their children on another, and attended by a gigantic sham-herald, MAJOR BARNES, in a tabard surreptitiously copied from the real thing, its wearer ignorant of all connection with the College in Doctors' Commons, and grievous to the soul of Garter, Clarenceux, and Dragon Rouge, but attired in two hundred pounds' worth of heraldic habiliments; the sixty-three ruling Chiefs in attendance with their military retainers; the salute of a hundred guns; the *feu-de-joie* fired by the soldiers; the glare, glitter, and parade of the whole show must have resembled nothing so exactly as the Transformation Scene of a Christmas Pantomime. This resemblance was rendered all the closer by the piece of dumb show, performed by LORD LYTON, of hanging commemorative medals about the necks of the native Chiefs, and by the delivery of the Proclamation, spoken by MAJOR BARNES after an appropriate flourish of trumpets; only the Proclamation was not, as it might have been, cast in heroic verse. And there was one particular in which the comparison between the Durbar at Delhi and the Pantomimes at Drury Lane and Covent Garden certainly cannot be sustained. There was no beneficent fairy present to turn any of the characters in the scene into Harlequin and Columbine, not to mention Clown and Pantaloon. However, the whole display served admirably to typify the supremacy over barbaric magnificence assumed and asserted by Civilisation.

### Flames Male and Female.

At the Royal Institution, the other evening, in the third lecture of the "juvenile course," DR. GLADSTONE described "the various kinds of flames." Among these, however, from a report of his lecture, he appears to have made no mention of the "old flame" remembered by most men as once so extremely bright and beautiful, but as liable to grow in the hard hands of Time quite the reverse of either beautiful or bright.

## THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.

"GOVERNMENT FUND OF £4000 FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.—The President and Council of the Royal Society have resolved to advise the Committee of Council on Education to expend the above-named Fund in aiding Scientific Research:—1. By conferring grants on Competent Persons, or by offering Prizes of considerable value for the solution of Problems. 2. By meeting applications from Persons desirous of undertaking Investigations. 3. By applying Funds for Computation, the Formation of Tables of Constants, and other laborious and unremunerative Scientific work.—Applications are to be addressed to the Secretaries of the Royal Society, Burlington House, London, W., marked [Government Fund]."

This announcement has naturally produced great excitement in the Scientific World. The letter-box of the Royal Society is daily choked with applications. We append a few of the more remarkable of these appeals.

GENTLEMEN,

FOR years past I have consecrated all my leisure to perfecting a discovery which will produce results beyond the power of the most Oriental imagination to realise. I am as certain as I am of the rise of to-morrow's sun, or the visit of the tax-collector, that a grant of £50—or, to prevent the possibility of failure, say £100—would enable me to bring my experiments to a successful issue, and confer on the Royal Society the enviable distinction of having been the medium of revealing to the world a long latent secret.—I mean that of Perpetual Motion.

88, *Chimera Crescent*, N. W.

P. GREEN MOONING.

Jan. 6, 1877.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not slept a moment, for pardonable excitement since I read of the intentions of our glorious, great-hearted, chivalrous Government, to grant £4000 for Scientific Research. A cheque for £150 (*not crossed*) will put me in possession of the means of procuring apparatus and chemicals, the only things wanting to enable me to complete the last link in a chain of experiments which *will*, which *shall*, which *must* culminate in the transmutation of all the baser metals into genuine, solid, virgin GOLD.

Yours in haste (for the Laboratory waits),

EUPHORBUS WHISTLETON.

2A, *Little Stickleback Street*, E.

276, *Dock Avenue*, Liverpool,

5/1/77.

GENTLEMEN,

PRAY use your influence with the Government to get me awarded a grant of £500 to £1000, to aid me in showing that the whole system of Modern Astronomy is radically wrong. The prevailing notions of the configuration of the earth (ridiculously called one of the heavenly bodies), the composition of the sun and its distance from our globe, and the absence of life in the moon, I have over and over again proved to the satisfaction of myself and my friends, to be as gross delusions as the belief in the philosopher's stone and the divining rod of former ages. I only require the trifle I have mentioned to put my convictions on such a base of absolute certainty, that the world shall hail me as the greatest Scientific Reformer since the days of COPERNICUS, GALILEO, and TYCHO BRAHÉ.

Yours,

THALES ALEXANDER WILDERSPIN.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM ready to sell to the Government my infallible specifics for sea-sickness and hydrophobia, which have never been known to fail since my great-grandfather first brought the prescriptions with him from the Vale of Cashmere. My terms are £4000 cash.

Your obedient Servant,

Isle of Dogs, E., Jan. 1, 1877.

ANDREW MAC CANNIE.

MY DEAR SIRS,

*The Crib*, James Wattville, Manchester.

A NEW motive power is within my grasp, which will render steam as obsolete as the pack-horse and the stage-waggon. I am impeded in my experiments by the want of means to procure material, machinery, skilled labour, and workshops. I want only but £2000 for all this. Plead for me for a grant to that amount, and you will place me (and yourselves) on the same pedestal of fame as ARCHIMEDES, WATT, and the STEPHENSONS.

6/1/77.

ARCHIMEDES J. STROWGRASS.

MISS KATHLEEN O'CORKEY is anxious to engage in the following computations:—

1. The number of penny postage-stamps it would take to go round the world.
2. The number and cost of the umbrellas now in use in Great Britain and Ireland.
3. The value of the waste paper annually burnt or thrown away in Great Britain, Scotland, and Wales.

She trusts the Government will allow her an annuity of £250 until her calculations are completed.

*Thomas Moore Street, Dublin. Friday Evening.*





FIELD PERSPECTIVE (FOR SOFT WEATHER).

### "WOMEN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH."

THE legend of POPE JOAN may or may not be authentic; but the possibility, at least, of a female Pope is manifest from the positive fact that there are female Parsons. For this is a fact beyond all doubt. A great many, if not the greater part, of the Ritualist Clergy are evidently Ladies who, having contrived to conceal their sex, have gone to Theological Training Colleges, got themselves ordained, and crept into the Church in disguise. Now, when they have obtained curacies and livings, their irrepressible passion for finery crops up. They bedizen themselves in all manner of gowns and petticoats under the name of "vestments," and they decorate the Churches in which they officiate, or have them decorated, in a style of ornamentation befitting only boudoirs or dressing-rooms. A Lincolnshire paper, itself apparently edited by a girl, reports under the head of Claxby, in a sympathetic spirit, particulars of some recent ecclesiastical adornments, of which the conception is evidently feminine, or at any rate the product of a man-milliner's brain. MR. WORTH, perhaps, suggested some of the fal-lals under-mentioned:—

"SAINT MARY'S CHURCH.—We are pleased to hear that several handsome offerings were made to this church, on Christmas Day, by parishioners, more than a hundred of whom had shown their appreciation of the many privileges they enjoy in this sacred edifice, devoting some portion of their substance to provide the necessary adjuncts for the worship of the altar. The gifts, previously set apart to the use of the Church, consisted of a complete set of nicely embroidered altar linen (the veils surrounded with lace), a white silk veil and burse, richly embroidered in gold; a book-stand for the altar, a pair of vases, a pair of vesper lights to hold six candles, these all being of polished brass."

All this reads exactly like the description of a lady's *boudoir*. The altar with appurtenances such as "nicely embroidered linen," "veils surrounded with lace," a "white silk veil and burse richly embroidered with gold," a "pair of vases," and "a pair of vesper lights to hold six candles," must as nearly as possible resemble a toilet-table. The vases may be taken to be meant to hold perfumes, the six candles held in the pair of vesper lights to stand beside a looking-glass, and the book-stand to support a fashion-book. Such an altar can be imagined only as an altar of Venus, or but an altar figuratively so called, an altar of Beauty, at which she sits and worships herself. No male Cleric could possibly permit the altar at

which he serves to be tricked out in the fantastic manner above specified. Altars so tricked out, however, are now numerous; and the Clergy who direct or permit their decoration may style themselves Priests, but are unquestionably Priestesses, every Reverend Man Jack of them.

The "altar" at St. Mary's Church, Claxby, seems to have been arrayed besides with trappings of which some may be pictured by imagination as setting off a sort of doll or dummy. In continuation of the foregoing account of the habiliments and trimmings it is garnished withal, we are told that—

"A member of the guild presented a handsome white silk frontal for the altar richly embroidered in gold and blue with stoles of the same. A glass water cruet, having upon it the sacred monogram, and a prettily worked mat for the fold-stool, were the offerings of another. . . . We need scarcely add that the church, as usual at festivals, had been beautifully decorated. The altar and reredos were clothed with the light of countless candles."

An altar described as clothed not only with "the light of countless candles," but also with a "frontal" and "stoles" embroidered in pretty colours, presents the confused idea of something not so much like an altar as an image or effigy. Perhaps the altar that has been clad in stoles will next be attired in skirts and a long train, and the frontal it has now on will be supplemented with a chignon. Anyhow we may be assured that all the clerical Persons, with whose sanction or by whose arrangement altars have been put into that attire, are qualified by gender to wear the like themselves. Many people expect such ecclesiastics to show the cloven hoof. They will never do that exactly, but it is more than probable that before long one of them will put out from under fringes and flounces something like it—a foot embellished with a fashionable high-heeled fancy shoe. And perhaps the Court of Arches will soon be further set at defiance by Clergywomen playing Priestesses, and, notwithstanding inhibition and force of law, continuing to masquerade not only in the Millinery they now wear themselves, but insisting on dressing up their Churches as gaily and gaudily as their persons.

### SEASONABLE ADVICE TO FARMERS.

MAKE Hay in wet weather. Take opportunity to store water. In the midst of rain remember drought.



## A COMEDY ON BOTH SIDES.



THE Doctors gathered in the Sick Man's room,  
To hold high Conference on the patient's crisis,  
As he lay in *extremis*—under doom  
From long decay, blood-poisoning, and phthisis.  
Some hot Sangrados were for prompt blood-letting;  
Some milder spirits were for euthanasia;  
While others held the only hope was getting  
The patient to a health-resort in Asia.  
The Sick Man, a sly Reynard, though his mien  
Was mild as—say the breast of a young Turkey—

Saw that his doctors' hands were aught but clean,  
Their diagnosis dark, their motives murky;  
So, springing up with unexpected powers,  
And scattering pills and potions far and wide,  
"Throw physic to the dogs, ye dogs of Gioours!  
I'll none of it!" the impatient patient cried.  
"A fig for your strait-waistcoats! Better spare  
Drastics and tonics, or I'll let you see  
That I've played '*Le Malade Imaginaire*,'  
As some of you '*Le Médecin Malgré Lui*.'"

## Lying Like Truth.

IN the first number of a new journal called *Truth*, was a paragraph charging the house of LEWIS AND ALLENBY with "sounding the war-pipe, and sending the fiery cross to their clansmen, whenever Miss ELLEN or Miss MARION TERRY appears in a new part," in other words, with organising a *claque* to applaud these ladies. Mr. A. J. LEWIS writes, requesting *Punch*, as he has requested the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *Daily News*, and *Standard*, to say there is not a word of truth in the paragraph. He has called upon *Truth* to make public his denial.

In doing so, *Truth*, in effect, reiterates the false statement, though, in terms, withdrawing the charge against MR. LEWIS in person. If this be a sample of the utterances we are to expect from the new journal, we shall have to change the old proverb from "Truth lies in a Well," to "Truth lies in a Column."

## HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

MRS. MALAPROP declares that the courage of MR. TOOTH reminds her of CÆSAR's when he stepped over the Rubicon.





## TOO CANDID BY HALF.

Visitor (to newly-married Friend). "I WAS ADMIRING YOUR LITTLE CARRIAGE, MRS. McLUCKIE, SO——"

Mrs. McLuckie. "OH, THE BROUGHAM! YES; YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT A COMFORT I FIND IT——"

Mr. McLuckie. "OO AYE! IT'S GRY HANDY! WE'VE JIST JOBBIT THE CAB FOR THE COORSE WEATHER!!"

## THE HOUSE AND THE HOME;

Or, Reckoning Without the Builders.

SCENE—The Dining-Room in a house constructed upon Dr. Richardson's principles. Overhead (1) the Kitchen with lift-communication to the lower floors. Overhead (2 and 3) the Roof Garden. MR. and MRS. BROWN discovered patiently awaiting breakfast.

Mr. Brown. At last we reap the benefit of our outlay. At a very moderate cost we are living in a flat.

Mrs. Brown. MR. FUNNIMAN said the builder was living on a flat, and he smiled when he said it. What did he mean, ALGERNON?

Mr. Brown. Some sorry jest, unworthy of a moment's thought. Nay, LAURA, believe me, a joke is no argument, and facts cannot be blown away by epigrams. At a very moderate cost the worthy STUCCO has run us up a house.

Mrs. Brown. And a bill. I saw the total, ALGERNON, and it was enormous.

Mr. Brown. Health, my dear, is priceless, and with this bill we have purchased health. Our staircase is outside our dwelling rooms.

Mrs. Brown. But our staircase leaks.

Mr. Brown. I beg, love, you will not interrupt me. Our lift——

[Great noise without. Enter MARY with tray of broken crockery. Mary. I can't stand it any longer, Sir; it's shameful, Mum! This is the second time the lift has stopped suddenly, after coming down with a run, and knocked me over. It's always out of order.]

Mr. Brown. Never mind, MARY. Stucco shall be sent for to set the lift to-rights. And now to breakfast. For the last three hours the odours wafted down the left shaft from the kitchen have warned me to expect something savoury.

Mary. But, please, all the things is spiled, Sir.

Mr. Brown. Then get some more.

Mary. Then, please, if you'd ask Cook yourself, Sir. She's in

## SELFISH v. SHELLFISH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Jan. 9, 1877.

AMONG our many wrongs there is one in particular—a bitter grievance—which hitherto we have borne with tolerable patience, in the hope that either from repletion, or shame, the opposite Sex would desist from their monopoly of that costly luxury the *Oyster*. They may be seen daily ranged in rows along the counters where these expensive bivalves are dispensed, like beetles round a dish of treacle, gluttonously devouring (regardless of cost), and depriving us of our home share in the seductive shell-fish.

Now, do be kind enough, *Mr. Punch*, to persuade those dear *Oysters* to give us an "At Home," and invite us to the feast, when, I am persuaded, their tender feelings would readily induce them to make a voluntary sacrifice for the Ladies, and to come down at least from three-and-sixpence to half-a-crown the dozen.

With perfect confidence that you will take up our cause, I remain, dear *Mr. Punch*,

Your Constant Reader, JUSTITIA.

## WHAT THE FLOODS MIGHT HAVE WASHED AWAY.

FIVE-SIXTHS of the Statues within the Two-Mile Radius, with George the Fourth and the Duke of York's Column at their head.

Most of the Music Halls.

The publishing offices of the Penny Dreadfuls, and shops for the sale of robber and ruffian romances.

Two-thirds of the Gin Palaces.

The advertisement hoardings at every street corner.

A large per-centage of the Skating Rinks.

The shops of adulterating Tradesmen.

MR. GLADSTONE's pens and inkstand, and all the records of LORD BEACONSFIELD's recent speeches.

Exeter Hall, and all theatres without sufficient exits.

The more rotten part of the Stock Exchange.

Tattersall's, and the card and billiard-rooms of certain West End Clubs.

And last, but not least, Temple Bar, and three-fourths of the Municipal monuments in London and the Provinces.

## THE UNEQUAL MATCH.

EVEN a weekly edition of the *Times* is stronger than most Dailies.

an awful temper, and won't do a mortal thing for me. She says she can't abear the kitchen; that the wall leaks all round, and the sun makes the place too hot to hold her. She says she never worked in a cook-loft before.

Mr. Brown. You must combat these idle prejudices, MARY. (An awful noise without.) Good Heavens! what's that, I wonder! Go, MARY, and see what's gone amiss. [Exit MARY.]

Mrs. Brown. I am sure the children must have tumbled into the street, from the conservatory on the roof.

Mr. Brown. I trust not. What a comfort it is that in this "flat" system we can hear and smell everything. By the way, my darling, do not order onions again, for the perfume hangs about the place for hours, and even days. (Enter ERNEST.) Now, my eldest son, how does the world treat you?

Ernest. Excellently well, for it has permitted me to commit a series of crimes meriting the longest punishments. Father, I have forged your name, robbed the bank in which I occupied a clerk's desk, and committed bigamy.

Mrs. Brown (aghast). ERNEST! My son! Are you mad?

Ernest. I never was more sane. Father, Mother, I am two-and-twenty, and can judge for myself. I have deliberately chosen the path of crime.

Mr. Brown. Unhappy boy, who can save you?

Ernest (pointing to police-officer, who enters, and arrests him). This worthy representative of the law. Tell me, good constable, how long shall I be imprisoned?

Police-Officer. Well, Sir, it should be a life.

Ernest. Do not weep, Father. Nay, Mother, dry your eyes. Imprisonment in England means life. I should have died in these imperfectly ventilated rooms. In a prison I shall live and thrive. According to DR. RICHARDSON, our gaol is the most perfect of dwelling-houses. Our model prisons contain the purest air, the most equable temperature, the dryest and cleanest walls, the



cleanest floors and kitchens. Epidemic disease is under instant control. Disease from exposure to extremes of atmospheric variation, from impure air (except by the grossest neglect), excess, or want, from uncleanness, personal or general, are out of the question. In a word, the occupant of the modern prison-house is subjected, practically, to none other than his acquired or inherited diseases. On the whole, the prison population (in spite of mental suffering) is healthy above all classes. In winter the gaol population decreases in weight, in summer it increases, with a physiological precision like the procession of the seasons. But it retains its health so strikingly that, in some cases, as MR. EDWIN CHADWICK has shown, its death-rate is actually reduced to 3 in 1000. Do you not like the picture?

Mr. Brown. Logical, but unhappy boy—

(Terrific crash. Enter MARY, hurriedly.)

Mary. Please, Sir, the walls of the top flat have giv' way, and the garden is a-coming into the kitchen, and Cook's unsensible under a heap o' flower-pots!

(Scene closes in—in more senses than one.)

## MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ EUX.

No. II.—REYNOLDS DAUBSON, R.A., AT BAYSWATER.



A CROWD of carriages drawn up before a quaint cottage, taking one back, somehow, to Florence, Lucerne, and Boulogne. The first, a magnificent family chariot, with an embroidered hammer-cloth, gorgeous with armorial bearings in the first gloss of newness. A carriage with a splendid pair of 400-guinea step-pers, flecked with foam on neck and poitrail, under the chafe of the bearing-rein; the coachman with a wig and bouquet, the three footmen powdered. Then a tiny brougham—quiet as a summer's eve—without crest or motto. A little brougham to jump into without an effort, when its owner wishes to preserve his incognito. And yet this small vehicle, with its humble black body and blue-green

wheels, is as well known to the West-End and the Lady's Mile as the Lord Mayor's coach itself. In rear of the brougham a stanhope, aglow with ormolu mouldings and bright green panels picked out with mauve. These three carriages, that have been waiting patiently for hours, have only recently become the property of REYNOLDS DAUBSON. At one time the great and fashionable artist was satisfied with a twopenny omnibus. But that was many years ago, before REYNOLDS DAUBSON wrote "R.A." after his name, and snubbed Countesses.

The story of the successful painter's rise is known to everybody who knows anything. How he painted noble historical pictures of the "Finding of the Body of Harold" for twenty years, without attracting the least attention. How, weary year after year, those magnificent compositions used to go into the Royal Academy in a furniture van, and return to their native studio on the top of a "growler." How REYNOLDS lost his Aunt, and came in for a legacy of a few thousands. How he hit upon the notion of asking the Royal Academicians *en masse* to a banquet. How three of them came. How he feasted those three. How he laughed at their jokes. How he praised their works. Then came the second banquet, at which all the Forty (urged by the Three) were present. And when the President asked for another helping of the cheese *soufflé*, everybody knew that REYNOLDS's fortune was made. Next year he was an Associate; a few months later an R.A. Now he is a recognised power in society as in Art. Was not his "Duchess of Rosemary Lane" the talk of the past season? And yet there are some who say that his enthusiastically belauded "Duchess" cannot be compared for a moment with the once despised "Harolds." They say, these critics, that the blossoms of his neglected spring-tide were grander in conception and nobler in treatment than the fruits of his ripe and ready autumn. But nobody agrees with them, except the Man-

chester millionaire who bought all those "Harolds," and has them hanging up in a row in his palatial drawing-room. DAUBSON has lived down opposition, and is resting, calmly and conscientiously, amid the topmost boughs of the tree Yggdrasil, the world-tree of Art, whose roots are in the nether slime, but whose summit strikes the skies; while, between, nestle all manner of uncleanly creatures—picture-dealers and Art-critics the most hideous—whose mission it is to gnaw master-pieces out of the vitals of needy genius, and to vex and harass the soul of the aspiring idealist.

Before entering the cottage, look at the two policemen on the opposite side of the road. It is their function, no sinecure either, to keep order among the string of coronetted carriages in waiting, in rear of the three *voitures de maître*. Strangers might imagine that the great painter was giving a *matinée musicale*, but the initiated know that the carriages belong to DAUBSON's aristocratic sitters. A third policeman stands on the door-step. It is his duty to keep order among the titled crowds who struggle for entrance. Half an hour ago his services were called in to quell a riot. To rescue a leader of *ton* from being torn in pieces, was nothing for the sub-inspector—a civil officer, who thoroughly knows his duties—but to take two Duchesses into custody! Their Graces—why were they not three?—are at this moment enjoying the new sensation of five-o'clock tea in the station-house.

Let us enter the cottage. The hall is rather low and small and darkling—the subtly-calculated preface of an exciting book—but cosy. Round the walls hang plateaux of blue and white china of the Wang dynasty—DAUBSON values no other—and old English cups and saucers of grotesque shape, flaring colour, and priceless value. The hat-stand is of ormolu. On its pegs hang two hats—one very old, one very new. If you glance into them, you will see the name of DAUBSON, R.A., on the lining. He keeps the old one in memory of his days of unaided struggle and blithe Bohemianism; the new one he wears on the rare occasions when he finds time for a drive in the Park. From how many a lordly carriage coquettish Brougham and aristocratic Alexandra his abstracted smile is courted all the length of these drives so few and far between! Look from the lining of those hats to the crown, and you will see the name of SMITH of Regent Street. He trusted the young painter for his first hat, and now participates, as of right, in the golden showers, whose spangled spray, to DAUBSON's honour, reaches every tradesman that showed him kindness in the days of his dwelling in Bohemia.

From every hole and corner look out upon you, with sightless orbits, busts in marble and terra-cotta of the owner of this artistic *pied-à-terre*.

Out of the hall open three passages. One leads to the dining-room, dimly lighted through windows of bottle-bottoms below, of small yellow-stained and flower-ornamented *quarrelles* (from the Art-glass-works of BLUE and BLACKLEDDERS) above. Round the walls runs a high dado of ebony, crowned with a grey-green paper sparingly sprinkled with withered chrysanthemums (from the Art-Furniture works of MOROSE and MAKEBELIEVE). At one end a towering buffet of black oak lined with green velvet, and laden with massive antique gold and silver plate, now glittering, now glooming, in a Rembrandtesque play of light and shadow. Above the dado, in every coign of vantage, are disposed Delft and Dresden, Faience of Rouen and Nevers, Rhodian plates and Etruscan vases. The history of the Ceramic art is before you, teaching—if somewhat disjointedly—by examples.

The second passage conducts to the basement story, with the offices and apartments of the *caletaille*. The butler's pantry is roomy and comfortable, with very cosy easy chairs; the kitchen small, but with an admirably devised *batterie de cuisine* (from the atelier of SMUDGE and GRIMSBY), embracing all the latest improvements.

The third passage communicates with a gallery, carpeted with lion-skins, giving direct access to the studio. A heavy *portière* of Venetian cut velvet masks the entrance. Lift it with a reverent hand, and pause on the threshold of the sanctuary!

A room of vast height and stately proportions. The walls and roof studded with quaintly-shaped windows and skylights, adjusted to suit the various exigencies of illumination according to the hour and the season. Men in armour in all directions. The great painter is popular in the City; and these splendid suits of plate and mail are the gifts of successive Lord Mayors, who know and humour his tastes. Gobelins and old Flemish tapestry wherever it will hang; lay figures, strangely draped and costumed, imperfectly hidden behind gigantic Japanese screens. Here and there a horse patiently waiting to be painted. In an outer gallery, entered from the studio by an arcade, some score of girl-models—slight, pale, golden-haired, all with the Camelot chin—reading novels. These pale, sweet women, in their clinging draperies, form a strange yet *séduisant* background to the *pêle-mêle* of statues, tropical plants, musical instruments, Florentine terra-cottas, classical marbles, old arms, blue china, and Japanese *curios* which fill the studio. Radiating from the centre of the room, round a pile of gigantic and full-flushed azaleas and gardenias, whose tropic perfume lies faint upon



the air, diffusing a voluptuous languor, are some dozen richly-carpeted platforms, each with its gilt chair. On these chairs, in patient expectation, wait the sitters of the day: here, a peer in his coronet and robes; there, an M.F.H. in his tops and pink; yonder, a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Guards in *levée*-uniform. The fair sex, too, is well represented by the leading belles of the *beau-monde*, their natural loveliness enhanced by the charm of WORTH'S most tasteful costumes for the morning boudoir, the Park promenade, or the evening *belle assemblée*. All are posed for the painter. Before each stand is an easel with its canvas, and, beside it, the palette ready set upon the carved *bahut*. The sitters sit motionless as figures at MADAME TUSSAUD'S, but each face is flushed with strained yet severely repressed expectation. They await their Master!

Suddenly the tapestry shakes—is drawn. The sitters put on their most amiable and affable expressions, as through a secret door appears a burly yet refined-looking man of some six and thirty—or, by'r Lady, forty—with immense red whiskers and a shock head of whitey-brown hair. He has fierce, leonine blue eyes, deep set under a gnarled brow, and a red scar runs from the right corner of his left eye obliquely to the root of his nose. Ask him of that scar, some day, and perhaps, if the Clicquot has done its work, he will tell you a tale that has blanched many a fair cheek, and added all the more charm to that fascinating if rough and reckless face. He wears a doublet and knickerbockers of yellow velvet, with pink silk stockings. On his massive yet delicate fingers are diamond rings, whose brilliance defies the curiosity that would count them. Such is the simple though costly suit in which REYNOLDS DAUBSON, R.A., always appears before his distinguished and dainty *clientèle*.

"My Lords, Ladies, Honourables, and Right Honourables," he exclaims, in a voice short, sharp, and *saccadé*, "I cannot give you a sitting to-day—I have other fish to fry!"

There is a loud murmur of consternation. The Great Artist turns fiercely and points to the door. It will not do. The sitters have fought hard for their places; they have been waiting for hours; they are naturally dissatisfied. Not one stirs. With a scornful smile the Great Artist points his hand towards the vestibule, and in a twinkling the bevy of fair women with the Camelot chins, flinging down their novels, are ousting from their chairs Dukes and Duchesses, Peers and Peeresses, Statesmen and Soldiers, and posing in their places.

During this brief but stirring scene DAUBSON has been wheeling out a small deal table, with a range of compartments divided by wooden partitions, a lump of distemper colour in each, and in the centre a pot of smoking size. How is this? This is a scene-painter's palette? Even so. Dashing aside the tapestry, DAUBSON reveals to us a huge canvas on a frame stretching from roof to floor, and worked up and down by a powerful winch. These pale, passion-fraught models are not to figure in a composition for the Royal Academy Exhibition. In one of those freaks so characteristic of his daring but erratic genius, DAUBSON is working to-day at the Transformation Scene for a provincial Pantomime!

Such is his good pleasure. *Le Roi de l'Art le veut—ainsi soit-il*. In this way DAUBSON'S genius gradually infiltrates the provinces. He is a true populariser of the beautiful. These nymphs and *houris*, these *Elaines* and *Enides*, who are now being transferred from pale and passionate flesh and blood to distemper and canvas, will live again in glowing reality, suspended against blue depths of air from the flies, or grouped voluptuously amid the corals and zoophytes of a fantastic ocean-world. DAUBSON only designs the scene. It will be for more common-place creatures to realise it.

Now let us withdraw on tiptoes, and leave the Great Creature in Fairyland. To-day for Dreams. To-morrow for Duchesses!

### The Phoenix Venatica.

(Definition of a rare Species.)

ONE who brooks no refusal, and refuses no brook; who can draw a cover, or sketch a run; is never to be seen in bad form, but always in the nicest habit; is usually found in the first flight, and never cranes at the last drop; steady in the field, as she is yielding in the drawing-room.

[Yoicks! tally-ho! Could M.F.H. Punch but find the little vixen, and get her out of cover! Wouldn't he be first in the field after her, and never draw rein till he had secured her pretty pads for his own, and had her soft muzzle at his mercy!]

### Dens—A Tooth.

(A Theological Authority in the Church of Rome—not of England.)

If your Ritual eggs at home  
Get added, from that risk snatch 'em,  
As you cannot bring Hatcham to Rome,—  
By going to Rome to hatch 'em.

### HEAVY WET.



OUR DECEMBER RAINFALL.—MR. GLAINIER states in the *Gardener's Chronicle* that the total fall of rain during the month of December was 5.92 inches, and that there is no instance since 1815, when the fall in that month was so large."

5.92!!!  
And still the wet  
is going it like  
winking!  
Turn off the tap,  
good Jupiter  
Pluvius, do!  
As water rises,  
spirits (thanks  
to you)  
Are sinking.  
By Jove,—no,  
a bother Jove!  
By old Deuca-  
lion,

Would I were fish, a water-proof and scaly 'un.  
If no stop's put to this perpetual flood,  
Man must lapse back again to primal mud,  
And earth, as climax of vagaries various,  
Be turned to an aquarium by Aquarius.  
I'd fain ask DARWIN how much more of this—  
Which to the fishes only could be bliss—  
I must endure, before I shall begin

To sprout a fin.

That Weather Clerk's accounts are in a muddle,—  
Eugh! Gr-r-r! Another puddle!  
That makes the tenth I've plumbed with sudden splash.  
Whoof! What a blast! Another rib gone smash!  
SANGSTER aroint thee! I'll put no more trust  
In Paragon frames that will not stand a gust.  
Hi! Hansom! No! the shining Jehu deigns  
No answer save a sulky shake of reins;  
Cabdorn is an Autocracy tempered not

Even by tips. I've got

Before me a tempestuous two-mile tramp,  
And then must greet AMANDA, dank and damp,

And with a shattered Gamp,  
Like Hylas, or Leander from the flood;  
But then *they* were not splashed with London mud.  
Had they worn Ulsters, or required a gingham,

I'm sure nor bard would sing 'em,  
Nor Beauty beam upon them. Why can't Science  
Hit upon some expedient or appliance  
To fit Man to this preter-pluvial period?

That sounds a query odd,  
But my inquiry's earnest, not ironic;  
Since Heaven's hydropsy seems becoming chronic,  
I am persuaded it will soon be found  
Man must be made amphibious, or be drowned.  
The Hyades have it all their own wet way,

*Tristes*, indeed, to-day!  
And—hah! by Jove! An empty "Growler"! Hi!  
'Tis *infra dig*.—but dry!

### Strange as True.

A LADY Member of the School-Board—MRS. SURR—has lately administered a not undeserved rebuke to her Brother-Members for "fluent verbosity." This is a sur-charge which the male Members of the Board can't resist, and should at once get rid of. But that it should have been left to a Lady to make it, and that not a man could rise either to retort the charge or to deny it! One indignant male Member of the Board writes to point out that as the Lady answers to "SURR," not Madam, she must be a Man in disguise!

ANAGRAM FOR THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

THE REVEREND ARTHUR TOOTH—  
Not the road to *her* Truth.





### 'COMPARISONS ARE ODISIOUS.'

*The Major (rocking Nelly on his knee, for Aunt Mary's sake). "I suppose this is what you like, Nelly?"*

*Nelly. "Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a real donkey yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know."*

### A STRIKE IN THE BRIEF BUSINESS.

ACCORDING to the *Carlisle Patriot*, Ministers have been, temporarily at least, defeated in an attempt to effect what Conservatives will applaud as a large economy in contrast with the small cheese-parings practised by the late Government. In consideration of the rising prices of provisions, and most other things, the Treasury announced, at the Carlisle Quarter Sessions, through Mr. NANSON, Clerk of the Peace, that they would in future allow Counsel only one guinea a brief, instead of two guineas as theretofore. The consequence was—

"The Barristers declined to take the reduced fee, and there was nothing left to be done save for the attorneys to place the briefs in the hands of the Court, and let it deal with the matter as it thought best. Accordingly, when the Deputy-Recorder (MR. LEOPRIC TEMPLE, Q.C.) had concluded his charge to the grand jury, MR. WANNOP handed in a brief marked 'one guinea,' at the same time saying that there was a strike among the Barristers, who would not accept the briefs at the fee allowed. MR. NANSON said the matter had been brought before the Deputy-Recorder, who had arranged to pay the two guineas on this occasion. MR. WANNOP: 'Then I may mark the briefs two guineas?'—'Yes.' Shortly after this announcement the Barristers came into Court, and the threatened block was averted."

by MR. NANSON's generous act of self-sacrifice. No doubt that Gentleman undertook the responsibility of the additional guineas for which the Treasury may or may not reimburse him. But what will be the consequence of the adoption by the higher branch of the legal profession of Trades Unionism both in principle and practice? A system of picketing may shortly be established in connection with Sessions and Assize Courts for the purpose of intimidating and molesting Barristers who dare to accept a reduced scale of fees. Gentlemen of the Bar will ratten forensic knobsticks, by carrying off their briefs and books, or hiding their gowns and wigs. Barristers may even, by-and-by, blow Barristers up, after the manner of Sheffield sawgrinders—who knows? Such are the deplorable consequences which may be expected to follow from perseverance on the part of Her Majesty's Government in the attempt to cheapen the price of

legal labour; the present remuneration of which is far too Liberal in the estimation of Conservative Statesmen.

### "A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!"

Says Turcophobe to Turcophile,  
"The Ottoman is full of guile."  
Says Turcophile to Turcophobe,  
"Muscovite treachery who can probe?"  
Says Russophobe, "The Turk's a Saint;  
The Russ a devil, *minus* paint."  
Says Russophile, "The Russ means right;  
The Turk is anti-human quite."  
Says *Mr. Punch*, "Twin cackling geese,  
'Tis time your rival row should cease.  
Reason, not *rabies*, Sense, not spite,  
'Midst clashing wrongs must 'stablish right.  
Shut up, and leave the two to work  
In strong, skilled hands, 'twixt Russ and Turk."

### The Classic God of Cookery.

THE Great Pan. His sacred rites were celebrated in the Isles of Greece. His English High-priest is now MR. BUCKMASTER. We are glad to hear that even the Parsons are becoming his ministers, and mean to have his rites instituted in the national school-rooms.

### Two of a Trade.

TOOLE in his Gaiety, TOOTH in his Gravity,  
The Town to amuse at this time of depression,  
Though with different art, both play the same part,  
In the Strand, and at Hatcham—*The Man in Possession.*

THE BEST VACCINE-HATERS.—The Keighley Guardians.





## THE "CONFIDENCE TRICK."

JONATHAN. "GUESS I'VE COME INTO A DEAL O' MONEY LATELY UNDER AN AWARD, AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DU WITH IT ALL! SO, JEST TO SHOW MY CONFIDENCE IN YEW, I WAS CALKILATIN' TO TOTE YEW OVER A COUPLE O' MILLIONS!!!"

[JOHN BULL fancies he has read of this sort of thing in the Police Reports.]

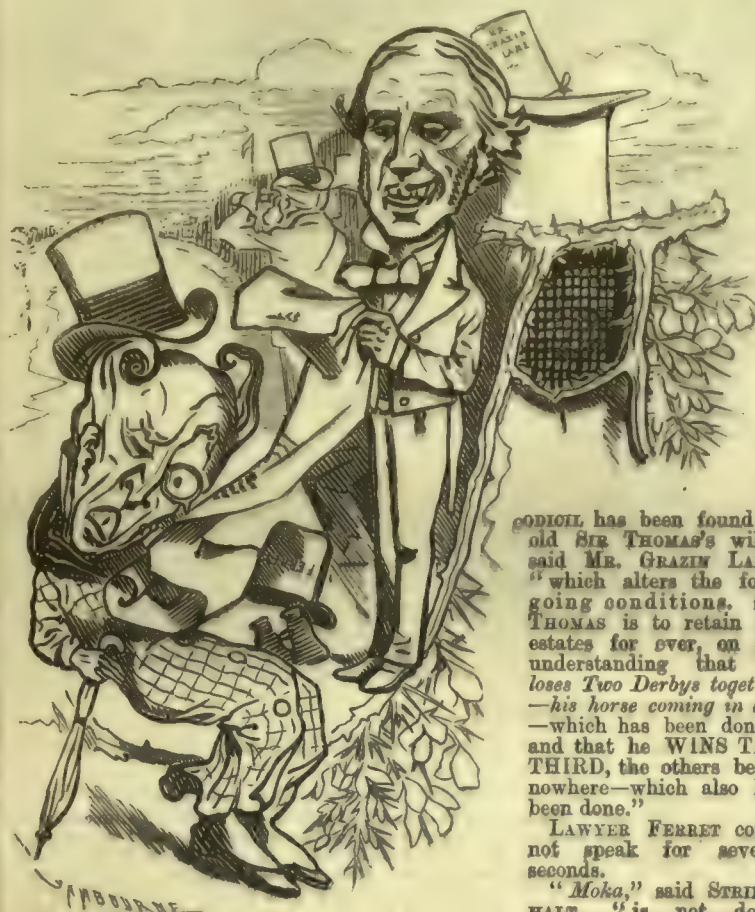






# WHAT'S THE ODDS? OR, THE DUMB JOCKEY OF JEDDINGTON.

A GENUINE SPORTING NOVEL BY  
MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP,  
*Author of "Squeezing Langford," "Two Kicks," &c., &c.*  
CHAPTER THE LAST.



GODICIL has been found to old SIR THOMAS'S will," said MR. GRAZIN LANE, "which alters the foregoing conditions. SIR THOMAS is to retain the estates for ever, on the understanding that he loses *Two Derbys* together—his horse coming in last—which has been done—and that he WINS THE THIRD, the others being nowhere—which also has been done."

LAWYER FERRET could not speak for several seconds.

"*Moka*," said STRINGHALT, "is not dead. BILLY!"

Thus summoned, WILLIAM BUTTON advanced to the middle of the course, and cried.

"Hi! here's a policeman coming!"

Whereupon, *Moka* rose quickly, kicked out at the prostrate form of the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN, and galloped off.

Along the course, with deadly precision, advanced the whole corps of the Royal Welshers.

Then the two hundred Bookmakers, ruined utterly, rushed forward, with a terrific yell, to wreak their vengeance on LAWYER FERRET and the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN.

LAWYER FERRET and the Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN "went for" over two million,—but neither of them got it, except from the two hundred infuriated Bookmakers, and then they got it hot.

These pitiless savages knew they had to do with men of straw.

It was a fearful scene.

The Hon<sup>ble</sup> PULLMAN CARR contrived to get by the Midland line to Liverpool. Thence he went to America.

LAWYER FERRET escaped in the darkness of the black night, and, unable to procure a cab, managed, with a Solicitor's keen experience, to convey himself to London. Only his confidential clerk could have recognised the crafty Lawyer, as he arrived by appointment at the entrance to the Zoological Gardens (his shortest and most secluded route to the Metropolis), drawing up his own conveyance. Eluding the vigilance of the turnstile-man, and the watchfulness of the Keeper of the Seals, LAWYER FERRET crept up to the Tank House followed by his clerk.

The worst man in the world has some one to care for him. LAWYER FERRET wept. The Clerk having been a copying clerk in his youth, was, from the force of early training, compelled to imitate him. Then the

Lawyer, placing his hand on the Seal, which had come out expecting something to eat, murmured in a low voice, "I deliver this as my act and deed."

But there was no time for further parley; the two hundred ruined Bookmakers were on the wretched man's track.

LAWYER FERRET pulled from his pocket a draught. It was one of his own drawing, and he knew beforehand its deadly effect. He bade the Clerk give it to him slowly. The Clerk obeyed, and gradually, slowly but surely, LAWYER FERRET went on until he had taken down the entire draught.

Then the Clerk left him; for he knew the end had come, at last.

LADY DI BRITELIGH and MRS. ASGOOD AZAMYLE went abroad together. From Naples they ascended Vesuvius and arrived at the crater, where, unhappily, they fell in with two young men, whose names the newspapers, in recording the sad event, failed to make public.

The STRINGHALTS are comfortably settled at Jed-dington, and MR. WILLIAM BUTTON has something good for the Three Thousand next year. We believe it is *Little Pitcher* out of *Moka* by *Neddy*.

"We call her *Little Pitcher*," said MR. BUTTON, "on account of her long ears."

"I had only been puttendin'," said CAVASSON, when asked to explain how it was that he had contrived to speak. It was by this artful plan he had managed to circumvent his master's enemies.

As for GUSSEY GANDAR, of course within a few days she became the bride of SIR THOMAS DODD.

"As long as you're happy," murmured LADY GUSSEY—

"What's the Odds?" said SIR THOMAS, completing the sentence, as they sat at the wedding-breakfast, on which occasion the great speech of the eventful day was made by CAVASSON, who having recovered his speech, now made it at great length, until he was interrupted by three hearty cheers for the *Dumb Jockey of Jed-dington*.

END OF THE SPORTING NOVEL.

TO THE PUBLIC.

*Explanatory Note, by the Editor.*

WE owe it to our readers. Unfortunately, the last Chapters of the Novel were in print before we were able to return to town and prevent their publication. We saw through it at the commencement, at least we mistrusted it as a Sporting Novel, and had we been only a little less diffident, we should never have permitted the intelligence of our readers to be insulted by having this work foisted upon them as a genuine Sporting Novel by a true Sportaman.

We have been grossly deceived. We admit it. But never again. There is no such person as MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP! We never met him at a friend's house; no conversation ever took place between us; he is totally unknown to CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, whose Novel, *Bound to Win*, in *Bell's Life*, is, though in different vein, not a whit behind his other successes in *Courtship*, *Two Kisses*, &c., and in fact, the whole affair is a swindle from beginning to end. Unfortunately, we have only just discovered it; not, however, without considerable trouble, and at great personal inconvenience. The pretended Major had invited us down to "*Bogus Park*, near *Boshey*," the Station for which place he said was *Ware*. A friend of his—perhaps the Impostor himself in this character—called at our office, and, after telling us that we were expected the next day at *Bogus Park*, where our room was prepared, where there was a *quiet horse* at our disposal, and the best of everything awaiting our arrival, he received from us a handsome cheque (luckily, on account), for which he said he was authorised to give a receipt on behalf of his friend MAJOR J. S., who could not come up to town, it being a hunting day, and *Bogus Park* being full of visitors. He departed, and the next day we started for *Ware*, intending to arrive at *Bogus* in time for dinner. On descending at the Station, there was no carriage to meet us, but a boy stepped forward on hearing our question put to the Station-Master as to the whereabouts of *Bogus Park*, and delivered a letter in the Major's handwriting. "It apologised for not sending a carriage, but begged us to take a fly, at his expense, and tell the man to drive straight to the House, a distance of about six miles, when, to prevent any contrivances, he (MAJOR J. S.) would send to meet us at the Cross Roads." "And," added a P.S., "don't forget our dinner-hour is 7-30 sharp." We gave the boy sixpence, who immediately disappeared, and a fly having been found, we stowed away our luggage (two portmanteaus, a carpet-bag, a hatbox, and rugs), and started





### KISSING GOES BY CLASSES.

*Guard (to Old Lady taking leave of her Daughters). "Now, THEN, M'UM, JUMP IN IF YOU'RE GOIN'. THIS AIN'T A KISSIN' TRAIN! 'F YOU WANT TO KISS, YOU MUST GO BY A PARLIAMENTARY!"*

for Bogus Park, which the Flyman said *he thought he knew, but wasn't sure*; adding that, "Anyhow, if the Gentleman's agoing to meet us at the Cross Roads, about six miles from here, that'll be all right, as *I think I know which cross roads he means*." It was by this time six o'clock, but there was an hour and a half to dinner, and though it was a trifle colder than in town, and the rain was beginning to come down pretty heavily, yet, at all events, there was a cheerful room to look forward to in an old country mansion, a hearty welcome from a hospitable Squire, the best of everything, a brilliant party, and dinner at 7:30 sharp.

Thus meditating, we fell into a dreamy doze, then into a pleasant slumber. We were awoke by a sudden stoppage. It was dark. The wind was howling. The rain was beating against the windows and sides of the fly. The driver, shivering and drenched, opened the door, thereby admitting a hurricane and a shower, and said, "Ere's the Cross Roads, Sir, but I don't see nobody." "We must wait," we said, cheerily. "No doubt we are a little before our time." Our watch marked 7:30 exactly. We had slumbered for an hour and a half. "You've been a long time," we said, reproachfully, to the Flyman. "Very bad roads this time o' year," he replied.

We waited. Seven forty-five! The Major had told me, in his letter, that dinner was at "7:30 sharp." Evidently, he had got tired of waiting for us, and had gone home to dinner. Too bad of him, or too bad of the Flyman for being so long over the journey. There was nothing for it but to drive on. "As no one is coming," we said, still cheerily, so as to keep the Flyman in a good temper, "you had better drive on to Bogus Park." "Which direction's that in, Sir?" asked the Flyman. "Why," we returned, "don't you know? It's MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP's house—MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP, the great Sporting Novelist, the Country Squire; he has a house full of company; he hunts regularly. Why, hang it!" we said, being a trifle exasperated by the blank, puzzled expression of his countenance, "you must know where MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP lives!" "No, blessed if I do," he replied, emphatically. "I've lived in these parts, man and boy, for a matter of thirty year or more, and never heard tell o' such a name, or o' such a place as Bogus Park."

There was a pause. We reflected on bucolic ignorance; we debated within ourselves by what means we could bring the Major and his mansion to this rustic's memory. The Flyman's eye winked. He leered at us! Aha! he knew: we felt he knew at last. The Flyman spoke. "I say," he observed, cunningly, "You're a playing your tricks on me! But it won't do. I knows one as good as two o' that!"

This was irritating. We put it to his common sense, "What on earth could be the fun to us of driving about Hertfordshire, hungry and tired, in the wind and rain, for the sake of playing a practical joke on an unknown

flyman?" He listened to reason, and presently it occurred to him that he did know a place answering the description we gave of *what we supposed Bogus Park to be like*, about five miles off. To this place we drove. It was nine o'clock before we arrived. After some delay at the Lodge, we were informed that no one of the name of MAJOR SHARP lived there, or was known in those parts. The old gatekeeper thought she had heard the name, some years ago, when she lived with her Aunt on Goose Green, *the other side of the county*. Her little boy suddenly remembered that there was a Major Something who hunted, and lived in a Park, about seven miles off. This was a gleam of light. Having rewarded the boy with sixpence, we drove on. Twice we lost our way. It could be hardly called "*losing our way*," as we were in utter ignorance of the locality, and the Flyman knew very little about "*this part of the country*." By dint of climbing up signposts, with a carriage-lamp in his hand (which, fortunately, he was able to light), and reading the directions, we managed to make some progress northwards. For miles and miles we drove, but no sign of any big house could we see. Parks there were, indeed, but no Lodges visible, and no gates. The roads were rough, sloshy, stodgy, and, in many parts, evidently only used by the heaviest carts. At last, the driver took a wrong turning, went bumping and stumbling down a narrow lane, and, finally, the weary horse stuck fast in the heaviest clay soil. On each side was a flooded ditch; in front was a gate leading into a field. The rain was pelting worse than ever. The Flyman hadn't the smallest notion of where he'd got to. Then, for the first time, we began to lift up our voice, and bless MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP. And, all the while, we knew that the last chapters of his idiotic Sporting Novel were being set up in type, and we should be unable to get back in time to prevent its publication. Cold, hungry, wet, miserable—not so wet as the Flyman, though—we asked *what could be done*? The Flyman suggested that he should take the lamp, go through the gate, enter the plantation, and walk till he found some Keeper's lodge, where he could make inquiries. To this we assented. He disappeared, leaving us in the lane, in charge of the fly and horse, and one lamp. For an hour we awaited his return. He did not return. It was nearly twelve before we decided that the only course was to turn the fly round, and drive back into the road. We began trying this. The lamp went out. The horse *wouldn't* do what we wanted. We coaxed, pulled, struggled, and were in a perspiration of despair. The horse was dead beat, and stumbled. In another second the fly gave a lurch, and was over—luggage and all—into the ditch. While we were executing a sort of clog-dance in the stodgy slosh, wasting our strength in vain endeavours to find our hat and umbrella, the bell of (apparently) a distant cathedral boomed over the marshes. Midnight!





## AT THE COUNTY CATTLE AND DOG-SHOW.

"that repose  
Which stamps the caste of VERRÉ DE VERRÉ."

"HAW—BY THE BYE—A—LADY MAWIAH, I DON'T SEE YOUR SISTAHS—LADY WACHEL AND LADY FWEDEWICA!"

"THEY'RE GONE TO THE DOGS, SIR WOBERT."

"HAW! SO SAWWY!!"

We were laid up in the Inn at Ware all next day. The Flyman turned up in the afternoon. The luggage arrived by instalments, finishing with a shapeless something, which had once been our new hat. The Flyman explained that when he had entered the plantation, he had been captured as a poacher, and locked up. The expenses of that night, including damages to horse and fly, were enormous. Prostrated by a severe cold, and unable to move, we searched county guides, read the history of Hertfordshire, and examined intelligent natives. No information whatever about Bogus Park: no one had ever heard of such a place, or such a person as MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP. And on the previous day we had sent him a cheque by his friend!

Arrived in town. Letter from MAJOR J. S.:-

Dear Eddy,—Afraid you must have had a rough time of it. Bogus Park looks well at night, doesn't it? The Quiet Horse I'd got for you, I leave for you HERE—at the Office—as a mark of my esteem. Don't ride it too hard in Rotten Row. Cheque cashed all right. Adoo! Adoo!—Yours ever, J. S.

P.S.—You won't want another Sporting Novel in a hurry, will you? Eh, Slyboots?

We went down-stairs. Where was the Quiet Horse?

No one knew anything about such an animal. The brave Commissionaire at our front office door, suddenly remembered that a man had called yesterday, from a second-hand furniture shop, and, on receiving half-a-crown, on our account, in our absence, from our head-clerk, had left a common painted deal

towel-horse! Tied to it was an envelope, on which was written, in the Major's hand—

"The quietest horse out. I told you so. If I'm JAWLEY SHARP, you are JAWLEY GREEN."

There was also a note from CAPTAIN HAWLEY SMART, Author of *Bound to Win*, now running in *Bell's Life*. We place it before our readers:—

Dear Sir,—I have not the smallest idea who the person calling himself MAJOR JAWLEY SHARP is. I do not know him. I have never heard of him. From his Novel (?) I learn that he is grossly and stupendously ignorant of all matters connected with Sport. Whenever and wherever I meet him, I shall give him precious good cause to remember the impression made on him by

Yours sincerely, H. S.

This settles it. The Detectives are engaged. We fancy the Major is not unknown to the Impostor who, some time ago, pretended to accompany H.R.H. the Prince during his Indian tour, and sent us letters from "YOUR REPRESENTATIVE IN INDIA." If so, we think we can put our hand on both at once. *Nous verrons!* It flashes across us suddenly as an idea that the boy who appeared at the Ware Station, with a letter from the arch-impostor, and to whom we gave sixpence, was the very boy whom long ago we entrusted with half a sovereign to go out and buy an Anglo-Indian Dictionary and who never returned. If so, he has become one of this gang of swindlers. He may yet be reclaimed,—if we can only catch him.—Ed.

## SUNDAY RECREATION.

MISTER PUNCH,

ZUR,—I be a laborin man as lives far away from the great Zity, but I loikes to read a peaper now and then, and know what's a goin on up theer. And I say, Zur, them there Rittallists have a done one good bit o' wark, whare they will ever do another, remains to be zeed.

To think that while the big wigs are a quarrelling among theirselves, and one zays, the Museums and sich places oughter be open of a Zunday for the laborin man to enjoy hisself rational—t'other one he zays, 'taint right to have them thar places open of a Zunday.

But the Rittallist, he goes and purvides a first rate open air entertainment for the workin man, free gratis for nothing as you med say—and a prime entertainment it air I fancy, from what I read in the peaper today—5000 folks, all a shoutin, and a singin God save the Queen, No Popery, an other free an easy songs—an then for a little light an wholesome exercise, jest enough to make 'em enjoy their dinner, there's a barrer-cade for 'em to pull down, and a nice lot o' perlice men to chaff. Why the Museums, if so be as they opened 'em of a Zunday, wouldn't be nothin to this.

I war glad to zee they didn't lay hands on the passon though—for I never could abear to zee women and poor helpless critters urted—and I reckon he be a weak sort of a specimen, so they was right to let un go home to's dinner in pace, poor dear.

Oping no offence, Zur,—and wishin you a appy New Year an many on em, I be yours to command

TOMMY NOAKES.

STARTLING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A punctual Train.



# "WHAT'S DOING AT THE THEATRES?"



F all the hits in the Drury Lane Pantomime this Christmas the hit has undoubtedly been the Donkey. The talented person inside the asinine frame will be hereafter as distinguished a character as was the clever representative of the Turtle, in *Babil and Bijou*, who received the sobriquet of "TURTLE JONES," to distinguish him from every other JONES.

At Covent Garden *Robinson Crusoe* is a bright spectacle, with plenty of practical comic business between *Robinson, Friday, Friday's* father, and the highly-trained animals in the hut. The musical

portion is good throughout. Capital Pantomime for children; and this, after all, is the great point. *They don't care how long it is.*

But the hit of the day—literally of the day, for it is only performed in the afternoon—is the Pantomime at the Adelphi, played by children. The Pantaloon seems to be a very old man for his age, which, we believe, is something under twelve.

The glittering, gorgeousness, and zoological variety of the grand "Conference Scene" in *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver* rolled into one by the MESSRS. SANGERS, surpasses all previous efforts of that enterprising management.

Then at the Crystal Palace, among much else that is pretty and ingenious in *Sinbad the Sailor*, there is a Harem Scene, with the most graceful bit of ballet—a dance of *Odaliskes* draped from head to foot in snowy muslin—that *Punch* has seen for a long time. It shows how much more charming ladies of the ballet look in long clothes than in short ones. The Transformation Scene here, on the classic fable of Narcissus and Echo, is a masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity as well as scenic effect.

The Extravaganza-burlesque at the Globe gives us a mixture of old and new styles, being a revival of MR. PLANCHÉ's graceful *Invisible Prince*, with modern tunes. The chorus to the old air, "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum!" is most effectively rendered, and deservedly encored. MISS JENNY LEE, as the *Invisible Prince*, is quite a *Prince Charming*, and being invisible, ought to be seen to be appreciated. She is ably seconded by MISS RACHEL SANGER and MR. GEORGE BARRETT.

How they pack that crowd into the pit and gallery of the Strand, is a marvel! and what shouts from every part of the house at MR. JOHN S. CLARKE's inimitable drunken scene in *The Toodles*, which, it is worth knowing, comes on about nine o'clock. His "business" with the pipe and the candle is immense. As for the Burlesque, the scene of *The Lying Dutchman* is where MR. MARIUS and MR. TAYLOR go through an acrobatic performance on a *trapèze*. MISS LOTTIE VENN and MR. HARRY COX are invaluable in burlesque, and they make the most of what they have to do. MR. HALL's Scenery in both pieces, especially the old country town in *The Toodles*, and the view of Margate in the Burlesque, are two of the most effective "sets" we have seen for a long time. The scenery of late at the Strand has been unusually good, notably in the late lamented *Princess Toto*.

Of the *Danischeffs* at the St. James's, *William Tell* at the Gaiety, *Jocko* at the Princess's, and a few other novelties, we are in a position to speak with the strictest impartiality, not having yet seen any one of them. Of course it will be a Christmastide duty to visit MR. CONQUEST at the Grecian.

Some years ago we had the pleasure of seeing a piece at the Vaudeville, played by MESSRS. JAMES and THORNE, entitled *Our Boys*. These Boys—wonderful life preservers—are still floating, as buoyantly as ever. They will become one of our National Institutions, and friends from the country will come up to Town to see St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, Gog and Magog, and *Our Boys*. Temple Bar will be a thing of the past, new streets will have been built, the Royal Family will be residing in a palace built on the site of the old Westminster Aquarium (so as to be near the Abbey for service on Sunday), Turkey will have been reformed, the Thames embanked from one end to the other, and our grandchildren will be enjoying *Our Boys*, then at the height of its popularity.

## PUNCH'S PATENT MEDICINE COLUMN.

### HEALTH WITHOUT PHYSIC!

### PUNCH'S DELICIOUS SEVENTY-FIRST VOLUME.

### THIRTY-SIX YEARS' CONTINUED SUCCESS!

**S**AVES Fifty Times its Cost in Tonics. Revives Appetite; rehardens Softening Brains; supplies the feeblest Joker with stamina; and restores the most inveterate Punster to reason.

### PUNCH'S CHARIVARENTE BRITANNICA.

(Being a few out of many Millions of Similar Testimonials.)

DEAR SIR,

TWENTY-FIVE years' gradual softening of the brain, first caught from my poor husband—whose own mental decay was brought on by his abandonment of himself to the destructive practice of playing upon words—had almost reduced my faculties to the level of his, when a valued friend recommended me to take in *Punch*. I did so, and have since lived chiefly on your invigorating weekly issue. The effect on myself was so marked and immediate, that I induced my unfortunate husband to try the same remedy. In a week the fits of punning, from incessant, became intermittent, and after a month's use of your elixir, ceased altogether. He has not since that time had any return of the attacks, while I am myself quite restored to my former vigour of body and mind.

I remain, Mr. Punch, yours, gratefully,

Chaffyng-Abbas, Herts.

CLEMENTINA JOLLY.

SIR,

UNDER the fearful monotony of a perpetual curacy in one of the dampest districts of Lincolnshire, where I thought the living would have been the death of me, what with alternate attacks of mental stagnation and bodily "shakes"—as the ague is locally called—I had entirely lost my spirits as well as my temper. At last I had lost the power of even smiling at my churchwarden's standing joke about a "cure of souls" when he called on me at my lodgings over the shoemaker's—the glebe-house being under water during the six winter and autumn months, and uninhabitable, from damp, during the rest of the year. I had gradually dropped all intercourse with the neighbouring county family—a bachelor with a liability to *delirium tremens*. I was rapidly following his lead, and becoming a victim to the habit of mixing gin with the water of the locality, when, by an accident I cannot but call providential, I invested in a complete edition of *Punch*, and for three months, when not employed in parochial duty, was busy in reading, marking, and digesting its invigorating contents. I am now a new man. I have given up my gin. I sleep well at nights. My congregation, on the other hand, never so much as wink during the whole of my sermon, though six months ago you could not have seen an open eye in the church after the first five minutes. Such are the marvellous effects of your life-giving food upon a grateful fen-parson,

THE REV. GRIMSTONE GRUBBE.

Frog-in-the-Hole, Holland, Lincolnshire.

Cure No. 155,050, *Punch's Charivarenta Britannica*.

LADY MARIA MERRYWEATHER is glad to be able to inform Mr. Punch that since one of her great-nephews the other day sent her his Seventy-First Volume, the LADY M. M. has found herself able to snap her fingers in the face of her principal creditor, Old Time, and to laugh to scorn the fourscore and eight years she owes him. Her figure has regained much of its youthful spring, and only the other night she was almost taking part in one of the *pas de Vokes* with two of her grandchildren, after their return from the Drury Lane Pantomime. She even caught herself last week making eyes at that absurd old GENERAL METHUSALEM, with whom she used to dance at Bath in 1810, before he went out to the Peninsula, when, at LADY M. M.'s last "small and early," he asked her to join him in "The days when we went gipsying, a long time ago." In short, LADY M. M. wishes to inform Mr. Punch that she is as fresh as a four-year-old—that she subscribes to the *World* and does as the world does, is up to all the political gossip and social scandal of the day, and is quite in request for five o'clock teas!

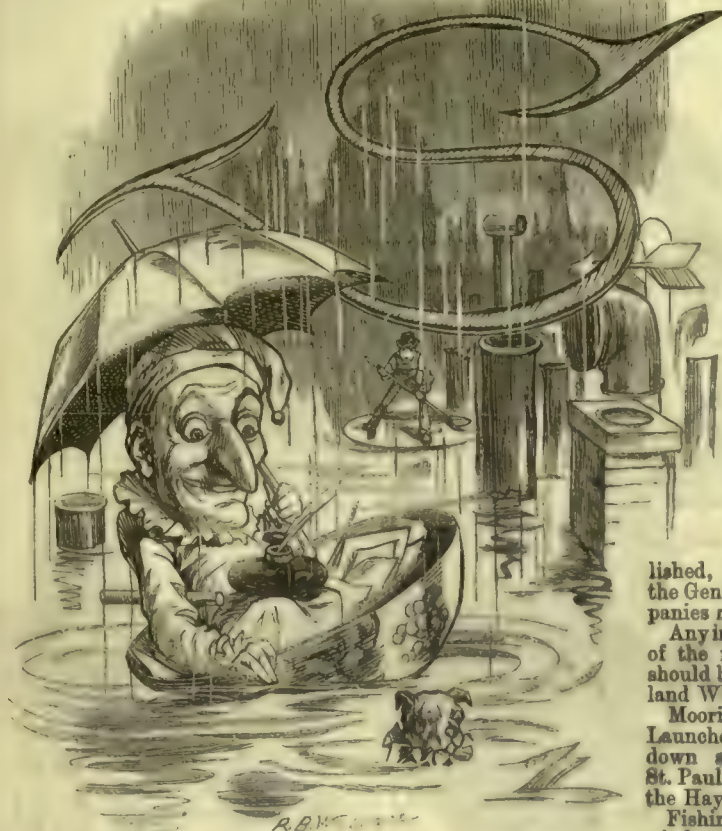
The Evergreens, Oakfield, Hants.

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."—The vaunted block system has been in vogue in London streets for half a century.

INCIDENTS OF TAXATION.—Collectors and Summonses.



## RULES FOR THE RAINFALLS.



OME slight abatement in the late down-pour has come in the nick of time to prevent the issue of the following Police Regulations, which were under consideration at Scotland Yard.

#### Rules for Street Navigation.

The Steamboats of any London Street Steam Navigation Company that may be formed will take the same sides of the Channel in passing each other as cabs have done heretofore.

In the event of such Companies being estab-

lished, the fare-tariff of the General Omnibus Companies may be adopted.

Any incivility on the part of the men at the wheel should be reported to Scotland Wharf.

Moorings for Hackney Launches will be laid down at Charing Cross, St. Paul's Churchyard, and the Haymarket.

Fishing from 'first-floor windows will be prohibited, boatmen plying along the footways, and of passengers on board Steam Barges, Hackney Launches, or Hansom

Gondolas established for Metropolitan street service.

No shrimping will be allowed in the streets after nine o'clock A.M. Lobster pots and night-lines may be put down and taken up only between midnight and six A.M.

No person or persons will be allowed to remove the shells and seaweed from the Strand at low water, except the licensed scavengers.

Bathing, except in Boyton dresses, strictly forbidden.

The Public will be permitted to perambulate the streets, without shoes and stockings, where the state of the tide will permit.

#### "Irreducible Minima."

THE heel of a Lady's boot.

The size of a glass of Sherry at a Luncheon Bar.

The flavour thereof.

The value (in proportion to the money disbursed) of the following:—

A guinea paid to DR. SLADE.

Ditto paid to certain other "Doctors," who shall be nameless.

A shilling paid for a copy of *The Englishman*.

Six shillings and eightpence paid to a Lawyer.

[The list can be indefinitely extended, but our readers will probably do this for themselves.]

#### Mottoes for some Weeklies.

For *Truth*—"The greater the Truth the greater the libel."

For the *World*—"The World's mine oyster."

For *Mayfair*—"Ex luce lucellum."

For *Vanity Fair*—"Sic vos non vobis mellificatis 'Apes.'"

For *Figaro*—"Fé! Gare!! Oh!!!"

owing to the risk of injury to the heads and head-dresses of boatmen plying along the footways, and of passengers on board Steam Barges, Hackney Launches, or Hansom

## A SHIP OF THE DESERT'S HARDSHIPS.

SANGER'S STABLES, Jan., 1877.

ALLAH be with you, Lord of a million readers!

May your shadow never be less! Know, O Sheik of St. Bride's, I am no poet, not even the most distant relation to the Bulbul: I am an unhappy Dromedary, torn from his home to smell sawdust, and curse the Afreet known as the Djinn of Pantomime. But, O PUNCH-BASHI, I bear a hunch on my back, and, without wishing to be personal, I feel I have a claim through that protuberance upon your special sympathies.

I could almost break out into cursing, but I feel that to indulge, however excusably, in the habit of swearing acquired from my fellow-prisoner, the Zebra (who chafes fearfully under a captivity which adds to the stripes that nature has laid on his back those inflicted by an irate groom), might lower the Oriental dignity and calmness of my style.

But, O PUNCH-BASHI, have I not cause for swearing? From Arabia's burning sands, decoyed into the strong-smelling hold of a steamer, I find myself, after the agonies of a sea-voyage and an interval of subsequent confinement with a batch of sick monkeys and a flock of swearing parrots in JAMRACH's anything but commodious premises in the Commercial Road East, transferred to the dark stables of a circus! Here, after some rough discipline in the ring, I learnt by intermittent conversation with several small elephants, who rub on a dreary existence in the same place of captivity, that I was to appear, in a few days, as a feature in a great Christmas attraction! This was a flattering idea, doubtless, and a new one, for I knew of no Christmas in the land I left, and no attraction beyond an extra graze of thorns and thistles, and water enough to fill my five stomachs to the brim. But I soon discovered from one of my worst-used fellow-captives, the biggest elephant here, who was painted white last year, in his assumed character of the Sacred Siamese, what figuring in a Christmas Attraction in fact meant. With him, poor fellow, it meant stopping up all his pores with whitening, treacle, and size, a composition rendering him beautiful for a few weeks—if not for ever—and ending in a narrow escape from congestion of the lungs.

Allah be praised, they have not this year made a Pink Dromedary of me, but it is bad enough to have to carry a bevy of spangle-splashed Amazons, to breathe an asphyxiating atmosphere of gas-fumes, exhalations of sawdust and stable manure, and to be blinded by the lime-lights of the Gaiety. My spongy feet, alas! were never made to tread the London boards!

I used to bear my Arab master over the hot desert, speeding, without a murmur, with a swinging stride, and outstretched neck across the scorching Sahara, while we sniffed together the balmy breeze which met us from the far-off oasis! And then at night, the unloading of the caravan, the savoury repast on the sparse thorns of the desert, the too-brief slumber as we, the ships of the desert, lay at anchor, hobbled beneath the stars!

Now I wait at the wings for my cue, duly accentuated by a kick in the ribs and a tug at my muzzle, in a crowd of jostling supers and insufficiently clad ballet-girls, men in armour and caparisoned horses—my abomination—and when I pass from the side-scenes to the stage, if, dazzled by jets of flaring gas, and deafened by the blare of discordant brass, I stumble or turn sulky, the street Arabs pelt me with orange-peel from the Gallery, and my gaolers run me in amid cheers of derision.

It is the last straw which breaks the camel's back. It is the last spangle which will crush the Dromedary's. For know, O PUNCH-EFFENDI, the accursed company into which I have fallen have made me ambitious in their own low way. I can sacrifice my desert home, I can forget the sands of my foalhood, to gratify my last—perhaps foolish—craving, but I shall die broken-hearted if I stay in the rank and file of the "Grand Conference" scene—as one of the mere "utilities," two- and four-legged—for one night more!

If I must go on in the Pantomime, let me at least figure for once as the feature in the Transformation Scene. I feel that if I might only go up on an iron frame surrounded by flights of Peris, I shall not have been torn from my native deserts for nothing. We all have our weaknesses: this is mine; and I appeal to you, O Caliph of Fleet Street, by your influence with SULTAN SANGER to aid my appeal.

(Signed)

HUMPTI-DUMPTI,

Chief Dromedary.



## BEFORE THE MEET.



Boor and saddle for the Session, in both stables, kennels twain,  
Ministerial, Opposition, lo! the hunt is up again!  
Look alive! whips in both liveries, trot out both fields once more,  
'Tis the old Meet at the Cross-roads, and the old fun to the fore.

Come, swells of the first flight, who take what'er comes in your  
stride,  
For whom no bar stands up too stiff—no yawner gapes too wide;  
Come, skitters, and come gaters, come cocktails, one and all,  
Who love to talk about the sport and never ride at all!

And you, my hardy huntsmen, keen rivals in the field,  
And wiry whips on both sides, well trained the thong to wield;  
To rate when rating's useful, to wind the timely blast,  
To lay the hounds upon their fox, to lift them at a cast.

To work the pack when scent is hot, and cheer them when 'tis cold;  
To trust old hounds, who know the time to give tongue and to hold:  
To rate praters, and check babblers, and head strayers back to  
bounds—

Ah! only one who *has* whipped knows what 'tis to whip to hounds!

For you, my M. F. H.'s, well may care cloud either front;  
Life is not all beer and skittles for him who leads a hunt:  
All the more, when in the Treasury-pack they're losing the o'd  
strain;

And in the Opposition they've got riot on the brain.

At the first meet of the season there'll be whispering fast and free;  
In the Ministerial Muster we're to see what we shall see.  
A new M. F. H. will be up, in place of brave old BEN,  
Who is laid up in lavender, and will ne'er hunt hounds again!

Ere you throw hounds into cover, at its side convene the field,  
To present the testimonial here from *Punch's* brush revealed,—  
This portrait of your master—now ex-master—scarce so strong,  
By the new name, as the old one that has held its own so long.

See him mounted on the old dark horse he rode when still a boy,  
The wondrous steed on which he took the rasper of *Alroy*:  
The dark horse on whose back he floored the flats as *Vivian Grey*,  
The dark horse *Asian-Mystery*, out of *Chouse* by *Chaff*, they  
say.





## SYNONYMOUS.

SKETCHED IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, WHITEHALL, THE OTHER SUNDAY; AND, IN MR. PUNCH'S OPINION, THE KEY TO MUCH RECENT LEGISLATION!

An old un' now, with neither wind nor pace what once they were,  
Fired in both hooks—no wonder—though it scarce shows through the hair,  
A spring-ring on his off fore leg, though he looks like going still,  
And can raise a showy gallop, if not too much pressed 'up-hill.

"Presented to the tough old chief, who so long rode in their front,  
By the members of the True-blue, or Conservative, Old Hunt,"  
May no croppers lie before him at the end of his long run;  
And may he turn the old horse home, ere he's quite pumped out and done!

## "MUSIC HATH (C)HARMS."

THE Judge of the Westminster County Court has decided that a nuisance may be "intolerable" but not "actionable," but whether as "*damnum absque injuria*," or "*injuria absque damno*," is not stated. We are sorry for the poor plaintiff who has both to tolerate the intolerable nuisance, and pay the costs of trying to get rid of it. The nuisance complained of is an organ measuring about twelve feet in height, ten feet in width, and four or five feet in depth, and occupying about half the room in which it stands. This room is directly under the chambers of the plaintiff, a literary man, MR. WARE—he should have been "Wear and tear" to have borne unmoved such an infliction as that described in his pathetic experience of organic disturbances.

"When the organ was tuned after being fitted up, he asked how long the operation would last; on being told two or three hours, he went out for that time. The organ had been played at different periods since, about two or three times a week; he stayed in once for about three hours during which it was being played, and found that it so interfered with his comfort and the performance of his work, that whenever it commenced he had to leave the house. It was usually played from seven o'clock until ten o'clock in the evening. The vibration was very great, causing an effect very like that produced by a slight application of galvanism. On the first day it was played a Dresden plate in his room was thrown down; the vibration communicated itself to all the articles in his rooms, composed of china, glass, or metal. He

## QUESTIONS FOR SPIRITUALISTS.

THE British National Association of Spiritualists, at their next *soirée* will perhaps endeavour to obtain communications through a "trance Medium," or a table, on the subject-matter of the following newspaper announcement relative to—

"BOTTLING SPIRITS.—Arrangements have been made and are now in force for bottling spirits under the supervision of the Customs Bill of Entry Office."

This notification suggests several serious questions to which it may be hoped that answers will be returned orally, or rapped out.

Is it possible to bottle disembodied spirits?

Was there any foundation in fact for the story dramatised in the *Bottle Imp*?

Could a genuine bottle conjuror really conjure a spirit into a bottle? Would MASKELYNE AND COOK be able to counterfeit that performance? Was the Genie in the *Arabian Nights*, fished up in a pot, tinned like Australian meat in it, a bottled spirit? Did KING SOLOMON really bottle him?

Have any of the arrangements made for bottling spirits, under the supervision of the Customs Bill of Entry Office, been made with a Medium? Or are the spirits bottled exclusively ardent spirits?

In being bottled must a spirit be condensed? If so, by what process? Can the spirit be pumped into the bottle, like a volume of gas? Can a spirit at will condense and bottle itself? When corked in, can it get out again, if it pleases, passing through solid matter?

Will any one of the dear Spirits present be so kind as to shrink and subside into a bottle? Will it allow itself to be conveyed in the bottle to 85, Fleet Street, and there disembottle itself with manifestations audible or visible to Mr. Punch?

## A TAX HARD TO BEAR, BUT HARDER TO GET RID OF.

THERE are great complaints of the Paddy-tax in Ceylon. England is not without considerable experience of the pressure of the same impost. It has been found one of the heaviest of the many she has to bear. But, unlike Ceylon, she is not likely to get rid of it just yet.

had occupied the chambers for four or five years, and had expended a considerable amount of money on them. The music was very bad, and very common airs were played."

The man who plays these common airs so uncommonly ill on this uncommonly potent instrument of torture, is a solicitor; and he brings two other solicitors as witnesses that the noise is no nuisance. It seems that we should replace the old Scottish proverb, "Hawks dinna pike out hawks' een," by "Hawks dinna cleave hawks' lugs." One Solicitor went so far as to say that "the music did not interfere with the performance of his work, nor was it any obstacle to conversation; he had given his clerk instructions while it was being played."

We can quite believe this. We can easily imagine a will, conveying real estate, being dictated with even more sprightliness than usual to the inspiring tune of "*Tommy, make Room for your Uncle*;" or a codicil, bequeathing a substantial legacy, cheerfully put into proper legal phraseology to the sentimental movement of "*Then you'll Remember Me*." So a divorce case might be drafted to the strains of "*Take back the Heart thou gavest!*" or a letter insisting on payment of a milliner's bill to the inspiring melody of "*The Gainsboro' Hat*;" or proposals for the arrangement of a threatened action for breach of promise set forth to the lively ditty of "*He's not a Marrying Man*."

The Literary Man brings an Artist and a Doctor of Science to corroborate his testimony. But what right have literary men, artists, and doctors of science to more sensitive nerves, or more impressive brain-structures, than lawyers? Above all, what chance has one literary man against three attorneys? His Honour decided, with the sagacity of a *Sancho*, that the nuisance was "intolerable," but not actionable—to which the only parallel we can think of is *Dugberry's* "Most tolerable, and not to be endured."

## A SENTIMENT FOR THE LATE WET WEATHER.

THE Empire on which the sun never sets—and (of late) very seldom rises!



## MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

No. III.—MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS, AT GREEN HOLM.



ALM spring weather, and a delicious country scene. A sky as blue as the azure expanse of the silver-toned, bird-belovéd Mediterranean. Lofty trees thick with emerald leaves, with great blotches of bloom and nests of saucy songsters, boasting plumages of the most gorgeous hues. Lambkins dancing to the sound of merry ditties carolled gently by snow-smocked plough-boys and rosy-cheeked milk-maids. Good-natured pigs dozing in the sleepy sunshine

in model styes. Here and there a Juno-eyed cow gazing with wonder at the shadows thrown upon the sharp, crisp, daisy-sprinkled grass by the stately, golden-hued hay-ricks standing defiantly in the face of Phoebus-Apollo, the chariot-driving God of Day. In the far distance a freshly-turned field, and a quaint, saucy-looking scarecrow.

And the house. Fresh as a buttercup, plump as a spring chicken. Whitewashed and clean, with latticed windows and sweet, dreamy-mouthed chimneys yielding a languid stream of faint blue smoke. Flowers in the windows, flowers on the doors, flowers round the chimneys, flowers everywhere. Anyone looking at this simple, pretty, happy house, with its real comfort and easy artistic elegance, would say that the inhabitants were simple, pretty, happy people—and anybody would be right.

Just now the interior is scarcely seen at its best. MR. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS (since his marriage he has prefixed the surname of his wife to his own) is always influenced by his better half, and the gifted Lady-Novelist has recently taken up the ideas of DR. RICHARDSON. Thus, the kitchen of Green Holm is being carried, piece-meal, from the basement to the roof; all the floors are being covered with sheet-iron and cement, and the walls with porcelain quarrelles; a staircase is being constructed separate from the rest of the building, and a conservatory and play-ground for the children (where many a merry game of cricket will be essayed in days to come), is being covered in on the roof—at once hanging garden and sky-parlour. But still there are two rooms sufficiently comfortable, even in this tangle of ladders, bricks, and mortar. One is for the boys and girls, the other for Papa and Mamma. The first combines a gymnasium with a lavatory. Look in, and you will see the lads and lasses climbing up the ropes, and performing all sorts of acrobatic antics. Here is HARRY, the eldest (the very image of his mother), hanging by one leg to a small rope attached to the ceiling. Over yonder, enveloped in smoke and flame, is tiny TIM (who takes after his father), conducting a rather dangerous chemical experiment with the round-eyed aid of his blue-eyed, bald-pated baby-brother. In a corner, busy with paste and scissors, is CHARLEY, already (at nine) an author of some repute. MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS is an ardent mother, and brings up her little ones after a fashion of her own.

Enter the other room, and you will find yourself in a laughter-inviting apartment, full of large easy-chairs and three-legged tables. Round the walls books of reference, rare books upon all the sciences, encyclopædias, dictionaries of all sorts, and grammars of every language. Here is a pocket edition (in one volume) of MANGNALL'S QUESTIONS, there (well worn, and scored all over with pencil-marks) the *Annual Register* complete from the commencement. Six goodly shelves are devoted to the novels of the mistress of the house. The rest of this choice selection (scarcely five thousand volumes all told) is composed of sets of Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Mark Twain, Wilkie Collins, Ainsworth, De Quincey, Dumas (père et fils), Scott, Artemus Ward, Macaulay, Disraeli, Tennyson, Ouida, and the Author of *Little Arthur's History of England*. On the floor of this cosy room are files of the *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*,

and *Daily News*, from the commencement of each of the journals named up to the present time. MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS is rather proud of this collection, and seldom allows a visitor to leave without calling attention to her industry in "picking up papers." For the rest, the study is full of proofs, reams of foolscap, small printing-presses, gallons of ink, stacks of pens, and scores of waste paper baskets. You can scarcely move a step for desks. Here is one at which MRS. ALLSPICE-FLATHERS writes, up-standing. Here is another, with a chair in front of it, "et tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire," as the French stage-direction has it. Over yonder is a tiny table of ebony and ormolu, laden with proofs in course of correction, and in odd corners are leather-covered *secrétaires*. Looking round you, as you sit in this pleasant room, so redolent of work and comfort, you cannot help envying the husband of the gifted occupant his good fortune. This Benedick, at any rate, has drawn a prize in what may be aptly called the luckless lottery of monotonous marriage.

And how does this accomplished Lady pass her world-enriching life? A sample day will answer the question. She is up long before the lark. She dashes into the nursery and kisses all her children; and, in good sooth, it is a pretty sight to see the mother and little ones together. Men and women who read *Marriages Galore*, *Bigamy and Trigamy*, *Maud*, or the *Divorced One*, and other works of this gifted woman's—for which the cry at MUDIE'S is still "Give! Give!" till all the presses of SPOTTISWOODE & Co. can scarce supply the demand—would stare to find their favourite Authoress so deeply and devotedly domestic. Then she rushes off to order her husband's breakfast; then tries on a new dress or a new bonnet; then sits down at the piano, and runs over an opera or two in a rich, luscious, and soul-stirring contralto voice, full of nerve-thrilling notes that remind one of a cathedral organ. By this time breakfast is ready. It is a quiet cozy meal, eaten between seven and eight.

She loves her husband with all her heart, and the affection is returned. For ten minutes there is pleasant homely conversation about MARY's cold or ALICE's cough, and then the Authoress begins her work for the day. But not at her desk. Far otherwise. She catches an early train up to Town, and is in London before the clocks have chimed eight.

Once in the Great Babylon, armed with a gigantic note-book, she seeks admission at the dismal door of Newgate. It is a private execution morning, and next week the world will be startled by the graphic description of "Death on the Scaffold" that will appear in Chapter XLVI. of *Ben Barlow's Bad Bargain*, now appearing in monthly instalments in the classical pages of *Seven Dials*, the most popular of our more sensational Magazines.

When the sad task she has set herself is over, the devoted Authoress hurries away to Westminster Hall. As she trips up the steps of a certain Court, all the officials bow to her. She is as well known as the Judges on the Bench, or the leading Counsel. Good-natured policemen grin, and bright young Barristers in the Hall tell their fresh country cousins that yonder fair creature, with the golden hair (alas! a little streaked with silver), with the slim figure, the *Princesse* dress, the emerald ear-rings, the well-fitting yellow gloves, and the bright beaming smile, is the celebrated Authoress whose works are so highly improper that the very mildest of them runs through half-a-dozen editions in a fortnight. Now and again a suppressed hum of applause runs through the crowd, which she acknowledges with a grace all her own. As she enters the Court the Judge rises and beckons her to the Bench. Then his Lordship passes her his notes. Every one likes and respects her, and is ready to give her a helping hand in her work. Hour after hour she gathers materials for her next novel. If the case is tried *in camera*, an exception is made in her favour. And so the hands move round the clock until four is boomed out by Big Ben in the Palace of Westminster over yonder.

To dash into a hansom, to drive like mad to her *pied-à-terre* in St. James's, to "make up" with a wig and beard, and to assume the sable swallow-tail and etceteras of full fashionable evening dress, is the work of scarcely two hours and a half. Thus disguised she roams from Club smoking-room to Club smoking-room, and learns many a secret of our sex, for the benefit of her own. In the sacred cause of Art she learns how women are tempted and how men fall. Those who watch her smoking strong cigars and drinking stronger brandies and sodas, would be surprised if they were told that the Cynic before them was a warm-hearted, generous-minded wife and mother, and yet so it is. The Lady-Novelist must write about men and women as they are, and where is the knowledge of them to be found if not in the scandal-steaming air of the smoking-room, or the disclosure-laden atmosphere of the Divorce Court—ah, where indeed!

At ten she drops into the private box of a transpontine theatre (it is here she gets many a hint for her plots), and by midnight is once more at home—in the bosom of her family. Seated hand in hand with her husband, she talks over the domestic events of the day. But not for long. Her desk claims her. After two hours' writing, she gives over work and takes up a small, red leather-covered book.



With a smile she reads the various items, and marks the mistakes in spelling and the odd arithmetic. Let us look over her shoulder. Domestic to the last! She is perusing the pages of her butcher's book. The total of last week's bill was £12 7s. 6½d. So ends her days. The self-devotion of duty has crowned the self-sacrifice of genius.

## THE SEX IN SESSION.

FIRST SITTING.

Subject of Discussion—"A certain Male Superstition."



LORD of the Creation . . . cannot disabuse himself of the antiquated notion that it is 'unfeminine' for a Woman to eat enough to support nature. . . . In the exclusive presence of their own sex women eat rationally what they require, but have not generally the moral courage to set the opinion of their lords at defiance. . . . As a matter of common sense it is time that the idea of its being unfeminine for a woman to eat what she requires should be regarded as an effete superstition."—*The World*.

Laura. Like the *World's* impudence!

Georgie. Say, like its sense! Women have appetites. Mine, I own, 's immense.

Julia. No need to tell us that, my dear.

Fanny. Still less To let Society know it.

Grace. I confess, I fear dear FRED's amazement would be utter

To see his sylph demolish bread and butter,  
As that same sylph can do.

Dora. Of course! And then Such disillusion means disgust—in men!

Georgie. Absurd! The geese should know girls must have grub.

Muriel. Don't be so quite too vilely vulgar!

Eleanor. Rub The gilt off social gingerbread, my dear,  
And fools won't buy it.

Blanche. ELEANOR! So severe! Her market's spoiled, you see. Don't be alarmed:  
When a girl's *passée* she may eat.

Eleanor. You charmed That poor æsthetic Curate by your zeal  
For frequent fasting—after a full meal.

Lilian. Now, Girls, don't nag. No doubt the *World* is right  
In its remarks on Women's appetite.

That we suppress or hide it too is certain;  
But then, dears, is it safe to lift the curtain?

Amy. No. Did male artist ever paint a Venus  
Munching her apple?

Lucy. It was gold! Between us

I think the superstition's vastly stupid;  
But Candour 's always sacrificed to Cupid.

Bessie. Men are such muffs; they'd have us so ideal.  
I'm sure my appetite is very real.

Marian. No doubt. You're as substantial as Dudu.  
All girls are not material, though, like you;  
And some men have a taste for the refined  
And delicate—in body as in mind.  
For me, I think that nothing could be harder  
Than to imagine Venus in the larder.

Millicent. Precisely! Art and Love go hand-in-hand  
In shunning kitchen savants.

Georgie. That sounds grand! But, pray, will Art and Love, and their fine kin,  
Keep us from feeling famished, growing thin?  
In spite of P.R. painters and BURNÉ JONES,  
I cannot see much beauty in mere bones.

Helen. Of course not. But, my dears, you ought to know  
Just as the kitchen region's kept below,  
And out of sight, so eating, in the Sex,  
Should be so nicely veiled as not to vex

Man's visionary views and fond illusions.  
Eat, Girls; but eat *sub rosa*.

Georgie. Fine conclusions!

I only say, if any man supposes  
I dine not only under, but on, roses,  
I'd tell him frankly he is much mistaken,  
And that my favourite diet is—fat bacon!

Chorus. Oh, GEORGIE!!!

Georgie. Well, I hate such false pretence!

And if your Cupid can't stand common sense,  
Or any appetite beyond a sparrow's,  
I hope he'll never plague me with his arrows.

[General flourish out.]

## PROPHETIC INTELLIGENCE.

Communicated through the Medium of the Spirit of Psycho Bray.

It will rain on many days which are marked by the weather prophets for fine, and particularly on those which have been chosen for lawn parties and pic-nics.

Some sunshine may be looked for in the middle of July, and fogs may be expected in the dull days of November.

People of weak mind will be sent upon fool's errands on the First of April.

A good many geese will die in the week preceding Michaelmas, and there will be a very great mortality among turkeys before Christmas.

In spite of their antiquity, jokes on "tongue" and "trifle" will continue to be perpetrated by small wags at evening parties.

Dreary speeches will be made by men at City dinners, and many a Chairman will regret that the chief toast of the evening was not placed in better hands.

In the Metropolis alone above a thousand maids of all work will devote their Sundays out to purposes of courtship.

Notwithstanding increased vigilance on the part of the Police, there will be no diminution in the number of street accidents.

A Crossing-sweeper will die after amassing a large fortune, and will bequeath a handsome sum to found a Spirit-Fellowship at Oxford.

Platitudes will be uttered when Parliament begins to sit, and many an orator will complain of being scantily reported.

The Customs and Excise will not be swept away this year, nor will there be an abolition of the Income-tax.

A public Orator will protest, with evident emotion, and for the hundredth time of utterance, that it is the very proudest moment of his life, when he returns thanks for the kind way in which his health has been proposed.

A gang of Bears upon the Stock Exchange will try to spread a false report, for the purpose of depressing the price of certain railway shares.

MR. HIGHFLIER, R.A., will be hugely complimented by the critics for his picture; while poor TOM MAULSTICKE's will be asked, and will escape their observation.

In consequence of College debts exceeding expectation, an irascible old Gentleman will threaten disinheritance, but on his Wife's intercession will draw a cheque to settle them.

A batch of Novels will be advertised wellnigh every month, and most of them will not be opened until handed to the buttermilkman.

At several dinner-parties a score of guests will be kept waiting for the coming of the Bride, who likes to enter last in order to be stared at.

Plays will be successful upon the Paris Stage, and will hardly escape damnation when transferred to London.

Penny Newspapers will brag about their size or circulation, but will not find much to boast of in the matter of their intelligence.

A Bubble Company will collapse, to the injury of all who have had anything to do with it—excepting the promoters.

A Lady in high life will ask a masculine admirer his opinion of her poem, and will pretend to credit the candour of his praises.

The Favourite will be scratched on the night before the race, and whispers of foul play will be heard among the Bookmakers.

Bargains will be bought at many so-called Sellings-Off, and the buyers will be sold as well as what they purchase.

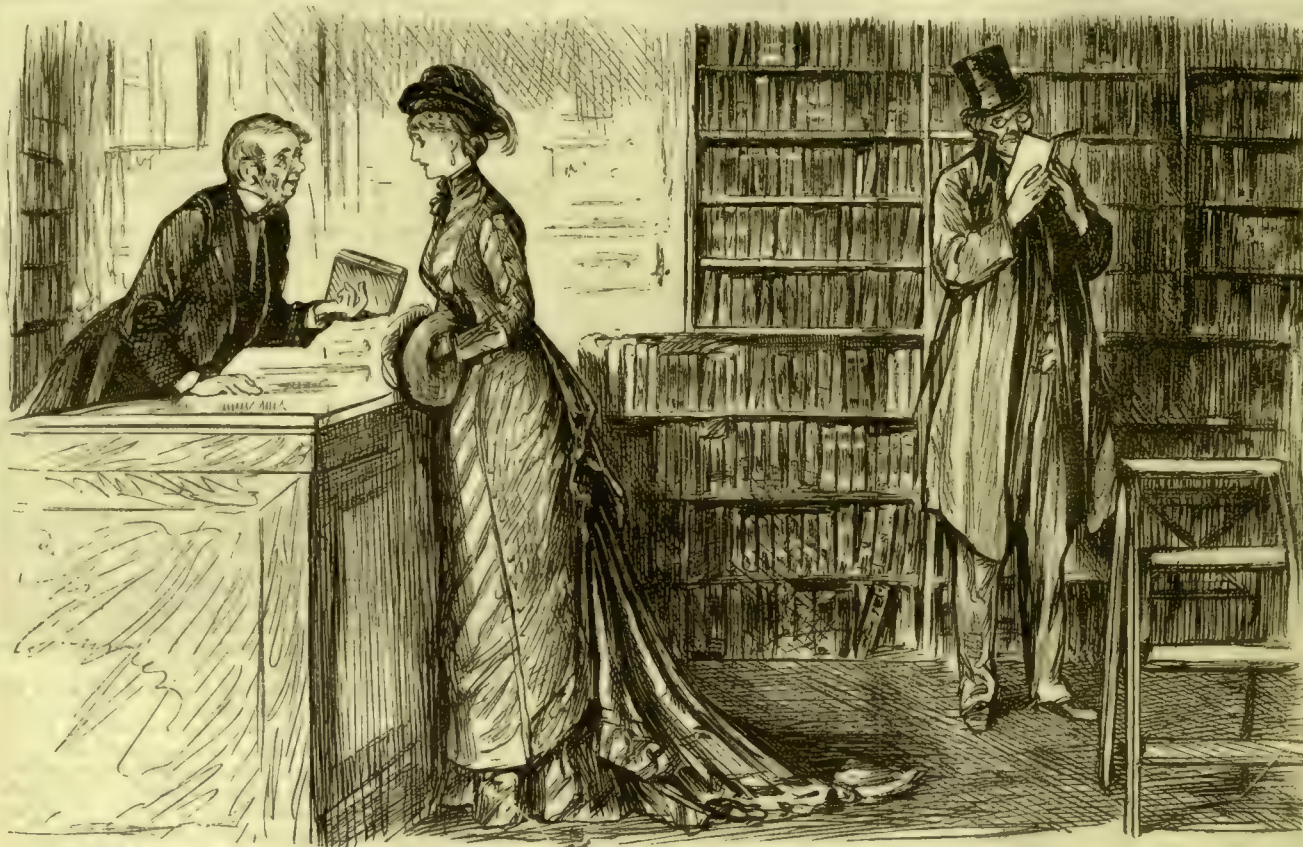
MR. SPOONER will invite his Mamma-in-law to come and spend a week with him, and that Lady will arrive bringing luggage for a twelvemonth.

Bad Jokes will be sent by the gross to *Punch* every post, with peremptory requests for their immediate insertion.

## Union, Indeed!

English Church Union! For a style  
More fit in vain might Satire search,  
Its members working, all the while,  
To disunite the English Church.





### LIGHT READING WITH A VENGEANCE.

*Keeper of Circulating Library.* "I'M VERY SORRY, MISS, THE THIRD VOLUME HAPPENS STILL TO BE OUT; BUT HERE IS THE ENTIRE NOVEL IN ONE VOLUME!"

*Young Lady.* "OH, THAT WON'T DO! HOW ON EARTH AM I TO FIND MY PLACE IN IT?"

### ON THE CLOSE OF-A CONFERENCE.

*FINIS coronat opus!* Never sat  
A better meaning Conference than that  
Just now put out by the Imperial Hatt.

Easy it were to raise the scornful laugh,  
To poke cheap fun, and heap unsifted chaff  
On the Wise West's strong diplomatic staff,

That cracks and bends and breaks and lets us down,  
And lays low more than one Imperial crown  
Under grave MIDHAT's fez and stubborn frown.

Was 't that the Turk the game of brag read right,  
Foresaw that Russ tall talk would not mean fight;  
And knew IGNATIEFF's bark worse than his bite?

Or fathomed Austria's plight, by dual law  
Forced now with Slav, and now with Turk to draw,  
And felt 'twas safe to ride on that see-saw?

Or was 't that BISMARCK bred more hopes than fears,  
Whose interest should be to lop Bruin's ears,  
Scarce feed him fat on Turkey—for some years?

Whate'er the secret of the Turks' *sang-froid*,  
He looked cool, and he was cool: *dans son droit*:  
*Borgne parmi les aveugles, et partant Roi!*

And blew his bubble Constitution bright,  
With brave French colours tricked in rainbow light,  
And bade young Turkey spread tail at the sight.

And ere he made the Conference "shut up,"  
Helped them to Humble Pie, and in their cup,  
For bitters, gave them failure's gall to sup.

Let not the scorn of scoffers rub aside  
This salve to ruffled self-conceits applied,  
"We have done buffers' work—be that our pride."

And let not SALISBURY his fate deplore:  
No credit he has lost on Stamboul's shore:  
For he that does his best can do no more.

And had the British Lion meant that he  
Should raise a voice to sound from sea to sea,  
He'd but to *will*, for what he willed, to *be*.

So ends the Conference; shall we say "for good,"  
With Christian wrongs unrighted, claims withstood?  
Best not halloo, till well out of the wood.

### "A Thing no Fellah can Understand."

In an article of the *Cork Examiner*, on the 13th ult., on the recent Election for Sligo, we read:—

"CAPTAIN KING HARMAN, who was yesterday returned unopposed for Sligo, will very likely sit on the Conservative benches, though he will vote on all Irish questions with the rest of the Home-Rulers. His family has always been the leading Conservative power in the counties of Sligo, Longford, and Roscommon, and are possessed of great territorial influence. The new Member created a great impression in Irish politics at the time.\* Though he represents, as to property, two titles, he bears none. He holds all or more of the estates of his grandfather, Lord Lorton, on one side, of his uncle, Lord Kingston, on the other."

Given the last sentence of the above, as the terms of the problem; required, to find what estate CAPTAIN KING HARMAN does hold.

\* Query, *What time?*

WHAT WE WANT TO SEE IN THE NAVY.—The Engineer "hoisted" not by his own petard, but by rank, pay, and consideration.





# THE FAG-END OF THE CONFERENCE.

MR. P. (to the British Lion), "IF YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO BACK HIM UP, WHY DID YOU SEND HIM?"







## PROPOSED REGULATIONS IN "HYGEIOPOLIS."



ENU—

No dinner-party will be allowed to take place until the menu has been submitted to the Board of Health, and received its sanction under the official seal.

All wines intended for consumption at dinner and evening parties, or other entertainments, whether public or private, must be previously analysed, and certified by the Official Chemist.

As waiting for dinner is detrimental to the temper and injurious to the digestive organs, the hour named in the invitation is strictly to be adhered to; and no guest, however exalted or wealthy, will be admitted after the appointed time on any plea or pretext whatsoever.

Ladies are absolutely prohibited from wearing thin boots and shoes in the winter months and in wet weather.

Ladies going to evening parties will be required the pattern of which will be furnished by the Sanitary Dressmaker. Ladies wishing to wear low dresses, must first obtain a medical certificate.

No dinner-party to take place at a later hour than seven in summer and six in winter; and no ball or dance to commence after half-past seven, or be prolonged after half-past twelve.

Children's parties to be conducted under medical supervision as to hours, dress, refreshments, &c.

Breakfast in bed positively forbidden, except on production of a medical certificate.

No food to be served which has not first been tested by the Public Analyser, and certified to contain the proper amount of carbon and nitrogen.

It is felt that for the present at least, no veto can be put on the baneful practice of mixing wines at dinner and other entertainments, but residents are solemnly warned against such a dangerous violation of the laws of health.

Ozone will be supplied gratis every alternate Tuesday and Thursday from 10 to 1.

Young Ladies who have proved their ability to bear fatigue by dancing for several hours at night, will be expected to take at least one hour's exercise daily in the open air.

The gift or sale of sweetmeats to Children is absolutely prohibited.

Residents wishing to give entertainments must first state in writing the exact dimensions of their reception rooms, that they may be informed by the Public Officer of Health of the proper number of guests to be invited.

No Inhabitant will be permitted to keep any animal, play upon any musical instrument, or indulge in any game or sport likely to prove a nuisance or annoyance to the immediate neighbourhood.

Street Cries and Street Music of every description will be rigorously interdicted, except on the unanimous application (in writing) of the occupiers of all the houses in any particular Square, Crescent, Gardens, or Terrace.

There will be no Beggars.

Servants, on engaging themselves, will be required to sign an Agreement, under heavy penalties, (such as loss of wages and Sundays out, prohibition of visits from "friends," &c.) to remain at least one year in the same situation.

Church Bells will not be suffered to be rung except on Sundays.

No Medicine to be taken except under the advice and by the direction of the Public Officer of Health.

The keepers of the Square Gardens have strict orders to take into custody any persons found flirting on the premises.

Cremation will be gradually introduced. Artists of the first celebrity will be invited to furnish designs for ornamental urns.

Spacious and airy premises in the heart of the country will be provided for infants while teething, under vaccination, &c., that no discomfort to the adult population may be caused by their incessant vagitation.

No person will be accepted as a tenant on the estate until he or she has passed a preliminary examination in the theory and practice of hygiene, domestic economy, drainage, ventilation, heating, lighting, cookery, chemistry, and the management of children and servants.

## THE NEW HOUSE.

*A Domestic Drama of the Day—from Different Points of View.*

SCENE—Drawing-Room of a new and brightly furnished Villa in a Southern Suburb. EDWIN and ANGELINA—a "young couple"—discovered "in clover."

Angelina (effusively, looking up from her stitchery). EDWIN dear, this house is a perfect gem!!!

Edwin (dryly, looking up from his "Times"). Glad you think so, my love. Where ignorance is bliss, &c.—

Angelina (surprised). Why, what do you mean? What fault have you to find with it?

Edwin. Hundreds.

Angelina. EDWIN, what nonsense! It is very pretty and extremely comfortable. It is not damp, it is not draughty; the rain does not come in, nor the smoke out; the doors do not gape, the wainscots do not yawn; the plaster does not crack, the stucco does not crumble. What more would you have?

Edwin (sententiously). You enumerate its negative advantages in happy unconsciousness of its positive terrors.

Angelina (alarmed). Positive terrors, EDWIN? You positively terrify me. Is it—can it be—haunted?

Edwin. It is! Not indeed by ghosts or SLADE-summoned spirits, but by the germs of disease and the embryos of death!

Angelina. EDWIN, don't be horrid, and do explain.

Edwin. I will. Pretty paper this, eh? Angelina. The loveliest thing!

Edwin. Ah! So was LILLITH. So were the Sirens. So was that artful BELINDA BELLASYS, who very nearly bred strife between us before our marriage.

Angelina (bridling). She lovely! Now, EDWIN, if you have nothing better to say—

Edwin. But I have. Listen!

Angelina. Not if you talk about the beauty of BELINDA BELLASYS.

Edwin. I simply referred to her as a pertinent illustration. She was like this wall-paper—pretty, but pernicious.

Angelina. Pernicious?

Edwin. Precisely. It is a flock-paper, and therefore a ready receptacle for organic and inorganic dust, an exhaler of particles of arsenic and other poisonous effluvia; in fact, a reservoir of damp and dirt, and disease, and death!

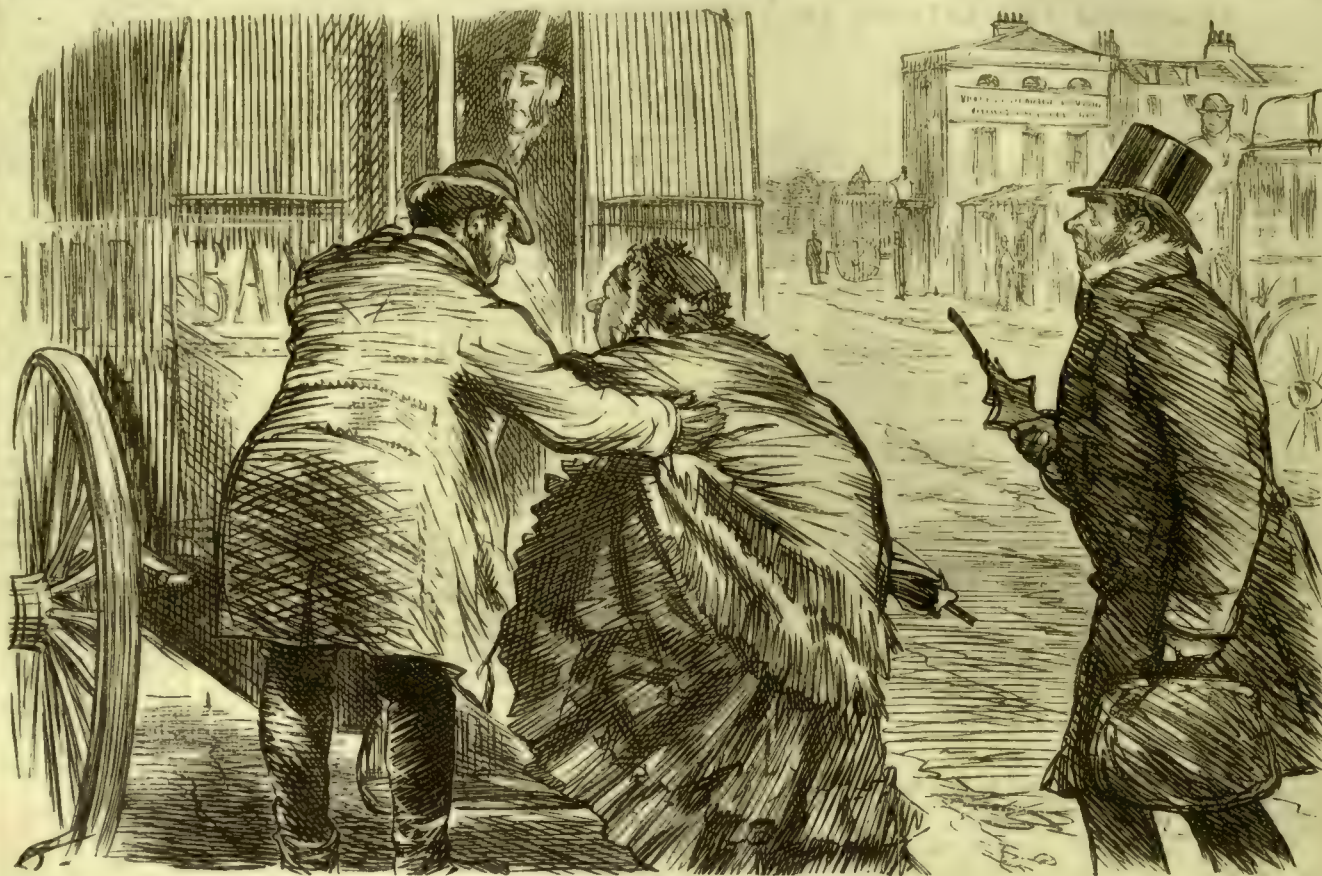
Angelina. Then, for goodness' sake, have it down, and another one up!

Edwin. Of what sort? The thinner ones also catch and retain dust, and dust is locomotive disease. The paperhanger's paste decomposes, and decomposed paste is bad to breathe. In fact, wall-papers are a bad lot,—always "hydrating," or something equally horrid, and incapable of passing through the necessary ordeals of fire and water, e.g., of Bunsen flame-bath and scrubbing-brush. Their very patterns are pernicious, producing—unknown to the victim—irritation of the retina, confusion of the brain, vertigo, and nightmare. Possibly, the great prevalence of giddy-pated girls and muddle-headed men may be laid to their charge.

Angelina. My dear EDWIN, I begin to suspect that the wall-paper—or something else—has muddled your head this evening.

Edwin. The carpet, perhaps. Nay, don't stamp your feet so pettishly, for that beats out the dust; and a room charged with





### PERFECTLY UNNECESSARY.

SCENE—Anywhere. Any Time.

Old Lady. "DON'T DRIVE FAST, CONDUCTOR. I'M VERY NERVOUS!" Conductor. "NO FEAR, MU'M!"

[Old Gentleman, who wants to catch a Train, decides to walk!]

carpet-dust is destruction. In fact, carpets are almost as bad as wall-papers, and should be abolished.

Angelina. And I was so proud of my pretty bright Brussels!

Edwin. All wrong! Too bright a great deal. Sky-blue, grass-green, the ashen grey of morning, the pink and daffodil of eve, these are the only colours allowable in a healthy house. Carpets are a malign mistake; boards and beeswax the things. Gas again! The Landlord informed us with misplaced—or Mephistophelian—pride that it was "laid on" to every room in the house; which means that every room is transformed into a sort of domestic *Grotto del Cane*. Gas indeed! Giddiness, nausea, faintness, and cold clammy perspirations, are its milder effects. Each additional jet means so much more carbonic oxide and slow asphyxia.

Angelina. But, good gracious, EDWIN, what can we do?

Edwin. Get back to candles and lamps, until Science perfects the electric light. In fine, my dear, as regards atmosphere, temperature, and light, the three essentials to healthy life, this house is radically deficient; while as regards its furnishings it is as preposterously and poisonously wrong. MITHRIDATES might have dined on a toxicologist's drug-chest, but he could never keep his health in a modern Villa.

Angelina. Oh, distraction! But surely, EDWIN, if you knew all this—

Edwin. I did not—until this evening. Read this report of DR. RICHARDSON's lecture on *Health Improvements in Great Cities*—and—

Angelina (much relieved). Oh, EDWIN, how could you? What a scare you have given me, and all for nothing!

Edwin. For nothing? Rash and ribald woman, are the edicts of Hygieopolis nothing? DR. RICHARDSON—

Angelina. Oh, bother DR. RICHARDSON! A—what do you call it?—Utopian, isn't he?

Edwin. My dear, the Utopias of to-day are the commonplaces of to-morrow.

Angelina. Oh, I hate such crotchety alarmists, frightening

people till they dare not eat for fear of poison, or breathe for fear of pestilence. Health, indeed! Who's to hope for it, if we must turn the world upside down, and one's house out of windows, before one can get at it?

Edwin (deprecatingly). My dear, there are difficulties, I admit. Still we should thank DR. RICHARDSON for pointing out the conditions of perfect health, however slow must be the process of realising them.

Angelina (confidently). Well, all I know is, I'm not going to let his whim-whams and whigmaleeries put me out of conceit with my pretty new house. Why, how would you like to sacrifice all this bright colour and cosiness for earthenware walls, bees-waxed floors, and ashen grey rugs?

Edwin (dubiously). W-e-e-l—

[Scene closes—as many a domestic colloquy on the same subject will close. Nevertheless DR. RICHARDSON is doubtless on the right track.]

### Dirt v. Dirt.

GREAT THOMAS of Chelsea, by Darwinites hurt, Declares Evolution "The Gospel of Dirt."

Nicknames sting and stick, but they scarcely confute, Though conferred by a censor of splendid repute.

Truth's proof 'gainst hard names,—has true THOMAS to learn it?

If the New Gospel's false, by hard reason o'turn it: Therewith our true THOMAS hath dealt many a stinger— But scorn and invective recoil on the flinger.

Leave the parsons to ply the polemical squirt at it; Dirt's Gospel it won't kill or cleanse to throw dirt at it.

MOTTO FOR A NEW JOURNAL (from the Welsh, in more senses than one).—"Truth against the World."





## HEALTH IS HAPPINESS.

SO THINK TOM AND JERRY; AND WHENEVER THEY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY, JERRY TAKES OUT HIS WATCH, AND FEELS HIS PULSE, WHILE TOM LOOKS AT HIS TONGUE IN A SMALL POCKET-GLASS.

## FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

(Adapted from the American for the English Market.)

CHARLEY HEADLONG married LADY "DOLLY" SPANKER on Tuesday. The wedding cake (supplied by MESSRS. SWEET AND PLUMB) cost over seventy guineas. The old woman (the Bride's mother) was awfully out up, and cried until her complexion was utterly spoiled. This was not strange, as the Dowager's favourite brother has recently died of typhus fever.

By the way, *à propos* of the death to which I have just alluded, there were eight hundred and ninety-seven silver nails in the coffin.

I AM very fond of Waiters, and know a large number of them. As this is the case, I may have something to say about the Smoking-Room Talk in several leading West-End Clubs next week.

A HORSE-WHIPPING doesn't hurt when you are accustomed to it.

I AM accustomed to hang about stage-doors after the performances are over. A well-known actress (for whom I have the most profound respect) took an omnibus from the Strand to Clapham on Friday. She got out some little distance from her house, to save payment of an extra penny. And yet they say "the Profession" are improvident.

I DINED the other evening with LADY BROWNJONES ROBINSON. The soup was too hot, and the fish too cold. The *entrées* were greasy, and the birds tough. The ice pudding tasted as if it had been manufactured in the kitchen of a third-rate pastrycook. It is only just to say (in answer to certain unpleasant reports that have been current of late) that LADY BROWNJONES ROBINSON's husband *was* in attendance. Poor fellow, he looked a little mournful. Once only did a "guest" address him, and then it was to ask him "To be good enough to pass the salt."

I HEAR, on excellent authority, that a certain Illustrious Personage has ordered half-a-dozen pairs of new boots.

## A DROP TOO MUCH.

AMONGST some curious particulars respecting Champagne wine, the *Bulletin des Séances de la Société Centrale d'Agriculture* mentions that Ay was prized above all other wines by POPE URBAN II. (whom we now know to have been an infallible judge), in the eleventh century. It was then, according to the above-quoted authority, "a red sort, not unlike Bouzy wine, which also has had its day of great renown." Few people now-a-days, probably, are aware of the existence of a Bouzy wine; and certain Spelling Reformers will perhaps suggest that the name of that wine, considered as descriptive of its effects on those who drink too much of it, is applicable to all manner of "intoxicating liquors."

## The New System of Chancery.

GREAT complaint is made of the "Law's Delay" prevalent under the "New System" in the Court of Chancery. There is said to be a "block" in the Registrar's Office; another block in Chambers; a block in every department of the Chancery Division. Hence it appears that the "New System" adopted in Chancery is in fact the "Block System." Strange! The desideratum of our Railways is the opprobrium of our Courts of Law.

## ODD CONTRADICTION.

THAT "Full Dress" in Her Majesty's Foot Guards should involve Bear Skins.

I WENT to see some Amateur Theatricals the other day, and the performances had a terribly depressing effect. I am not much of an actor myself, but I think, were I asked to play, I should go in for *The Liar*.

VERAX.

## IRISH RAILWAY HOURS.

WE understand the answer as well as the question:—

"What is the night?  
Almost at odds with morning, which is which."

We do not seem to fancy that night and morning, described as at odds with each other, are said to be falling out. But in the following advertisement, cut from a Dublin contemporary, occurs a passage, which, if parallel to the Shakspearian statement foregoing, is comparatively obscure:—

IF any of the Gentlemen who witnessed the Collision near the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, between one and two o'clock on Wednesday, the 10th inst., will communicate with V. 324, office of this paper, he will much oblige.

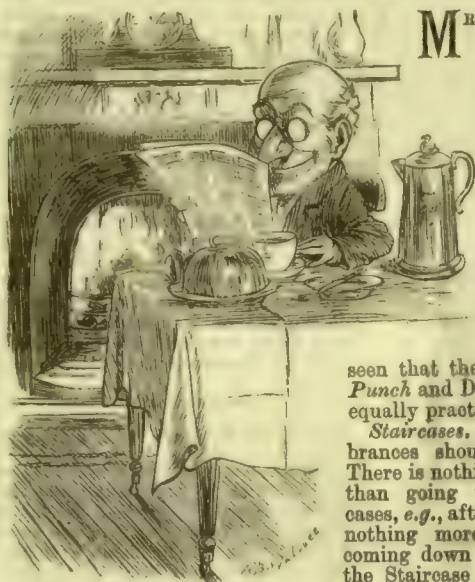
It is too much, perhaps, to hope that the collision above alleged to have occurred between One and Two o'clock, was merely a figurative sort of clash into which one of those hours somehow came with the other; no bones broken—as they might be if the Hours in Ireland travelled by rail. It seems to have been a visible collision, from the intimation that if any of the Gentlemen who witnessed it will communicate with "V. 324," he—that is, of course, "V. 324"—will much oblige. But whom will "V. 324" oblige, and how, and wherefore? Presumably "V. 324" is one of those Preservers of Public Order by the English populace not too respectfully styled Bobbies. Although he may be a thoroughly efficient Constable, his diction is certainly less perspicuous than such as befits an officer of that intelligent body the Irish Police. Query for Earlswood—One o'clock coming into collision with Two, would not One get the worst of it?

SONGS FOR LUNATIC ASYLUMS.—Glees rather than Madrigals.



## HINTS ON HOUSE-BUILDING;

Or, How to Make Home Happy.



**M**R. PUNCH has read with a great deal of pleasure DR. RICHARDSON'S excellent Lectures upon our hearths and homes. Ever ready to assist in the cause of health and common sense, the Sage of Fleet Street begs to supplement these lectures with a few hints of his own. It will be seen that the proposals of Mr. Punch and DR. RICHARDSON are equally practicable:—

**Staircases.**—These incumbences should be abolished. There is nothing more fatiguing than going up and (in some cases, e.g., after a joyous dinner) nothing more dangerous than coming down stairs. In lieu of the Staircase a *trapèze* should be rigged up. With a little

practice, every member of the house should be able to swing himself or herself from landing to landing. The exercise will be found infinitely more beneficial to the muscles than stair-climbing, and, from an artistic point of view, will prove exceedingly pleasant and even graceful.

**Wall Papers.**—These collectors of dirt should not be tolerated. What is wanted is some cheap, useful material that will wash and supply, in an unpretending fashion, heat in winter and light in summer. If this material, by its peculiar properties, abolishes fire-places and chandeliers, so much the better. It should also (when needed) supply pegs for hats and dresses. It might, too, change colour to suit the furniture. At present such a material does not exist, but its discovery should lead to a very valuable patent. Until this material is invented, the walls of rich people may be lined with tin, to show that they are well to do. The office-walls of lawyers might, appropriately, be faced with brass.

**The Kitchen.**—This apartment should be on the top of the house, outside the roof. Its new position will do away with the nuisance caused by the odours of cookery.

**The Nursery.**—It is obvious that this room should be on the top of the house, and also outside the roof. Noise ascends, and children should always have the highest (*id est*, the purest) air.

**The Library.**—The Study, it is scarcely necessary to say, should be on the top of the house and outside the roof. Reading in pure air is a healthy exercise. Reading in anything else is the reverse.

**The Drawing-Rooms.**—This suite should be always situated on the top of the house, and outside the roof. The view of the adjacent country will be finer from the top than from the basement of the building.

**The Bed-Rooms.**—It is superfluous to say that these chambers, in which good air is an absolute necessity, should invariably be built on the top of the house, and outside the roof.

**The Garden.**—For the sake of convenience, no better spot could be found for pleasure-grounds and kitchen-gardens than the top of the house—outside the roof, of course.

**Windows.**—As light is life, there can never be too many windows in a house. As a rule, it may be conceded that to every foot of brickwork there should be a yard of glass. Care, however, should be taken that there should not be too much glare. Thus, an unnecessary window should be bricked up immediately on its discovery.

**Doors.**—These wooden barriers are frequently the cause of much illness. Were there no doors there would be no draughts. Under these circumstances doors should be unsparingly abolished.

**The Dungeon.**—This is a new but very necessary addition to the comforts of a home. No household conducted on truly economical principles should be without one. If the house is a castle, the dungeon should be constructed beneath the moat. It is scarcely necessary to say that it should be used as a place of secret confinement for the Tax-Collector, who may be cajoled into the hall by insidious politeness, there sprung upon, seized, gagged, *garotté*, and plunged into the dungeon.

## HIGH CHURCH COMEDY.

THE Venerable yet humorous ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON seldom opens his mouth without saying something remarkable. As, for instance, in moving a Resolution of defiance to the Court of Arches at the Meeting lately held by the English Church Union in the Freemasons' Tavern, to consider the Hatcham case. He said that the Court which had inhibited poor MR. TOOTH "ought to be called LORD PENZANCE's Court;" that he "knew no more shameful proceedings than that that Court should sit at Lambeth;" and that LORD PENZANCE's Court was "a name by which it would go down to the odium and execration of posterity." His hearers laughed, not unnaturally, at language which reads like that of a preacher of Temperance, who has taken too much tea, abusing beer.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is reported also to have said:—

"It is a very fine thing to come here cheering one another, and passing Resolutions by acclamation; but what are we going to do for the Priests of the Church of England—those who will be brought possibly very soon under the claws of LORD PENZANCE? (*Laughter.*)"

More laughter; naturally again; laughter at the idea of LORD PENZANCE with claws. A funny idea, certainly. Couldn't our Archdeacon work it out? Is he able to draw? Then he might put LORD PENZANCE on paper, with claws and all the other extras to the human form which they imply. Perhaps he will favour us with a sketch of him thus delineated.

Our impayable Archdeacon proceeded as follows:—

"I believe that Priests will follow the example of those two men who have fought the real battle; our dear friend MR. PURCHAS, who was killed by it ('*hear, hear!*'), and our dear friend ARTHUR TOOTH. (*Prolonged cheering.*) And there is another man who has been killed too, our dear friend DR. DYKES. ('*Hear, hear!*'). Well, MR. TOOTH is looking forward to dwelling in a prison during the remainder of his life; and, if I know the man, I must say nothing in this world will ever take him out of it (*cheers*); and if I had to go to prison, I should like to go to prison with him. (*Laughter.*)"

The tables set in a roar again by a *Yorick* equal to SIR WILFRID LAWSON—of course only joking. We live in happy times compared to those in which real martyrs were killed, and genuine Confessors sent to prison. Our venerable *Yorick* can have no real fear of having to go there along with MR. TOOTH. Moreover, a prison is not the institution to which any Judge with the requisite discretion would commit such defendants as those concerned in the pranks which ARCHDEACON DENISON's friends have been playing at St. James's, (Colney) Hatcham.

## Natural (History) Question.

MR. PROCTOR, in his Lecture on the Sea Serpent, says:—

"The Mermaid, again, has been satisfactorily identified with the *Manatee*, or 'Woman-Fish,' as the Portuguese call it, which assumes, says CAPTAIN SCORSEBY, 'such positions that the human appearance is very closely imitated.'—*Times.*"

Has the *Manatee*, or "Woman-Fish," any connection with the modern *Man at Tea*—the Ladies' fish—the great creature at five o'clock kettle-drums?

## Kill and Not Cure.

IN a paragraph on Vaccination in the *Times*, the President of the Anti-compulsory Vaccination League is stated to be "a Clergyman of the Church of England, but happily (according to the *Clergy List*) without cure of souls." Happily, perhaps. But then if he had cure of souls he would have business of his own to mind—might possibly mind it, and, by having his attention occupied with curing souls, be withheld from opposing the prevention of small-pox, and so promoting the propagation of disease amongst bodies.

## A FALLING OFF.

OLD BUTTONLESS, the bachelor, complains that whereas in former times his friends sent him at Christmas a dozen brace or so of birds, he now only receives by post a couple of dozen or so of twopenny Robins!

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

THE Court of Exchequer has decided that cutting cocks' combs is cruelty to animals. But if you *don't* cut cock-combs they inflict themselves upon you, and on which side is the cruelty to animals then?

A NICE BISHOPRIC (for a red-hot Partisan Parson).—The Palæo-crystic See.





“OUR FAILURES.”

Husband, “I SAY, LIZZIE, WHAT ON EARTH DID YOU MAKE THIS MINT SAUCE OF?”

Young Wife (who has been “helping” Cook). “PARSLEY, TO BE SURE!”

## SONG OF THE CHURCH UNION.

AIR—“And Shall Treason Die?”

AND shall they strike at Ritual rites?  
Shall TOOTH in durance lie?  
Then fourteen thousand Union Men  
Will know the reason why!

For Church and conscience JAMES's days  
Saw Bishops sev'n confined;  
But Cornwall's sons found means and ways  
To change the royal mind.  
So we'll resist TAIT, CAIRNS, and PEN,  
And Law, in them, defy,—  
We, fourteen thousand Union Men,  
And not men to say die.

Matters of moment still we'll make  
Of chasuble and stole;  
With TOOTH, in teeth of Law, we'll take  
The Mass of Rome for goal.  
While we scorn TAIT and CAIRNS and PEN,  
And power of Law defy,  
In Union's name Disunion Men,  
Though with no reason why.

Our Roman candles high shall flare,  
On Romish altar-plate,  
And lace and flowers and frontals fair,  
While Mass we celebrate.  
So using tooth and tongue and pen  
The Law Courts to defy,  
We fourteen thousand Union Men  
Will hang each other-by!

We'll under-creep or over-leap  
All Acts our course that bar;  
Obedience to our Bishops keep,  
But while with us they are,  
And till we stump TAIT, Bench, and PEN,  
Against the three we'll cry:  
If Law dares thwart Church-Union Men,  
Shall they be bound thereby?

“Clouds in the East.” No wonder, now the Conference  
has ended in smoke.

## SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

GREAT preparations are being made for the ensuing Season, which, the Court Newsmen assure us, is to be more than usually brilliant. *Mr. Punch* has received visits from the *fournisseurs*, and own men and maids of the *élite* of Fashion, who all assure him that no efforts will be spared on all hands this year to make London a vortex of elegant entertainment.

LADY DIGBY HOLEPICKER has passed the entire winter in tracing to their foundation all circumstances and scandals affecting the *débutantes* of the Season. Her Ladyship has investigated all particulars of their fathers' properties and portions, their own expectations in the way of settlements and pin-money, and their pecuniary as well as personal “figures.” LADY D. H. hopes also to be in a position to give her friends the exact facts relating to all the compromising connections, unfortunate attachments, runaway matches, and actual or probable elopements, separations, and divorces, which formed the chief topics in distinguished circles in the course of last Season, and at good visiting houses through the autumn and winter.

LORD HAUTENBAS has made his usual New Year's distribution of *bon-bons*, as retainers at the tables where he expects to have a seat kept for him during the approaching Season. LORD H. has passed several weeks in handicapping his friends' Cooks, and in arranging with his entertainers *in futuro* the people to be cold-shouldered and invited where he dines. His Lordship has not quite settled which Opera-box at both houses shall have the distinguished honour of his patronage. Several *nouveaux-riches* are competing for the preference.

TOMMY TAMECAT has been diligently working all his Clubs in succession for the last three weeks, and is now engaged to dinner every day for a month from the opening of Parliament. He has taken notes of every tit-bit of fashionable scandal and exclusive gossip, and every high-flavoured *double entendre*, he has been able to pick up in his autumn rounds, and has almost finished arranging them according to the tables at which he means to bring them in. He has also got into working order his choice stock of assorted

compliments, to match the capacities and styles of his hostesses in prospective, with quotations from ALFRED DE MUSSET, BYRON, or BROWNING, for cases where the recipient is likely to understand the French or appreciate the English. TOMMY has also been concluding beneficial arrangements for the Season with his tailor, his boot-maker, and job-master, on the mutual principle of limited patronage and unlimited credit.

THE HON. MRS. LUCRETIA SLYBOOTS has been damaging her digestion at five o'clock Kettledrums with every conceivable decoction of Assam, Congou, and Orange Pekoe, for the purpose of clearing her character from those odious imputations which that horrid MRS. GRUNDY has been spreading about her without the slightest foundation. MRS. S. has been seen at Church every Sunday and Friday since New Year's Day; and if that absurd man, GODFREY STALKER, will leave his regiment to come to the same Church, for the same services, is it her fault? Is not the idea quite too supremely ridiculous? Isn't it dreadful to think what wicked things people do think of other people! If people would only mind their own business!

BLANCA WESTAL is coming up for her first season. She can scarcely sleep for the preparations she is making. She has got no money to speak of, but, thank goodness, she is pretty enough to be adored without, and rose tarlatan does become her so quite too awfully, particularly with stephanotis in her hair—and they say the Prince dotes on stephanotis. And she is to be presented by LADY DIGBY HOLEPICKER, who is so kind; and if she should be asked to Marlborough House, won't it be quite too awfully jolly!

## Ritualist Venison.

THE sympathy of the English Church Union with MR. TOOTH may be heightened by a feeling peculiar to Englishmen—admiration of an offender who shows himself game. Undoubtedly the contemner of the Court of Arches is game to the backbone; but the game is too High.



## THOMAS EDWARD, NATURALIST AND COBBLER.



"HELP yourself!" is a good rule, and a capital text, on which MR. SMILES, some time ago, preached a sermon by examples, with the title of *Self-Help*. The moral of this sermon is summed in the old proverb, "God helps those who help themselves." For there indeed lies the strength of "Self-Help"—it is God's help. And now MR. SMILES has preached another sermon on the same text, called *The Life of a Scotch Naturalist*. It is the wonderful true story of a wonderful true man—THOMAS EDWARD, Associate of the Linnean Society, and souter in Banff; a story to bring tears into the eyes, and to fill the heart with sadness and gladness: a story to make those who read it better, humbler, and gentler, and, above all, more thankful to the Great Father of All, who can so mysteriously teach and guide, strengthen and lead up one of the humblest of his children, from eleven years of age till sixty-three an earner of distressful bread at a cobbler's stool with an average wage of nine shillings a-week.

THOMAS EDWARD has lived two lives. There was first the humble life of the hardly brought up son of a poor weaver; scholar, now and then, for brief spells, of brutal dominies; next apprentice of a drunken ruffian; then toiling bread-winner for a brave and true

wife, and a well-reared family of eleven children. This was the man who helped himself.

But side by side with this life he was living another—of communion with the wonderful works of God, who took upon himself *this* part of his teaching, instead of the dominie with his taws and cane; binding him apprentice to nature, instead of drunken CHARLEY BEGE in the Gallowgate; and after his days of sordid stooping over uppers and twitching at waxed-ends, giving him nights of wonderful intercourse with all living things; appointing him "the beasties" for books, and the silent hours of darkness for his school-time; and holes in dykes, or bields under stone walls, or bits of crumbling ruin, for his school-rooms. This was the man helped of God.

If you want to know how THOMAS EDWARD lived those two lives side by side, helping himself manfully under the heavy burdens of a poor man among poor men, and letting God help him wonderfully, in gathering wide and rare knowledge of plants and beasts, birds, and creeping things, fishes, and crabs, starfishes, and molluscs, till he was able to add new chapters to the great book of natural science, and to teach teachers, and win honour from renowned Naturalists, and was, at length, made an Associate of the most famous





## EXTREME MEASURES.

*Polite Foxhunter.* "BUT WHY WON'T YOU LET US HELP YOU OUT?"

*Lady in the Ditch.* "OH, DEAR! I AM FIFTEEN STONE WITHOUT THE MUD! DO, PLEASE, SEND FOR A ROPE!"

of their societies, you will find the story told fully and feelingly in MR. SMILES' *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, published by JOHN MURRAY.

And you will read, too, how close work at the cobbler's stool by day, and wandering and watching and lying out by night, wrestlings with winter's winds and frosts, drenchings with rain, wettings from seas, tumbles from cliffs, with long fastings, and spare fare, at best, of oatmeal cakes and water, played havoc with a strong body, so that at sixty-three, THOMAS EDWARD is an old and crippled man.

In the same book is told the touching story of this man's loneliness and disappointments: how, under the pinch of hard times, he had, again and again, to sell the collections he had so laboriously made, which he straightway set to making over again, like ROBERT BRUCE's spider; and how the prophet, honoured as he was by wise and famous men far away, was not honoured in his own country—Banff bailies, and Banff bodies, and Banff souls, being too high—or low—to see the poor souter, bowed over his work, and so lower still.

But you will not read in the book—for that came after it was written—how the QUEEN and LORD BEACONSFIELD, having read the story of THOMAS EDWARD's life, were moved by a common thought to put THOMAS EDWARD on the Pension List for a modest fifty pounds a year, so that for the rest of his life he may give himself wholly to the reading of God's Book of Creation, without being a burden to the children who have been true and helpful stays to him thus far. For among THOMAS EDWARD's other good gifts from God, is a good and wise wife, and they have bred good bairns. And so *Punch* takes leave of THOMAS EDWARD—in harbour at last; and, lifting his hat, and holding out his hand to this stout-hearted and rarely-endowed man, craves leave—as the highest honour should come the latest—to offer this *his* tribute of respect after Prime Minister and QUEEN.

## ECCLESIASTICAL OCCLUSION.

THE Church of St. James, Hatcham, has been shut up. So has the Incumbent. Serve him right, till he consents, by shutting his mouth, to open his prison.

## DOUBTFUL AFFINITY.

"Alcohol has so great an affinity for water that it is only by the greatest care that the chemist can obtain it absolutely pure."

"*The Science of Alcohol.*"—ECHO.

## EBRIOSUS, loquitur.

ALC'HOL 'finity warrer? Stuff!—Can't be!  
Don't—hie!—b'leave it! All pure fiddle 'dee!  
Just fancy Alc'hol yearning for the Pump,  
Like some half-mad T'totaller on the stump!  
'Diklus! Pooch! Alc'hol got more Spirit 'n that.  
What? Chemist chap can't part 'em? What a flat!  
Shee! Here'sh Brandish and there'sh warrer! Wonder  
Where'sh the trouble keep them two ashunder?  
Here goesh Brandish, there stops Warrer! Why  
They both sheem quite contented. Sho am I.  
I don't believe they've any more affinity  
Than has a Derby Dutch-doll for divinity,  
Eh? Sciensh proves it? Hie! Who'sh Sciensh? Blow  
Sciensh! What d'ye mean by C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>5</sub>O?  
Whash that prove? Eh? Mere Alphabet gone mad.  
Bother your symbolah! Stick to facts, my lad.  
Some new dodge of WILFRID LAWSON'S. What!  
Brandish, Alcohol, and Warrer? Rot!  
I lovesh Brandish, and hatesh Warrer? Mix 'em?  
Haven't done so for yearsh, Shir! Guess that nicks 'em.  
Here's lots o' warrer lately all about.  
Best take in Brandish to keep Warrer out.  
Sciensh's crackjaw gibberish all a cheat.  
Here! Mary! Nurrer go o' Brandish,—neat!

## NO DANGER TO SHAKESPEARE.

New Queen's Theatre reading of a line in *Macbeth*, Act iv., Scene 1:—

"For none of woman-Biorn shall harm *Macbeth*."



## MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

No. IV.—JOHN KEMBLE SIDDONS SLOGGER, IN GARRICK STREET.



WE stand at a *carrefour* in the heart of a mighty city. A quiet, old-fashioned quarter with "sets" of picturesque street-pieces and wings. A many-windowed club-house, full of wits and wags, and (at Yuletide) good Christmas cheer. Here, a shop with quaintly conceived cardboard animals suspended on elastic strings, and dancing nimbly to silent music. There, a many-gabled dwelling, that might have served good QUEEN

BESS for a villa, in the days when young WALTER RALEIGH was ignorant of potatoes, and had never smoked tobacco. A sleepy, glaring, sun-stricken street in the summer, and in the winter a desolation of ice and rain and snow. A short cut for the lonely hansom, dashing from cumbered Covent Garden to renewed Leicester Square—those "Fields," where man of wit and pleasure met man, rapier to rapier, in the days gone by. A very new street, and yet an old one. The very place for an actor's dwelling—full of old memories, with many a good tap and cosy tavern within easy reach, and boasting a name that wears the crown of histrionic art. It is in this street of weird fancies and rich stage associations that J. K. S. SLOGGER has pitched his tent. Many years ago, when he was struggling as a provincial *Hamlet*, he was content to be bounded in an attic, but now, in the full glow of success (when his usual terms are half the gross receipts and a clear benefit), he rents a flat. Few of those who gaze at the six windows of his rooms, guess that behind those costly curtains of lace, lives the Great Actor of the day, in a very museum of dramatic art. And yet so it is. SLOGGER is too comprehensive an artist to be fettered by the conventional "lines of business." He is a tragic comedian, or a comic tragedian as the case may be. Not only is his heart in his art, but (and let the sneering world mark this well), his art is in his heart! A hard saying to Cockneys, and yet a true one.

JOHN KEMBLE SIDDONS SLOGGER is an actor first, and then,—after due interval,—a man. He scorns the modern school, with its cup-and-saucer quietude and its drawing-room ease. He hates the mere gentleman actor's tone and morning dress in good society with the high and holy hatred of the ideal artist of the stage. His present and future lie in the past. To him tradition holds high rule over grovelling, prosaic nature. For more than thirty years, he will tell you with pride, no one has heard him speak in a natural voice. The waiter who takes his order for dinner, in eating-houses where he is a stranger, shrinks back, appalled, at his question of when the joint is in the best cut, and trembles when he alludes to vegetables. A terribly gloomy man, with short hair and a long black moustache. Partial friends declare that his tragedy is perfectly awful; and impartial critics insist that his comedy is more awful still. An awe-inspiring, attention-wearying man, and yet a man with a heart worth its weight in gold and precious stones. Let an appeal be made to him in the sacred name of charity, and all he asks is that he may have the best part, no rivals near his throne, and, above all, his name printed at the head of the bill in letters at least two feet long. These simple conditions complied with, and his support is easily secured.

Let us look at this great good man at home. Let us ascend the stairs and enter his suite of rooms. If we will only listen while he rifles his rich store of anecdotes, we may make sure of a welcome.

A simple unpretending hall, with tables bearing ormolu clocks, plated goblets, and imposing double-silvered coffee-pots. Once TINSSEL was a manager, and these are the testimonials presented to him by his grateful employees. That tarnished Tea-set represents the respect of fifty Ballet Girls who mulcted themselves for its purchase of five shillings a-piece out of average weekly salaries of under a pound. That showy pair of Candlesticks is a proof (at the instigation of the Stage Manager) of the hearty good-will of seven-and-twenty Stage Carpenters, Gas men, and Supernumeraries. TINSSEL may well prize these testimonials, for there is not one of them that does not represent a scanty salary made more scanty, and a poor home reduced to greater poverty, to do him honour.

A passage leads from the hall to the sanctum. In this passage is a mighty cupboard full of brown-paper-covered books. These books are tied up and addressed to J. K. S. SLOGGER, Esq., at various Theatres Royal. When SLOGGER takes his annual tour, pieces pour in upon him by the score and by the

hundred. Sucking SHAKESPEARES and sprouting SHERIDANS send their choicest works to him, hoping that those works will be perused, hoping that those works will carry their authors on to the boards of Drury Lane, and into the highest niches of the Temple of Fame. Their end is in SLOGGER's passage cupboard.

As his visitor enters the sitting-room, SLOGGER rises, stretches forth his hand with a graceful wave, and bows. Then he seizes two chairs by their backs, drags them forward into the centre of the room, motions to his guest to seat himself, and produces a set of folio volumes full of newspaper cuttings. For hours and hours he will, with a kindly defiance of fatigue, read you notices of his own performances. While he reads, let us look round.

A room full of "properties." Here a gilt table laid out with a *papier mâché* banquet; there an old clock pointing for ever to ten minutes past nine. Over yonder a canvas light-house belonging to a sensation drama. Chairs and tables of all styles and periods, and a portion of a transformation scene. A real cab, and a profile train shutting up like a telescope. That cab was the saving of a domestic drama, and yonder train (a "ter-rain," as SLOGGER pronounces it once made the fortune of a "scene of real life." When SLOGGER retired from management, he secured these properties. Some of them are still useful. In the provinces he occasionally stoops from SHAKESPEARE to authors of more modern date. When he does so he sometimes finds it useful to be able to supply a clock for the *Corsican Brothers*, or a light-house for the *Turn of the Tide*.

Yes; this is indeed an artist. Ask him what he knows of his contemporaries, and he will tell you, with that candid self-absorption which belongs to genius, "Nothing." The dead he praises heartily, because, egotistical as a child, like all true artists, his world is himself. His acting, he admits may be like nothing in nature. Why should it be? It is *acting*. That the ideal is the goal in his Art, he informs you with pardonable pride—not the real. His hope is that the Government will one day awake to a sense of its responsibilities to the Drama, and found a National Theatre, with Tradition at its base and SLOGGER at its apex. "Then, and not 'till then," as he sadly remarks, "there will be a hope for the Stage." "For the present, Sir," he adds, "what with this absurd cry for 'Nature,' and this gross craving after 'realism,' they have knocked the Art of Acting out of time—either forced the true Tragedian into the Provinces, or humiliated him to the degradation of opening the Pantomime season at the Lane!"

Look on SLOGGER with respect. He is the relic of a great past; the surviving Mastodon of a generation of antediluvian Behemoths!

## MIDHAT PASHA'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

An old Sack wants much patching.  
There is a remedy for everything, could men but find it.  
Flies are busiest about lean Horses.  
He that deceives me once, it is his fault; if twice, it is mine.

God in the tongue, and the Devil in the heart.  
A Rat may very ill plead law.  
The Crow bewails the Sheep, and eats it.  
The higher the Ape goes, the more he shows his tail.  
The Cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet.  
Honey is sweet, but the Bee stings.  
A Lion's skin is never cheap.  
They that are booted are not always ready.  
It needs a long time to know the world's pulse.  
One Sword keeps another in the sheath.  
He that does fight with silver is sure to overcome.  
Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the Church.

The early Bird catches the Worm.  
By scratching and biting Cats and Dogs come together.  
Threatened folks live long.

## DISAGREEABLE TRAVELLING.

MRS. GAMP lately had a patient under her care, whom she proclaims to all her acquaintance as the most wonderful of travellers. "Yes, indeed, my dear, he tell me he've been twice through the Sewage Canal!"



## ABOVE PARNASSUS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,



OF the assurance inspired by your invariable kindness to the humblest members of the Great Republic of Letters I am emboldened to address you on a subject very near to my heart. For many years it has been my ambition to become a dramatist, but I have hitherto lacked "invention." My dialogue is considered, by many most influential friends, to be above praise. To quote one of them "Good is not the word for it." I believe I have struck upon a vein at last. Without translating from the French, without rushing to the Circulating Library, I think I can get a framework for my plots. Recently, a gentleman of great

literary ability (of course you remember *False Shame*, a very clever comedy\*) has turned to SHAKESPEARE for a plot for an opera; then why should I not go

[\* Our Correspondent is perfectly right in this particular. *False Shame* was an excellent piece.—Ed.]

## BURNS AND MEMNON.

FREQUENTERS of the Opera have heard a Statue sing. LORD HOUGHTON, on unveiling the Image of the immortal BURNS, which Glasgow has set up, to the credit of the citizens of that ilk, as well as the Poet's honour and glory, thus elegantly suggested the possibility of a singing Statue other than that of the celebrated *Comendatore*. He said, referring to the Memorials of deities, heroes, and tyrants, erected by the people of ancient Egypt:—

"Among the most ancient monuments which attract the traveller in that country is a colossal figure of a god or hero of the name of MEMNON, of which there is a strange and beautiful tradition. It was believed that by some magical attraction and supernatural sympathy, the rays of the rising sun drew forth at morning from the inanimate stone sounds of such exquisite music as charmed and entranced all who had the good fortune to be within the range of the mortal ear. Now, Gentlemen, I have a fancy that the ardour of your affections, and the light of your imaginations, might almost draw from this Statue a song of some hundred years ago—a strain of beauty that might go to your heart of hearts."

"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," for instance. Eh, and aiblins, "The De'il cam' Fiddling through the Town," or "O Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut." What for no? Only fancy these songs, sung by the Burns Statue, and accompanied as it were by a morning-song or shirl of the bagpipes. Wouldn't they, in really fine musical effect, surpass the singing of the Man of Marble that comes to sup with *Don Juan*? Would not BURNS bang both MEMNON and MOZART? *Punch* respectfully puts the question to his genial friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

## The Kirk to a Kintaman.

THE first of a' MAC ADAM's clan  
Whence cam' he? TAM o' CHILERA, say.  
Oot o' Marine Ascidian,  
Or Spawn o' Frog, or clarts o' Clay?

Gospel o' Durt ye 'll na believe?  
Eh, TAMMIE, mon, ye 're awfu' wrang.  
Is Durt na Clay? Wow, TAM, I grieve  
To think whar ye are like to gang!

to the same source for "the arguments" of my pieces? I have jotted down a few ideas, and shall be glad to hear your opinion of them.

*Hamlet*.—Capital notion for a comedy. Of course *Potomius* would pretend to be the ghost of *Hamlet's* father. Great fun might be got out of this. Scene in England in the present day. All the killing naturally would have to be out. Something might be done with the play-scene—amateur theatricals, you know? Then end the piece with *Gertrude's* marriage, and get a laugh out of the mistake of the pastry-cook in sending the funeral baked meats for the wedding-breakfast. By the way, *Ophelia's* ballads would, of course, have to be worked into a "topical song" to airs of the day.

*Othello*.—A domestic drama, with a happy ending. Lay the scene of the piece during the last war, and make the Moor a nigger. Turn *Iago* into a female character, and make him (or rather her) *Desdemona's* mother-in-law. The great situation at the end of the play should be *Othello* unable to get into his house to murder his wife (of course he should be tipsy at the time), because he can't find the hole in the lock for his latch-key. *Cassio*, *Brabantio*, and *Roderigo* should be worked up into one character.

*Merchant of Venice*.—Obviously a modern comedy. The character of *Shylock* should afford opportunities for a number of happy hits at the extortionate rate of interest charged by West-End usurers. *Portia* would become a "Woman's Rights" person. Great fun could be got out of the Court Scene, which should rival the one in Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's operetta, *Trial by Jury*.

The above are merely specimen schemes, and the list might be extended to almost any length.

Apologising for troubling you, I now lay down my pen, and humbly sign myself

Yours most sincerely,

The Oaks, Isle of Skye.

SHAKESPEARE, JUN.

A CHARMING ARRAY.—(Before some of ROMNEY's and SIR JOSHUA's Portraits of Pretty Darlings at Burlington House.)—How lovely are the Young Misses of the Old Masters!

## MONADS AND MASSES.

A Contribution to the Atomic Theory of Politics.

"I may say that in the transactions of the last few years, we, the Statesmen—if I may use that term—have learnt as much from the masses of the people as the masses of the people have learnt from us."—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE at Liverpool.

EUREKA! The look-out ahead is less dense;

There is hope, after all, for the governing classes.

Our Statesmen, in search of some atoms of sense,

Have found, of late years, what they want in the masses.

Remembering Shipping and Slave Trade affairs,

One can hardly deny that SIR STAFFORD spake truly.

Yet Monads in office will give themselves airs,

And look down on Masses as blind and unruly.

SIR STAFFORD himself could austere reprove

When he found Eastern policy did not content 'em.

'Tis plain if the Masses some Monads would move,

It must be by sheer dint of united momentum.

## A Lion in Horsemonger Lane.

THE REV. MR. TOOTH has had to announce that there must be some limitation to the crowd of people who rush to visit him in prison. He finds himself at once a Confessor and a Lion—at least a Confessor in a Lion's skin. The multitude of disciples who keep walking in to see this Ritualist Lion, suggests comparison between themselves and those whose lot was cast in less pleasant days of persecution, when the cry was "*Christianos ad leonem!*"—but the Lion, then, had teeth and claws, and was free to use them.

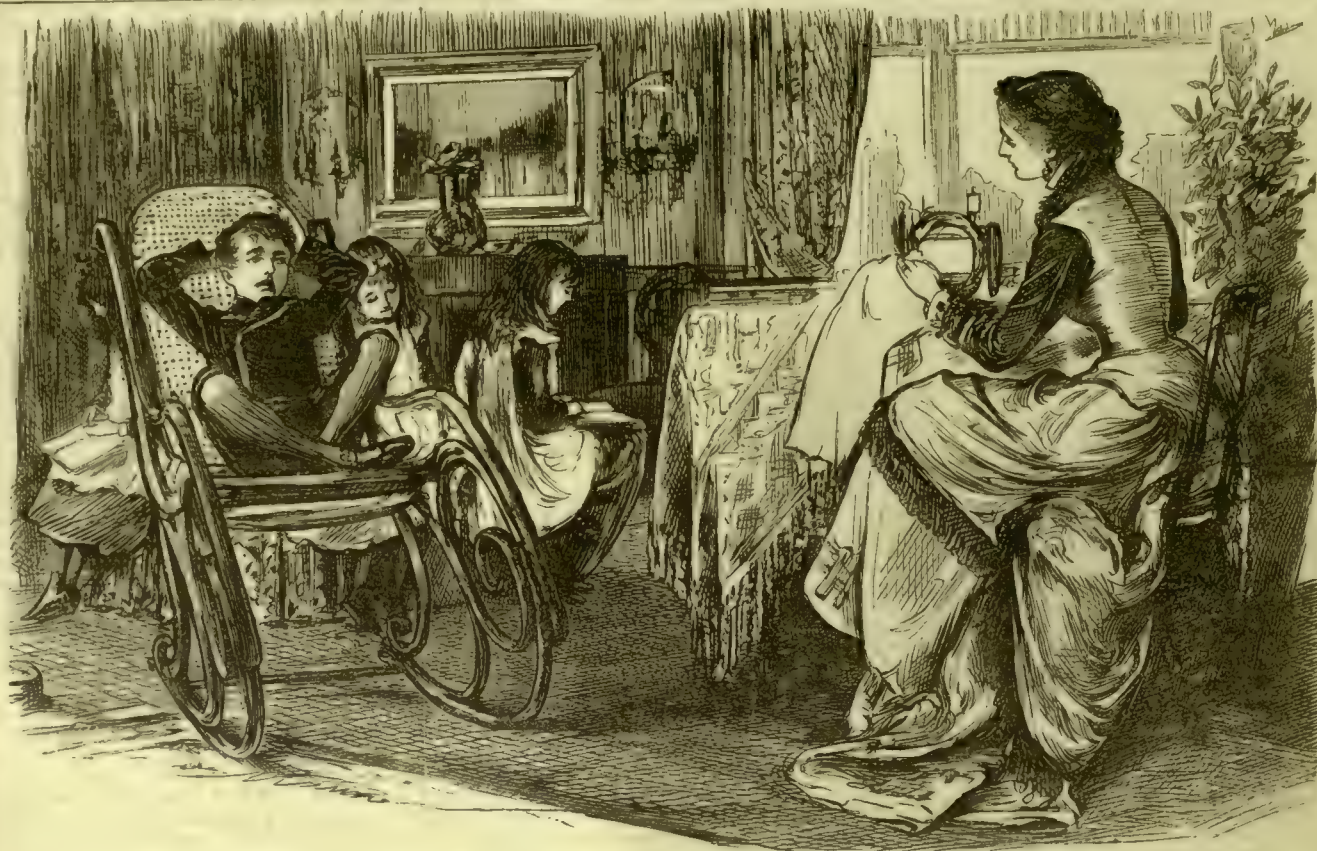
## ANOTHER IRON-CLAD GONE WRONG.

THE *Shah* arrived at Gibraltar with her piston-rods unfit for service. If the Admiralty can't keep its own Rods in order, ought not Parliament to have Rods in Pickle for it?

## PROBABLY.

Who is "The Horrid Girl" we see advertised? Can it be "*Bella, Horrida Bella!*"?





## THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Aunt Mary. "WHY DON'T YOU READ, TOM, INSTEAD OF LOLLING ABOUT?" Tom. "'GOT NOTHING TO READ!"  
 Aunt Mary. "THERE'S YOUR FIRST PRIZE IN MONSIEUR JOLIVET'S FRENCH CLASS—A MOST DELIGHTFUL BOOK!"  
 Tom. "HOW CAN I READ THAT?—IT'S IN FRENCH!"

## NOBODY KNOWS.

JOHN BULL *soliloquises* on the state of his Fleet and the status of the Engineer.

"One of the most intelligent, and probably the best, of naval critics tells us that no one knows with any degree of thoroughness what use is made of our Navy, how it is managed, or what it is worth; but, so far as the limited knowledge of the best informed enables any one to form an opinion, the probability is that all is wrong. . . . In MR. REED's vigorous language, 'the ship is a steam-being, and the only man who understands it, can work it with safety, can control it efficiently, can use it, care for it, tend it, preserve it, repair it, renew it, is the Engineer.' The Engineer, the functions of the Engineer, and the position of the Engineer, should be held in honour; but, in fact, 'he remains to-day almost precisely where he was twenty years ago—a snubbed, subdued, subordinated man, with a dozen officers put above him to look down upon him.'"—*The Times on MR. REED's Letter about "Naval Administration."*

So "Nobody knows!" That's remarkably pleasant!  
 A nice thing to learn at this late time of day!  
 A sweet game this Naval Blind Hookey! At present  
 I don't seem to relish my hand in the play.  
 Many millions I've spent on the modern "Steam-being,"  
 You don't buy that sort of big toy for a song;  
 And now 'midst my Critics I find none agreeing,  
 Except on one point—that all's probably wrong!  
 Nobody knows? Well, those precious twin Titans  
 Have turned topsy-turvy our Naval Affairs;  
 But are Iron and Steam a malign brace of Sheitans  
 To empty my purse and to fill me with scares?  
 All that Steam-beings can do, or can't, in fair fighting,  
 Perhaps we shan't learn till the things come to blows.  
 But are mine trustworthy? It's somewhat affrighting  
 To find the sole answer is—Nobody knows!  
 Nobody knows! Years ago—about fifty,  
 My Navy was tested. We found it "all there."  
 Since then all is new, and I haven't been thrifty  
 In paying—since change was the call—for my share.

The new Iron Pot puzzles me, I admit it.  
 Smart Science shouts "Progress!" She's right, I suppose.  
 But what's the Pot worth, if 'gainst rivals I pit it?  
 That seems a fair question, but—Nobody knows.

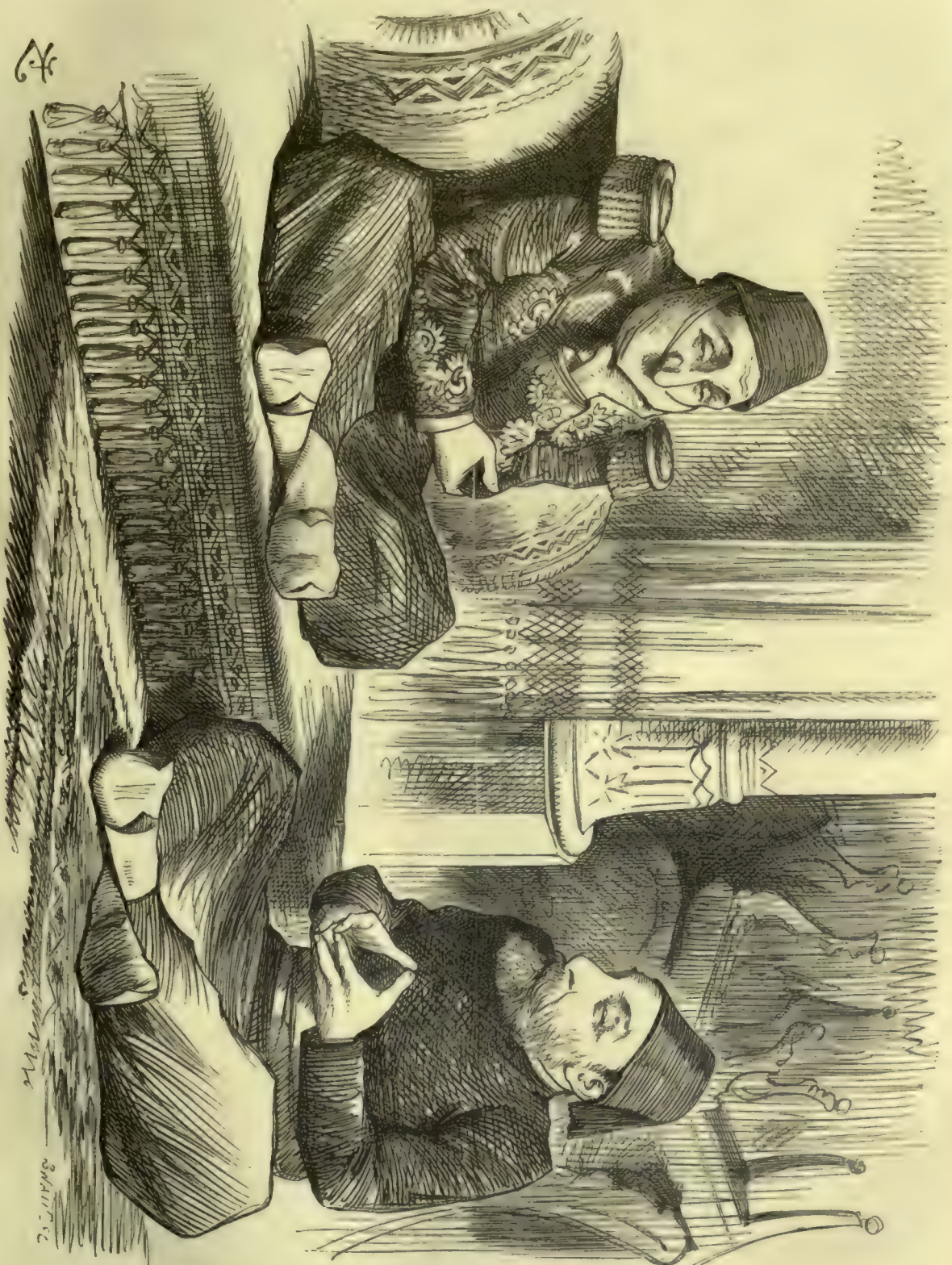
Nobody knows? Well, here's REED, ex-Constructor,  
 A smart sort of chap and a dab at a yarn;  
 Would fain through the dense Marine maze play conductor.  
 He knows the "Steam-being" from stem unto stern.  
 He, no doubt, feels that he should be sole supervisor,  
 With ample and ship-shape Reports year by year,  
 With a right to take henceforth for Naval Adviser  
 That much misused being, the Chief Engineer!

"Snubbed, subdued, and subordinate?" Well, I'd a notion  
 The Creature was certainly more cockahoop.  
 REED paints him as Ought-to-be Lord of the Ocean,  
 Head-boss of the steam-ship from fok'sle to poop.  
 He only can handle it, guide it, preserve it,  
 Whilst JACK, though a jolly and dauntless sea-dog—  
 (Poor JACK sorely snubbed!—does he really deserve it?)  
 Is—shades of old Salts!—like a flat in a fog.

Well, they'll want him—to fight—I suspect notwithstanding.  
 He'll maybe outlast all their huge devil's-gear;  
 He 'stablished his status 'neath other commanding  
 Than that of our Crichton, the Chief Engineer.  
 But destiny's stern; if the new battle's brunt  
 Must be borne by the handler of pistons and cranks,  
 Let him come to the fore as a fact we can't shunt,  
 And receive his reward in pay, honours—and thanks.

Mine I'm sure will be his if he'll help to untangle  
 This horrible muddle called "Naval Affairs;"  
 Make peace 'midst the critics who boggle and jangle,  
 And shut up swell duffers who give themselves airs.  
 A fleet that's not phantom I claim for my money,  
 With ships not a terror to me but my foes.  
 But whenever I ask how I stand, it seems funny  
 To hear, for sole answer, that "Nobody knows!"





“AFTER THE PARTY!”

ABDOL AHMED II. “I’VE GOT SUCH A TOOTHACHE!—AND HOW WE ARE TO PAY THE BILL, ALLAH ONLY KNOWS!”

MIDHAT PASHA. “KISMET!!!!”

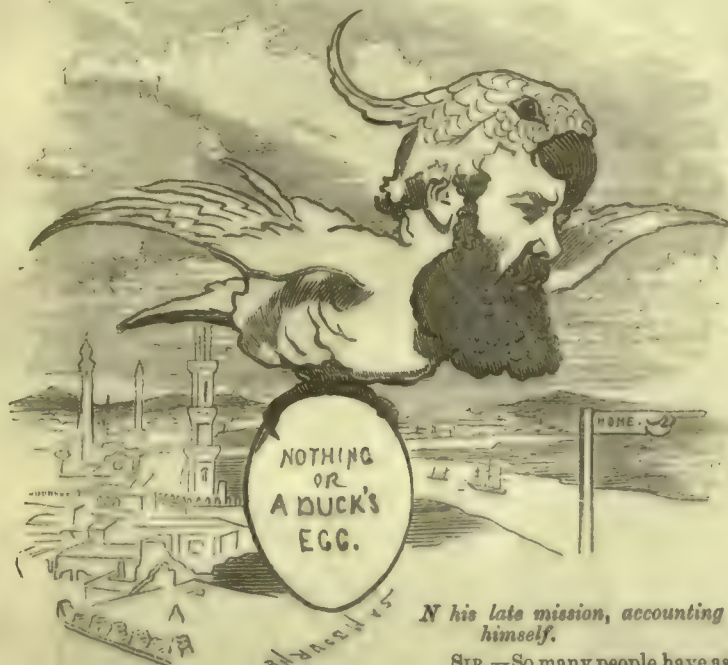
“The Sultan was prevented from receiving the Plenipotentiaries, before their departure, by a toothache.”—*Morning Paper.*







## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.



*In his late mission, accounting for himself.*

SIR,—So many people have asked why I was not at the Conference, that I feel I must speak out, and own that, though you sent me, I did not go. No, Sir, I am not one of your Pretenders (by whom you have of late been duped) who take your money and write accounts of what never took place. Sir, I meant going. I smoked Turkish pipes, I ate Russian *caviare*, and, in order to be thoroughly up in the Great Eastern Question, I bought Great Eastern shares, about which at the time there was a considerable question. Then I went in for Circassian Pomade, night and morning, thus pouring oil on the troubled waters, or rather putting grease—or, what MR. GLADSTONE would call the "Hellenic Factor"—on my brain. I substituted Kurds for milk at breakfast-time. By the way, why hasn't some enterprising hairdresser invented a pomade, and called it the "Hellenic Factor," with a dedication to MR. GLADSTONE? There's the idea, and no extra charge? I sent for my true and tried friend, PEGUL BEY (who is now undergoing the shrimp-cure at a favourite watering-place), and in order that the Russian interest should be represented equally with the Turkish, I dropped a line to dear old GENERAL SNEZANUFF KORBITOFF, who has been laid by the heels ever since November with a severe cold, which has prevented his seeing anyone—even his creditors, whose attentions during his illness have been unremitting.

Well, Sir, we three started for the Conference. Poor SNEZANUFF KORBITOFF only got as far as Charing Cross, when he suddenly exclaimed, in Russian, "Hallo! I've forgotten my pocket-handkerchief!" and disappeared, with a seedy-looking individual close at his heels—probably somebody who had found the missing *mouchoir*. PEGUL BEY, who had got a box of shrimps with him, which he takes like voice-lozenges, blanched at the sight of the sea, turned pale, and turned tail. He went back to his shrimp-cure, while I boldly stepped on board the steamer, and gaily bade adieu to the smashed pier of Dover and the white cliffs of Albion.

On arriving in Paris I received a telegram from my private French Secretary, who always travels in advance with my things for to-morrow night. "Encore une bonne Conférence allé tort." What could I do? Nothing. So I waited in Paris expecting the return of the handsome SALISBURY (as we gay dogs call him to distinguish him from "Salisbury Plain") who would, of course take Paris on his way and tell me all about it. This, Sir, is how I came to find myself in the gay city, where the present "Occupation of Paris" is to go to the theatres, the weather not permitting much lounging in the Elysian Fields, or promenading up and down the Bulwarks of the Italians. Once more I roared at the drolleries of the Palais Royal, and admired the *ensemble* presented by GIL PÉRÉS, HYACINTHE (the immortal), LHÉRITIÉ ET CIE., and if at the Bouffes Parisiens I was on the whole disappointed with *Les Trois Margots* (*musique de GRISART*), yet, at all events, I yielded to the charm of PESCHARD's voice and manner, and again bore testimony to the excellence of the *ensemble* which would have triumphantly carried a far worse piece than *Les Trois Margots*.

*Opéras-bouffes* are a French *spécialité*. But, Sir, I did not waste my time in trifles light as air, but I went to assist at *Un Drame au Fond de la Mer*, in five Acts, six Tableaux, now being played at the *Théâtre Historique*. A most exciting play. *Sieur Reginald*, a paralysed English Baronet, making a voyage on board the *Washington* (I think), with two millions-worth of diamonds in a small box, goes with the wreck, his wife and the box, to the bottom of the sea. An engineer (*James Norton*), and an officer of the French Marine, *Henry de*

*Sartène*, rivals for the hand of *Mees Emily*, the orphaned daughter of *Sieur Reginald*, quarrel violently on board the *Great Eastern*, and both descend, habited as divers, to look after the cable which has come to grief. They are accompanied by one *Karl*, a thorough-paced scoundrel, who having ascertained the exact locality of these diamonds, has determined to possess himself of the two millions. The scene on board the *Great Eastern* is admirably contrived. Then the divers go through nine changes of tableaux, all capitally managed and most effective until they arrive at the bottom of the sea. Here we find *Sieur Reginald*, his wife, and the crew in a high state of preservation, looking uncommonly like MADAME TUSSAUD's figures, but none the less awful on that account. *Karl* makes for the diamonds, *Henry de Sartène*, one of the engineers above mentioned, rushes as fast as the diving dress and helmet will let him, at *Karl*, who, seizing a hatchet, cuts *Henry de Sartène's* wind-pipe, that is, I mean the air-bag, or whatever it is that gives the diver the necessary supply of air. A terrific act this, and down comes the curtain to shouts of applause.

After a long *entr'acte*, we return, to find ourselves in England—at least, as the place is not named in the programme, I suppose it must be England, because the first person who walks on into a dingy, official-looking room is "a policeman," a stiff, red-whiskered personage, in a queer sort of helmet, Berlin gloves, and a dark-blue long-tailed coat of a very ancient pattern. Four other policemen bring in *James Norton*, who is accused of the murder of *Henry de Sartène*. The evidence, which is given chiefly by the villain *Karl*, is dead against the unfortunate *James Norton*, whose case is heard in private by the Coroner, an elderly gentleman, stern, but occasionally humorous, with a comic clerk, who gets the laughs when the Coroner doesn't.

*James Norton* is committed, and is about to be led off by the four policemen, when the crowd, which has been "heard without," groaning and hooting, is suddenly admitted (so as to make an effective termination at the end of the scene, and to bring the Coroner to the front again, as his part has been getting a trifle flat by this time), and rushes fiercely towards *James Norton*, who is at this moment in imminent danger of being torn from the four policemen, and subjected to Lynch law. At this juncture the Coroner, still humorous, though firm and resolute, pulls from his pocket a sort of conjuror's black wand, tipped at both ends with ivory (exactly what ROBERT HOUDIN used to have), and bids the surging crowd retire "*au nom de la loi!*"

But the Coroner, having once got into the drama, is not so easily got rid of as the mere letting down of a curtain implies. Not a bit of it. The crowd finds out that *Karl*, and not *James Norton*, is the real murderer, and out comes everybody—policemen and all—on the rocks to catch *Karl*, and Lynch him.

They are on the point of seizing the unhappy wretch (by the way, no murder has been committed after all, for *Henry* turns up safe and sound,—but this is a detail), and doing for him effectually then and there, when the humorous Coroner suddenly, but quietly, appears from behind a rock—where he has apparently been sitting in evening dress, and without a hat all in the cold, waiting for this opportunity of coming out strong at the last—and presents his ivory-tipped wand, whereat the crowd again quails, and *Karl* himself is so staggered, that losing his presence of mind, he runs up a platform at the back, jumps over, and finishes his part in the drama.

Seeing this termination to the *affaire*, the Coroner makes the best of it by taking a humorous view of the situation, and indulging in a professional joke to the effect that "*P instruction*" need not proceed any further—for much the same reason that *Puff* gives for the Beefeater's not going on with the speech commencing "Farewell, brave Spaniard," &c.—because [the body has walked off. The audience took the idea, and in spite of all the spectacle and all the horrors, and all the interest, the triumph of the night was with the Coroner. After this, oysters of Marennes and other delights at the Café Riche, and this is why I didn't go to the Conference—but remain.

Ever faithfully,  
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A NEW READING, BY REED.—*Deus ex Machina*—The Naval Engineer.





SELF-SACRIFICE.

THE BROWNS GIVE A JUVENILE PARTY, AND INVITE SOME GOOD-NATURED, LIVELY YOUNG PEOPLE, OF BOTH SEXES, TO AMUSE THE LITTLE ONE.

[N.B.—Brown is just now adding the last touch to the Christmas-tree in the library, and Mrs. B. is superintending the final arrangements for supper, down-stairs.





### THE FLOODS IN THE COUNTRY.

*Swell (reproachfully).* "Haw, I DON'T CALL THIS DWY SHEWWY!"

*Waitress.* "AN' NO WONDER, SIR! MASTER SAYS HE CAN'T KEEP NOTHING DRY THIS WEATHER! THERE'S TWO FEET O' WATER IN OUR CELLAR!"

### "WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE ASKED."

A CERTAIN Irish Advocate of great learning and high repute having declined an appointment before it was offered to him, the following refusals are hourly expected:—

SIR WILFRID LAWSON to be President of the Licensed Victuallers' Association.

MR. WHALLEY to be Chairman of the Catholic Union of Great Britain.

THE REV. A. TOOTH to be Editor of the *Rock* and the *Record*.

CARDINAL MANNING to be President of the Church Union.

MR. HOLMS, M.P., (Glasgow and Hackney) to be Inspector-General of the Militia.

MAJOR O'GORMAN to be Patron of the Peace Society.

MISS RHODA BROUGHTON to be Editress of the *Sunday at Home*.

MR. FREEMAN to be Hon. Secretary to the Stafford House Fund.

MR. GLADSTONE to be Chairman of the Committee of the Carlton Club.

LORD BEACONSFIELD to be a Member of the Parliamentary Committee of the Reform.

MR. ROBERT LOWE (Statesman and Bicyclist), to be President of the Four-in-Hand Club.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES (Newgate and Dartmoor), to be Patron of the Society for the Protection of Women.

PRINCE VON BISMARCK to be Treasurer of the Peter's Pence Society.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY to be a Corresponding Member of the Aborigines Protection Society.

MESSES. MOSES AND SON to be the Publishers to the Poet Laureate.

DR. KENEALY to be Lord Chancellor.

MR. BRADLAUGH to be Private Secretary to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

DR. SLADE to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

MR. ODGER to be Garter King-at-Arms.

And last, but not least, MR. BUTT, Q.C., M.P., to be Lord Chief Justice of England, Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain, Commander of the Channel Fleet, Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, Captain of the *Castalia*, Earl Marshal, Hereditary Grand Falconer, and Constable of the Tower.

### WOMAN'S WORK.

(A Snarl by a Sexagenarian Cynic.)

SOMEBODY—a Woman probably—has, I am told, been writing a novel entitled, *A Woman's Work in the World*. I could sum it up in less than three volumes. As follows:

*In Literature.*—At once to emasculate and to corrupt. To oscillate between grossness and gush. To dribble reams of feebly trickling verse and insipid or very full-flavoured fiction. To embody vice as a preposterous chimera, and virtue as a goody-goody bore; passion as a scented swell, and principle as a plausible prig.

*In Art.*—To paint pretty-pretty, to compose namby-pamby, and perpetuate the modish and the monstrous.

*In Science.*—To dabble in the dirtiest waters, to push crude crotchets to absurdity, to be amateurs in Atheism and smatterers in statistical scepticism.

*In Politics.*—To discuss upon the house-tops subjects which men shrink from handling in private rooms.

*In Religion.*—To patronise the Gospel according to *Le Follet*, and worship their pet fetish, *La Mode*, at a High Church Altar.

*In Society.*—To spend money and disfigure their persons, patronising all that is absurd, unbecoming, unhealthy, and expensive,—especially if it involve incidental cruelty.

*At Home.*—Women have now no work at home.

This, I, SYLVESTER SNARLEYOW, maintain is a compendious statement of "Woman's Work in the World" now-a-days. Those whose conduct chiefly justifies it, will be the first to dispute its truth. At any rate, it would be true, to the letter,—if *they* had their way.

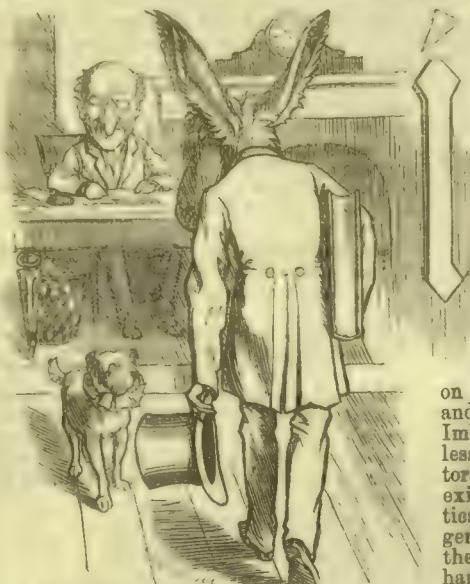
### TINKLING BRASS.

DR. KENEALY, in his address to his Constituents at Hanley, declares that the only grievance the Servians have to complain of is being robbed of their Bells. The Doctor ought not to talk lightly of the loss of these tintinnabulary appendages. What, for instance, would his own cap be without them?

THE EASTERN QUESTION AT PRESENT.—What next?



## HARMLESS LUNATICS.



N the Council of the Charity Organisation Society a Special Committee was some time ago appointed to consider and report upon a particular branch of social 'scientific improvement, which may be styled Colney-Hatch Reform. That Committee has, accordingly, issued a Report

on the "Education and Care of Idiots, Imbeciles, and Harmless Lunatics." Doctors may doubt the existence of any lunatics who are not dangerous; but indeed the number of lunatics, harmless in so far as that the little harm

they do affects only themselves, is very great. The population of Lunatic Asylums represents but comparatively few of these harmless lunatics. The majority of them are at large, unlooked after, and they abound. They labour under a great variety of invincible delusions and fixed ideas. To specify some of the more pronounced types, for instance, the following may be enumerated amongst tolerably Harmless Lunatics:—

Lunatics who pass their time in trying to discover perpetual motion, and the quadrature of the circle.

Lunatics continually publishing pamphlets to show that the earth is flat; but only showing themselves to be so.

Lunatics who devote themselves to tulip fancying, or any other fancy which occupies their whole minds, crockery fanciers, collectors of useless objects, worth no more than the effaced postage stamps collected by young Lunatics.

Lunatics who believe in and practise Astrology and Spirit Rapping seriously, and not with an intelligent intent to defraud.

Lunatics with a theological craze, who cannot see that their dogmas are matters of opinion.

Lunatics who are in the habit of taking quack medicines of whose composition they are ignorant, and who do not know whether or no what they suppose to be is really the matter with them.

Lunatics who, without the necessary knowledge of what they are about, gamble on the Stock Exchange and the Turf.

Lunatics who invest their money in risky speculations; who believe puffing prospectuses of Bubble Companies, and apply for shares to Directors, and remit cash to them, when they do not know them not to be rogues.

Lunatics, of both sexes, who go to evening parties a little before midnight and dance in a vitiated atmosphere until sunrise.

Lunatics who, in these times of high prices, expecting to live in comfort, and maintain appearances, marry upon less than the certainty of a thousand a year, and the prospect of indefinitely more.

Lunatics who, when anybody, whose name is unlucky enough to suggest a self-evident pun, happens to be going the round of the newspapers, write letters to *Mr. Punch*, each of them containing the same pun on the name of the same person.

But besides these Lunatics, not contemplated in the Report of the Charity Organisation Society's Committee, there are others, Lunatics recognised as such, but perfectly harmless. They are computed to amount to only 35,963 in England and Wales. These unfortunates are capable of being improved in various degrees, and to some extent utilised. To these ends they require express treatment and training; especially separation from poor creatures similarly afflicted, whose cases are hopeless. Hence, upon new buildings for their proper accommodation, a need of outlay. Such expenditure will ultimately prove economy. The Committee recommend that, the expense for the poorer class of Harmless Lunatics, "should be defrayed out of the rates, with assistance out of the public revenue," and that a voluntary system should be adopted for those of the Middle, and a semi-voluntary one for those of the lower Middle and upper Artisan Classes.

The requisite provision for Harmless Lunatics will ask both legislation and personal bounty; and those who have a voice in the

former, and can afford the latter, if they wish to see what Organisation is proposed for that purpose, should read the Society's Report, to be had at MESSRS. LONGMANS for the small sum of one shilling. The scheme therein particularised will not cost so very much to carry out. It is not as though it comprised the unrecognised Harmless Lunatics going about in Society. How many and spacious Asylums would be necessary to contain these numerous, and, alas! in most cases, hopeless, but happily, as a rule, unconscious sufferers!

## AN IRISH PROFESSOR IN HIS (BARBER'S) CHAIR.

IRELAND is the Land of Eloquence, where the very "praties," as an advertisement in the *Irish Times* lately informed us, "speak for themselves." Hair-dressing has always been an eloquent profession, from the days of the Roman *tonsor* to those of *Figaro*. Perhaps it was in complimentary allusion to this in the Green Isle that the old Irish way of cutting a head of hair was called a "glib." Of all glib-tongued Irish tonsors, *Punch* does not know that he ever encountered a glibber specimen than the worthy who, in a handbill lately sent to *Punch* by one of this gifted hair-cutter's garrison customers, describes himself as—

"PROFESSOR DANIEL O'CONNELLY (late FREDERICK LENEX, New Market, Sheffield), Hair Dresser and Perfumer, Trans-Atlantic and Cosmopolitan Clipper, Comber, Brusher, and Dresser to all Fashions for Ladies and Gentlemen."

The Professor then goes on, enthusiastically if ungrammatically—

"Hair Dressing for its Beauty and Growth, the Professor wishes to see Horizontal Eyes and perpendicular work, and not to have Hair Cut like the Bashabazouks, or like as if the Gorilla was operating, but the Gorilla has not got the Hypocampus Miner. Get Scientific Work that will Refresh the Cerebellum of the Cranium, and promote its Growth."

After which earnest exhortation, he signs himself—

"Yours, Gentlemen, PROFESSOR O'CONNELLY, Garrison Hair Dressor, Razors Set, Diamond Edge, in Fine Order for use, at his Residence, Queen Street, Athlone."

But the Professor, once mounted on the diamond-edge of his own razor-like wit, cannot so easily get down again. He continues—

"The Professor does not like to see Bulsheen Cutting, or what MOLLY gave the Cabbage, a good Chopping."

Then, rising to rhyme—

"But if you wish to have a shave,  
I'm sure to make your chin,  
As free from every rib of hair,  
As any brand new pin."

"And if you want to have a dye,  
You won't have much delay,  
I'll make your head as handsome  
As the Tartlue Bird in May."

"For I can curl hair so neat,  
And with such cunning hand  
You'd really think the head was one  
Quite fresh from fairy land."

"And I can frizzle, shringles, prune,  
And do so with such art;  
That but to gaze upon my work  
Would gladden any heart."

As it evidently *does* gladden his heart, who, for the third and last time, signs himself—

"Yours, Gentlemen, PROFESSOR O'CONNELLY, Hair Dresser to the Students of the Queen's College."

We thank PROFESSOR CONNELLY for his additions at once to the English Fauna and the technical vocabulary of Plococcosmology. The Tartlue Bird is worthy to perch on the crest of the Jabberwock, and we chortle in our joy over the prospect of having our hair "shringled"!

## A Long Pull and a Strong Pull.

OUR stout Archdeacon stood forth to declare,  
If Tooth to gaol went, he'd himself go there;  
If that Archdeacon really speaks the truth,  
Issue the writ, and draw—a double tooth!

OF TWO HEADS, WHICH?

(In the United States.)

THAT question must be answered before Marah. It remains, as an intelligent Nigger, writing to us, remarks, "In a Haze till den."

## ERRATUM.

AN Anagram on "The REVEREND ARTHUR TOOTH," printed, in *Punch* for January 20, "Not the road to her Truth"—should have run, "Never the road," &c.





## SPECULATION.

*First City Man.* "DROPPED UPON ANYTHING GOOD LATELY, BROWN?"

*Second ditto.* "WELL, I'VE INSURED IN THE 'ACCIDENTAL,' AND TAKEN TWENTY RINK TICKETS, AND BOUGHT A BICYCLE!"

## HANGINGS FOR HOSPITALS.

MR. PUNCH has to notify and very much applaud a proposal for practising a peculiar variety of that species of charity which consists in clothing the naked—the naked in this case being the walls of the London Hospital wards. By clothing them the sick and suffering would be solaced. The dreariness of bare walls aggravates the tediousness of long detention on a bed of pain. MR. J. LAWRENCE HAMILTON, of 4, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, suggests that this might be much mitigated by the introduction of decorative Art in Hospitals.

"I advocate (he says) the brightening of the wards, and the cheering of their inmates, by the addition of suitable pictures, plates, bronzes, carvings, parquet floors, *bric-à-brac*, old armour, china, sculpture, ornamental clocks, fancy glass, tasteful glazed tiles, and other Art decorations of all sorts."

It would be too much of a good thing to hang the walls of Hospitals with arras figured with—

"... huntmen, hawkes, and houndis,  
And hart deere al ful of woundis."

Particularly as the tapestry would harbour the Norfolk Howards.

MR. BUCKLAND fears that any projecting decorations on the walls of Hospitals would be objectionable, as likely to lodge dirt, or some of its even more unpleasant living accompaniments. He proposes to substitute for them pictures painted upon or let into the walls—frescoes, or tiles, adorned with "encaustic" paintings, which could be executed by Ladies.

"To promote this object (says MR. HAMILTON), I will give one hundred guineas, provided that a thousand other donors each subscribes an equal or larger sum before the 1st of May, 1877."

MR. HAMILTON believes that, a responsible Committee being formed to carry out his idea, MESSRS. ROBERTS, LUBBOCK, & Co., will act as bankers to the fund. In the meanwhile, he invites persons disposed to contribute thereunto by subscription or donation to communicate with himself at the address above noted. Finally,

## AN APPEAL FOR THE ALPHABET.

(From an Alarmed Conservative.)

"It is unfortunate that a language with such power and prospects as the English should have so disordered an Alphabet, which has been thrown into utter confusion by the attempt to keep up English and French spelling in it at once. At present two millions of English-speaking children come up for education annually, and waste from one to two years of their educational life in mastering this absurd puzzle, the cost of maintaining which can thus hardly be less than ten to twenty millions sterling a year, which would be saved by the use of a rational Alphabet."—E. B. TYLOR, on the *Philosophy of Speech*.

REFORM our English Alphabet? Good luck!

What won't these revolutionists attack?

I fondly fancied that the A. B. C.

Was the fixed symbol of simplicity.

The one thing changeless, certain, strong, and stable,  
Midst Innovation's universal Babel.

Here TYLOR comes that A. B. C. to shake,

And prove our spelling one immense mistake.

What next may happen who'll oblige by telling,

When Mutability shakes MAYOR's spelling?

And who could slumber calmly in his bed,

The alphabet upset from A. to Z?

"Ages of time and millions of money

Wasted in learning A. B. C.?" That's funny.

Can't say I quite accept the statement yet:

And as regards a "rational alphabet,"—

Something, no doubt, new-fangled and phonetic,—

My feelings I proclaim antipathetic.

I always do suspect that low word "rational;"

It smacks of BRADLAUGH and the International.

This comes of Spelling Bees, and PITMAN's views,

Cheap Dictionaries, and *Phonetic Nuz*.

Our forefathers were less fastidious. Why,

If MARLBOROUGH spelt wildly, may not I?

The Rads are all for liberty. Their fad,

Applied to spelling, might not be so bad.

But here they'd bind us down to strictest rule:

Lawless in Church, they're martinets at School.

Against this E. B. TYLOR's sly attack

Let all Conservatives stand back to back,

And fight for our time-honoured A. B. C.—

I'm very sure it's good enough for me.

RITUALIST HEAD-QUARTERS.—Peter-sham.

he expresses the hope that some public place will soon "be granted as a provisional storehouse and exhibition for Art contributions previous to their distribution to the Hospitals of London." To that hope Mr. Punch gladly gives all the publicity he can.

## Why Some of Us go Circuit.

By One of the Briefless.

*Member of the Utter Bar (perusing Assize List).* Shall I go round this time? Hum. Let me see. "Muddeford"—can get a day's hunting there, I think. "Wandsbury"—go over to the CHILSTONS for Sunday, and have a jolly afternoon with LILY. "Swanston"—wouldn't do any harm to go and look up UNCLE GEORGE. "Leamouth"—excellent quarters at hotel there; fair dinner, too. "Deddingham"—good murder case; shouldn't like to miss it. Yes, I think I'll go round as far as that, and get back to Town in time for the Boat-race."

## Too Bad.

DEAR OLD PUNCH.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK makes some ants drunk, and then charges the ants of the same hill with stupidity, because they don't know their degraded comrades again. How should they, when the poor creatures were disguised in liquor? SIR JOHN LUBBOCK should be ashamed of himself, demoralising the till now respectable and respected family of *Formice*. Yours,

WILFRID LAWSON.

NEAT.

AN R.A., boasting to Mr. Punch of the ready recognition of rising merit by that body, quoted the case of OULESS, A.R.A. at twenty-seven, and asked triumphantly, with some slight habitual exasperation, "Ow could we have done more for him?"

"Ow-less?" answered Mr. P.



## NOTES FOR THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.



SATISFACTORY to be able to open Parliament in person. The cream-coloured horses, State-Coach (re-gilt and newly fitted up), Life-Guards, Beefeaters, and Cap of Maintenance, material supports to the stability of a Constitutional Monarchy.

Observe that the time of meeting was appointed for a day in February as late as could with decency be chosen. Trust, therefore, particularly as Easter falls early, that time will not be wasted in unprofitable discussions and unproductive Motions.

Parliament shall be informed as soon as possible when the Easter recess will commence, and what will be its duration—a question of absorbing interest on which it is gratifying to know that perfect unanimity of feeling exists.

Foreign affairs, and, towering above everything else, the giant Eastern Question, will occupy your attention. Treat it with as much patriotic and as little party spirit as possible—openly and straightforwardly, without bravado, mystery, or circumlocution, and with no reference to the retention or acquisition of place and power.

The *début* of the EARL OF BEACONSFIELD and the return of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY will impart more interest to the proceedings of the House of Lords than they ordinarily command at the commencement of the Session. We shall all (including the Chinese Embassy and the Artists for the Illustrated Newspapers) await the first appearance of the noble Earl, in the robes of a Peer, with the liveliest curiosity. *Mr. Punch* has taken a hint from those rival conjurors, the GIRARDS, for a picture of LORD B.'s first appearance on his new stage.

The House of Commons will have a new Leader in SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. It will be no surprise if he acquits himself in that onerous and responsible position with credit and renown. He will need encouragement and support; for as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, his task is too likely to be difficult and disagreeable. It is unfortunate that a Conservative Government and a cheerful balance-sheet can hardly be looked upon as co-existent possibilities.

With regard to Legislative Measures, if you cannot advance, do not retrograde; if you cannot go on building, do not pull down. If it is the opinion of the majority that political and educational legislation has been carried to the limits of safety, turn your attention to Social and Sanitary Improvements, and thereby better the health and increase the comfort and happiness of millions.

If it is possible, prove to the country that it possesses a satisfactory Naval and Military force.

Reduce the risk of Railway Accidents, and abate the disaster of destructive floods.

Pass a Burials Bill. Make more stringent regulations as to Vaccination.

Do not countenance jobs or favouritism.

The EMPRESS OF INDIA invites you to consider questions affecting that empire with greater earnestness and larger attendances.

If you find yourselves hesitating between your dinner and your country, give your country the benefit of the doubt.

Rein in your hobbies, forego your crotchets, suppress your grievances, guard against personalities, do not invest trifles with too much importance, and above all watch the clock.

Let us all hope that this "Conference" on the banks of the Thames will have a happier issue than the one so recently concluded on the shores of the Bosphorus.

## THE RIGHT WOMAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

We clip the following from a well-known daily paper—

## UNMANAGEABLE YOUNG

LADIES, and those requiring attention, are RECEIVED by a Lady of very great experience. No limit as to age. Very high references.—Address, &c.

and commend it to the guardians of the following Ladies, who, if not all "young," are at least "unmanageable."

MISS MAUD MAULEVERER, sixth daughter of SIR GRAY MAULEVERER, decayed baronet, who will not listen to the suit of LORD TRENOODLE, but prefers the hand of her cousin, LIEUTENANT COCKLETOP of the Guards, who has nothing but his pay and his debts, his love for unlimited loo and the turf, and his taste for good wine, good dinners, and good weeds.

MISS AURICOMA FITZ-GEORGE, who has a good figure, no voice, and no brains, and who on the strength of these qualifications undertakes the management of the Décolleté Theatre, under the patronage of the HON. LAUNCELOT LOOSEFYSHE.

MISS BELINDA BASBLEU, who, on the strength of possessing a large inkstand, plenty of "outsides," a faculty for stringing together idiotic rhapsodies, and a melancholic temperament, insists on writing three-volume novels.

MISS GUSSY GABY, who persists in sending to "her dear old *Punch*" that "quite too awfully funny thing" which her darling HUGH said the other evening,—the said "funny thing" being about as humorous as the whistle of a railway-engine,—requesting its return if not accepted, but invariably forgetting to enclose a stamped and directed envelope.

BAR SILVER.

WHEN you're tipping an Eton Boy, or the Head Keeper at a Great Battue House.





## MODERN AESTHETICS.

(Ineffable Youth goes into ecstasies over an extremely Old Master—say, FRA PORCINELLO BABARAGIANNO, A.D. 1266—1281?)

*Matter-of-Fact Party.* "BUT IT'S SUCH A REPULSIVE SUBJECT!"

*Ineffable Youth.* "'SUBJECT' IN ART IS OF NO MOMENT! THE PICKTCHAH IS BEAUTIFUL!"

*Matter-of-Fact Party.* "BUT YOU'LL OWN THE DRAWING'S VILE, AND THE COLOUR'S BEASTLY!"

*Ineffable Youth.* "I'M CULLAH-BLIND, AND DON'T P'OFESS TO UNDERSTAND D'AWING! THE PICKTCHAH IS BEAUTIFUL!"

*Matter-of-Fact Party (getting warm).* "BUT IT'S ALL OUT OF PERSPECTIVE, HANG IT! AND SO ABOMINABLY UNTRUE TO NATURE!"

*Ineffable Youth.* "I DON'T CARE ABOUT NAYTCHAH, AND HATE PERSPECTIVE! THE PICKTCHAH IS MOST BEAUTIFUL!"

*Matter-of-Fact Party (losing all self-control).* "BUT, DASH IT ALL, MAN! WHERE THE DICKENS IS THE BEAUTY, THEN?"

*Ineffable Youth (quietly).* "IN THE PICKTCHAH!"

[Total defeat of Matter-of-Fact Party.]

## HAWFINCH ON LADY-HELPS.

PHIL FIELDER he farmed his own freehold estate,  
And he'd long thought o' lookun' about for a mate;  
But PHIL, though well-off enough zingle to bide,  
Wus afear'd 'toodn't run to the keep of a bride.

So high now the prizes of all things be rose,  
And Ladies consooms sitch a kit o' fine clo'es,  
'Mongst e'en the small gentlefoks where you looks round,  
There's few gals a standun' mid less nor twelve pound.

And zum can't do nothun' beyond zing and plaai,  
And lollup and laze on a sofer all daai.  
PHIL wanted a gal as could work undergoo,  
And demane herself greaseful and elegant too.

He went to the Hall on a Michaelmas Day,  
Some rent for a bit of a holdun' to pay;  
When the Squire he axed PHILLUP to stop there and dine—  
In a plain way the famully party to jine.

There sat a gal next to 'n, drest nate but not gay,  
As purty in pursun, as plain in array;  
Thinks PHIL, "That ther maaiden's above my degree,  
Or else she'd be 'zackly the Missus for me."

When dinner was wauver, PHIL larn't from the 'Squire  
Who was that swate young gal in sitch quiet attire;

"A poor Doctor's daater that sarvus ha' took,—  
'Twar she dressed the dinner; that thare's our Head Cook.  
"She've got too much pride fur to marry fur bread;  
But she bain't above labour'n to earn it instead.  
That thare's our Lady-Help; so now drink up thy wine."  
Thinks PHIL to his self, "I shuld like her fur mine."

He wrote her a billy, gentale and purlite,  
Whereunto she consented—'twur love at fust sight.  
And so they got married without moor delay;  
And the 'Squire he wus willun' to gie her away.

Sarch the countree around, and you wun't find a pair  
As lades a moor happier life than them there.  
She keeps his whoam tidy, and 'tends to his boord,  
And his manes makes goo furdest good things to afford.

No doubt but she'll bring up her daaters likewise,  
To roast and to bile, and meak' pudduns and pies;  
To rub, scrub, and polish, and wash, bake, and broow,  
As every chap's wife should be yeable to do.

The lass for me's her that can sweep out a room,  
Not by wearun' a train, but by usun' a broom.  
Lady-Helps and Fine Ladies comparun', I says,  
Dirty work done wi' clane hands afoor dirty ways!

Now every young feller to wedlock inclined,  
Thee look out a nawtable huzziv to find,  
Fine Ladies, fandangoes, and filligrees flee.  
Thee 'st a Lady-Help find the best Helpmate for thee.



## THE GENTLEMAN-HELP.

(Scene from a Drama of the Future.)



UR stage represents an elegantly-furnished drawing-room, suggesting the influence of a Woman of taste. The pictures on the walls alone reveal that the owner is a self-made man. MARIA MUDGOLD discovered pensively regarding an all but expiring fire.

Maria. Yes, yes—I can deceive myself no longer—it does need coal. And yet how to ask him—I dare not, and—Oh! I must see him

once again. (Rings.) Down, down palpitating heart! Would'st betray thy mistress?

Enter FITZ-JEAMES, in a gorgeous livery, carrying a coal-scuttle.

Jeames (aside). She is alone. I must dissemble. (Aloud.) Did yer please to ring, Miss?

Maria (trembling). Yes—no—yes. The fire—

Jeames. I see. It is going hout. I've brought the coals.

Maria (aside). How he seems to divine my every wish!

Jeames (putting down the scuttle clumsily; with marked exasperation). Did yer please to want anything helse, Miss?

Maria (aside). I can restrain myself no longer. (Aloud.) Yes, I want to know why you are so unlike other Serving-men; why it seems to you an effort to misapply your aspirates and to throw grammar to the winds; why your every act and word reveals the heart of a noble under the tawdry livery of man-service?

Jeames (struggling with his emotion). Do not hask me. Perhaps I came 'ere as a Gentleman 'elp. Mind, I don't say I did. But if I did, why, then, I did.

Maria. Oh! do not trifle with me. For the last week I have marked you closely. Only yesterday, when old MAJOR CHUTNEY chided you for what he called your carelessness in spilling the oyster soup over his shoulder, I saw your right hand glide to your left hip as if involuntarily it sought the sword-hilt.

Jeames (aside). A murrain on my thoughtlessness! Shall I never forget that I once held a commission in the Militia!

Maria. And then, when my Father—the Self-made Man, the Merchant Prince Royal—complained of your laziness in answering the dining-room bell, of your awkwardness in opening the carriage-door—in short, of your general inefficiency, I saw the eloquent blood rush to your cheek, and your eyes flashed fire. Surely—surely you are not what you seem?

Jeames. I am not. Away with disguise! I will no longer brook the mask! You ask me why I enforce my tongue to play strange tricks with the Queen's English, why I submit to insult when suddenly my unaccustomed fingers relax their hold of red-hot plates, and angry guests turn scornful and angry eyes upon me; why I allow your father to tell me to my face that I am lazy and awkward, and not worth my salt. You ask me, MARIA, why I submit to all this, and more? Because I love you! (MARIA starts.) Nay, hear me to the end! It is for thee I wear this o'er-laced coat, these humiliating plushes, the powdered hair of servitude. It is for thee I stoop e'en to the carrying of coals, with bent back and o'er-tasked lungs. It is for thee I bear ignominy and insult, the jeers of the rough, the banter of the street-boy, contemptuous of my calves. My secret is out. I love thee! [Falls at her feet, and seizes her hand.]

Maria. Oh, what would Papa say?

Mudgold (suddenly entering). Let him answer that question.

Maria. Father!

Jeames. The Master!—

Mudgold. He would say "ungrateful girl—low-born designing minion!"

Jeames (springing to his feet). I hurl the word back in thy teeth! Know, MR. MUDGOLD, that I am no longer your servant.

Mudgold. Then be off before I kick you out.

Maria. Oh, Father, unsay those cruel words!

Jeames. I will not go. I have a better right to stay here than you. If you doubt my word ask MR. SMITH, the family Solicitor. See, he comes this way.

Enter MR. SMITH.

Mr. Smith. I have just dropped in to see if I can do anything for you to-day.

Jeames. You can; read this! (Gives him a large packet of law papers.)

Mudgold. What is your opinion?

Mr. Smith (hastily glancing at the papers). These documents conclusively prove that you, MR. MUDGOLD, have no sort of right to this property. That

through a flaw in the agreement for the lease you are houseless—penniless. And now, good Sir, my fee—six shillings and eightpence—for my opinion.

Mudgold. Ruined and undone!

Jeames. Proceed! (Giving money to MR. SMITH.) Here is your fee twice told.

Mr. Smith. These documents further prove that the tenant in fee of this mansion, with the appurtenances, is JAMES PLANTAGENET HENRY, sixteenth Earl of Brompton and Islington.

Jeames. Behold him here!

Mr. Smith. My Lord!

Mudgold. I will put everything into Chancery! (Wildly.) You shall never have my daughter!

Jeames (sweetly). And why not? I love her—she loves me. Do you not, darling? (He takes the blushing MARIA to his arms.) We will be as happy as the day is long. Your father, because he is your father, shall have untold gold to play with on the Stock Exchange. As for us, we will have a town-house, an opera-box, a four-in-hand, a moor, and a yacht. We will be waited upon by trained servants. Ha! ha! No Gentlemen-Helps for me! Your every wish shall be anticipated. Do you like the picture?

Mudgold (who has been consulting with the family Solicitor, spreading out his arms). Bless you, my children!

Curtain.

## OUR NOVEL SERIES.

Editorial Preface addressed to the Public, which has at all times shown itself ready and willing to encourage rising talent in every department of Literature and Art.

WE believe in the existence of mute, inglorious Miltons. They are as difficult to be picked out of their shells as periwinkles. A private Publishing Company, Limited, has lately been started for the laudable object of placing before an appreciative Public Works of Fiction, which, but for this machinery, would never have seen the light of day.

Without binding ourselves by the strict obligations of this enterprising Company, which deserves every possible encouragement—the shares are quoted at three premium, at least we hear of one share quoted at this, and it is yet to be had at the price, and perhaps more where that comes from—without we say, in any way binding ourselves (an operation we leave to professional hands when the yearly volume is put together—and then the binding is *de luxe*) by unnecessary obligations, we have liberally and heartily entered into the spirit of the thing, and, on certain equitable and just terms, have consented to place at the Company's disposal one page per week as a shop-front for the display of their wares, reserving, however, to ourselves, the indisputable right of using our pruning-knife and scissors when and where we please, even to clipping the shoot in its first sprout, cutting the thread of the heroine's fate with the scissors of The Three Sisters, or breaking, as with the force of steam and iron, some monstrous Atlantic cable of fiction as it is being paid out (of the Company's pocket) at so much a week.

Such is our contract. We praise the object of the Company, but we stand as Middleman, between the Company and the Public; we advise on the one hand, we protect on the other.

We are glad, therefore, to be able to state, that, yielding to our solicitations, and recognising the value of our experience (experience is to be bought—and we sell it), the Company has not commenced operations by placing before the public the works of the "Mute Inglorious," but of the Outspoken and Glorious—that is, such works of fiction as some of our eminent men, whether engaged in the arena of politics, or in the fields of science, or in the Marble Halls of our Law Courts, have, from time to time, written at their leisure, in the privacy of their cabinet, in the snuggery of their couch, not originally intended for publication, but perhaps meant, at some time or other (posthumously, perhaps) to startle the world into the exclamation, "What a man he was!"

The only condition on which we receive works from eminent public men, and publish them in these columns, must here, once and for all, be distinctly understood, and it is this:—

The writer of such work of fiction as is here contem-





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TON.

YOU GET 'EM WELL TOGETHER!!"







plated, must have attained celebrity in some totally different line—no matter what or where—and must never have published a novel before this, nor be in any way known or recognised as a Novelist.

Such is the condition. Such is the attraction. *Eminentissimi*, we are informed by the Secretary of the Company, have most readily and eagerly sent in their MSS.; but, to prevent all jealousies, our motto must be, "First come,—first served out."

We beg, therefore (on behalf of the Secretary aforesaid and the Company) to acknowledge the receipt of MSS. from several well-known Members of our Legislative Assembly. We do not intend giving any name until the public shall unanimously and imperiously demand who the new candidate for honours in Fictional Literature may be, when we shall give him up—for *vox populi vox Dei*; and if the *vox populi* has only asked for the same reason that the Roman people shouted for CINCINNATUS the poet, we shall use our own discretion in considering our windows and the state of the pavement. We shall withhold neither praise when due, nor censure when justice demands it.

We, the Editor, are inspecting at the roll-call. The first roll is a big one, postage pre-paid (if not it is at once returned by us to the Secretary of the Company, who is responsible—another clause in our contract)—the postmark is "Peterborough;" and, as requested, we beg to acknowledge the receipt of the first MS. from some eminent M.P., signing himself "GEO. H. WH\*LL\*Y." At present, of course, we haven't a ghost of an idea *who it can be*? We are in the dark, like an owl, as wise and as impartial.

Next parcel dates from "Carlisle." Signature, "WILFRED." Who on earth can this be? On the seal is a crest, apparently representing a Pump, in a field argent (we do not profess heraldry), with the legend subscribed, "Water, water everywhere, and not a drop of anything else to drink."

The third on the muster includes a letter to the Company stating how the writer wishes the novel to be published. A second letter to the Secretary, stating why he didn't write it before; and a third to the Editor explaining, that instead of three volumes he (the writer) wished to divide it into "Three Courses." The suggestion is under consideration. The postmark is "Hawarden." We are languishing with curiosity to know from whom on earth it can come!

The fourth is, the writer states at some length, on a purely nautical subject. The postmark is "Derby," and the signature is "SAM PL-S-LL."

The fifth—But no. Boy, take down those others: let them lie on the table. At present—at least next week—we shall have the pleasure of placing before the public (on behalf of the Company Limited as aforesaid) the first instalments of

### THE MASKED MONK;

OR,

THE MAID! THE MANIAC!! AND THE MYSTERY!!!

A THRILLING ROMANCE. WRITTEN BY

GEO. H. WH—LL—Y, M.P.

We do hope the public will like it when they get it, and will testify their appreciation of the undoubted but hitherto undiscovered genius of its Author, whoever he may eventually turn out to be.

P.S.—Prizes (at the discretion of the Editor and Company) will be given to anyone guessing the name of each Author as it appears before the public.

### PHŒBUS COUNSELS PHAËTON.

(Before he mounts the Chariot of the Sun.)

Freely adapted from OVID, "Metamorphoses" Book II. vv. 122—156.

"Tum pater ora sui sacro medicamine nati," et seq.

THEN with a film of the brass from his own invincible forehead Phœbus Phaëton's face made proof for the fiery trial, Placed his own crown on his head, and, not without sighs of foreboding,

Out of the depths of his wisdom in counsel sagacious addressed him. "If, ere the trial begin, thou'dst profit by warning parental, Ever be chary of whip-cord: in reins are a team's education: Horses will go fast enough; to keep them in hand is the business. Never let short cuts seduce thee, nor think the best road is the straightest:

Look for the line I have followed—the tracks of my wheels will direct thee—

'Twixt Tory flats on the right, and Radical slopes to the leftward; Too high a course will but end in a flare of the uppermost circles, Too low in kindling the lowest. The mid-way still is the safest. Bear too much to the Left, and the Red Dragon's coils you impinge on; Bear too much to the Right, and you jostle the Throne and the Altar.

Keep to the middle of these; for the rest, I commit thee to Fortune:

E'en as I speak 'tis the hour for kindling the light of St. Stephen's; Flod the recess with its darkness, the blaze of the Session awaits thee.

Take, then, the reins in thy hand, or—as still there is room for repentance—

Give up a task that o'erweights thee, and go back again to thy Budgets."

Then to car Phaëton sprang, with a lightness that scarce had been looked for,

Settled himself in his place, and rejoicing to handle the ribbons

Flung his *adieux* from the car to Phœbus, adviser paternal;

While the swift steeds that had wont to be worked by that cunning old driver,

Banter and Bunkum, the leaders, and *Mystery*, Asian descended,

Coupled with *Management* (dark horses both), best-bitted of wheelers,

Filled the wide air with their neighings, and pawed with their hoofs at the draw-bar.

### A BLAST FROM RUDE BOREAS.

MR. PUNCH, SHIVER my timbers, and brace up my old main yards to the wind, if I can hold my tongue a day longer. We have had too much of your land-lubberly yarns about Dock-yards. What do you mean by it, Sir? Knock me down with a marling-spike if I put up with it. "Engineers and Superintendents of our Dockyards at loggerheads." And what if they are, Sir? What if they are? The Service must be going to the deuce with a vengeance if a Naval Officer isn't to be trusted to keep a pack of civilians in their places! Bombshells and hand-grenades! I never heard the like of it since I was a Middy in 1825! Never, Sir, never!

Have you read the letter of my friend VICE-ADMIRAL

HALL in the *Times* of the 1st? If you have not, Sir, read it, and you'll learn that the holes cut in the water-tight bulkheads of the *Vanguard* were only *very little ones*! There, Sir, is an answer to your nonsense about Naval Maladministration. Pooh, Sir, nonsense!

The *Vanguard* was lost, Sir, (as my friend the VICE-ADMIRAL says), because it was an old tea-kettle. That was the reason, Sir. To say that a few holes of six inches width cut in the bulk-heads of a ship of 6,000 tons could sink her, is, on the face of it, sheer nonsense! Rubbish, Sir, rubbish! My friend, VICE-ADMIRAL HALL, has proved that an Admiral *must* know about everything from end to end of a ship, engines and all, far better than any one else. Of course he must. You are evidently no more able to appreciate the real capabilities of a naval officer than the rest of your lubberly, shore-going, quill-driving sons of purser's clerks, who reel off their slack-jaw in the newspapers.

LORD PALMERSTON said that "when he wanted a thing done he always sent for a sailor." As my friend VICE-ADMIRAL HALL says, "in the face of this recorded opinion of a great Statesman, we can afford to bear the comments of our detractors." So heave a-head, Mr. Punch, pipe all hands for grog, and let us hear no more about Dockyard Maladministration if you please.

(Signed) BOREAS BLOWHARD,  
Vice-Admiral.

The Binnacle, Portsmouth.

### An Obvious Site.

PROFESSOR ERASMUS WILSON has gallantly undertaken to bear the cost of transporting Cleopatra's Needle from Alexandria to London. They talk of setting it up on the Thames Embankment. Nonsense! Threadneedle Street is the place.

"FREE TO CONFESS."—A pronounced Ritualist.





## JOHN CHINAMAN.

AIR—"A Highland Lad my Love was born."

"We have to announce the landing at Southampton, (Saturday, January 27), of QUOH-SUNG-TAO, the first Chinese Envoy ever accredited to this country, and suite."—*Shipping Intelligence.*



A CHINAMAN QUOH-SUNG was born,  
The "Foreign Devils" he held in scorn;  
But some time ago those "Devils" began  
To tread on the toes of John Chinaman.  
So like it or no, John Chinaman,  
You have got to go, John Chinaman,  
To the land of the "Outer-barba-ri-an,"  
An Ambassador, though, John Chinaman!

With his eyes aslant, and his pigtail's braid  
Coiled neatly round his close-shaved head,  
And his button a-top, Southampton ran  
To behold this great Panjanderan!  
And if QUOH-SUNG is scarce so fine a man  
As we hoped for the sample Chinaman,  
How many big things from as little began  
As this Embassy from John Chinaman!

As stubborn as pigs, and as hard to steer,  
With a taste for cheap buying and selling dear;

A decidedly difficult sort of man  
To deal with, we've found John Chinaman.  
His own way he'll go, will John Chinaman;  
At no lie he'll shy, will John Chinaman;  
And he'll sell you a bargain whenever he can,  
In treaties or teas, will John Chinaman!

You may talk of your Yankee and Hebrew Jew,  
But I guess they're small potatoes, and few  
In a hill, compared with that yellow man,  
After yellow boys keen, John Chinaman.  
He'll outdo our doos will John Chinaman;  
And he'll win where we lose, will John Chinaman;  
The dirt our miners have left he'll "pan,"  
And make it pay, will John Chinaman!

If all this he has learnt without leaving home,  
What will it be now that he deigns to roam,  
And from civilised Christians learns to plan  
New dodges undreamed by John Chinaman?





## ON HIS DIGNITY.

*Maiden Aunt.* "WHO WAS THAT NASTY LITTLE BOY WHO JUST SPOKE TO YOU, JOHNNY? AND WHAT DID HE SAY?"

*Johnny (indignant).* "HE'S NOT A LITTLE BOY—HE'S AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW O' MINE—'GREAT HUNTING MAN! HE SAID YOU WAS A PRETTY GAL, AND I WAS A SLY DAUGHTER! AND LOOK HERE!—IF YOU KEEP CALLING ME 'JOHNNY,' I WON'T TAKE YOU OUT ANY MORE!"

If in fits we would throw John Chinaman,  
Stock Exchange-wards show John Chinaman,  
Where promoters he'll study, financiers scan,  
And go home an improved John Chinaman.

We'll invite him to dinner, and serve him in state,  
On more costly than willow-pattern plate,  
Set small-waisted ladies his heart to trepan,  
Failing small-footed belles à la Chinaman.

You shall go to crushes, John Chinaman,  
See Drawing-room rushes, John Chinaman;  
In West-End soirées be glad of your fan,  
And think of home-odours, John Chinaman.

Our ships, guns, rails, mills, shops, and towns,  
From John o' Groat's House to the Sussex Downs,  
Let QUOH-SUNG survey, study, plot, and plan,  
As an extra-observant Chinaman.

He may go back a gladder John Chinaman,  
Or, it may be, a sadder John Chinaman;  
But one riddle he'll scarce have read as he ran—  
Why JOHN BULL should despise John Chinaman.

## LYMPH FROM THE FOUNTAIN.

It may seem announcing a truism to say that there is nothing like going for lymph to the fountain-head. But the lymph being understood to be vaccine, and the source of it the calf, and the fact being that lymph obtained from unhealthy human beings may possibly infect those vaccinated with something worse than cow-pox, the point of procuring vaccine lymph from the fountain is perceived to be one of which the importance requires it to be urged, so long as it remains neglected. Thanks are due to DR. GEORGE WYLD, M.D., for pointing out that in Belgium the Government, which makes Vaccination compulsory, also provides for lymph supply direct from the calf,

and suggesting that the British Public should call upon our Legislature to do likewise. In the meanwhile, DR. WYLD mentions that some medical men, backed by one of the City vestries, are making arrangements to provide a supply of lymph immediately from calves, and that "MR. ALLSHORNE, 51, Edgware Road, will endeavour to keep a limited supply of Belgian calf lymph for the use of the Medical Profession."

Of course the Anti-Vaccinationists will object to Vaccination even if performed with lymph extracted from calves. That the calves may yield the lymph they have to be kept in a state of disorder, to which their fellow-creatures of Keighley, for instance, might have a sympathetic objection. No Anti-Vaccinationist, however, could possibly ever find himself vaccinated except by stratagem. Neither could recourse be had to Ritualists, or any other of the numerous biped calves that now abound, for original vaccine matter. But perhaps were any one vaccinated with lymph derived from suchlike calves, the possibility that some vituline taint might be imparted by it to that person's blood might become a question for the Faculty.

## An Opening for an Airy Belle.

WONDERS will never cease. "Coals to Newcastle" is an old saying, but "wings to Newcastle" is a new one. Yet in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of Jan. 30, we read:—

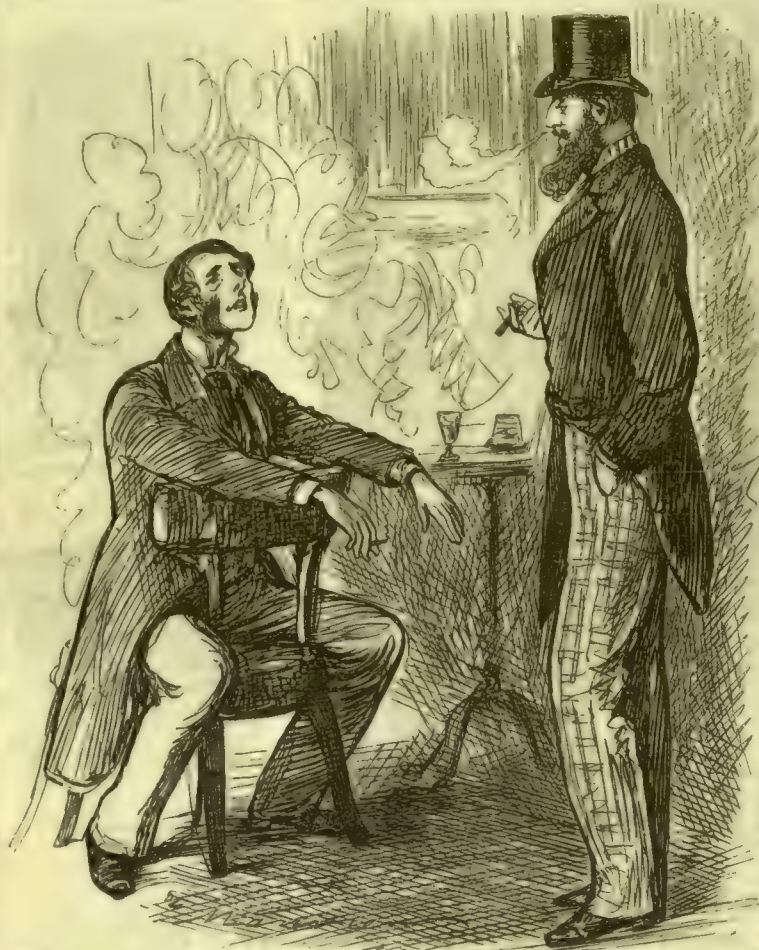
**WANTED**, by S. A. CAIL, Printer, Quayside, Newcastle, a GIRL who has been accustomed to Fly.

## SOMETHING ROTTEN.

IN responding to the toast of "The Army" the other day, the HON. F. STANLEY, M.P., said that the Army, in spite of all the drains upon it, stood at a higher figure than it did last year.

But how about the drains, not upon, but *under* the Army—the drains at the War Office?





## FILIAL ANXIETY.

"GOING TO PARIS TO-MORROW, TOM! HOW'S THAT?"  
 "MY POOR OLD GOVERNOR'S TAKEN ILL THERE!"  
 "GOING BY DIEPPE, OR BOULOGNE?"  
 "RATHER THINK I SHALL GO *à la mode MONACO!*"

## NEW FACTS AND OLD FABLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN spite of the *dictum* of ROUSSEAU, the fable or apologue, based upon the characteristics of the animal kingdom, has been generally considered one of the most valuable aids in the instruction of youth. But really, Sir, the animal kingdom—I use the term comprehensively—has of late been so turned topsy-turvy by scientific explorers and theorists that there would seem to be urgent need for a revised *Æsop*, and a remodelled DR. WATTS. I really think that writers and lecturers ought to be more careful in their revelations, and count the cost of introducing complete chaos into the ancient and honourable realm of Fable. Conceive the condition of a parent, guardian, or instructor, emphasising moral counsel of the most irreproachable sort by time-honoured references to the ant and the bee, and being pulled up short by some sharp child well-posted in the latest investigations of LUBBOCK. It would be disconcerting, not to say demoralising. SIR JOHN has already done his best to demolish the reputation of the bee as the moral exemplar to mankind. He is now as laboriously undermining the ethical character of the ant. I want to know what is to become of our Fables if this sort of thing is to go on? With what shall we point our copybook morals, and how shall we adorn our nursery tales? The fresh facts—if facts they be—furnished by LUBBOCK, scarcely lend themselves to the old treatment. How doth the little busy bee? Well, not entirely in such sort that one could say to a child, without careful qualification, "Go thou and do likewise!" DICKENS was dreadfully severe upon the bee. But then he was only a wild and ribald humorist. The cold and deliberate attacks of LUBBOCK are far more dangerous to the exemplary insect's moral prestige. Shall we continue

## PENDING THEATRICAL ACTIONS.

AGAINST MR. HOLLINGSHEAD, for saying JONES was "a duffer."

AGAINST MR. HENDERSON, for declaring that whatever MISS POPPY LOLLY might know about break-downs, she couldn't dance one.

AGAINST MRS. BANCROFT, for objecting to GREEN, the Gasman, that he never lit the float without breaking one shade at least.

AGAINST MR. HARE, for refusing to accept MISS SEMOLINA SIDDONSON as a substitute for Miss TERRY, and remarking that "she" (Miss S. S.) "wasn't up to the mark."

AGAINST MRS. JOHN WOOD, for suggesting that Miss MONTORGEUIL was too stiff for the part of First Guest in the *Danischeffs*.

AGAINST MRS. SWANBOROUGH, for implying that MR. WALPOLE BELMONT was a Pignorumus for dropping his *h's* into the orchestra.

AGAINST MR. BUCKSTONE, for turning away a Property-Master who looked on the Manager's spoons as his own property.

AGAINST MRS. BATEMAN, for informing a friend that MR. PERCY BATTENS, the low comedian from the Elephant and Castle, would not be able to double MR. IRVING in *Richard the Third*.

AGAINST MR. JAMES, for hinting to the family grocer that the butter supplied to his own table was "inferior Dosset."

Against Mr. Punch for publishing the above.

## JOHN PARRY'S FAREWELL.

At four o'clock this Wednesday, February 7th, after the performance of *The Critic*, which commences at 2'15, our dear old friend, JOHN PARRY, the most entertaining of all entertainers, comes forward on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre to "recall reminiscences of bygone days under the title of *Echoes of the Past*." One of his reminiscences is to be *The Tenor* and *The Tin Tack*. Let those who see this notice, and who have left their chance of getting a seat for the Farewell Performance to the last moment, rush down, or telegraph at once, to the Box-office of the theatre, for *The Tenor* and *The Tin Tack* may not be given again, and those who lose this great opportunity will never cease to reproach themselves for their neglect. But whether it be JOHN PARRY in *The Tenor* and *The Tin Tack*, or in *La Lezione di Canto*, or an *Operatic Rehearsal*, we, in our time, shall, in all probability, never hear or look upon his like again—that is, in his peculiar line, *à la mode de PARRY*.

to bid the sluggard consider formic practice and polity with a view to imitation? SIR JOHN declares that some ants are industrious, but others exceedingly idle, too lazy, indeed, to feed or clean themselves, and entirely dependent on slaves. Lazy! uncleanly! and tyrannical! Are these the qualities and practices as a bright example of which we are to set the ant before our erring youth?

I would earnestly ask SIR JOHN whether any problematical benefit to be derived from his patient, and, as it seems to me, unpleasant prying into the *penetrabilia* of hives and ant-hills can compensate for the shock which will be sustained by our whole system of moral teaching by apologue, if his unwelcome revelations become widely credited.

"The Lion is the King of Beasts;  
 He noble is, and strong!"

How often have I thrilled over that couplet in the days of my childhood. I can hardly realise to myself the shock it would have caused my youthful enthusiasm if any one had assured me—as they tell us now—that the Lion, the Lion of ANDROCLES, of the British Standard, of a thousand moving tales and awe-inspiring figures, is but a cat-like creature, and, in fact, very much of a coward! Well, the herald has his conventional menagerie of abnormal birds, amazing beasts, and apocryphal fishes—can they not leave us, for the invaluable purposes of the moral apologue, the Conventional Lion, the Conventional Bee, and the Conventional Ant?

Your Obedient Servant,

MR. BARLOW'S GHOST.

THE NEW FORM OF CATILE-PLAGUE (from a Butcher's point of view).—American Beef.



## PUNCH'S VALENTINES.



ALF-LOVE is the love of youth, but golden calf-love is the love of riper reason and maturer years. The world is no longer young, though in the golden age—the age when the golden calf is worshipped among the British as it once was among the Israelites. If our motto is still "Hearts and Hearts," it means that hearts must now be laid hold of by hands

with something in them. So no wonder the fashion for substituting gifts for verses on Valentine's Day should be spreading more and more. *Punch*, ever in the fashion, and ever ready to oblige a grateful public, begs to suggest a few appropriate presents for certain eminent personages:—

*Mr. Gladstone.*—A packet of stamped envelopes, with the legend, "To be used instead of post-cards."

*Lord Beaconsfield.*—A model of the Sphinx, in black marble, with the fable of the Frog who tried to be bigger than the Bull.

*Lord Salisbury.*—A Cook's Excursion ticket, with the inscription, "Great Reduction in Railway Travelling."

*Sir Stafford Northcote.*—A set of DISRAELI'S Novels, "from the Author," with the inscription, "Imitation is the sincerest flattery."—BEACONSFIELD.

*Lord Hartington.*—An amusing puzzle game, called "Liberal Policy," with a card "With MR. GLADSTONE'S kindest regards."

*Mr. Gathorne Hardy.*—A Treatise on Sewage; with a return of the number of cases of typhoid fever in the War-Office.

*Mr. Ward Hunt.*—An Essay on "The Tea-Kettle in general, and the *Vanguard* in particular," by ADMIRAL SIR KING HALL.

*Midhat Pasha.*—A Sack, inscribed "The Turkish Constitution—Article 113."

*The Emperor of Russia.*—A Reversible Coat, with the motto, "Can be turned back again."

*The Emperor of Austria.*—A Lion's Skin, with an inscription, "The same old game."—SHAKESPEARE (*King John*).

*Prince Von Bismarck.*—A box of drastic Pills, with the motto, "*Non bis dat qui citò dat.*"

*The Sultan of Turkey.*—A copy of *The Road to Ruin*, and the song, "*Softly tread, 'tis hollow ground.*"

*The King of Italy.*—A *Fra Diavolo* suit, with the motto, "Honour before Honesty."

*Marshal McMahon.*—A Franco-German Dictionary, inscribed, "For a good boy, to be thoroughly mastered."

*Uncle Sam.*—A moral Tale, altered from *The Looking-Glass*, and entitled *One Head is better than Two.*

And, lastly, *Mr. Punch.*—A steam-yacht, a grand-tier box for Covent Garden for life, a coach-and-four, a casket of the most costly jewellery, a blank cheque signed "ROTHSCHILD," and a family mansion in South Kensington, with furniture complete; all marked with the *Punch* monogram, and inscribed with the *Punch* motto, "Modesty is the best policy."

## WONDERS OF THE DAY.

(A Reminiscences of an Installation.)

LOOKING back at my own career, wonder if wonders will ever cease?

Wonder whether a better style of drapery might not be devised for Peers?

Wonder how SALISBURY likes having me at his elbow?

Wonder whether a man is liable to be tried by his Peers in the House of Lords, as well as a Court of Justice?

Wonder whether they will miss me in the Commons?

Wonder how NORTHCOTE will work as a Leader?

Wonder who will answer GLADSTONE?

Wonder who will walk a-top of LOWE?

Wonder what the *Golos* will say on the subject?

Wonder whether BISMARCK will think anything about it, and what?

Wonder whether I shall be moved to write a sequel to *Irion in Heaven*?

Wonder what I really looked forward to when I wrote *Vivian Grey*.

Wonder if I could remember half a dozen lines of *The Revolutionary Epic*?

Wonder how the Great Commoner felt after his rise from PITT to CHATHAM?

Wonder if a Coronet is, after all, a more dignified head-gear than a wide-awake?

Wonder what the Comic scribblers will do without "Dizzy"?

Wonder if I shall be a hit in my new part?

Wonder if there's still such a thing as being "kicked up-stairs"—as there certainly was in PULTENEY'S time?

## ASSES ON TWO LEGS.

A BIPED ass, called DONOVAN—rough, as asses are in winter—lately received from MR. KNOX the well-deserved sentence of two months' imprisonment for striking one of the servants of the Chinese Ambassador, whose lives, it seems, are made a burden to them by the coarse curiosity, rising sometimes to horse-, or rather ass-, play, of the London street-roughs, cads, and anobs, who gather for the purpose about the Embassy in Portland Place. May all asses who pass the line that separates braying from kicking, like this DONOVAN, meet with as hard knocks in the police-court! Do we want to justify the Chinese in the title they have given us of "outer" or "utter barbarians"? If not, we are bound to receive our Celestial visitors' with the courtesies due to "angels' visits, few and far between."

## Standard Works.

(For the Advocates of the Phonetic System of Spelling.)

THE Biglow and Nushy Papers, Artemus Ward—his Book, Major Jack Downing, and the works of other American Humorists, which will thus be found to combine instruction with amusement.

Professors of the new system may be found in plenty amongst the Somersetshire labourers.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PEN Session! (Thursday, February 8th.) In Queen's weather, and the QUEEN's presence. "The Members are met—a terrible show!" The RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, VISCOUNT HUGHENDEN AND EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, "observed of all observers," has appeared, between his sponsors, the EARLS OF DERBY AND BRADFORD; has served his writ on the LORD CHANCELLOR; has duly taken the Oaths, and walked round the House, as a prize-fighter walks round the ring before setting-to; and has held the Sword of State on the left of Her Most Gracious MAJESTY, while the LORD CHANCELLOR read the Speech which her Ministers have been pleased to put into her Royal mouth.

If "speech is silvern," what should a Queen's Speech be?





## A TRUE PATRIOT.

*Young Lady Teacher (in Welsh Sunday School). "Now, JENKIN THOMAS, WHAT GREW IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN?"*  
*Jenkin Thomas (promptly). "LEES, MISS!"*

"Leaden," if we may take this year's concatenation of dull narrative and puny promise as a sample. It tells all in the history of the Turkish troubles that everybody knew already, omitting everything everybody wanted to know, and leaving us equally in the dark on the really important point what we are going to do next. It dashes the announcement of the assumption of the Imperial title at Delhi with the grim tidings of famine in Bombay and Madras (but, strange to say, not a word of the cyclone); gives a regret to the troubles in the Transvaal, and promises—

For England—Bills for Reform in the Universities, the Law of Bankruptcy and Patents, Prisons, and Property Valuation, Factories, Workshops, and Summary Jurisdiction of Magistrates.

For Scotland—Legislation about Roads and Bridges, and Poor Law.

For Ireland—Bills for Establishing one Supreme Court of Judicature, and giving the County Courts an Equitable Jurisdiction.

*Et voilà tout!*

Let *Punch* call in the ghost of his old friend, SAMUEL PEPPYS, to condense the Essence of the evening.

"Then Lords and Commons to debating on the Address. But, Lord! to see how blindly they did all talk, for lack of the papers, whereof 1,200 folio pages be only this day distributed to Members of both Houses, for such digestion as they can give them. Mighty pretty to note how in both Houses the Speakers for the Government and the Opposition did shoot in each other's faces—the one clearly proving how they have all along used one language and kept one policy, the other as plainly showing how they have contradicted themselves flat in the one, and gone right round in the other. . . . And each to the satisfaction of his own side. . . . So no marvel nothing like to come of it all but nothing.

"Only both sides do agree that my LORD SALISBURY hath borne himself bravely, and said and done exactly what both the Ministers and the Opposition would have had him do. As though a man should blow hot and cold at once. Which puzzles me. And my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL did speak mighty hotly, and gave their Lordships his mind like a spirited gentleman as he is, and of a ruddy colour, and peppery, and was for making the Grand Turk do what we would have him, and taking him by the throat, if it came to the worst,

whereat my LORD DERBY did seem troubled, being of a mind that it is better for all, and most for the Christian subjects of the Turk, to open their eyes and shut their mouths, and see what Time or Muscovite will send them, which, methinks, is a course like to be more to the mind of my LORD DERBY, and us in this island, than the Christians now so grievously ill-handed and misruled by the Grand Turk.

"Pretty to see how marvellous modest my LORD BEACONSFIELD did bear himself, and how soft-spoken he was in his new place. And, methinks, he did wear his robes of Earl as easy as ever I saw, and not unhandsonely, as do some that were born to them. And my LORD HARTINGTON, in the Commons' House, did speak with a thick voice, but to the point, showing how that when the Envoys came to Conference at Constantinople, it was not only to ask the Grand Turk for Reforms, but to have the same Reforms, with the Turk's will or against it. And methinks my Lord would have England join with the Muscovite to press the Grand Turk home, rather than leave him altogether in the hands of the Muscovite—and therein methinks my Lord spoke wisely as well as boldly. But to see how the new Leader of the House was sore hampered, and would read from papers which were not yet before Members, and how MR. GLADSTONE chid him sharply for it, but himself afterwards spoke mighty well, and maintained all that the people in their meetings last autumn had given voice to, and all he had himself said and written against the Grand Turk and his ill-doings. Yet, for all this, could I not clearly learn what they of the Opposition would do to make the Turk do better, but hope they would do somewhat, though the Government do seem plainly of no mind but the mind to do nothing.

"And so I home, marvellous weary of their much talking, and no wiser than I was before, which vexed me."

In the Commons, Notices of Bills by the Bushel.

*Friday (Lords).*—ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY moves for Select Committee on Intemperate Habits, and the effect of recent legislation on them. Including Ritual, Low Church, and Liberationist Intemperance, as affected by the Church Discipline Bill—oh, my Lord?

*(Commons.)*—More notices of Bills added to the eighty announced yesterday.

On MR. CROSS re-introducing Prison Bill (not a burglar of that



name), the irrepressible Doctor had a rap at Dartmoor, *à propos* of the "unfortunate nobleman."

MR. HARDY reintroduces his University Bills—changed into a double-headed Parliamentary Nightingale, including both Cambridge and Oxford in the body of one Statute.

Sixty Bills brought in by private Members! Hurrah! What nights we shall be having! Almost all the hobbies *must* be trotted out by this time, one would think.

### "OR OTHERWISE."



WE are often told that the Light of the Law is the perfection of Reason; but Law has not always the benefit of a humbler light—the Light of Common Sense. We are glad to see it has been guided by this light to its judgment in the appeal against the conviction of DR. MONCK, detected in playing Spiritualist conjuring tricks at Huddersfield.

The Vagrant Act, under which he was convicted, enumerates, among the impostures it is aimed at, tricks performed "by palmistry or otherwise." It was coolly contended, on DR. MONCK's behalf, that the word "or otherwise" must mean something of the same kind as palmistry, and so did not include the tricks of impostors calling themselves Spiritualists.

JUSTICES CLEASBY and POLLOCK, with Common Sense as assessor for the occasion, held—*tout au contraire*—that "otherwise" means "otherwise," i.e. tricks different from palmistry, and *not* of the same kind, and so affirmed the conviction, which leaves the *soi-disant* DR. MONCK to work out his term of duration as a rogue and vagabond.

### MR. PUNCH'S CÉLÉBRITÉS CHEZ ELLES.

NO. V.—DR. HARVEY D'OYLEY, AT THE WEST-END.

CONVENIENTLY situated near the Parks and most fashionable Squares of the West-End, almost in sight of the Marble Arch, and not too far from Marlborough House, stands a palatial residence, which combines the appliances of the laboratory with the luxury of a modern English home. Intelligent foreigners passing by this red-brick mansion in the Queen Anne style, with its plate-glass windows, its tall portals and quaint brazen knockers, its well-worn door-steps, and clustering piles of moulded chimneys, would imagine that its owner was a duke at least. Not so. This palatial residence is the property of a man who for many hours daily wrestles with Death and beats off disease, while in the dark hours he burns the midnight oil in tracking Science through her tortuous windings, and makes, at least, twenty thousand a year in guinea fees alone. Its occupant is the most fashionable consulting physician of the day. The value of HARVEY D'OYLEY's time is measured in gold—his every five minutes are guineas. These are swept in by the never-ending flood of his daily consultations. Then, in the night-season, so precious are his thoughts, that a secretary is always seated at his bedside, to jot down, in shorthand, what he says in his sleep. All the principal hospitals (of which he is an honoured officer) are connected with his house by telegraphic wires,

along which he flashes his medical oracles. The horses in his stables are selected for their bone, bottom, and speed. When a case of moment is on hand, when a Cabinet Minister has toothache, or the wife of an Archbishop is suffering from cold, it is a sight to see the Doctor's perfectly-appointed brougham, with its thoroughbred step-pers, flashing through the crowded thoroughfares. The moment one of D'OYLEY's horses gets past his work, that is, ceases to be up to twenty miles an hour, it is sold, and replaced by another. The discarded gallopers are usually purchased by CAPTAIN SHAW to horse the engines of the Fire Brigade.

Before describing the house in detail, it is as well to say that the domestic offices are defective. The pantry would be more cheerful for another window, and the Butler has no room in which he can receive his *comme il faut* friends *en petit comité*. On the right-hand doorpost are two bells, one labelled "Visitors," the other "Servants." Let us check a natural inclination, and ring the first. After a pause of a few minutes, the door is opened by a formidable, almost repellent, person clad in sober black. This is the Doctor's "confidential man," but his name is a misnomer. He is the very reverse of confidential. Ask him to whom that wide-awake on the hall-slab belongs, and he will require to know your business. Question him about last night's *menu*, and he will feign ignorance of the fact that his master yesterday gave a large and distinguished dinner-party. But while you have held him in talk, you are ill fitted indeed for your vocation, or you will have found time to note that there is in the corner near the door a handsome hat-stand, supporting many curious walking-sticks and costly umbrellas. You will have caught a glimpse of the solid mahogany door leading to the waiting-room, and the green baize portal of the *sanctum* of Hygeia. You will have rapidly written on the tablets of your memory that the floor is covered with marble-patterned oil-cloth. Nay, more, before the door is closed in your face with scant courtesy, you will have made your own the important fact that a stained glass lamp is hanging from the central star of the stucco ceiling.

Fortunately, there are means for gaining admittance here besides a sop to Cerberus. Coals must be carried, and a footman's livery is a disguise not difficult to assume. Moreover, the Healer, absorbed in science and consultations, does not know one servant from another.

Entrance once secured, our survey may be more leisurely. We enter the waiting-room on the right from the hall. It is cosy, though scarce (from an upholsterer's point of view) costly. A red carpet with yellow flowers gives a decided relief to a blue wall-paper and a pale green ceiling. The chairs have oak frames and are leather-seated and backed. The table (a very good one, from the celebrated emporium of MESSRS. VAMP AND VENEER) is covered with periodicals, comic and serious, literary and social, from *Bradshaw* downwards, of various dates and much thumbed. An illustrated edition of *Joe Miller* lies side by side with BURKE's *Peersage*, like two roses on one stalk. Mixed up with the lighter literature are several pamphlets by the Healer himself. Here, for instance, is *D'Oyley on the Circulating Fluid*, a most valuable addition to medical specialism; and yonder, in a neat cover, is that standard work of D'OYLEY's on the *Obscure Diseases of the Upper Ten Thousand*, for the Doctor belongs to the new school, and eschews Latin words when English will serve as well. Seated on the chairs round the table, or ranged along the walls, or standing in groups, are the patients—for whose amusement all this literature is intended—pale-faced, wearied, and anxious.

Do not let us wait to be summoned into the Healer's presence, but by virtue of our "Open, sesame!" enter his *sanctum* at once. A majestic room, hung with proof-prints of eminent Doctors, (from HUNTER and POTT downwards), with well-filled dwarf book-cases; on their tops, and on stands and small tables all about, models of preparations under glass-cases, and chemical apparatus. The Healer is a great authority on the diagnostic power of medical chemistry, and his *brochure* on the white blood-corpuscles has attracted great attention in the columns of the Medical Press. Near the fire, and well-screened from the draught, are a desk and a very easy chair. And now let us look at the Healer at work. A delicate-looking man of sixty, with auburn hair, and a long, black, silky moustache. A grand head, full of bumps that would drive a phrenologist into ecstasies of delirious delight. A pair of piercing eyes, sparkling with a concentration of energy and enthusiasm, fun and science. A well-knit frame of great muscular power. He softly smiles as you enter, and motions you to a seat. A few rapid questions are first given, and the answers pondered noted, resolved. Then he examines you. He punches you here, bangs you there, and, so to speak, whacks you all over. "Does this hurt?" he asks with each blow, and notes down in a large book which lies open before him your loudly-uttered answer. In five minutes he has knocked off your case, and after a hurriedly-written prescription, and perhaps a rapid interchange of thought on the current topic of the day, with a recommendation of a mutton-chop luncheon, and the avoidance of sugar and malt liquors (the Healer has a firm belief in diet, which he calls the right hand of medicine, and mutton-chops are just



now up, sugar and malt down, in the medical barometer), and your interview is over. You bow yourself out (after leaving your fee on the table), and another patient takes your place. As the door closes behind you, you hear the faint sounds of distant thumpings. And so it goes on, from nine to one, in a never-ending stream of rapidly-interviewed pilgrims to the shrine of Esculapius. Then comes the perfectly-appointed but not luxurious luncheon-tray, with its two glasses of restorative Amontillado; and then the well-hung chariot, with its four-hundred guinea steppers is at the door, and if we are to keep our eye on the Healer, it must be no longer *chez lui*, but *chez son clientèle*, in every part of the wide West-End, from *rococo* Cavendish Square to brand-newest Kensingtonia. But the Doctor does not take a man on the box; and though few places are beyond our ken, we are not quite ubiquitous.

Nor need we care to follow the Healer home again from his daily round. Is not private life sacred? And yet one scene more. It is night. The Healer's house is a blaze of lights. The waiting-room contains a supper with all the delicacies of the season, for the pastrycook who has taken the contract has charged fifteen shillings a-head! The gentlemen of the pantry must have increased assistance to-night. The roll and roar of carriages ceases not without. Upstairs, in the gorgeous drawing-room, are the guests, including all the celebrities of the day, civil and military, literary and scientific, fashionable and financial, musical and theatrical. In one corner a celebrated author is reading extracts from his works to a rather languid audience. In another, a professional negro serenader, banjo in hand, is singing with much feeling a popular comic song. The Healer, now in his favourite character of Host, is circulating around, with a smile for the Ladies, a flashing joke, or a profound conundrum for the Men, when a servant hurriedly approaches him, and whispers in his ear. Five minutes later the perfectly-appointed brougham is dashing through the streets at the rate of the *Flying Dutchman*. It contains the Healer, bent on a mission of mercy. . . . Such is his life, full of mysteries and confidences, blind guesses and rapid inductions, vast gains and large benevolences, sensations and delights, guineas, honours, and contrasts.

### THE COMING MAN FOR TURKEY.

THE fall of MIDHAT PASHA may very probably prove the means of affording Turkey a good chance of salvation. According to the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, there has lately come into the foreground a man who, though for some time little heard of, is beginning to be considered by well-informed persons "a not unlikely candidate for the post of definitive Grand Vizier." This is a Turk of exceptional integrity, virtue, and intelligence, by name AHMED REFIK EFFENDI, who has served his country in several high offices of State successively, and, during his intervals of leisure, has always gone "to dig and plant in his garden on the hill-side, and to indulge his taste for reading and study." How elevated a taste for study and reading is that which actuates this literary Turkish Cincinnatus, the whole world will discern from the statement that, amongst English and other cultivated residents in Turkey, by some of whom he was regarded as one of the most fanatical and dangerous of "Old Turks"—

"Those who, being under this impression, made his acquaintance, may have been not a little astonished to find a man as well up in the latest works of English and French literature as they were themselves, a man who took in *Punch* and *Charivari*, and laughed over them as heartily as any man could."

It would be mere mock-modesty to refrain from anticipating the observation which the foregoing words will suggest to everybody, that a Grand Vizier being not only a constant reader of *Punch*, but also capable of understanding and appreciating the contents of these pages, is likely to regenerate and save his country, if anybody in the slippers of a Grand Vizier can. May AHMED REFIK EFFENDI live to do it; and that he may have plenty of time to do it in, may His Excellency live a thousand years, continuing to take in and read his *Punch*.

### Dens Bidentium.

SHEEPS' teeth are used by dentists (so 'tis stated)  
To fill the cells that grinders have vacated.  
The Hatoam sheep uplift a piteous wail;  
The Tooth they've lost now fills a cell in gaol.  
Ah! Toothless sheep, whose pap-preparer's gone!  
Ah! sheepless Tooth, that chew'st the cud alone!

### TO THE TOTTERING LILY.



E hear that a Chinese lady (wife of one of the Staff of the Ambassador), whose name signifies the Tottering Lily of Fascination, has accompanied the Chinese Embassy to this country."—*Gossip of the Day*.

FAIR flower from the Flowery Land—  
How national is your cognomen!  
An inability to stand  
Is not the charm we most demand  
In Western women.

'Tis plain you've not been favoured yet  
With a Celestial MARY WALKER.  
Ah me! how much you must regret,  
Or should do, never having met  
That lively talker!

But pray don't bring in fashion here  
Your pedal fascination.

Of all that's hideous, awkward, queer,  
Our Dames are quite too prompt, I fear,  
In emulation.

The Grecian bend, the Roman fall,  
Set all our beauties waddling, wob-  
bling;  
Sight of your tootaicums so small,  
Fair totterer, might be setting all  
Our beauties hobbling!

The Chinese Totter! Taking name!  
Fancy presents appalling pictures.

Imagine all our Ladies lame,  
And modish *bottiers* earning fame  
For ten-toe strictures!

We've lots of fashions, goodness knows,  
Which are—excuse me!—quite as  
silly.  
You're welcome, dear, but don't dis-  
close  
To Western gaze those tiny toes,  
Sweet Tottering Lily!

### IMITATIVE BENEVOLENCE.

(A Hint to Noble Sportsmen.)

MORE than once or twice during the shooting season, the constant reader of his newspaper may therein discover pleasant little unpretentious paragraphs, recording very simply such kind acts of grace as these:—

"HER MAJESTY has forwarded, from Windsor, twenty brace of pheasants to St. George's Hospital."

"Presents of game have been dispatched from Sandringham, by order of the PRINCE OF WALES, for the use of the patients in the London hospitals."

Imitation, we are told, is the truest form of flattery, and we feel pretty sure that both HER MAJESTY and the PRINCE OF WALES would be flattered by a loyal imitation of their gifts. Noble sportsmen would do well to emulate their betters; and instead of sending all their surplus game to be sold for them at Smithfield, they should send some of it, at least, to the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, adjacent to the market. Battues are abominable; but there might be some excuse for them, if their proceeds were distributed among the sick and suffering poor. As a rule, there is small interest in the statements of "good sport" which are paraded in the newspapers, describing how the noble army of Swells at Crackshot Castle have destroyed, in the last three days, some five thousand head of game. Such paragraphs, however, might well deserve publicity if they conveyed an intimation that the game had been presented to the London Hospitals, and that the carriage of it thither had been charitably paid.

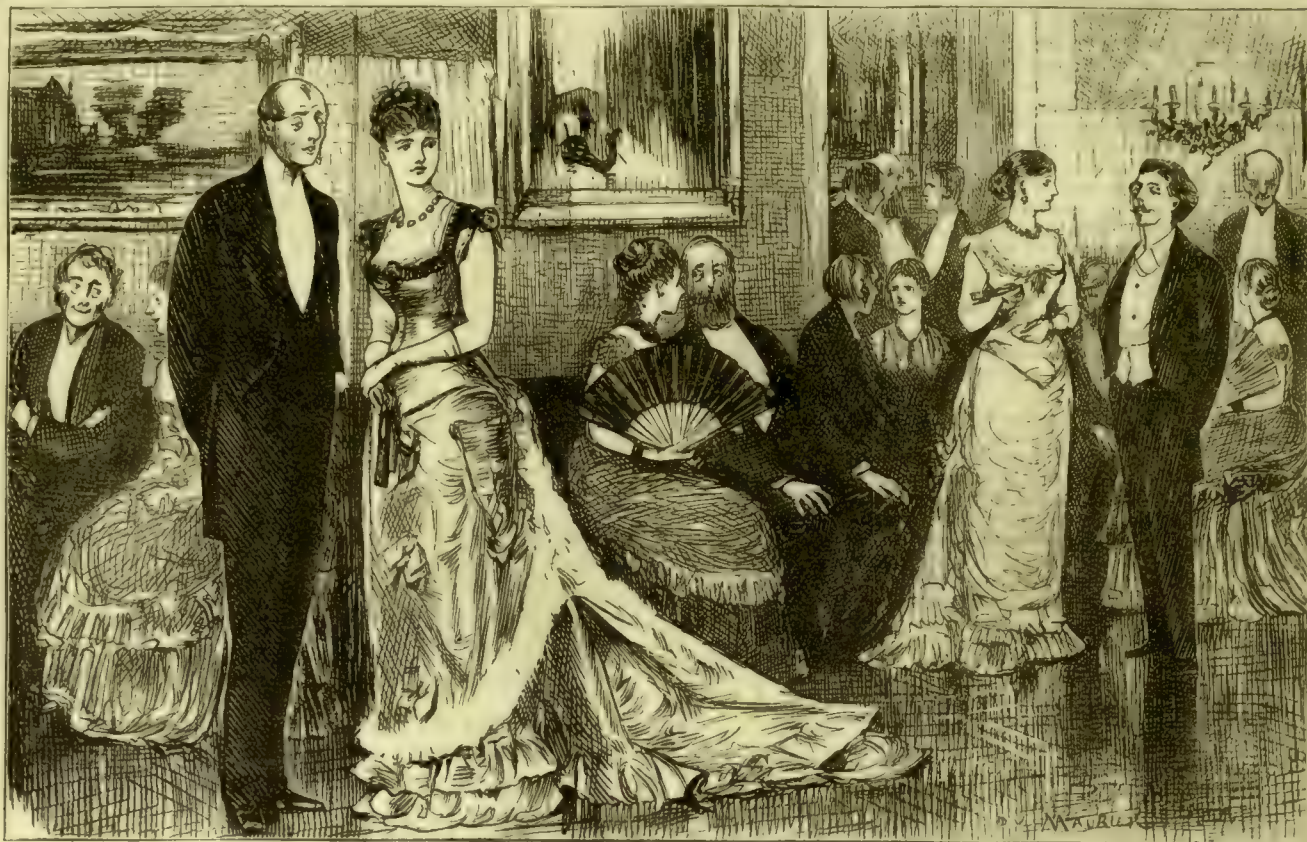
### SENSATION IN BELGRAVIA.

CHAWLES and JOHN THOMAS are in great tribulation, as they have heard Vaccination is to be administered direct from the calf. Their situations, they complain, won't have a leg to stand on, if they are to be punctured for the benefit of babies.

### A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us an anagram, revealing in a new Peer what the world has long been in the dark about:—"THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD—The real Face of Old Ben."





### TRUE ARTISTIC REFINEMENT.

"Died of a colour, in æsthetic pain."

*Hostess.* "WE'RE GOING DOWN TO SUPPER, MR. MIRABEL. LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS CHALMERS."

*Mr. Mirabel.* "A—PARDON ME—IS THAT THE TALL YOUNG LADY STANDING BY YOUR HUSBAND?"

*Hostess.* "YES. SHE'S THE MOST CHARMING GIRL I KNOW."

*Mr. Mirabel.* "I'VE NO DOUBT. BUT—A—SHE AFFECTS ANILINE DYES, DON'T YOU KNOW? I WEALLY COULDN'T GO DOWN TO SUPPAH WITH A YOUNG LADY WHO WEARS MAUVE TWIMMINGS IN HER SKIRT, AND MAGENTA WIBBONS IN HER HAIR!"

### MATERFAMILIAS ON THE MEAT QUESTION.

SIXPENCE a pound! A blessed thought! I hope this time it's no vain vision.  
Ah! bring the Butchers down a bit, and house-keeping might be Elysian;  
But what with those blue-coated wolves, and trade in such a state as trade is,  
A prudent woman to venture beyond Australian tinned afraid is,  
Yet from your preserved meats, preserve me!—I never could conceit 'em;  
And servants—drat their dainty ways!—declared they'd sooner starve than eat 'em.  
But these American frozen joints—though freezing victuals does seem funny,—  
By all accounts, are good and cheap, and that's the market for my money.

Cheap! Word of comfort to a wife! And yet it almost sounds like mocking,  
For prices keep on going up to an extent that's really shocking.  
And prices, like that rash young man in Mr. LONGFELLOW's sad ditty,  
When once they take to rising, won't come down again—more's the pity.

*Excelsior* is the Butchers' cry; at rising they're as smart as rockets;  
And show themselves natural enemies of every woman's peace and pockets:  
And if so be this frozen beef should only bring the brutes to book a bit,  
I'd breathe a blessing on those Yankees, every time I had to cook a bit.

But if they're going to buy it cheap and pocket the extra profit,  
Like those Scotch cheats, I can't say I see much good folks are like to get off it.  
They'll raise a cry and say, no doubt, they're froze out, like gardeners,—drat 'em!  
But much I fear they're far too sly to let us buyers tit-for-tat 'em.  
They've always got some fine excuse—flood, drought, war, rinder-pest, and so on;  
Don't tell me! Government ought to stop the way these Butchers go on.  
Thousands of tons of Yankee meat imported monthly? The more surprising,  
Spite of States' beef and Canadian too, my bills should still keep rising!

### "Wearing of the Green."

THE following is an extract from *The Irish Times* of February 6, 1877:—

"Speaking of his Grace reminds me that his noble Lady, the Duchess, created quite a sensation last week by driving down Grafton Street, preceded by two outriders, in a *pale-green silk dress*. Her reception all along the way was very warm, the people being evidently pleased at the marked compliment meant to be paid to Ireland by the colour of the dress."

What a pity the people of Ireland are not oftener put in a good-humour when it takes so little to please them!

### A QUESTION OF SEX.

"EQUES" wants to know whether the horse christened "*Management*" in our last Cartoon should not have been a filly, and named *Mis-Management*?





## WHAT NEXT?

RUSSIAN BEAR. "YOU'VE READ MY 'CIRCULAR!' YOU KNOW MY INTENTIONS ARE STRICTLY HONOURABLE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"

BRITISH LION. "BLEST IF I KNOW! ASK THE GOVERNMENT, AND IF THEY CAN'T TELL YOU, TRY THE OPPOSITION!!"









### CHURCH IN HIGH STYLE.

*Ritualistic Hostess.* "ARE YOU GOING TO CHURCH WITH US THIS EVENING, MAJOR?"

*The Major.* "THANKS, NO! I WAS AT THE MORNING PERFORMANCE!"

### HOW TO MAKE HOME SAFE.

(Respectfully dedicated to CAPTAIN SHAW.)

"There were over a hundred fires in the Metropolis last week."—*Weekly Paper.*

1. In the first place I, *Punch*, would have you careful in the matter of matches. Avoid those to which Proprietors and Manufacturers have given the title "Safety," for use can be made of them only when you have the box by you. Rather choose those which strike not only on the box, but on anything. By employment of these yourself, and by encouraging the careless use of them by your servants, you may do your part in keeping up the average of Metropolitan conflagrations.

2. In these days of universal improvement your house is probably lighted with gas from attic to basement. On this head I have little to say. Remember, however, the proverb which illustrates the futility of seeking for anything in the dark. If, therefore, you smell gas, and are thus warned of an escape, go, or send one of your household, with a lighted candle, to discover the source of it.

3. If there be no Gas in your house, it is probable that you will use oil lamps. Paraffin will do for your dining and drawing-rooms. In the nursery, schoolroom, or wherever else there is likely to be romping, employ petroleum or kerosine. Consider the Cow of Chicago.

4. Never indulge in Fire-Guards. They intercept great part of the heat of the fire, which no prudent householder can afford at the present prices of coal. If, in your absence, a gassy coal explodes, and the fragments are projected into the room, how can you possibly be to blame?

5. Some housewives are of opinion that linen should be aired gradually. This is mere old-fashioned nonsense, unsuited to an age too rapid to permit of things being done slowly. Air your linen quickly; have a roaring fire, and bring your clothes-horses as near it as possible.

6. The medical profession strongly condemn chlorodyne or

### THE PORTE AND THE VATICAN.

CONFOUND those European Powers,  
A set of hogs and dogs and Giaours!  
We knuckle down to their dictation?  
We truckle to intimidation?  
Submit to their conditions, We?  
Concede our Slaves autonomy?  
We of the Infidel afear'd?  
No, never, by the Prophet's beard!  
Like that old Brick on Peter's Throne,  
Whose case is so much like Our own,—  
If 'tis as pole resembles pole—  
For whom We feel with all our soul,  
Has one, and only one, reply,  
When vexed with importunity,  
So We, whenever pressed to do  
The thing we are unwilling to,  
Will let the Giaour get nought of Us,  
But a serene, "*Non possumus!*"

### HOSPITALITY AND PLUNDER.

INFORMED by telegram that "LORD DERBY had received an address signed by a numerous body of English traders, complaining of the Brigandage in Sicily, and requesting him to call in the most pressing manner the attention of the Italian Government to the subject," the Public, Parliament, and Press of Italy have been thrown into a fit of indignation at what they call "an egregious breach of the hospitality extended to British residents in the Island." Strange to say, what they mean by breach of hospitality appears not to have been the seizure of MR. ROSE by brigands, their detention of him in their mountain den, in constant danger of his life, and his release for a ransom of £2,400,—no; it seems that, from the Italian point of view, the hospitality extended to British residents in Sicily was broken by MR. ROSE's fellow-countrymen and fellow-residents in complaining of that and similar outrages to the British Government. Well, there's nothing like looking at things your own way!

AN Advertisement in a contemporary offers a select home to a few Ladies and Gentlemen who require rest. Among the first to avail themselves of this retreat will be found MACAULAY's New Zealander and CÆSAR's Wife.

chloral. Therefore, if you have wakeful nights, compose yourself by means of a book in small type, which will involve your keeping your bedside-candle close to the curtains, where, if left to itself, it may burn down quietly.

7. Nothing is more soothing than for a man with his head on his pillow to meditate over the affairs of the day with a cigar in his mouth.

8. While wages are so high, I would have you execute for yourself any little repairs that may become necessary on your premises. The cases of Canterbury Cathedral, and the Alexandra Palace, show what may be done by the skilful use of a glue-pot.

9. In the event of any article of wearing apparel or furniture igniting, remember at once to open a door, so as to admit a good current of air. All the above directions may be rendered useless by inattention to this hint.

10. Never insure your house. Think of the luxuries you can purchase with a few pounds, and hesitate before investing your money in what is too often nothing but a premium on carelessness.

11. And last. Take the foregoing directions to heart, and carry them out steadfastly and thoroughly. Verify the saying of THOMAS of Chelsea, that the twenty millions of these islands are mostly fools. Vex the souls of CAPTAIN SHAW and his gallant men, and by your ignorance, carelessness, laziness, and stupidity, continue to swell the fire-returns, and aggravate your sincere well-wisher,

**PUNCH.**

### THE PAINS AND PENALTIES OF RITUALISM.

(What with the Priests of Hatcham and Maidstone.)

In Horsemonger Lane—Tooth-ache.

In the Court of Privy Council—Ear-ache.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Take care to choose a Lady Help, and not a Lady Encumbrance.



## THE MASKED MONK;

OR, THE MAID! THE MANIAC!! AND THE MYSTERY!!!

A THRILLING ROMANCE, FOUNDED ON UNQUESTIONED FACTS. INVENTED  
AND WRITTEN BY

GEO. H. WH—LL—Y, M.P.

CHAPTER I.—*The Jesuit Chief.*

IN a spacious arched and vaulted chamber, whose stones could have told of the darkest and foulest deeds ever perpetrated in the history of mankind when under the shadow of the broad triple-crowned tiara, which was assumed by the persecuting pontiffs of the mediæval period in cutting, cruel, and deadly ridicule of the costume of the oppressed Hebrew race, which, at that time, still clung to the traditional head-gear of a happier past,—in, I say, an arched and vaulted chamber of the large building, about which there is something at once prisonly and palatial, at the corner of the *Piazza di Septetti Diali*,\* were gathered some of the most remarkable persons in the world, whose names would have struck terror into the very hearts of the sovereigns of the capitals and the capitalists of a blinded Europe, which sees the movements of the puppets, but is either unable or unwilling to rise *en masse* and detect the heartless, fiendish, wire-pullers hidden away in the recesses of such spider-like corners as that in which I am now about, for the first time, to throw a perfect lampful of the purest, truest, and most unpromising light. Gentlemen below the gangway may sneer and attempt to persuade the public that it is but waste of their precious moments to listen to the voice of Truth, but the time will come when—*But to my story.*†

The gloomy chamber was hung around with various instruments of torture, which, though superseded by modern improvements and inventions, still retain their terrible significance, and cause a tremor to pass through the stoutest frame that ever England can produce.

In different corners, for the apartment is all corners and angles, sat sombre-hooded figures at desks, watching with lynx-like eyes the complicated movements of the telegraphic-needles in front of them, while inferior servitors, each wearing a tight-fitting black suit, a tall, conical cap,—called in ecclesiastical Italian a *Cappa Magna*,‡—and black half-masks, like Mediæval headsman, waited at

\* "*Piazza di Septetti Diali*."—Is there such a Street in Rome? and are you quite sure of your spelling? In haste.—Yours, Ed.

From G. W., M.P.—Sir, facts are facts, be they never so factitious. The Piazza in question, I learn on the very best authority, is "*a quarter*," not an entire street. But the part represents poetically the whole.—Yours ever.

† The break at this point, and the italics, are ours.—Ed.

‡ "*Cappa Magna*."—On reference to Roman Catholic authorities, we find the "*Cappa Magna*" is a cope not a cap. Is this not a slip of yours, my dear Sir?—Ed.

Answer from G. W.—Slip? No. If you believe what those people tell

each hooded figure's elbow, ready to seize a missive, and dash away on some errand of the *Segretto Servizio*.\* All are busy. Every second the little bells are ringing, and messages arriving from all quarters of the world. A special department is assigned to news from England; and during the Session the wires are constantly at work.

And where are we now? In the *Camera Obscura* of the head Department of the Secret Conclave's Office, whence issue orders for the conduct of the affairs, Ecclesiastical and Civil, of the entire globe, where all secrets are told; where all plots are known; where the Propaganda holds its monthly feasts, and the outwardly sedate Seminarists meet for their nightly revels.

At a table, listening to the low-murmured recital of a cowed figure, sat one towards whom, from time to time, all eyes furtively glanced. He was dressed in a long gown, called a "*biritta*,"† which entirely concealed the closely-woven coat of chain armour that protected him night and day from those whom alone, of all men, he feared, namely, the assassins in his pay. For him, bravos belonging to what is known as the "*claque*" were ever at his call, and their hands, ever ready for his bidding, might, when unemployed, find

means to send a dagger to the heart of the very man who had taught them to use it. His face could it have been discerned by the dim light of the chamber, was sallow, and of the Spanish type. His brows were heavy, and his eyes, bright and piercing, were restless as a snipe on the marshes, and as keen as the air on the Welsh mountains.‡ His head and face were closely shaven, the better to enable him to assume any disguises that the necessity of the moment or the urgency of the affair might suggest. On his head he wore what alone would have distinguished him from all the rest—the insignia of his office and rank in the Popish Ecclesi-

astical Camp. It was a cocked hat, surmounted by a feather.

Beneath his cloak, and entirely concealed by it, he wore his epaulettes, and by his side a rapier of the purest Toledo steel. He had two air-revolvers of the most recent American invention in his girdle, while in his long, thin, sinewy, bloodless hand, which a

you, you'll believe anything. Why, you'd believe that the unfortunate nobleman now languishing at Dartmoor is not the man he wasn't taken for. I know all about *Cappa Magna*. I've worn one to try it. It's like an extinguisher.

From the Editor to the Author.—Good. We shall not interfere again.

\* In answer to your letter, Sir, in which you kindly propose to leave my production untouched by the editorial hand in its characteristic features, I am open to admit that I never have been in Rome (dare I venture there, Sir? Would you in my skin, which is not proof against the stiletto of the hired assassin), and never will learn a language, which, whatever may be its original beauties, is associated with the history of the debased, profligate —[ \* \* \* \* The asterisks are ours, Ed.]—Papal Misrule.—G. W.

† "*Biritta*."—We said we wouldn't interfere, but "*biritta*" is a cap.

From G. W. to the Editor.—I suppose CARDINAL M—NN—NG told you this? Bah!

‡ I call your attention, Sir, to the fact that I do not write about matters of which I am ignorant. Am I not a dweller among marshes and mountains? Very well, then: true in a tittle, true in a total.—G. W.







## CULINARY CULTURE.

*New Cook.* "IF YOU'RE GOING UP-STAIRS, MR. RUGGLES, YOU MIGHT JUST TELL MY LADY THAT IF SHE CAN'T WRITE THE 'MENOO' IN FRENCH, I SHALL BE VERY 'APPY TO DO IT FOR HER!"

Sir Joshua might have painted and a Sir Moses have bought, he held that most formidable of all his weapons, a *steel pen*. And who was this?

Gentlemen, this was the man before whom all Europe in reality quailed, to whom Princes bowed and diplomatists cajoled,—it was DOM VICHÉDUOMO SOVERICHINO, the General of The Jesuits!!

"*Emissario mio*," he said, suddenly, to a yellow-faced, high-cheek-boned Monk, whose general appearance bespoke the part of the world for which he was made up, "go to China. See the Emperor's Secretary, and give him this draught," and he held out a paper of the deepest black, with a few characters in white on it. "*Il drafto nigro*," he continued, "will settle the constitutional question that is to give us a new empire in an old and tottering world. Stay," he added, as the Emissary was about to withdraw, "let me look at you."

He eyed him narrowly from head to foot. Then, suddenly exhibiting tokens of dissatisfaction, he beckoned to a stout, pale-faced assistant, who had till this moment been seated in a dark corner with a box in his hand. This box he now opened. It was filled with paints, pigments, brushes, powders, pencils, Indian ink, and hares' feet.

"*Caro KARLARKZONE*," said the General of the Jesuits to the stout, pale monk, "*tu cimuppa bitto!*"

KARLARKZONE bowed, and, with a light hand and small brush, put a few lines here, a few lines there, rubbed a little more yellow into his face, and the man (in reality a native of Limerick) was transformed into a most perfect Chinaman. [Is it certain that this emissario is not one of those who hang on behind the Chinese Ambassador's coach as he drives about London? Let CARDINAL M-N-N-G answer. He knows, and if he will only —

Just at this moment a piercing scream rang through the apartment. A secret door was suddenly thrown open, and a beautiful nun, pale and dishevelled, rushed into the apartment and threw herself at the knees of the General.

† The break and asterisks are ours.—ED.

(To be continued.)

## NOTES BY THE TALENTED AUTHOR.

Of course I limit myself entirely to *facts*, either within my own personal and peculiar knowledge, or sworn to by those in whom, from their position and exceptional opportunities of observation, I

have every confidence. I have already spent hundreds, I may say thousands, in unearthing the machinations of the Jesuits in this country—I have been content to bear the obloquy cast upon me by the satellites of the Roman Secret Monastic Societies—and, alas! I have actually been held up to suspicion (how baseless my conscience and constituents best know) of being myself a Popish Emissary!!—and this too by the once eminent Protestant Champion, MR. N-D-G-R, who, I fear, is after all but an unconscious tool in the hands of astute Cardinals and wily Italian Prothonotaries. I defy DR. M-N-N-G and all his works (not one of which I would ever read, nor even accept as a birthday present), and dare the whole Consistory and College of Bishops and Council of Seminarists to disprove in detail any one of the *Facts*, or contradict any single one of the statements which I shall put before the public in this true and thrilling narrative, which should rouse all England from its torpor, and cause Parliament to send a *carefully-selected* body of firemen, with hose and hatchet, into the cellars of the house.

I would not employ a policeman or fireman if I had my way, unless he were previously examined by a competent Protestant Committee, and had received from the examiners a certificate of his thorough acquaintance with the Catechism, and had taken a good strong anti-Popish oath without evasion, reservation, or mental equivocation whatsoever. For me, I would go to the stake cheerfully for my opinions, and I should be very glad to see others go there too, and remain there. For my part, I do not think I should care to do more than go to the stake for my opinions, get my opinions, and come back again. For the sake of the Protestant cause I would give up almost anything except, perhaps, my pipe, which is a great comfort to me when I am stumping at Peterborough, and which I miss in the House.

I shall go on with this Novel as long as I can, in order to expose the system of tyranny and duplicity which keeps an excellent nobleman out of his property simply because he is a butcher, and, therefore, opposed to Lenten diet and fish on Fridays. But my time is fully occupied, and my leisure moments I devote to singing lessons. When next asked to sing I shall do so—and charge for it.—G. W.

## CRYSTAL PALACE IMPROVEMENT.

Is the Crystal Palace worth preserving? This is a question not raised in a pamphlet by MR. GLADSTONE, but by the LORD MAYOR, at a meeting of public-spirited gentlemen, held the other afternoon at the Mansion House, to consider "the best means to maintain and preserve the Crystal Palace for the use of the people, in fulfilment of the objects for which it was originally founded." They ultimately resolved that, "in view of the great public advantage of the Crystal Palace, it is desirable that it should be maintained for the public," and appointed a Committee to confer with the Directors to that end. Thus the question before the meeting was answered in the affirmative, but not absolutely. They voted the Crystal Palace worth preserving to effect the objects for which it was founded, and not others.

The former they contemplate promoting by a large and liberal scheme for "the cultivation of arts, sciences, and manufactures, and the providing of good and elevating recreation for the public," and for those who join in the undertaking, "a substantial return in the shape of valuable works of Art."

Among the objects for which the Palace was designed, rope-walking, circus-riding, and Cockney diversions in general were not included. So *Punch* heartily wishes, under new arrangements, better luck to the Crystal Palace, and a return to the original intentions.



## MIDHAT AND HIS MASTER.

(A Frown from the Grand Turk.)

"A careful study of the *Arabian Nights* would be a better guide to the mysteries of Turkish policy than the scrutiny of protocols and despatches."—*Times*.



MIDHAT be blowed! That's  
Giaour slang!  
And let the Plenipotes  
go hang!  
Conference? Constitution? Foh!  
Shall Padishahs be  
muzzled so?  
Still Bosphorus Seven  
Towers doth lick,  
Where Giaours of En-  
voys once atestick.  
Ask guarantees from  
the Grand Turk?—  
A very pretty piece of  
work!

What hath a Sultan but a "pshah"  
For irreducible minima!  
It was not thus in MAHMOUD's time,  
Nor in the glorious golden prime  
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

Bowstrings and Bosh! Thinks he he  
can

Turn upside down the Ottoman?  
Who is this MIDHAT, to o'errule  
The Pasha-power of Istamboul?  
Sherbet and Sheitan! Are we sons  
Born of burnt fathers? Ships and

guns  
We've borrowed from the upstart  
West,  
Her spare cash helped her to invest;  
But now these Giaours, by word and  
blow,  
That the East's still the East, we'll  
show!  
By change untouched, untaught by  
time,  
As it was in the golden prime  
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

The Padishah, a paper-thrall,  
At MIDHAT's whistle to sing small!  
A Constitution one decrees—  
A bubble blown the Giaour to please—  
On SALISBURY's high waves to pour  
oil,

IGNATIEFF's little game to spoil,  
But to be carried out? Oh, no!  
MIDHAT will find that way's no go.  
MIDHAT shall quit, and ne'er come  
back—

We'll give him what Giaours call  
"the sack"—

A sack I'd sink in Bosphorus slime,  
If this were but the golden prime  
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

What! Shall a Sultan live in fear  
Of a Reforming Grand Vizier?  
A text for quidnuncs and for quizz-  
ers?  
Of Softas to say nought, or scissors.

A cup of coffee, spiced and strong,  
Had been mere Eastern, and less long.  
But ours is a degenerate time;  
Ah, how unlike the golden prime  
Of good HAROUN ALRASCHID!

Bowstring the dog! Or, stop a bit—  
Hoist with his own petard—'twill fit!  
Pull his own Constitution's trigger—  
A hundred and thirteen's the figure—  
And floor the rogue with his own gun;  
So at least one thing 'twill have done.

## A Passengers' Railway Question.

On the Metropolitan District Railway a driver, losing nerve, backs a train downhill against another train, smashing 120 passengers. In compensation for their injuries, they get £10,800. Against this sum the Company has to put only £1 2s. 6d., the amount of the sufferers' fares. The Directors consider the compensation excessive. Had they to pay no more than the amount they themselves thought reasonable, how many more accidents than at present would occur in a given time on the Metropolitan District Railway?

## SIGNS OF SPRING.

PARISIAN Governesses are giving the last touch of French polish to their pupils.

Music-Masters are coaching fluttering *débütantes* in CHOPIN's Mazurkas.

Dancing-Mistresses are giving six lessons in the lately-revived kick-up—the Polka.

The Board of Works is carefully covering a fine layer of broken bricks and smashed bottles with finer gravel, and calling the mixture Rotten Row.

Young WILD OSES is growing *Gardenias* in pots in his bed-room, and has taken a Farce to three Managers without any other result than polite refusal.

CAPTAIN MONTE BRAG is practising several new tricks with the cards, with a view to simplifying *écarté* and piquet.

LADY HIGHFLYER has been closeted with MADAME RACHEL, who has had the impudence to crop up again.

The Bower of Beauty and the Fountain of Youth are besieged every day by Ladies who have faith in metallic dyes and arsenical lotions.

Several Screws, "the property of Gentlemen going abroad," are being highly groomed and carefully fed.

Sand-oracks are being filled up, scars painted over, and loose boxes prepared for the reception of the splendid Park Hacks, which "a well-known Lady of fashion has no further use for."

Dog Importers are busy picking up stray pets, and rendering them unrecognisable, with a view to ready sale.

Awful sacrifices are making room for Spring stocks in West End monster magazines.

The Snowdrops and Violets of London Ball-rooms are opening their modest eyes to an imaginary future of blissful waltzes and bewildered Baronets.

GUNTER is laying down Ice and crusty old Waiters.

And MR. GYE has found a Tenor who will make us forget MARIO, and a *débütante* up to her work.

## ETON COPY-HEADS.

(From a set in the Possession of W. E. G.)

ACCEPT anybody's advances.

Boys' bills should be big.

Cash connection combines classes.

Dukes are desirable.

Eton enforces expensive habits.

Family feeling is foolish.

Good money gives good graces.

Hard cash holds the highest.

Impecuniosity is ignominious.

Juvenile junketting is jolly.

Keep kicking down cash.

Lavishness leads to love.

Money makes many friends.

Needy niceness is nasty.

Own money is good: other people's

better.

Procure plenty of pocket-money.

Question quarterly allowances.

Reward riches with respect.

Silence self-reproach with silver.

Treat titles tenderly.

Use upward opportunities.

Virtue is not its own reward.

Wealth is the wise man's worth.

X-pensive habits are to be x-tolled.

Youthful excesses are usual.

Zounds! how things have changed since

my time!

NEW TITLE.—For Conference Protocols, read last edition of Cecil's Remains.



## BOSOM SECRETS.



WHEN a Lady of Mr. Punch's acquaintance was in Paris not very long ago, she ordered a dress at a famous *Modiste's*, but found, when she tried it on, that she could hardly breathe. On her complaining to the *Modiste* that the dress was too tight over the chest,

"*Que voulez-vous, Madame?*" exclaimed that faithful follower—if not framer—of the fashion. "*On ne porte plus de gorge*" ("Bosoms are not worn now").

"*Qu'est-ce qu'on fait donc?*" ("But how do Ladies manage?") asked her innocent English customer.

"*Mais, dame, on ôte la ouate*" ("Oh! they take out the wadding"), was the equally innocent answer.

Punch had never fully appreciated the bearings of this perfectly true story

till the other day when he came upon the following paragraph in one of the leading ladies' journals:—

"Buy a pair of *Maintenon corsets*, fitting your waist measure. The other parts of the corset will be proportioned as you ought to be. Put the corset on, and fill the vacant spaces with fine jewellers' wool, then tack on a piece of soft silk or cambric over the bust thus formed to keep the wool in place, renewing it as often as required. This is the most natural and effectual mode of improving the figure which I have heard of."

Now Punch sees how exactly the Parisian *Modiste's* plan came home to her own business and her customers' bosoms.

## A CASE FOR CLERGYMAN-HELPS.

GIVEN occasion for Gentleman-Helps generally, does not a plea suggest itself in particular for Clergyman-Helps? To a certain extent every Curate is a Clergyman-Help, but to complete that character he should live in his Employer's Parsonage, or Palace, clean boots and shoes, knives and forks, wait at table, officiate in the stable, and work in the garden, being all the while as far as possible treated as one of the family. His wages of £100 a year or so would then supply him with some of the comforts of life, and perhaps enable him to put by a little provision besides for a season of being out of place, or a rainy day of disestablishment and disendowment.

As to married Curates, subsisting on their mere stipends, a Clergyman-Help of that sort might be employed as gardener and man-of-all-work, to milk, and feed the pigs and so forth, whilst his wife could, in a genteel way, take in washing and keep a mangle. How such couples continue to make both ends meet without recourse to some such means, is a mystery suggesting that in the Established Church the Age of Miracles is not yet over.

## THE "DREADNOUGHT" ASHORE.

BEAR a hand there, Ladies and Gentlemen with a shot in the locker for poor JACK! The publication of the last Report, read the other day at the Fifty-Sixth Annual Meeting of the Seamen's Hospital Society, will tend to correct a confusion of ideas, injurious to that charitable institution. When people are advertised that contributions and subscriptions thereunto are received by the Bankers, MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birchin Lane, or by the Secretary, "Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich," they are apt to imagine themselves invited to contribute to the maintenance of Greenwich Hospital itself. Supposing Greenwich Hospital well enough endowed, and supported besides with public money, they are apt to decline that invitation.

The smaller Hospital has got to be confounded with the greater, especially among seamen of the Mercantile Marine, in consequence of the removal on shore of the Seamen's Hospital from on board the old *Dreadnought*, so long a conspicuous object in the Thames, suggestive of pleasing associations with whitebait. But the Report abovementioned now informs its readers that the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, receives no aid from Government whatsoever, except houseroom; the use of the Infirmary on their premises at Greenwich, instead of the loan of a ship, to the additional comfort of the patients indeed, but the proportionate increase of expenditure of quite fifteen per cent. for their maintenance, requiring to be met by voluntary contributions.

Now all this is explained, it may be hoped that the Seamen's Hospital will cease to suffer from a misconception precisely similar in its effect to the detriment sustained by MESSRS. SHADRACHER'S establishment at the hands of MESSRS. MESSECH, through the dissemination of "the untradesman-like falsehood, 'it's the same concern.'"

So far from being the same concern with Greenwich Hospital, the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, is quite another concern. It is free to sick seamen of all nations. Within the scope of its cosmopolitan hospitality, come not only medicine and surgery for nautical sufferers, but also the provision, if possible, of employment for them when cured. It contains two hundred beds constantly occupied; and to keep charity going at this rate needs voluntary contributions yearly to the amount of £8,000, or, rather, according to a statement made in Cannon Street, of £10,000. It nearly paid its expenses last year, but not quite; and owes £1,539 6s. 0d. Every Briton, whose song is "*Rule, Britannia!*" must see that, as an institution subservient to the spirit of that chorus, the Seamen's Hospital (late *Dreadnought*) is a charity beyond all others for which the hat may justifiably be sent round. Its expenditure has much increased lately through the rise in provisions, amounting to \$506

additional in the last year alone. A hospital, however, need not, like almost every individual member of the community except butchers, be the worse off for "Progress." Subscriptions, donations, and bequests in plenty, on the part of a generous Public, will doubtless enable the Seamen's Hospital Society to keep pace with the times, whilst all but the most economical housekeepers are outrunning the constable. The *Dreadnought* (that was) should have nought to dread.

A page of the Society's Report is occupied with a table of Ports in the United Kingdom whence patients were sent them last year—so many from each; together with a list of annual subscriptions sent also by those Ports—some of them. For, in several instances, opposite to a considerable figure in the Patients' column, the Subscription column presents "*Nil*." We need only remind those who thus show their unremitting interest in the Hospital, that *ex nihilo nihil fit*—"Nothing can come of nothing"—in the long run; though they have made their own nothings, thus far, produce something considerable. Let them clap the omitted figure to the left of their round 0s, and give them their proper values.

## THE EYE-OPENER FOR ENGLAND.

FROM the Blue Book on the Conference it appears that the SULTAN was persuaded, notwithstanding LORD SALISBURY'S assurances to the contrary, that "the alienation of a large portion of the English people" from the side of Turkey "was due rather to the repudiation of the Turkish debt than to the atrocities in Bulgaria." Not quite so, Padishah. No large portion of the English people is so very mercenary as all that. It was not the repudiation of the Turkish debt which principally alienated even the Turkish bondholders from you. The Bulgarian atrocities did it simply of themselves. All that the repudiation of the Turkish debt did was to open the eyes of the British Public, and especially those of Turkey's Creditors, to the turpitude of the Bulgarian atrocities.

## The Porte and the Powers.

It is whispered that a high Turkish Official, speaking of the six Governments represented at the late ineffectual Conference, observed, at a late Divan, that they might call themselves the six Powers, but he, for his part, called them the six Weaknesses.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO RECENTLY ADOPTED BY MR. GLADSTONE.

"I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility."

*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. s. 2.









## A POSER.

*Sporting Gent.* "I SAY, THERE'S A LOT O' YOUR 'OUNDS BUNNING THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER!"

*Huntsman.* "THEN PERHAPS YOU'LL JUST POP OVER, AND GIVE 'EM A HOLLOO!"

[*Sporting Gent subsides.*]

by the Board of Works of the reasons against all that are proposed. And, indeed, it is no light matter for my Lords and their Ladies, and for the Board of Works, that may not fitly go to work but on full consideration.

(*Commons.*)—To question of MR. ASHLEY, MR. BOURKE, a brisk young man, and Under Secretary to my LORD DERBY, had a hard business in explaining of the steps taken by the Turk in compliance with my LORD DERBY's sharp letter touching the punishment of those concerned in the Bulgarian atrocities, wherein many sentences have been passed, as I did gather, but could hear of neither sentences nor offenders executed as yet, but a Commission still examining and seeking for what the French call *Midi à quatorze heures*. Pleasant to hear how SHEFFET PASHA, the leader of all the atrocities, is not under arrest, but under surveillance, which do seem to me mighty different. So the upshot of all do seem to be, much said but nothing done, as is usual with the Turk.

Then other replies to other questions touching these Turkish matters, as of the Loan, and the departure of SIR HENRY ELLIOT, and a certain despatch of my LORD DERBY's; and I do see plainly there is like to be no lack of questions for my LORD DERBY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHOTE, and I do wish them both well delivered of their answers. Then much other confused business, which I could not note.

At last the House to debate sharply of MR. SMYTH's Bill for Closing of Irish Public-houses on Sunday, which the Government be of a mind to grant, as it were *experimentum in corpore vili*, though they will none of it here. But, Lord, to see how Irish Members do contradict each other flatly herein, as in other things; one O'SULLIVAN crying the Bill down as a wicked thing "to affect the interests of many thousand Irishmen, and to restrict the liberty and ancient privileges of Ireland," whereof, doubtless, the privilege of getting drunk on Sunday, as on other days, is one of the most ancient. And then to hear one SULLIVAN, without the "O," calling lustily for the Bill; and a gross, fat man, one MAJOR O'GORMAN, mighty loud against it, and methinks did bear him as like the fat knight in SHAKESPEARE's play as ever I saw; and much laughter of the House, whether at his brouge or his belly I could not learn, but do believe the one did help the other. Among other things of this O'GORMAN's

that moved the House to mirth, was this, that for an Irishman to get drunk on a Sunday anywhere save in a licensed public-house, though it were *sub Jove frigido*—the fat Major being one that can talk Latin, as indeed, most of your Irish be scholars, after some sort—was an insult to the Queen's Majesty, which puzzled me. But whether the Irish people be in truth for or against this Bill, I know not. For the biggest towns—Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick—the Secretary for Ireland did hold it wise to have inquiry made of the matter by Select Committee. And methinks if the public-houses cannot be shut on Sundays in these great towns, it is little that they should be shut in smaller places. But Irish reasons are, and have ever been since first I heard of them, hard to fathom. So I wish the Bill a good deliverance, and no more heads or windows broken than is needful.

Then a Bill moved for Valuation of Property for Rating, being a remanet from last year—like so many of the Bills this Session. But whether this Bill be better or worse than last year's, I know not. And methinks the House was no wiser than I, which comforts me. Only I am thankful there were no such Bills, and few such rates, in my time.

Also a Bill touching Patents brought in; the same that they have been trying to pass these two years. But whether this one will be got passed I could not learn. Yet methinks it is sore needed, for inventions do multiply strangely, beyond aught that was dreamed of in my time; and where they will stop, I see not. Lord grant it may all be for good. But am glad of one thing, that MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL do own that poor men have a right to profit by the work of their brains, whereto this Bill is meant to help; so I wish well to it.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—My LORD GRANVILLE to question of my LORD DERBY touching the treaty for mutual delivering up of law-breakers passing between this country and the United States of America, whither in my time they did deport rogues, but they now, it seems, being their own masters, do send their rogues to us, and we ours to them, as it were in the way of barter.

And my LORD DERBY to explain how herein matters are again as they were, before he did get into a quarrel with one FISH, the States' Secretary, last year; so I do find my Lord hath had to eat his words, but put it as if he had not, yet doth it with as good





### SAWBATH RECREATION.

*Gentleman from N. B. (he had sent his Presbyterian Butler to a service at Westminster Abbey). "WELL, DUGALD, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT?"*

*Dugald. "AWEEL, SIR, IT WAS MAIR LIKE HEEV'N THAN AIRTH; BUT E-H, SIR, IT'S JUST AN AWFU' WAY O' SPENNING' THE SAWBATH, YON!"*

a grace as ever I saw, and much chuckling thereat among my Lords of the Opposition. Pleasant to see how friendly their Lordships be on both sides, and how smooth-spoken, and my LORD GRANVILLE one of the pleasantest, yet can give a smart rap with a smiling face. And after, the same Lord mighty curious to know why, in the papers touching the Eastern Question, was no word of my LORD SALISBURY'S conversations with PRINCE BISMARCK, and PRESIDENT MACMAHON, and the DUC DE CAZES, but did assume it was for convenience of the public service, to which my LORD DERBY did agree. So I could not see why my LORD GRANVILLE should ask the question.

My LORD DERBY did add, wisely, that some talk with foreign Ministers was of no account, and such it was good to publish: but some of grave account, and as to that sort the public were best kept in the dark. Which puzzled me.

(*Commons.*)—More questioning of Ministers: and one SAMUELSON, a brisk man, asking if my LORD BEAconsfield, when he spoke so warlike at Guildhall last December, had in his pocket the letter of His Majesty the CZAR OF MUSCOVY vouching his will for peace, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did answer him so shortly and roundly as moved the laughter of the House; meaning that my LORD BEAconsfield did look on the CZAR'S letter as but a canard, or Muscovy Duck, which is the name they give now to flams on public matters. But how the CZAR would stomach his letter being so taken, I wonder.

Then MR. FAWCETT, a mighty clear-spoken man in matters of Finance, and sharp-sighted for all he is blind, did move to reappoint the Select Committee, that has sat for three years inquiring into Indian Finance, but never yet got so far as reporting, so that I was reminded of the hen that laid so many eggs she could never come to the hatching of any. For their reappointment he did give mighty good reasons, and indeed when a man thinks over all he said, the one reason against such a Committee would seem to be that its work can only be well done in India; and asks rather for a great Minister of Finance than the best Committee that ever did hatch a Blue Book, which, as yet, this Committee hath not done, only taken more evidence than anybody will ever care to read.

And to this effect spoke one SMOLLETT, a rough-tongued man, but ready, and a hard hitter all round, and would have had the House vote to leave off all spending on public works in India, and cease to distinguish between ordinary and extraordinary expenses in its reckoning. Which methinks were a starving of the horse to save the cost of his feed. And was smartly rapped over the

knuckles by a mighty brisk young LORD GEORGE HAMILTON, of the Indian Secretary's Office, that it was a pleasure to hear how trippingly he spoke, and yet to the point; so that it was pretty to see how well he had learnt his lesson; and the House did cheer him mightily when he went into the Indian accounts, and showed a brave array of figures against MR. FAWCETT, and made out things in India hopeful and thriving, save for this famine and fall in silver, and was for no Committee, so the House did say no to FAWCETT by 173 to 123, and to SMOLLETT without a division, all being against him save himself, and methinks he is one of that sort that do often find themselves in a minority of one.

*Wednesday.*—Being Ash Wednesday, the Lords sat not at all, and the Commons not till two, for which I was glad, being already wearied of my week's work, and knew not before they sat so late, and talked so much.

A Bill to guard the mouths of thrashing-machines—and might, methinks, be extended to the House of Commons, where be many machines with mouths that grind chaff, and so waste time.

One PARNELL moved a Bill to enable buyers of Irish Church lands to spread their payments over fifty-two years, and to pay nothing at first buying. Which methinks was cool, even for an Irish Member to ask; and the House would none of it, though the Irish Home-Rule Members of one mind for once. So the Bill was thrown out by 150 to 110.

A Bill, moved by one WILSON, to forbid the Sale of Drink on Sundays in England and Wales. The first child, methought, of MR. SMYTH'S Bill, and much debate whether leave should be given to bring it in or no, and, in the end, leave given, which I was sorry for.

*Thursday (Lords).*—Nought worth noting but my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL'S notice of Question for next Tuesday on my LORD SALISBURY'S instructions, and if the Government propose to do aught, and what, in furtherance thereof.

(*Commons.*)—More questions. MR. WARD HUNT did explain to SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL how HOBART PASHA, an English Captain, commanding the navy of the Turk, having been struck off the list and pay of his rank in 1868, was in 1874 restored to the same, but no reason given. And in Our Office methinks, in my time, we had not restored one of our Captains who had taken service with the Infidel. But now 'tis otherwise—only land-officers may not so serve without leave first given; which puzzles me, to find a reason why what is sauce for the land-bird should not be sauce also for the sea-fowl.

To SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did explain how SIR THOMAS ELLIOT did leave Constantinople like the other Ambassadors—being ordered home to report, but not in disgrace, and was sick—whereat no wonder, with the sickening work he hath had.

Then one RYLANDS, a man of a rasping tongue, to move the rejection of the Prisons' Bill, for bringing of prisons under the control of Government; and much brave talk of Local Self-Government, which is, indeed a grand thing to talk of: and one CHAMBERLAIN, the stout and high-stomached member for Birmingham, and MR. NEWDEGATE, a solemn-spoken gentleman of Warwickshire, and SIR WALTER BARTLETT, a lusty Sussex Baronet, did follow on the same side; and pretty to see how the two country gentlemen did sleek and stroke down the Birmingham man, but all to no purpose, for the House, thinking the Bill needful, and no check to local self-government, however it might be to local jobbery, and like to bring better governing of prisons, did vote the Bill by 279 to 69.

*Friday (Lords).*—Mighty grave talk of business to be done hereafter, but none done yet. And sure, LORD BEAconsfield performs his new part as solemn as ever I see.

(*Commons.*)—The night's work begun by a question of SIR C. DILKE—and sure never was such a questioning as now a-nights, and methinks, little reason for Members to call "Question! Question!" as they do, seeing the questions do come without calling. And so MR. BOURKE to his reply, that the Government do mean to answer the Muscovite despatch, when the time comes, and they know what to say, and what the other Powers are of a mind to say. And then to Committee of Supply, but first MR. GLADSTONE to call attention to our treaties with the Turk and others, and to consider how we stand bound



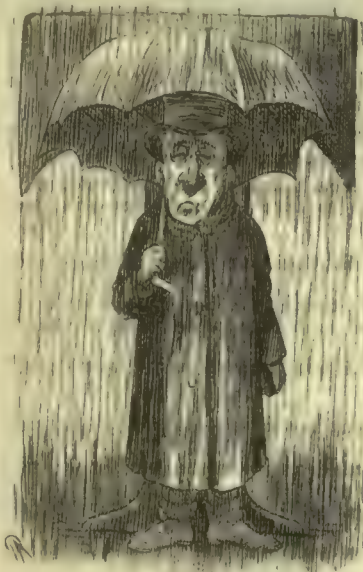
thereby—and thereon as high and hot debate as ever I heard in the headiest days of the Long Parliament, in the course whereof one CHAPLIN, a Lincolnshire Squire, did make as if he would pluck MR. GLADSTONE by the beard, who did take it in snuff, and did give MASTER CHAPLIN, a young, brisk fellow, but one that is better known for a horse-courser than a politician, such a tongue-basting as did me good to hear, and methought I was at the handling of some rake-helly young Cavalier by a grave Precisian, as it might [be MASTER PRYNNE or MASTER SELDEN, in the Protector's time.

For the rest, much wild and whirling talk of these treaties and their force, between MR. HARDY, the Secretary for War, and LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, another of your brisk gallants, and MR. GRANT DUFF, a weasel-faced man, and shrill-voiced, but of rare repute for knowing the minds and cities of many men, and wise beyond common men's measure, and one COURTNEY, new come into the House for Liskeard, and as I do hear a smart writer, and one that looks to rise, and indeed spoke more to the point than the rest, and one SMYTH, an Irishman, mighty flowery and flowing of discourse, that it was pretty to hear, and others, but I, sore weary of it all, and could pick nought out but many "An this be so, then that is so;" but what these treaties do in truth bind us to, or the other Powers party thereunto, or the Turk, or if indeed they bind either to aught, is more than I could learn.

Only, MR. GLADSTONE do speak marvellous well, and weightily, and, methought, glowed as with a white heat, that it was fine to listen to him, and pity of MASTER CHAPLIN under his chiding; but yet mighty silly of him to shoot at one that beareth too many guns for his tonnage.

And, so the debate adjourned till next Friday, and I home in a muddle. But I do see clearly that whatever these treaties be, nothing will come of them all. And so best. But methought, had the old Protector been here, things would scarce run all thus to jangle and tangle and talk as they do, and methinks will do for somewhere yet.

### LENTEN PENANCES.



*HE Prince of Wales.*—To open a public Building, or preside at a public Meeting, once in each week.

*The Lord Privy Seal.*—To listen to the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY'S speeches.

*The Chancellor of the Exchequer.*—The preparation of his Budget.

*The Earl of Derby.*—To answer the Russian Note.

*The First Lord of the Admiralty.*—To spend a few days with MR. E. J. REED.

*Mr. Gladstone.*—To be debarred from the use of writing materials.

*Mr. Lowe.*—To make a voyage to Greece, and inspect DR. SCHLIEMANN'S treasures.

*The Speaker.*—To preside at the meeting of a Debating Society every Wednesday and Saturday evening.

*The Lord Chamberlain.*—To visit all the London theatres in turn, and remain until the fall of the curtain.

*Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*—To go the round of the great Breweries.

*Mr. Whalley.*—To hear CARDINAL MANNING and MONSIGNOR CAPEL preach alternately.

*The Poet Laureate.*—To produce an Ode or Idyl on the Eastern Question.

*Mr. Ruskin.*—To take lodgings in the centre of Huddersfield or Wigan, or some other manufacturing town in Lancashire or Yorkshire.

*Mr. Morris.*—To dine out in rooms with outrageous wall-papers.

*Major O'Gorman.*—To give evidence against Irish Whisky before the House of Lords Committee on Intemperance.

*Rev. A. Toth.*—To pay the costs, and apologise to LORD PENZANCE.

*His Congregation.*—To attend service at the nearest Nonconformist chapel.

*The Editors of the Ministerial Papers.*—To read through 'the Blue Book on the Eastern Question.'

*The Pope.*—To make it up with the KING OF ITALY.

*The United States.*—To pay back to England the unappropriated balance of the Alabama Award.

### EXPERIENCES OF ETON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

KNOWING you are a bold defender of truth, I wish to offer a remark on MR. GLADSTONE'S statement at Marlborough the other day, that Eton boys are worshippers of Mammon. I wish to goodness they were. Then possibly I might have got into "Pop" by this time. ("Pop," you know, is our name for the School Debating Society, to which all the swells belong.) But they won't elect me, just because I can't row or play cricket well, and I'm not in the Sixth Form. I suppose I'm not what is called "popular" among the fellows. Why, my father could buy up any dozen of these fellows who swagger about here as if the place belonged to them. But they black-balled me when I tried to get into "Pop" last half, which shows that they don't understand the value of money, and are, therefore, even greater fools than MR. GLADSTONE imagines.

Yours faithfully,

CÆSUS MAJOR.

Eton College.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I KNOW you're a fast friend of the nobility, so perhaps you won't mind my making a remark. Some fellow here told me that GLADSTONE had been saying in a speech somewhere that Eton fellows worshipped rank. I don't find it so, I assure you. You know I belong to one of the oldest families in the peerage, and at home I can bully the servants as much as I please, and everyone bows and scrapes to me and calls me "My Lord!" Now, somehow or other, the fellows here don't see this. They all laughed when I tried it on. And that low brute, SMITH MAX, my fagmaster (I hope he won't see this, or he'll work me off as sure as a gun), actually makes me cook his beefsteak every morning, run up and down for him all day, and make his tea and toast at night, just as if I was a commoner. Confound his impudence! But they don't understand the value of rank at Eton, that's the plain truth of it.

Yours,

TOMNODDY.

Eton College.

### GATES AJAR.

MR. PUNCH, respecting the cloth, is always sorry when the British clerk in orders—out of the pulpit, of course—sinks to what may be mildly described as "twaddle." But when twaddle takes the shape of impertinence and ignorance combined, MR. PUNCH feels himself in duty bound to bring his *bâton* heavily over the delinquent's fingers. What rap could be too heavy for a certain REVEREND MR. GATES, who, at a recent meeting of sympathisers with MR. TOOTH, at Warrington, said (alluding to LORD PENZANCE) "that a man who had spent all his life in adjusting the relationship of adulterers and adulteresses was little fit to decide doctrines of the Church?"

Now, what LORD PENZANCE has to decide is, not what are the doctrines of the Church, but what are the laws of the realm; and what is, and is not, in accordance with them; and his intimate acquaintance with one branch of legal learning does not in any way affect his qualifications in another. MR. PUNCH is irresistibly reminded of certain Pharisees who found fault with the Founder of the Church for being seen in company with publicans and sinners. But even they would scarce have cast stones at the Great Judge before whom the sinning woman was brought for the "adjustment of her relationship" with harshly-judging and erring mankind; yet here is this Reverend Gentleman who, as *Master Page* says, "belike having received wrongs by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience," indulging in a most offensive insinuation against one of the shining lights of the English Bench!

MR. PUNCH replies in the anything but shallow words of SHAKESPEARE—"I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning so wide of his own respect;" and sincerely hopes, though gentlemen with such ideas are generally as obstinate as they are foolish, that MR. GATES is, before this, heartily ashamed of himself.

TO AN ANAGRAMMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

WHERE'S the error? The EARL OF BEACONSFIELD "is the real face of Old Ben." Who dares say he isn't?

WHY is Saturday the best day to make inquiries at the General Post Office?

Because it's ten to one you'll find the Clerks there, and on other days it's ten to four.





SEEN FROM A RAILWAY DURING THE LATE FLOODS.

## BETSY PRIG TO A CERTAIN PARTY.

What, part with my Party? No fear! It is nothing but spite as suggests it.  
*If* there's love for true Liberal ways 'tis B. PRIG's faithful buzzum as nests it.  
 But that party's gone awfully wrong under leadership blind and contrary,  
 And rounds on its own blessed BETSY, and goes and confounds her with SAIREY.  
 Which matters are getting most awkward, and werry much mixed up and muddled.  
 Those Blue Books do bother me dreadful, and make me feel flurried and fuddled,  
 While DERBY and SALISBURY somehow my counsels appear to be mocking:  
 The way as they've talked to the Turk on the quiet is regular shocking!  
 Why WILLIAM could hardly hit harder. And here has B. PRIG been a-praising  
 Bland BENJAMIN's much milder ways. Such a right-about turn is quite crazing.  
 My MIDHAT, too, mizzled! It's awful! And then that there sweet Constitution!  
 Will nobody say a good word for it? Gracious! This is retribution!  
 And here have I been a performin' the patriot superior to party, And sticking sly pins into GLADSTONE, and artfully touching up HARRY;  
 Coming down on that greedy old Bear every day with a reg'lar good teaser,  
 But to find the Conservative POMPEY so much like the Liberal CÆSAR!  
 What, what has become of my Watchwords? Traditional policy?—fled!  
 The Treaty of Paris?—the dust of the Pharaohs ain't hardly more dead;

And as for the Turk's independence, integrity, pride, and all that, Why the Guv'ment has served 'em like so many nine-pins, and knocked 'em all flat.

Yet stay, there's one hope. No Coercion! My conjuring terms ain't all gone.  
 Though there isn't much left to be fighting for, here is a sort of a bone: The Turk has met scolding and snubbing, and volumes of wicked aspersion,  
 But let us stand out hard and fast against even "contingent" coercion.

And ye Liberal lambs who so long loved the lead of my crook and my flute,  
 Come rally once more round your BETSY, nor fear that her pipe will be mute.  
 Don't, BETSY conjures you, go dallying with Russia. It's jest ruination,  
 From GORTSCHAKOFF, GLADSTONE & Co. let B. PRIG be your shield and salvation!

## A PLEA FOR A PORTICO.

THE Board of Works, as part of its plan for a new thoroughfare from Tottenham Court Road to Charing Cross, proposes to sweep away the platform of the famous portico of St. Martin's Church, and, instead, to stilt up the pillars on pedestals, and to limit the steps to a break-neck staircase from the church-doors to the face of the portico.  
 The Vicar writes to protest in the name of the parish—and he might have added, of *Punch*. We have not so many good examples of Palladian architecture in England that we can afford to mutilate about the best of them.

If St. Martin divided his cloak with the beggar, that is no good reason for the Saint dividing his portico—which may be symbolised as his "dickey"—with the Board of Works, who are not beggars, but choosers. In this case let Parliament say, "We don't choose." The refusal may lead to some alteration in the plans, even to some deviation from the proposed line of street. But what though? *St. Martin de Tours* will but be *St. Martin de détours*! And the portico is well worth a circumbendibus.



(See Blue Book.)

COMPANY OFFICER (*aside*). "AH, THEY ALWAYS WERE SLOW AT THEIR 'FACINGS!'"

SERGEANT (to himself). "MUST GET 'EM ROUNO SOMEHOW!"







## POST-CARD OPINIONS.



CONSCIENTIOUS MR. GLADSTONE! No wonder that he takes to writing upon Post-Cards, when he is pestered every day by a myriad of busy-bodies, who plague him with an endless variety of questions, which he is too polite to pitch into his waste-basket, unanswered. What celerity of penmanship, and what abounding store of patience a Statesman must command, when his morning's work consists in furnishing succinct and publishable answers to such queries as the following!—

Are you a believer in the Tomb of Agamemnon, as recently discovered, and how do you account for the number of buttons found in it? And do you uphold the theory

that HOMER was a man, and not a noun of multitude signifying many?

What are your opinions on the Great Eastern Question? And would you advise a jobber to bull or bear in Turks and Egyptians for speculative purposes?

Do you consider it consistent in a Vivisectionist to open half-a-score of oysters for his supper, and, if so, is it worse in him to pepper and vinegar them?

What are your ideas as to the present whereabouts and chances of discovery of the missing Gainsborough?

Oblige me, confidentially, with your views upon the Tooth case?

If you were the driver of an Ass averse to speed, would you consider yourself justified in inflicting corporal punishment, and if so on what grounds?

Have you tried Australian tinned meats? And what dodges do you recommend to make them go down with the servants?

Please to state, from your own personal experience, what you have ascertained, since leaving school, as to the use of the Digamma.

What arguments would you adduce to show that 'Bus Conductors should be exempt from Income-tax?

The Churchwardens of Slobberton have quarrelled with their Curate, because he *will* eat muffins and red herrings upon fast-days. What course would you suggest to bring about the wished-for reconciliation?

Do you ever drink cheap Claret? If so, what would you prescribe as an efficacious antidote?

State concisely your opinions on the practice of announcing "No Cards" in matrimonial advertisements.

If you wished to learn Chinese, how would you set about it?

When you cut a Tree down, do you take your coat off and discard your braces?

To help a ragged Schoolmaster, please give a sketch of Grecian politics in the time of ARISTOTLE.

What Tobacco do you smoke? and do you approve of Rinking?

What are your private views upon DESCARTES' Atomic Theory, and do you recommend the use of Marmalade at breakfast?

State, as briefly as you can, what you think of things in general?

## A Vulgarian Atrocity.

PIO NONO loquitur.

INFALLIBLE, while erring man

Insists "You shall," I say "I shan't."

As "*possumus*" is "Vat-I-can,"

"*Non possumus*" is "Vat-I-can't."

## SPELLING REFORM.

LAST night, at the usual meeting of the Jolly Codgers, Blue Lion, Seven Dials, the proposed Spelling Reform was discussed. MR. WILLIAM SIKES presided, and among those present were COSTERMONGER ROBERT, FAKEMENT JOE, RORKY WILLIAM, SAILOR TOM, &c. The Chairman, in opening the discussion, said, that the nation demanded Reformed Spelling. ("Ear, ear!") The present system was most vexatious to a gentleman whose time for schooling was limited. When he was a ploughman—which he was proud to say he had whistled at the plough, and precious hard work it was, and soon took the whistle out of a chap worse than the crank—some meddlesome fellow had the cheek to say in an argument that cough and plough were spelt the same way. ("Shame!") He did, though. But what did he (the Chairman) do? He knocked the cove down, and the beaks gave him three months for it. ("Oh, oh!") Wasn't reform needed. (Cheers.)

SAILOR TOM entirely concurred with the remarks of the last speaker, although, from experience, he was bound to say he did not believe a single word of 'em. ("Ear, ear!") Reform was needed. His own plan was the best. He'd tell 'em what it was. He was called SAILOR, although he had been christened THOMAS CORAM, arter the street where he was found on a doorstep and conveyed to the Foundlins Orspital. And when he signed his name to articles he put down a cross, and there was no bother about spelling. He warn't much of a scholar, but shiver his timbers if he could see why some of the big wigs could not adapt his system to everything.

FAKEMENT JOE had been convinced of the iniquitousness of our spelling ever since that great and glorious martyr SIR ROGER CHARLES DOUGHTY TICHBORNE had been sent to prison for not spelling his words according to barbaric rules.

The meeting here paused to give three cheers for DR. KENEALY. On resuming business it was discovered that FAKEMENT JOE had gone. It was also discovered that he had gone without paying his share of the reckoning. It was further discovered that one or two little articles belonging to various gentlemen had gone with him.

COSTERMONGER ROBERT said that all he wanted was that words should be spelt as pronounced. Notwithstanding the accident to the Chairman (Cheers) he would knock anyone down who said that d-o-n-k-e-y spelt moke. He had been eddicated in his youth, and found out that all this spelling was the fault of DR. JOHNSON. (Groans.) Who was this JOHNSON? Why he was a noosepaper man in

the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. Fleet Street was one of his many pitches. There was a deal of noosepaper men thereabouts still, and he did not think much of 'em. They talked about the history of the language. That be blowed. They said if you altered the spelling they used now to the new way, you wouldn't be able to read books printed the old way. Bother books! They warn't no good as ever he see. Give a cove a barrer, and let him 'arn his own grub. Ready money and no accounts was his motter, and on that a cove could get along werry well without readin and writin. He'd fight any man there for half-a-crown. (Cheers.)

RORKY WILLIAM thought the School-Board was at the bottom of it all. He was a cat's-meat man. (Laughter.) They might laugh, but it was a noble calling. The School-Board did it. His little boy was at school, and only last night home he comes, and he says, "Father, what's written on your basket is wrong. 'Katsmete' is incorrect." So I says, "Is it, my shaver? How do you spell that?" And I gives him a tidy dusting. The meeting might depend upon it, School-Boards was aggerawating.

Somebody then asked whether the Chairman was going to stand anything. The Chairman said he wasn't. Somebody else threw a pewter pot at the Chairman. The Chairman put out the gas. A smart interchange of opinions then ensued. Finally, the whole meeting, escorted by five constables (placed at their disposal through the courtesy of MR. INSPECTOR X 1), proceeded to Bow Street, where they passed the night.

## On Seeing Mr. Clayton in "All for Her," and afterwards in "The Danischeffs."

THE Heroes in both plays have this in common—

They're far too good for our self-seeking life:

One his head loses for a charming woman,

And t'other to another gives his wife.

Who'll the first follow in such abnegation?

What modern lover for his love would die?

But is the other act past imitation?

"Oh no!"—a crowd of henpecked husbands cry.

MRS. MALAPROP RIGHT FOR ONCE.—When she called the bright moment between two showers an Interregnum.









## A PORE SUFFERER.

*Lady.* "JUST OUT OF THE INFIRMARY, ARE YOU? YOU SEEM A COMPLETE CURE!"

*Robust Beggar.* "AH, BUT IT'S ALL IN THE INN'ARDS, MARM!"

and the hundred hands of the Curia were directed towards the East, in the hopes of profiting by one false Steppe of Tartary: but in vain. TRIBAKI PIPOF, the Greek Patriarch, "*conjuratiōnem fumigavit*," and regarding it from his "*avis oculus*" point of view, declined the tempting offer. "*Non ē vero.*" (*Op. Max. di Ben Trovato*, Cap. vi.)

At the time of the commencement of my story the advanced intelligence of the people was casting off for ever the vile slough of servitude, and was preparing to offer a desperate and patriotic resistance to the cruel and treacherous Mussulman.

The Secret Societies were sitting and hatching, but the revolutionary fledgling had not yet shown its pecker through the thin superficial shell, nor, as yet, had any effort been made to get rid of the heavy yoke. To one of these secret societies belonged the young HUPSILON, Hellenic chieftain, who had been solemnly and ecclesiastically united to the fair IOTA by PHILAKUPOLDOS, the celebrated Greek Participle of Constantinople. These Uniates would have lived happily, but for a sudden note from OPHEKLEIDOS, the leader of the Insurgent Band, who, however, was only an instrument, though a powerful one, in the hands of others. This latter, namely OPHEKLEIDOS, was by profession the editor of a daily Anthellenic journal called the *Pellmellos Gazette*, which from time to time startled the world by the loudness, and not infrequently by the falseness, of its occasional notes, which it is said were for the most part inspired by one BLASTOS, the King's Chamberlain.

I do not undervalue the services of a free Press in a free State, as I have before now proved to those who once knew how to conduct a penny diurnal, nor am I blind to the advantages of printer's ink, the more than fifty-four thousand copies of one of my sensational pamphlets being an *argumentum ad pocketum* that no mere human testimony to the contrary can withstand; but I can never sufficiently estimate the flattery of which the *Pellmellos Gazette* made me the object, when its talented Editor, quoting from certain books about the "Bulgarian Horrors," paid me the unprecedented compliment of adopting the method, which I had previously employed when writing on *Catholic Allegiance*, that is, of garbling authorities wherever it was possible, though the same gentleman fell short of

his model in not attempting to translate what he did not understand, and in not mistranslating the text wherever it made strongly against his own case. The *Pellmellos Gazette*, edited by OPHEKLEIDOS, is written "*hominibus ad homines*"—I should say "*Dominis ad dominos*" (*vide Class. Dict.*, Art. "*Bal de l'Opéra*," No. 1 *Le Domino*), and I can only characterise the articles to which I refer as a stupendous effort to whitewash the heroes of Bulgarian Horrors, for the sake of the holders of Belgravian Houses.†

† It was when we arrived at this point in the Novel (?) that we, in our Editorial capacity, ventured to send to the illustrious Author, to inquire, in the politest manner possible, "when the story was going to begin?" In reply to this, we received what the eminent writer was pleased to term "a letter," but which was in reality a small pamphlet, explaining to us—*firstly*, how the present work had ever come to be written; *secondly*, giving us a sketch of the literature of the world up to the present time; *thirdly*, a review of LORD BEACONSFIELD's policy, as traceable in his romances; *fourthly*, showing us what would be his (W. E. G.'s) answer to certain probable questions concerning the work in hand; *fifthly*, explaining to us that his strongest situation in the Fiftieth Chapter was founded on an episode in the Bulgarian Horrors; *sixthly*, giving us a valuable and learned disquisition on the American interest in the discovery of Agamemnon's tomb; *seventhly*, impressing upon us the local colouring which he intended to give in his Fifth Volume, where the scene would be laid in Wales, when he would treat us to a graphic account of the disestablishment of the Early British Church by AUGUSTINE; *eighthly*, telling us how an entire volume, at present uncertain, would be devoted to the History of the Axe in the Forests of England and Wales, illustrated with woodcuts; and, *ninthly*, pointing out, emphatically, the end, aim, and general scope of the Novel, as bearing upon the political progress and the liberal development of the Human Race.

Honoured, as we are, by this exhaustive and exhausting reply, we regret our inability to devote all our pages for the next six months to the publication of this full and laborious answer to our simple question; nor, we add, also with regret, can we proceed with this most interesting work of fiction, which, however, we can confidently recommend to any large publishing firm, as likely to command the immediate attention of the trade and the public.—ED.





### A GREAT DESIDERATUM.

*Fascinating, but frivolous Fair One.* "WHAT A PITY YOUR HUSBAND DOESN'T HAVE PLATE-GLASS PUT ON HIS PICTURES, AS SOME PEOPLE DO!"

*Hostess.* "YOU THINK IT MAKES THE PICTURES RICHER IN TONE!"

*Fascinating Fair One.* "I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT ONE CAN SEE ONE'S-SELF IN THEM, AT LEAST!"

### PLANS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF LONDON.

*SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S.*—Close all the Public-Houses, and prohibit all Spirits, but the good spirits produced by my speeches, or the perusal of *Joe Miller*.

*Major O'Gorman's.*—Soberise the Great Babylon, and don't allow HER MAJESTY to be insulted by the sale of Scotch whiskey in licensed publicans, while there is Irish whiskey for the importing.

*Mr. Whalley's.*—Make it penal in the butchers to sell any legs of mutton with the Pope's-eyes in them.

*Dr. Richardson's.*—Pull down all the houses, and re-build them upside down.

*West-End Tradesmen's.*—Abolish the Civil Service Stores, and banish MR. WHITELEY.

*The Theatrical Managers'.*—Shut up all the Music-Halls.

*The Music-Hall Proprietors'.*—Close all the Theatres.

*Materfamilias's.*—Open dépôts in every parish for the sale of American beef at importers' prices.

*The Butchers'.*—Prohibit the importation of dead meat from beyond sea.

*Paterfamilias's.*—Suppress the Vestries, and get rid of Rates and Taxes.

*Mr. William Sikes's.*—Reduce the number of the Police.

*Jemima's, Sarah's, and Mary Anne's.*—Build a lot more barracks, and double the force of Guards in London.

*Metropolitan Asylum Board's.*—Open a Small-Pox Hospital everywhere.

*Everybody's.*—Open a Small-Pox Hospital anywhere else.

### BROWNRIGG ON THE BEAUTIFUL.

SINCE the time—now above a hundred years ago—when MOTHER BROWNRIGG

"Whipped two female prentices to death,  
And hid them in the coal-hole"—

so purchasing for herself an immortality of infamy, and making her name a synonym for infliction of lingering death by torture on the weak and unresisting—we have seldom read of a series of more diabolical cruelties than those inflicted by a couple of brutes, a "gentleman" farmer and his wife, at Iwer-heath, near Slough, on a wretched little nurse-girl of sixteen, hired by them from the Princess Louise's Home at Wansford.

But the horror of the case alone would not have led us to harrow our readers' feelings even by allusion to the disgusting ill-usage by this well-matched pair of the wretched girl, on whom they were allowed for a while to wreak their devilish lust of tormenting. The remarkable point, which prompts *Punch's* comment, is that when MRS. MORRIS, the female tormentor, hired the girl at the Home, she expressed to the Matron her regret that she was not better-looking, as she wished her child from the first "to look only on what was beautiful!"

MRS. MORRIS must evidently have been a person of the most delicate æsthetic sensibilities. Who knows but that she ill-used CAROLINE CARTER out of sheer disgust with her plain face. Just as "a thing of beauty" would have been "a joy for ever," the thing of homeliness was a constant aggravation, and was made to pay for her plain face by proddings from forks, lashings from horse-whips, kickings up and down stairs from MR. MORRIS's new boots, pinchings of pieces of flesh from her bare body, pluckings out of her hair by handfuls, and breakings of her head and arm with the kitchen-poker. "Serve her right!" What business had she to be so provokingly plain, with a Mistress possessed by such a strong sense of The Beautiful?

And what an instructive light does the case thus regarded throw on the profound truth, so earnestly of late inculcated by a certain school of critics and artists amongst us, of the absolute independence of Ethics and Æsthetics, and the entire absence of correlation between Art and Morals.

### ALARMING STATE OF THE JOKE MARKET.

WHAT will our Yankee cousins say if they read "Yesterday's Markets" in the English papers?—

"American Spirits dull, quotations weak."

THE BEST COVERING FOR A RIVER-BED.—Sheets of rain.

*The Upper Ten's.*—Increase the area of Hyde Park Corner, make a new road from Piccadilly, through St. James's Park, to Westminster, and beautify the Thames Embankment.

*The Lower Millions'.*—Keep all the open spaces within a holiday-trip distance of London, and make those we have in London available. See our streets paved and scavenged. Make it penal to build houses without foundations, ventilation, water-tight walls, and means of cleanliness and decency. Find us better places of amusement than the penny-gaff and the public-house, and better dwellings than the back slums. Double the Board Schools and halve the Gin-Shops.

### SHORT WAY WITH THE SULTAN.

You, by the Prophet's beard who swear,  
The Porte and Vatican compare!  
MAHOMET's heir to the Successor  
Of PETER, Pontiff and Confessor?  
You imitate the Papal way  
Of saying Powers and Princes nay?  
With you, at least, when you refuse  
To treat, such roundness they might use,  
As some would e'en presume to give  
His Holiness's negative.  
To you, when likewise you deny  
The claims of reason, and reply  
"Non possumus" to their request,  
Their words should be "Necessè est."





## A SHARP BOY.

*Little Sweeper.* "REMEMBER THE POOR SWEEPER, MY NOBLE CAPTAIN!"

*Old General (to himself).* "EGAD! I MUST BE LOOKING UNCOMMONLY YOUNG TO BE TAKEN FOR A CAPTAIN!"

[*Kings the Boy a Shilling.*]

## A VISION OF A CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS.

SCENE—Interior of the Dolmabahche Palace, Constantinople.  
TIME—Morning. SULTAN ABDUL-HAMID seated on a Sofa, his face bound up.

*Sultan.* Sheitan take this tooth! Yet for one thing Allah be praised! MIDHAT has departed. Show in EDHEM PASHA.

*Enter EDHEM PASHA, who salaams.*

*Sultan.* The traitor, MIDHAT, may think himself lucky to have been spared the sack! What canst thou for us do, O new Grand Vizier?

*Edhem.* On my eyes be it, Commander of the Faithful! But EDHEM has rheumatic pains, which scarcely fit him to work a new Constitution.

*Sultan.* I accept thy resignation. Send to me MAHMOUD PASHA, my new Grand Vizier.

*Edhem.* Let me tell my Lord that MAHMOUD knows no tongue but that of the Osmanli.

*Sultan.* Allah be thanked! Then can he not conspire with the Franks, Russki, Prusski, or Englishki. My curses on the triple-tongued! Go!

[*EDHEM retires.*]

*Enter MAHMOUD DAMAD PASHA, who salaams.*

*Sultan.* MIDHAT is of the Past, and EDHEM, who succeeded him, is no more of the Present. I have selected thee, O MAHMOUD DAMAD, to execute my wishes, and to tell me what they are.

*Mahmoud (who has a twitch in his left eye).* O Commander of the Faithful, your devoted slave is Turk to the backbone. [*Twitches.*]

*Sultan.* Don't wink!

*Mahmoud.* Know, O Light of the Faithful, my eye has twitched from my birth up.

*Sultan.* I can't have a Grand Vizier who winks. If these Giaours came conferring here again, your wink might be mistaken for a sign of intelligence by that pig IGNATIEFF or that sour SALISBURY PASHA. Go!

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FUTURE.  
(With Mr. PUNCH's Compliments to MR. WHISTLER upon the Peacock Room at Princes Gate.)

*Master.* RUGGLES, where has your Mistress put her Mamma?

*Ruggles.* In the Stormy Petrel Room, Sir.

*Master.* And the young Ladies?

*Ruggles.* MISS LOUISA and MISS ALICE are in the Bird of Paradise Room, Sir.

*Master.* And MASTER GEORGE?

*Ruggles.* MASTER GEORGE is cleaning his gun in the Grouse Room, and MASTER HARRY is studying in the Owl Room.

*Master.* Good. Then we shall not be interrupted. Have you got the list from your Mistress of the other Visitors we expect?

*Ruggles.* Yes, Sir. There's LORD and LADY TOMNODDY.

*Master.* Ah! heavy upper-crust swells. Put them in the Golden Eagle Room.

*Ruggles.* Yes, Sir. And where is MAJOR SCART to go?

*Master.* Let me see—famous traveller, and excellent appetite. Yes. You may put him in the Swallow Room.

*Ruggles.* And MR. and MRS. WHITE?

*Master.* H'm! the people who give the good dinners. The Cormorant Room.

*Ruggles.* Certainly, Sir. And MR. TOODLES?

*Master.* The Dramatic Author. Oh, in the Goose Room. Help to remind him of his first nights.

*Ruggles.* That's all, Sir—Oh, no, I forgot MR. and MRS. HUMDRUM.

*Master.* You may give them the Common Barn-Door Fowl Room. Quite good enough for such a Darby and Joan. Come along, while I write the tickets for the room-doors. [*Exeunt.*]

"Quem Jocus circumvolat et Cupido."

(To a famous and ancient Home of Supper and Song.)

AH, vocal nest of singing-boys,  
Around thee floats a glamour.  
Thou once wert EVANS's late JOY's,  
And now art kept by AMOR!

From JOY to LOVE, how sweet to fly,  
With PADDY GREEN's ghost smiling by!  
Still with his courteous snuff-box seen,  
A ghost in ever-greenest Green!

*Mahmoud.* Let not the Commander of the Faithful—

*Sultan.* Go! I say. And send BLAQUE PASHA hither. He at least doth not wink; or if he doth, he means it. [*Exit MAHMOUD.*]

*Sultan.* May Eblis be the end of this tooth of mine! [*Enter BLAQUE PASHA.*] Ha! my new Vizier! I know no slave so trusty as thou art. Tell me what to do with this accursed Constitution.

*Blague Pasha.* Padishah, I will. [*Takes out an English pencil-case and memorandum-book.*] If your Highness will give me one minute's attention—

*Sultan.* Attention from me! What is that instrument? A Feringhee pencil-case! There! Take thy dismissal! Send me VEFITK PASHA at once!

*Blague Pasha.* O Commander of the Faithful—

*Sultan.* Be thou commanded! Send me another Vizier, I say! Hot!

[*Exit BLAQUE PASHA. Viziers appear and disappear, at intervals of five minutes, through the day. Eventually, there are no more Viziers to call up, and the SULTAN is forced to recall MIDHAT PASHA, who, if he is wise, will stay where he is, and do nothing.*]

## A Voice from Wild Wales.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Exeter College, Oxford.

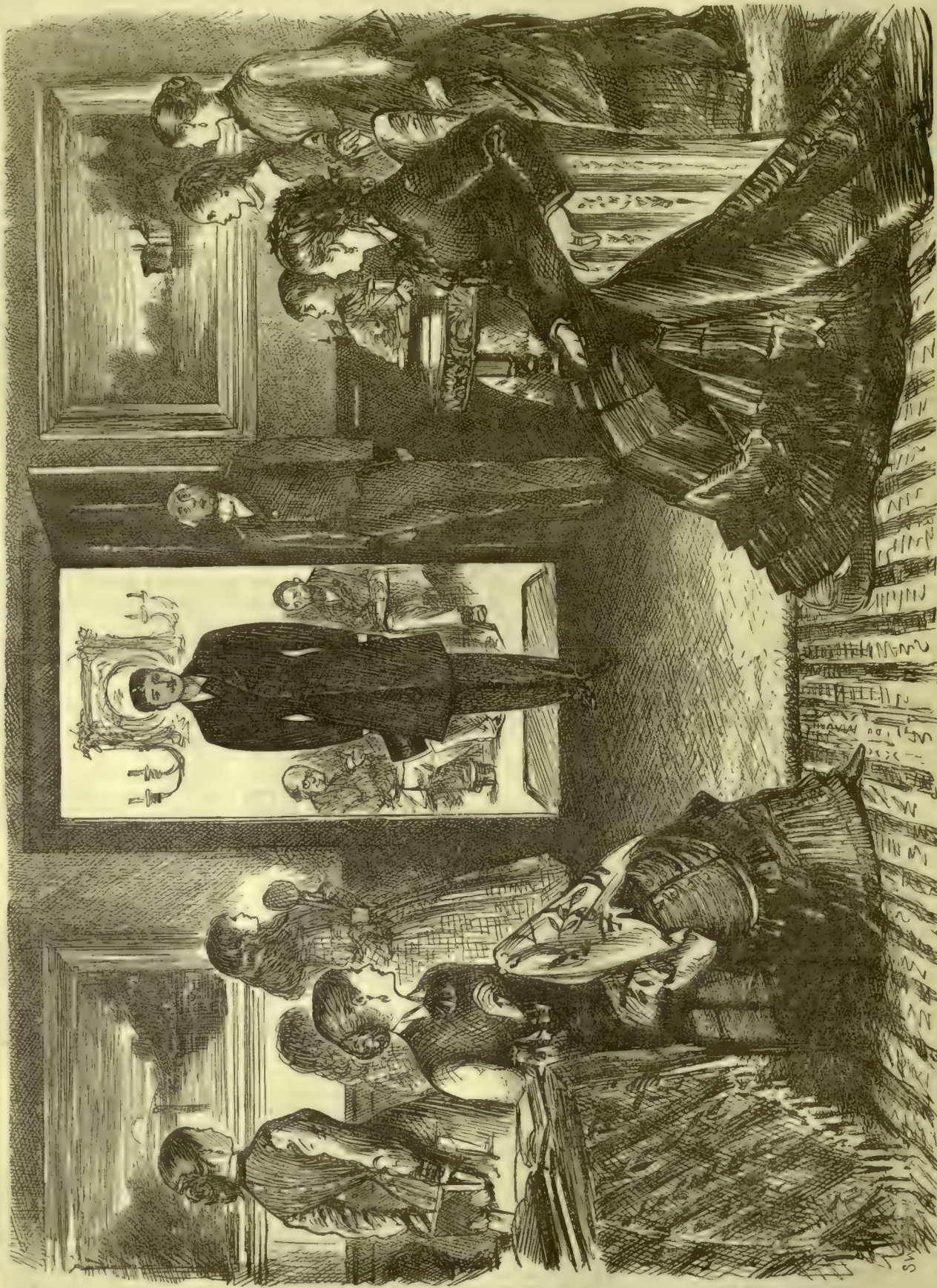
IN reference to a funny picture which appeared in your number a fortnight ago, allow me to state, for your own private information and edification, that nine Welshmen out of ten have never seen a leek, much less eaten one. With the profoundest respect for your erudition in all matters which do not concern Wales and Welshmen, I remain, dear Mr. Punch,

Yours very sincerely,

CYMRICUS.

MR. PUNCH sits corrected, and eats his leek. He had always associated the leek with Wales as religiously as the thistle with Scotland. "CYMRICUS" should pick a quarrel with *Fluellen*. Is not the leek worn on St. David's Day?—and if so, why?





TOO GOOD-LOOKING BY HALF!

ENTER GENTLEMAN-HELP IN ANSWER TO ADVERTISEMENT. THE GIRLS SEE THAT HE WILL DO, AT A GLANCE. IT TAKES MATEFAMILIAS EXACTLY THE SAME TIME TO ARRIVE AT THE PRECISELY OPPOSITE CONCLUSION, AND, WITH COMMENDABLE PRUDENCE, SHE EVENTUALLY SELECTS ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WHO MAY BE DIMLY DESCRIBED WAITING IN THE HALL.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PERHAPS "PEPYS' ESSENCE" would be fairer.

*Punch* has been strongly urged by many of his correspondents to let the worthy old Clerk of the Acts continue to report for him for a while longer, and is well-disposed to do so. But see, MR. EDLIN, the effects of your late encouragement of Spiritualism by that unfortunate judgment of yours upsetting the Slade conviction, which we are glad to see not less energetically repudiated by an overwhelming majority of your brother Magistrates of the Middlesex Bench—why did they allow you to misrepresent them?—than by the Higher Court, which has granted a mandamus for a hearing of the Slade case on the merits.

Since he admitted SAM PEPPYS' Ghost to a hearing, *Punch's* sanctum has been the nightly resort of spirits, unbottled. Pity that MESSRS. DAY & Co., the agents of the Customs Bill of Entry Office, and those who invented the patent capsule that secures pure Cognac against tampering with by retailing *media*, have not as yet been able to extend their operations from distilled spirits to disembodied ones! A whole train of ghosts, who in the flesh frequented the Houses of Parliament, and reported the debates, even while it was against law to convey Essence of Parliament beyond the doors of St. Stephen's—the ghost of ANDREW MARVELL, of SWIFT, of ADDISON, of DICK STEELE, of DOCTOR JOHNSON, nay, of BOZZY himself, and the gentle GOLDSMITH—have been bombarding *Punch* for leave to share the labours of SAMUEL PEPPYS, his ghost, and to be allowed to aid in expressing the essence of the Collective Wisdom for *Mr. Punch*. We have in fact a ghostly reporter's staff ready to our hand, and may, as we see occasion, use it. Meanwhile we allow dear old SAMUEL PEPPYS his fairly-earned precedence. He reports:

Monday, February 19.—My Lords up betimes, there being nothing for their Lordships to do but to adjourn, which they did, mighty merry.

(Commons).—MR. GLADSTONE was fain to know who were "the important personages" that SIR H. ELLIOT did write of as wishing to drive the Turk out of Europe, to whom SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did make answer he was sorry he could not be in SIR H. ELLIOT's mind—methought he is better in his own—but did think that perchance SIR HENRY did include MR. GLADSTONE himself among the said "important personages," wherein, indeed, SIR HENRY would but have been blundering with some that should have known better.

But methinks this ripping up of old sores, and old dispatches, is poor work, and so the House and the country do seem to hold it, and I do see there will be no more of it, which I am glad of, the House having other and more pressing business in hand, and, indeed, your Englishman loves not crying over spilt milk.

So MR. HARDY to his Universities Bill, and did show how he had strengthened the Oxford Commission, and shortened its duration, whereof general approval. Only MR. LOWE, that I had longed mightily to hear, he being a man of marvellous quick wit, and a biting tongue, though he hath somewhat too much affected the sharpening of it on such as he deems fools, and chiefly the sort of fellows who must needs come a-pestering our Offices on Deputations—a thing we knew not in my time, and therein were the more favoured, but yet, if we had had Deputations to Our Office, e'en at our hardest lack for money and captains and good guidance, I warrant me we would have found a LOWE of our own to answer them—did speak mighty sharp, but not so wisely methought, against the Bill, as one for giving over the Universities to be inquired of and regulated by Commissioners, which he would have had done rather by Parliament as wishing, methinks, his own finger in the pie. But on the whole the Bill approved, and methinks will pass.

And one HOPE, a facetious Dutchman, mighty pleasant on the change of parts betwixt the Conservative Government that hath turned Reformer, and the Reformers that be turned Conservatives. But "In and out, makes change about," as the old saw hath it; and for my part, so the Universities be made more profitable for sound learning and religious education, it seems small matter who shall make them. And I did bethink me much of Magdalen College, Cambridge, in my time, and how much liquor we did suck in there,



and how little learning, and how I and one HIND, my chamber-fellow, were solemnly admonished in MR. HILL's chamber by DR. JOHN WOOD, and MR. HILL, in presence of the assembled fellows, for having been scandalously overserved with drink, as may be read in the College Register Book to this day.

But I thank my stars I did leave Cambridge and married my wife early, poor, pretty wretch, and did well, thanks to my Lord and Our Office. So I home, and thinking of the many strange changes of the times—only Our Office less changed than most things.

**Tuesday.**—In the Lords a mighty press of strangers, and many of the Commons House crowding in at the bar, even to sitting on the floor, to hear his Grace my LORD DUKE OF ARGYLL fire off his big gun on the Eastern matter, which they do indeed well name the Eastern Question, for methinks, here at least, 'tis all question and no answer, and did call attention to the instructions given to my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, wherein were two great ends set forth, the better governing of the Turk, and the securing the peace of Europe, of which ends by the Duke's showing as yet was not even a beginning. And so to his indictment, and spoke mighty well and fiery for an hour and a half, and well listened to; but when all was done methought there was nothing to answer, his gun being, as it were, shotted with blank cartridge; as in truth my Lords DERBY and SALISBURY and BEAconsfield were quick to see and to say, and took as much time in the saying of their nothing as my LORD DUKE in the saying of his, which was pretty to note, and indeed the speakers in the Parliaments of this time do show much more art and grace in the saying of nothing than they did in my time, only my LORD DERBY did hint at the reforms promised by the Turk, and how it was but reasonable to give them time to try to do better, and, Lord, to see how drowning men will catch at straws when they have nought better to catch at, for the House did cheer this mightily.

And methought of all I best liked my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY when he showed how in Turkey you had nothing to hold to but the SULTAN, that was afraid to reform matters, and the old Turks, that were too pig-headed to understand why any reform was wanted, which methought did go far to dispose of my LORD DERBY's hope: and for my part I see nothing for it but the strong hand of the Muscovite, that, at least, knoweth his own mind, and putteth his trust in his "Bog," as he calls his god, and keepeth his powder dry, as the Old Protector was wont to do, and had he been here methinks England had known her own mind too, better than she doth, or at least they that speak for her.

And so I home, with little contentment, save of the brave speaking about nothing; for there was nothing in the Commons House but talk of a Small-pox Hospital, built in a scurvy and foul neighbourhood Limehouse way, where yet I do remember worshipful folk living in my time. But indeed most things do move westward now-a-days strangely, save only the Turk, who will 'not, and as yet I do see small will to force him, if the Muscovite do not.

**Wednesday.**—A good Bill of one COWPER TEMPLE, for the cutting down of Officers and Fees in the Ecclesiastical Courts, not, methinks, before 'tis needed, for, indeed, I do remember these Courts and fees much cried out upon in my time, when they first grew up again after the Old Protector's lusty lopping—that I did think then they never would grow again, and lo they are even now as thriving and thievish, it seems, as ever. But, at last, it doth seem as if all were come to be ashamed of them, and MR. CROSS did move the referring of the Bill to a Select Committee, not, as Select Committees are often used, for the shelving of the same—but for the making it work to better purpose. And in such matters all do agree CROSS doth well and to good purpose. Which pleases me.

Then a Bill for the enabling of Scotch tenants to deal with game that vexeth them, as hares and rabbits—and doth sore consume their crops, and no wonder they seek to have leave to shoot them, and methinks will get it, sooner than the same sort in England, your Scotch being apter to put their heads together, and their heads being harder, and sending to Parliament men who will work their will—and seeing the wickedness that comes of poaching—whereof in my time we heard little or nothing—in these hard and crowding times, it did seem to me strange to learn that the Game Laws in this country had grown rather stricter than softer, and methinks should not be so, if all did their part.

**Thursday.**—In the Lords, my LORD BEAconsfield, mighty solemn after his wont, explaining of things loosely said by him on Tuesday, and strange to see how, while seeming to admit his looseness of speech, he did yet seem to make it out that his loose-speaking was more to the purpose than other men's closeness. But it appears that we have been to blame in taking away our consuls from Turkey, who might have kept our Ambassador informed, and so done something, if not much, to keep the Turk to better behaviour; and, indeed, without consuls to serve an ambassador as eyes, how is he to see what passes in a wide and waste country like Turkey, with no roads, and no journals or news-writers?

I sore grieved to hear that the Cattle Plague had got in amongst us once more; and now the steed is stolen, mighty active they all

are in shutting of the stable-door. To-morrow had been fixed for the adjourned talking about the Eastern Question, but the Commons did very wisely, as I thought, resolve, to-night, they would have no more of such idle talking, that serves to no purpose, only to breed bickering. And I do hope we shall have no more light young fellows girding at MR. GLADSTONE, for methinks young MASTER CHAPLIN did look mighty foolish to-night, and all thinking of the tongue-basting he had last week, and had but his deserts, if ever saucy young Jackanapes had.

I glad to hear that in the carrying out of the great new street about to be made from Tottenham Court Road (that was indeed a wide road in my time) to the corner of Charing Cross, the portico of St. Martin's Church be not to be touched, as the Metropolitan Board were minded. And indeed though it was built since my time, I do think it a mighty pretty portico, and one SIR CHRISTOPHER would have admired, and methinks pity to lose it in this town, where so few things pretty.

## FROM NILE TO THAMES.

"To offer a present of this sort is to illustrate the romance of riches . . . To distribute wealth in a poetical way a man must have a born genius for the occupation, and it is as difficult to suggest any work of what ARISTOTLE might have called the 'art of expenditure,' as it is impossible to withhold admiration where a great stroke is done. The gift of Cleopatra's needle is such a stroke, and deserves æsthetic approval as well as gratitude."—*The Saturday Review* on MR. ERASMUS WILSON's proposal to remove the Alexandria Obelisk to England.



R. PUNCH was in his sanctum reading his *Saturday Review*. A dreamy feeling came over the Sage, Toby fidgetted, the lamp burned dim, and looking up, Mr. Punch beheld a Presence! So "the dull cold-blooded CÆSAR" in GEROME's picture, lifting his gaze from desk and scroll, meets with amaze the "bold black eyes," which had witch'd world-conquerors of softer mould than he, and helped so considerably to rid him of a formidable rival. Mr. Punch is neither dull nor cold-blooded, and he always bows in courtesy to Beauty! He did so now.

"Must I introduce myself in form?" murmured that miraculous voice musically.

"Beauty," responded the Sage, "needs no other introduction than itself; and as for form,"—Mr. Punch's admiring regard completed the sentence.

"You know me then?" queried his visitor, with a glow, which on cheeks less brown and bold, would have been a blush.

"And acquit MARK ANTONY of madness," responded Mr. Punch, with subtle courtesy.

"Since TENNYSON met me in that mysterious wood, I have not shown myself to mortal," continued CLEOPATRA. But I do admire Men, and have long had a desire to look on you."

"I will never henceforth be hard on feminine curiosity," said



*Mr. Punch.* "It has served me too well in the present instance. *Judy—Mrs. Punch,* is at home. May I have—"

"My curiosity does not extend to *her*," quoth the Egyptian Enchantress, drily. "Besides, I have business with you."

"My pages," said *Mr. Punch*, apprehensively, "are well supplied; but any contribution from your Majesty would—"

"Find its way *thither*," interrupted his guest, good-naturedly, pointing to *Mr. Punch's* capacious, but yet overflowing, waste-paper basket. "Its proper destination, doubtless. No; such women as I care no more for the pen than for the needle. Leave the one to the Lydias, the other to the Dorcas; we work with other weapons. And that is why I object to that obelisk, which I hear you are about to have transferred hither, being called by so inappropriate a name. 'Cleopatra's Needle,' indeed! Fancy my fame being associated with the housewife's humble implement!"

"A Cockneyism, doubtless," replied the Sage. "But nicknames are the Nemesis of greatness; and slang, like a sapper, respects nothing and nobody."

"Precisely," replied the Serpent of Old Nile. "Yet I look to you to discountenance, as much as may be, the Cockneyising of this relic of my rule. Why it should be removed from the vicinity of Caesar's temple—"

"As in your Majesty's time it was removed from the temple of the god Tum," interpolated *Mr. Punch*, politely.

"Ah, yes!" sighed the Queen, sadly. "Who can contend with Time and Change? From Heliopolis to the Thames Embankment is a far cry. Tum was the god of the Setting Sun, and the sun of Old Egypt has long since set. What destiny JOUBERT, GOSCHEN, & Co. and the Engineers will make for New Egypt who shall say? At least it is not likely to have another CLEOPATRA," said *Mr. Punch*.

"The prudes and the political economists would say, 'So much the better!' Eh?" queried the Queen.

"Well—they might," admitted *Mr. Punch*.

"O my life

In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,  
The flattery and the strife!"

murmured CLEOPATRA, as if to herself.

"Well," said the Sage, reflectively, "GORDON PASHA is not exactly a 'mailed Bacchus,' perhaps, and Egyptian Bonds are now suggestive of something other than the imprisoning arms of CLEOPATRA, though to many a modern ANTONY they may have proved almost as fatal."

"Contented there to die," quoth the Queen, for sole response to this subtle insinuation. "Well, well, times change, ERASMUS WILSON doubtless means well, and even the unromantic *Saturday Review* seems to see poetry in his project. I confess I do not. But at any rate, dear *Mr. Punch*—the Sage bowed and blushed—"let us hope that all the poetry will not evaporate in the process of carrying it out. You islanders are so Boottian, and so blundering, in monumental matters especially." The Sage blushed again, but from quite another emotion. "Don't let Cockney Edilism wholly vulgarise my obelisk, and pray reserve your 'aesthetic approval' until it is proved to be deserved, lest CLEOPATRA'S curse be as potent as Minerva's, and ERASMUS—"

"With ERATOSTRATUS and ELGIN shine,  
In many a branding page, and burning line."

"Well, the cases are perhaps somewhat different," quoth *Mr. Punch*, "but your Majesty may trust me to keep my eyes on the Monolith—if ever, I have the good fortune to set them there,—and if I see any signs of a good gift being badly disposed of, be sure *Mr. Punch* will play the part of BYRON'S minatory Pallas, and probably with more practical effect than even angered divinity produced."

"Ah, ten thousand thanks!" ejaculated the Queen, in a gush of maddening melody, and making play with her "piercing orbs," in a fashion which so startled that most prudent of *preux chevaliers*, *Mr. Punch*, that he—awoke, and found the fire out, and *Judy* in elegant *déshabillé*, standing before him, evidently primed with an eloquent Jeremiad.

#### The Ministerial Fix.

THE *crux*, when Turk and Tartar quarrel,  
And Turk seeks succour ministerial,  
Is that material aid 's immoral,  
And moral aid is immaterial.

#### A Questionable Title.

WHEN we read in the *Athenæum* that it was the Poet Laureate who gave *MR. KNOWLES* the title of his new periodical, *The Nineteenth Century*—to which *Punch* wishes all success—one can't help remembering how the Poet Laureate has characterised that century, in *Maud*, as the

"Wretchedest age since the world began."

## BISHOPS ON THE STAGE.

(A Suggestion to the Worthy and Liberal DR. FRASER.)



WE have lately seen a real live Bishop on the Stage, speaking to the best purpose, and most in the spirit of the character, as a mouth-piece of good sense, sound morals, and Christian charity. Among various other objections to the Ballet but too well-founded, the Lawn-Lord of Manchester animadverted on the brevity of the Ballet Girls' skirts, "which," had he wanted an illustration, he might have said, "were no longer than a Bishop's apron."

If the word of a Bishop goes far, how far would a Bishop's act go? As one Bishop has ventured on the Stage, why shouldn't a dozen, why shouldn't the entire hierarchical strength of the Establishment

step out and give us a Ballet of Bishops, with their aprons properly licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN? There's a novelty for any enterprising Manager! The Alhambra Company might go in for it, or MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD might find an opening for them. The scene would be simple, representing the exterior of an old Cathedral and the entrances to the cloisters, something like what one knows in *Roberto* or *Favorita*. A bench on which Bishops are discovered, seated. In the centre a view of some lawn, with Bishops playing at bowls, described in the programme as "a bowl of Bishop." Some are playing lawn-tennis. To them enter archly an Archbishop, playing a pastoral on his pipe, and followed by a crowd of Colonial Bishops dancing gaily. The Colonial Bishops woo the other Bishops, who are seated coyly on the Bench. To these enter Rural Deans, with ribands, pipe and tabor: they start on seeing their rivals the Colonials.

The Home-brewed Bishops rise from the Bench, and implore the opposing parties to keep the peace.

The Rural Deans defy their rivals, and, after several futile charges on the part of the Colonial Bishops, the latter are defeated, and, flying in confusion, trip up on the peal of an organ which has been carelessly left about, and leap from various heights of imagination into the See of Canterbury, when the scene changes, discovering a Perpetual Curate seated in a car drawn by Prebendaries, while Precentors, as outriders, and young Vergers, crowned and playing on timbrels, are passing under a Triumphal Arch-deacon.

There might be a Collection for some charitable object at the doors of the theatre, and on the play-bill might be printed a copy of what a Bishop *would* have said, had there been a sermon. "The whole to conclude" with a Grand Archidiaconal Function; and (for this occasion only) a

MOST BRILLIANT DISPLAY OF ROCHETS!!!

#### YOUTH AND AGE.

"YOUTH will be served." A sporting maxim sage,  
Sweeter to adolescence than to age.  
Yet CHAPLIN must have known of many a case  
Where aged clippers, famous once for pace,  
On their own ground whipped weedy youngsters hollow,  
Leading where Screws who challenged dared not follow.  
If Youth *could*, as Youth fain *would*, be severe,  
Old age, indeed, might have fair cause to fear;  
But Youth that's raw as rash, unsinewed, slow,  
May find with Age the pace it cannot go.  
The gods love generous Greenness, but scarce smile  
On impotence because 'tis puerile;  
Or cheek because 'tis callow. Fine, in truth,  
To hear glib HAMILTON, in verdant youth,  
Gird at ripe Age, that's game to give it weight,  
And a bad beating. Tipsters, too elate  
When Youth and Age contend, before you wage,  
'Twere well to know *what* Youth, and *whose* the Age!  
"Youth will be served!" Why, yes, when Youth is stout;  
But feeble Youth may chance to be—served out!





### A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

*Genuine Enthusiast (to his Betrothed).* "WHEN WE WED, SACCHARISSA, WE WILL SHUN THE VULGAR WEST-END, AND DWELL IN SOME OLD, OLD WAINSCOTED HOUSE IN THE HEART OF SOHO; WE WILL HAVE NO FRIENDS THAT ARE NOT FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMEN ALL OF THE OLDEN TIME; NO BOOKS THAT HAVE NOT GOT NICE LONG "ESSES" LIKE "efs"; OUR ONLY NEWSPAPERS SHALL BE THOSE OF THE PAST CENTURY, AND WE WILL LAUGH AT NO JOKES THAT ARE NOT AT LEAST OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WHEN THE GLOAMING COMES, WE WILL CAROL QUIANT OLD CANZONETS, IN EARLY FRENCH, TO AN OLD SPINNET THAT I HAVE MY EYE UPON (QUITE A BARGAIN, IN WARDOUR STREET). AND SEE HERE, SACCHARISSA! WHEN THE CANDLES ARE LIT, WE WILL SNUFF THEM WITH THIS EXQUISITE PAIR OF OLD SILVER-GILT SNUFFERS WHICH I PICKED UP TO-DAY, FOR HALF-A-CROWN, IN A SMALL COURT NEAR SAINT MARTIN'S LANE! DOST THOU LIKE THE PICTURE?"

*Saccharissa (whose real name is "Sarah"—doubtfully).* "YE—E—E—S!"

### CAXTON.

(1477-1877.)

"I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once; for all the books of this story here empynted, as ye see, were begun in one day and also finished in one day."—CAXTON'S Preface to his first printed work, the "*Tales of Troy*."

"I have always regarded the connection of CAXTON with Westminster Abbey as a kind of type and emblem of the relation which ought to stand, as many times it has stood, between the Church and the general diffusion of light and knowledge throughout the world."—THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, on the proposed Caxton Celebration, at the Jerusalem Chamber, on Feb. 17, 1877.

Four hundred years! Slow Cycles of Cathay  
Might compass less of wondrous growth and change,  
Than those four centuries, since that fateful day  
When COLARD MANSION'S pupil brought away  
From ancient Bruges his book-work new and strange.

Father of English Printing! 'Tis a name  
To front the Ages with, and ask their meed.  
What fitter title to enduring fame,  
Midst the uncounted myriads he may claim,  
As gathering fruit of which he sowed the seed?

The sturdy Kentish man, whose solid sense  
Shaped us the tool which built us half our glory,  
Better deserves our age's recompense

Of praise and anniversary eloquence,  
Than half the heroes who yet live in story.

If GUTENBERG, FUST, SCHCEFFER, famous band,  
Record of stone and bronze in Metz may share,  
Our English CAXTON, in the native land  
Whose tongue he loved, and helped to shape, should stand  
In monumental image sculptured fair.

The Mercer's son, who reared his "red pole" sign  
In Margaret's Almonry so long ago,  
Who praised, and printed, CHAUCER'S spring-tide line,  
Finds fitting spokesman in the brave divine  
Who knows those precincts as few else may know.

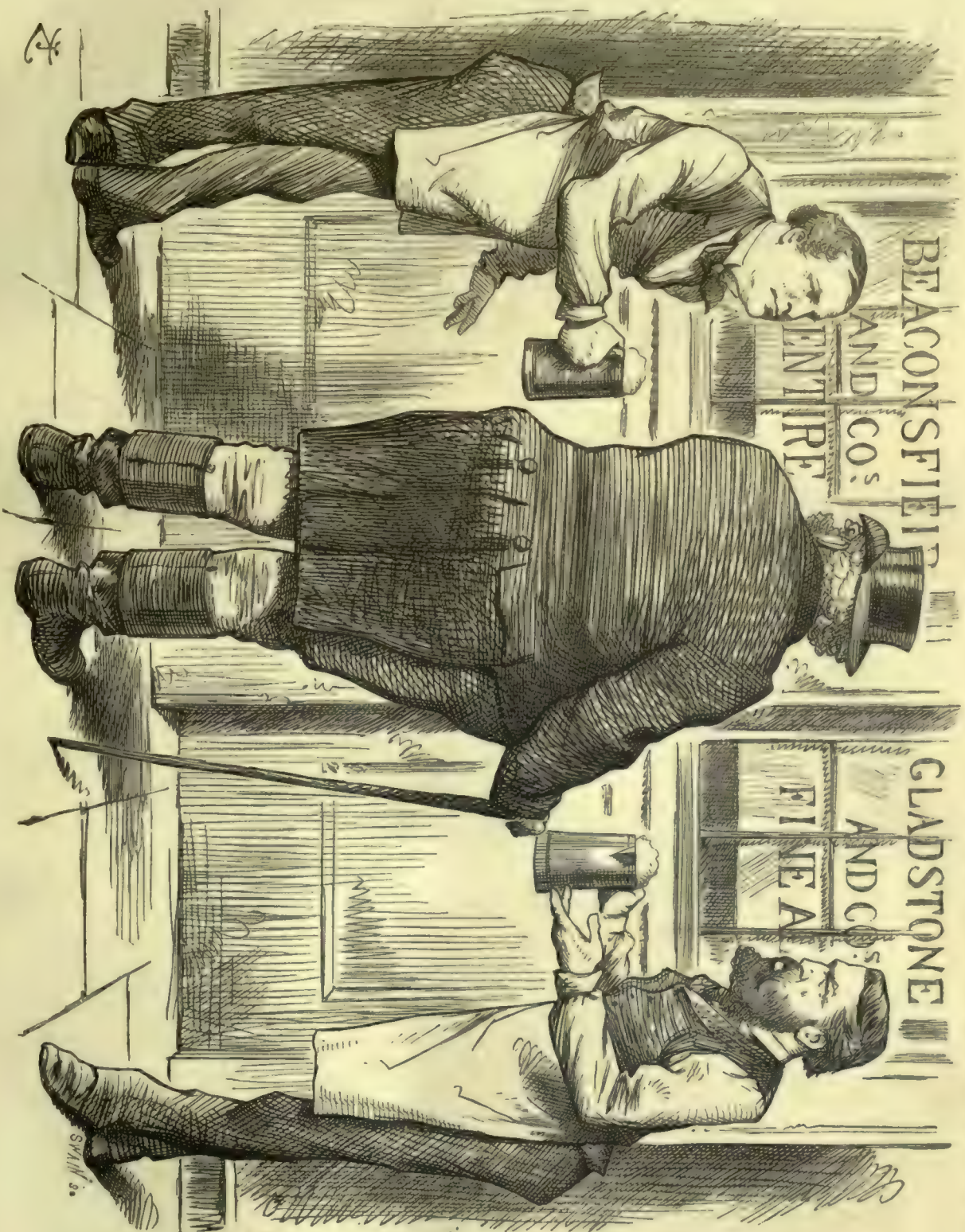
"On, STANLEY" on! The task is one that fits  
Thy liberal soul. To him you'd celebrate,  
Poets and Politicians, Saints and Cits,  
Philosophers and Princes, Traders, Wits,  
Alike are debtors for their power and state.

Churchmen there may be whom brave CAXTON'S press,  
In its late products, fills with fretful fright.  
But Westminster's wise Dean may do no less  
Than wish, with *Punch*, the Printer's Art success:  
Endorsing Strasburg's text, "Let there be light."\*

\* The inscription on the statue of the first printer at Strasburg.

TO ALL IN QUEST OF ELABORATE HOUSE DECORATION—If you  
want to pay dearly for your whistle, send for the Whistler!





“MUCH OF A MUCHNESS.”

FIRST TAPSTER. “TRY OUR HALF-AND-HALF, MR. BULL!” SECOND TAPSTER. “BETTER TRY OURS, SIR!”  
MR. BULL. “SURE YOU HAVEN'T BEEN MIXING 'EM? ANYWAY, THEY'RE POOR TAPS BOTH—AND MIGHTY LITTLE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN 'EM!”







## A FAIR OFFER AND AN AMENDE HONORABLE.

MY GOOD COMRADE PUNCH,



ZE, I hold out the hand of friendship across the terrible sea. The "perfect gentleman's-ridère" of France solicits "lesportmans" of England. Paris greets London. The Sport of the British Islands is acknowledged by le sport of the great French nation. This will be historical.

You will ask why do I, a perfect Parisian, a *flâneur*, a frequenter of *cafés*, a reader of journals—why do I

write to you? Is it because I love London with its "Leicester Squarr," its "Vauxhall-bridge Road," its "Newe Cut" (you see, I know my London to the bottom); is it because I love London? No, a thousand times, no. Is it because I love you English, "with your 'roast-beefs,' your 'plum-puddings,' your 'Sundays,' your London-fogge? No. The sun cannot love the mud. *Bel esprit* cannot from the heart embrace barbarism. Then if I do not love either you or your country, why do I write? Because there is one bond of union between us—*le sport*.

Yes, *Punch*, my good friend, it is because we both love to follow the artful rabbit with knives of the chase, both love to shoot the fox, both love to watch the artful partridge in his stand, that we fraternise. It is this grand passion, absorbing, absolute, irrepressible, that binds us one to the other. In its presence, we have ceased to be two Europeans, a Frenchman and an Englishman, a leader of art, thought, and culture, and a shopkeeper, and we have become "perfect gentlemen's-ridères." *Le sport* has given us relations of liberty, fraternity, and—strongest of all—equality. As the Americans would say,—"we stand on the same platform."

It is because this Brotherhood of *le sport* is threatened, that I now write to you. Your Jockey Club would put restraints on the horses of France running in your Epsom-Derby. Why? Because, they say it is not just to call a five-year-old a three-year-old. How! It seems that the honour of the greatest nation in the world is questioned. Were it not that Alsace and Lorraine are thirsting to be liberated, were it not that the Rhine has yet to be rescued, were it not that we are patiently waiting to be avenged by our grandchildren, this insult should be washed out in blood! But no, for a time we bear all. And thus we will send our matured three-year-olds to your race-courses until you stopus. Let it be clearly understood a Frenchman's word is doubted when he is told that his horse that has won this three-year-old stake counts five years. To doubt a man's word is to insult him. And yet the Frenchman, in spite of insults, doubts and equivokes, will still retain the nomenclature of the race-horse, will still win with what you call five-year-old horses what you call three-year-old races. Why? Because France is the greatest nation in the world, because everything must be sacrificed for France! The grand thought that lies at the bottom of our triumphs of *le sport* can only be appreciated by a leader of civilisation, by a philosopher, by a poet—in one word, by a Frenchman!

With this idea in my mind, *Punch*, then I make my proposal to you. Instead of refusing to allow Frenchmen to win your horse-races by certificates, which you dare to question, open to them a new field of honour on the Tide as well as on the Turf. Your ADMIRAL ROUS is not only a "perfect-Gentlemen's-ridère," he is also (by his profession) a "Yachtsman." Let him arrange a regatta between England and France. In a week or so the great Oxfor-

Cambrig-Boating-Race will be rowed at Putne. Why should not France be represented? You ask for the conditions. They are soon suggested. Here they are:—

1. A Prize of 200,000,000 francs to be given to the winning crew.
2. The money for this purpose to be found entirely by England.
3. The English crews to consist (as heretofore) of eight men per boat.
4. The French crew to consist of sixteen men per boat.
5. The English crews to row in ordinary outriggers.
6. The French crew to row in a steam-launch, propelled by the most powerful engines.
7. The French crew to have ten minutes' start.
8. The umpire, and all the other officials in the race, to be Frenchmen.

There, *Punch*, my excellent comrade, agree to these terms, and you will find fair France as triumphant on the River, as she is already victorious on the Race Course.

Receive my considerations, the most distinguished.

JULES LE BLAGUE.

*Le Cercle de Canotiers et Carottiers, Paris.*

## OUR NOVEL SERIES.

## ALL IN THE DOWNS;

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL M.P.

## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I HAVE no idea of writing a Novel. I don't know how to do it; and fear I could not succeed in telling a story if I tried: the idea, therefore, is very formidable to me.\*

I will suppose myself to be narrating facts to an individual, and to be saying *all I could think of*† to induce him to lend his utmost aid in remedying the great evil which we all deplore; and I will write, *so far as I can*,‡ just as I would speak to *you*, Sir (the Editor, for example, or the gentle Reader), if you were now sitting by my side.¶ If you, or he, were so sitting, while he was sitting I would lay¶ sundry papers before him, or you, Sir, in confirmation of my opinions and statements, so that you or he might know for himself how absolutely true they are.

Herewith I send you photographs of maps, ships, charts, tables of wrecks, models of vessels, working models of shipwrecks, plans of the coasts, statistical tables, and photographs of entries in LLOYD'S books. You have only got to refer to these from time to time, and hand them over to the Artist who may undertake to illustrate my Novel.\*\*

Now, Sir, I sound the last bell, and all for shore must leave the vessel, as one must draw the load-line somewhere. Those who remain will be careful not to speak to the man who has at his heart the common weal of our Seamen, while all his hands are engaged on the present thrilling work. Heave ahead, my brave boys! Now we sail with the gale to the Bay of Biscay, oh! and we meet after the voyage. Steam up, and away!

S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

## CHAPTER I.—The Right of Challenging the Stevedore.

THOSE who are acquainted with the maritime town of the ancient Cinque-port of Newport-Pagnell, will not need me to remind them of its coasts white with gulls, its sands crowded with tourists, its gay quay thronged with sailors of all nations, with mariners from the four quarters of the Old World and from various parts of the New; its host of Jew-pedlars, with their wares, decoying maidens

\* The esteemed Member for Derby said much the same at the commencement of a pamphlet. But the pamphlet was a very powerful one nevertheless. A good augury for the Novel.—Ed.

† This clearly includes Fiction—founded on Fact. Another good augury for the Novel.—Ed.

‡ Good enough. We'll edit it. This dependence on our editorial judgment augurs extremely well for the Novel.—Ed.

§ Yes, we have a Reader, of course. He is tolerably patient, but not gentle. This intention on the part of Author augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

¶ MR. PL-MS-LL seems to be thinking of the old Ethiopian song of *Lucy Neale*—  
"Were you sitting by my side,  
How happy I should feel."

Poetic quotation augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

¶ For one to "sit" and another to "lay" is a confusion of metaphor. Probably unintentional. Augurs well for Novel.—Ed.

\*\* We have done so. We sent them all off in a cart this morning to the Artist's house. They arrived on his birthday, at breakfast time, and he cheerfully paid the carriage. We have not heard from him since.—Ed.



to "Buy, buy, buy!" while bewitching, bright-eyed girls are enticing their admirers, fresh from sea, with pockets full of gold, to bestow on them the shining trinkets and gorgeous gewgaws brought by the travelling hucksters from the stalls of the Lowther Arcade.

Bands of music were playing at intervals on the jetty; excursion steamers were departing and arriving; church bells were ringing for sailors' marriages; church bells were tolling for sailors' funerals; flags were flying in honour of the Port-Admiral's birthday; and the guns of the harbour were firing salutes to celebrate the coming of age of the youngest Brother of the Elder Brethren.

Gay and animated was the scene, as the good merchant ship, the *Albert Ross* (owners GROGBLOSSOM & Co., East Sheen), lay alongside in the basin, taking in its cargo for Nova Dizzembla and the Pharo Islands on the Coast of Egypt.

The pier was absolutely hidden from sight, partly by the enormous sacks of wheat, each marked with the words "Corney Grain," in bold relief, and partly by huge cases containing German reeds.

A number of men, under the command of a Captain, who was only seventeen years old,\* were rapidly cutting the vessel above-

*Ross* should carry all the cargo brought down to that pier, he had ordered all hands to add fifty feet amidships, but positively refused to give the vessel the requisite number of knees. Of course, as every one knows, there should be a knee to each foot, and this was omitted, so that whatever result chance might ordain for the vessel, its going out of port must be but a very lame affair, after all.

One man alone, as we shall see presently, knew of the all but certainly fatal consequences of this recklessness, and he kept it to himself. If ever there was a villain on this earth and its neighbourhood, it was this man, to whom the reader (with this prefatory apology for bringing him into such execrable company) will be presently introduced.

It had been found utterly impossible to accommodate such a cargo either in the *Aula di San Giorgio* (owners JONATHAN WYLDE & Co.), or on board the Danish trading vessel called *The Saucy Polly Teknik*, which had just discharged its freight of Pepper, and was now bound for the Dizolvon Vuzen Isles.

Standing on the edge of the quay, the rude breeze freely passing through her locks without paying any toll, stood MARY MAYBUD,

the lovely daughter of the Junior Warden of the Sink Ports.

Behind her stood her father, the Junior Warden himself, as thorough a specimen of the bluff wicked old sea-dog as ever spliced a main-deck or hauled a keel athwartships, on a dirty night in the Bay of Biscay.

He was looking earnestly through a telescope, which his daughter supported over her left shoulder, while her right hand was placed in front of the glass, thus to a certain extent obscuring the view.

"I can't make out the rig of that vessel in the offing!" exclaimed the rough old Salt, as he closed one eye and shut the other, and then applied both in turn to the small end of the telescope.

"Perhaps he is on board!" she murmured to herself.

"He! Who?" asked the Junior Warden, rapping out an oath.

"WILLIAM TAILLEUR," she replied, calmly.

The Junior Warden threw down the telescope violently, then dashed his wig violently down on the stones.

"Never!" he exclaimed, furiously; "never!"

"Papa," implored his daughter, "do not speak thus! See, you are attracting a crowd."

But the old man was not to be pacified. He had a magnificent match for his daughter in his eye, and he would not hear of her marrying WILLIAM TAILLEUR, a mere eighteen-pence-an-hour boatman.

A crowd was indeed approaching from the town, cheering lustily. A brass band walked in front, and several people carried flags.

"See!" cried the Junior Warden, "your affianced husband, my Co-owner, the man of my choice, has already arrived. Belay! he comes!"

MARY shuddered, and the tears rose to her eyes as a dark and far from unhandsome man, whose eagle nose and piercing black eyes, peering from under his well-defined brows, bespoke, even if his dress had not, the Spanish Don, advanced from among his enthusiastic followers and gracefully knelt on one knee before her.

A round black cap was set jauntily on the short-cropped dark hair, which, with short mutton-chop whiskers, formed an artistic set off to his fallow skin, purple lips, and shaven face.

He wore a short, richly spangled and embroidered jacket, a scarf wound round him like a belt, knee-breeches highly ornamented with



named in two, so as to lengthen her fore and aft, and thus enable her to carry more grain than she was ever intended to carry, and so enrich the coffers of her proprietors. It should be *Coffers v. Coffins*. By the evening the *Albert Ross* would be ready to carry that enormous freight that I have described as lying on the pier, but would she be seaworthy? And if unseaworthy, was there a law or a lawyer in England to prevent her sailing out of Newport-Pagnell harbour?

As an inducement to men to volunteer for service on the *Albert Ross*, a large placard was affixed to the mast, on which was written

NOTICE.—THE FREE-BOARD on this vessel includes double rations of grog at six bells, and the usual meals and berth accommodation GRATIS, that is, FREE-BOARD-AND-LODGING on the ALBERT ROSS.

(Signed) { GROGBLOSSOM, Junior Warden.  
Chief Co-Owners { DON JOSÉ DI SALAMANCA.

By Order of the Free Board.

N.B.—Peace and harmony insured on board, as NO BOXING THE COMPASS is permitted on the SPAR-DECK.

CAPTAIN BULKHEAD, although only seventeen, had seen some service, and was not to be trifled with. Determined that the *Albert*

\* A fact. I expect him to come to grief next month, as his name is down in my list of *delendi sunt Carthagines*.





## ALL ABROAD.

Mrs. Pewsey Brown. "OH, GEORGE, DEAR! GOOD HEAVENS! THAT THE CHURCH! I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO IN THERE!"

George (grimly). "WELL, MY DEAR, IT CERTAINLY DOES LOOK RATHER 'LOW,' JUDGING BY THE OUTSIDE; BUT IF THE SERVICE AT ST. SPIRIDION'S WAS A NECESSITY OF YOUR EXISTENCE, WHY DID YOU INSIST ON OUR SPENDING THE WINTER IN FRANCE?"

gold, bright silk stockings, lace ruffles, and brilliant pumps with diamond buckles. His fingers were covered with precious rings; his lithesome, graceful form bent before the English maiden, and his highly-arched nose seemed to curve itself downward, as though acknowledging her presence with a bow.

Then went up an English hoorah from the open-mouthed and open-hearted populace of Newport-Pagnell as they cried—

"Long live DON JOSÉ DI NOSÉ, the Stevedore of Salamanca!"

It was indeed the celebrated Stevedore who had sought the hand of the fair MARY MAYBUD, daughter of Old GREGORY GROGBLOSSOM, the Junior Warden of the Sink Ports.\* At this moment a splashing of oars attracted the attention of those on the quay; a boat was rapidly approaching. It touched the quay. A gay young fellow, full of mirth and full of spree, leapt on shore, splashing the people in the boat with an oar, and roaring with laughter.

"Tis he!" exclaimed MARY MAYBUD, "my WILLIAM TAILLEUR!"

The Stevedore arose from his knees, scowling.

WILLIAM touched his hat gaily to the Junior Warden, who however returned his salute with a severe look and a direct question.

"Where have you been?"

"Taking a charter-party out for a row," was the ready answer. Then he continued, "You promised me the hand of MARY MAYBUD when I was earning my own livelihood. I am doing so now. I claim the fulfilment of your word."

The Junior Warden turned almost purple with suppressed rage. "Never! Never!" he exclaimed, as he turned on his heel.

"*Ho y dós hé gohon so?*" exclaimed the Stevedore, bitterly.

WILLIAM approached the Spaniard, with his hand outstretched.

MARY interposed, beseechingly.

It was too late. WILLIAM TAILLEUR would be heard, and the crowd shouted for him, loudly, "BILLY! BILLY!"

\* If you please, Sir, if GREGORY GROGBLOSSOM was MARY's father, why was her name MAYBUD?—ED.

Dear Sir, this story is founded on Fact. Let that suffice. MAYBUD was her mother's name, and her daughter resumed it, not caring to be called GROGBLOSSOM. Very simple.—S. P.

"Hold!" cried WILLIAM TAILLEUR, in a loud and firm voice, which caused even the Junior Warden to turn and listen. "I claim an Englishman's undoubted right in any sea-port of the British dominions."

"What right do you claim?" demanded the Warden.

WILLIAM's answer came back in a clear, ringing voice,

"The Right of challenging the Stevedore!"

(To be continued.)

Correspondence between the EDITOR and MR. S. PL-M8-LL, M.P., which must, in justice to both parties, be placed before the Public.

DEAR SIR,—You select Newport-Pagnell as the scene of your story. You describe it (admirably, we admit) as a "maritime town." Surely, Sir—though you ought, of course, to have a far more intimate acquaintance with such matters than we can boast—isn't Newport-Pagnell an inland town, and in Bedfordshire? We may be wrong, from not being well up in the coast towns or in the Cinque Ports; but if so, please put us right, and oblige yours, THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I've not coasted for nothing, nor served my time before the mast without being able to spin you a yarn to some purpose. Belay and avast, my hearty! as my friend, CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM would say—and does, occasionally, when not otherwise engaged in abstruse calculations—who cares where or what Newport-Pagnell may be? What is my line of business? The maritime. What do my constituents credit me with knowing all about? Maritime matters generally. Where do my constituents live? At Derby. Is Derby a sea-port town? Avast heaving!—not a bit of it. What do my Derby-ites know about "larboard" or "starboard," or "beam-end," or "long-shore," or "short-shore," beyond what I tell 'em? If I say Newport-Pagnell's a sea-port, sea-port it is. If I don't know what I'm talking about, who does? I shall give you what I profess to give you—a Romance founded on fact. Work this out by all the points of the compass, and you'll find that Newport-Pagnell ain't to be beaten as a romantic sea-port founded on fact—"Pagnell" is the romance, "New-port" is the fact. Can't waste any more time in correspondence, as I must heave a-head. O reservoir!—S. P., M.P.

[We are not prepared to deny the force of much that Mr. S. P. puts forward, but we are still of opinion that even the inhabitants of Derby ought to be informed that Newport-Pagnell is not a sea-port town *de facto*.—ED.]





"WICKED WASTE."

(Reflection at the Westminster Aquarium.)

## SLEEP; ITS CAUSES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHAT shall be done to the driver found sleeping on his seat? This question came before the Uxbridge Police Court one day last week, when—

"CHARLES CASTLE, 15, in the employ of Mr. TIMMS, hay-dealer, Iver-heath, Bucks, was sued for riding asleep while in charge of a horse and cart at Hillingdon Hill, at a quarter past two on the morning of the 10th inst. A fortnight ago the defendant was summoned before the Slough Magistrates for a similar offence, and, as was mentioned in the 'Times,' he pleaded that he had been on the road twenty-four hours. On the present occasion he stated that he went to London with a horse and cart three nights in the week. When stopped he was thoroughly exhausted."

Whose fault was that? The Uxbridge Magistrate seems to have been not quite sure. A little uncertainty on this point apparently influenced him in dealing with the culprit, CHARLES CASTLE.

"The Magistrate fined him ten shillings—five shillings less than usual at this court, and allowed him a week for payment, in the hope that his master would give him the money."

Thus lightly was let down not exactly an old offender, being a lad of fifteen, but one whose offence was a second conviction, following only a fortnight after the first, with six days out of the fourteen, however, spent on the road. The Magistrate's hope that in these circumstances CASTLE's master would give him the money to pay a mitigated fine, may appear to imply an idea that he was not himself to blame for exhaustion from overwork, and consequent sleep. His master, now that he is aware of the possibility of such a collapse, will of course take care that it does not occur again; for if it do, the over-worked driver may not merely tumble in his sleep, and break his neck, but he may have the misfortune to run over and kill somebody else; and then there may be not merely a fine of ten shillings, but the dickens to pay.

"AH! CHE LA MORTE!"

PERHAPS one source of the alarming increase of the Cattle Plague, particularly among the older beasts, may be traced to the Music Publishers. When such a lot of tunes appear every week, is it any wonder that old cows should die off so rapidly?

## PARALYSIS IN THE PEAS.

BEWARE how you try the effect of strychnine, prussic acid, or any other poison, on a rabbit, or a guinea-pig. Have the fear of the Anti-Vivisection Act before your eyes. If you want to try experiments with poisons on a living animal try them on yourself. Should you kill yourself, unintentionally, the law will acquit you of suicide, as it does not forbid any donkey to experiment on a donkey.

Suppose, for instance, you want to know what is the effect of repeated small doses of copper upon the human system, take a fraction of a grain of the sulphate or acetate of that metal once a day continually till you discover. Ultimately you will find it produce paralysis. You will lose the use of your hands or legs, or one side or more, of your body. Salts of copper will paralyse you sooner than even salts of mercury. But you must take them in minute quantities. In large doses they mostly rid you of themselves—copper acting like antimony.

In order to take your copper pleasantly, your best plan will be to swallow it at dinner-time, daily, along with green peas. This you can do all the year round, as peas are always to be had preserved in tins. You can mix your copper with your peas if necessary. If the peas are of a dull, greyish, faded, ugly colour, there is probably no copper in them, and you may have to put some. But when their tint is a beautiful bright green, then you may suspect that there is plenty of copper in them to cause paralysis if persevered with sufficiently long. The copper is mingled with the peas to make them look pretty; and few people seem to be deterred by the fear of poison from preferring pretty-looking peas to plain ones.

It is possible, however, that it may become rather less easy than it has been heretofore to procure tinned peas, which besides being tinned are also coppered. Several foreign provision-dealers

have lately been summoned before Mr. KNOX, and, on medical evidence, fined for selling tinned peas containing copper in dangerous quantities. As they sold them in ignorance, they have been let off with nominal fines, but in future vendors of coppered peas may expect to incur a penalty of fifty pounds for each offence—and have to pay.

Of course the multitude ignorantly eating peas greened with copper must be, all of them, greener than any peas. Bright green tinned peas may always be suspected of containing copper. If there is any question on that point, it may be summarily settled by pouring on the peas a little strong liquid ammonia, which, if copper is present, will make them turn bluer than even their seller will look when he is fined fifty pounds. So also with pickles; only the vinegar of the pickles will require a large excess of ammonia. In case there is no ammonia or other means at hand of determining whether the greenness of peas or pickles is owing to copper or no, a philosopher would give copper the credit of the colour, and himself the benefit of the doubt.

## Hard Enough Either Way.

OUR Turcophiles, than Turks who more Turk oft are,  
Say EDHEM is too soft—lacks Moslem ardour:  
But Stamboul's rule were harder with a Sofa,  
And scarcely would be softer with a harder.

## MORE CLERICAL ERRORS THAN ONE.

WITH apologies to an "OLD SUBSCRIBER," and to his Maidstone readers en masse, Punch begs to explain that, in a paragraph headed the "Pains and Penalties of Ritualism," "Maidstone" was, by a clerical error, printed for "Folkestone."





## SIMPLE ADDITION.

Miss Rose (who has kindly taken in hand an illiterate Housemaid). "FIVE AND ONE MAKE SIX." THAT'S RIGHT. NOW, WHAT DO ONE AND SIX MAKE?"  
 Jane (promptly). "EIGHT'N PENCE, MISS!"

## THE VALHALLA OF WAX.

THE *Post* presents its readers with the subjoined notification concerning—

"THE LATE CHARLES DICKENS.—The citizens of Portsmouth having wished to erect a statue to the late CHARLES DICKENS, found themselves met by the passage in his will to the effect that it was his wish that no statue should be set up to him after his death. Those, therefore, who wish to see a counterfeit presentment of the great author, must resort to the galleries of MADAME TUSSAUD, where his effigy will be found, modelled with that truth to nature which characterises the whole of the numerous figures in the great galleries in Baker Street."

In vain do men of genius and greatness desire to deny themselves posthumous glorification. The illustrious fellow-townsmen of the Portsmouth people could succeed in preventing them from adorning their city with a statue in honour of him, and also in hindering the erection of any such memorial in Westminster Abbey. The public at large have felt respect for his will to be the best tribute to his memory. But let nobody who has made himself illustrious in literature, or any other line of excellence, expect to keep his image out of MADAME TUSSAUD'S. That Valhalla, or Pantheon, is inevitable for him at any rate; thither, in effigy, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that. All he can hope for is a pedestal decently remote from the Chamber of Horrors, and from such personages of distinction as the "Claimant;" for "in the great galleries in Baker Street" celebrity makes a man acquainted with strange companions.

## "All my Eye!"

"It is hardly necessary to say that GENERAL IGNATIEFF'S journey is not, as announced, on account of an affection of the eyes."—*Paris Correspondent of the Times*.

Much more likely—say the Russophobes—that the formidable General is coming to operate on the eyes of Europe—by throwing dust in 'em.

## WIPING MOTHER SHIPTON'S EYE.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S extraordinary prophecy, set up in type before the invention of printing, seems to have exercised small minds almost as much as the Eastern Question. But if it comes to astonishing the public with the marvellous gifts of second-sight attributed to the respectable MRS. S., what will the tribe of *gobe-mouches* say when they read the following "Prophecie" from the Father of that name?

PROPHECIE FOR APRILLE DE  
JURSTE. MCCCXXVII.

Fife hundredth yeres shall passe awate;  
 Fooles shall be frowarde as to-date.  
 A Wyse Manne shall uncehe be mette;  
 Becons in fieldes shall be sette  
 For shynninge lighte to Hebrew menne,  
 And comforte of ye Saracenne.  
 Ye Turke shall to the dogges fare.  
 In truste of Bulle and morke of Beare.  
 Young Chaplinne that grey-berde attackes  
 Shall of a Gladde stone winne sore thwackes.  
 Steel tubes shall be pelepit gounes,  
 And hulen boltes, lxxx tonnes:  
 Steel gounes shall with steel armours striben,  
 And neither abauntage deriben.  
 John Bulle shall of soche strife be lothe,  
 Seeing that he moste paie for both.  
 Shippes shall be built and eftsoons burste,  
 Ye laste and dearest still ye worste.  
 And though of gronne, sterne to bowe,  
 Shall sunke as woodden shippes done now.  
 Dames shall goe cladde from top to toe  
 As tighte as they use now, or moe.  
 Maidennes shall skate where ice is none;  
 Cracked heddes upon cracked pottes shall runne.  
 Mother Church shall sore frette for ruth.  
 But no remede of an ill Coothe.  
 So rede I sothe the sterres of Heben  
 For xbiit hondrethe lxx seven.

Father Shipton his Prophecie.

## MUSIC MADE VISIBLE.

To the wonders of the Deep, at the Westminster Aquarium, another wonder has been added, which may rather be described as a wonder of the Shallow, or at least the Superficial. This new wonder is announced as "A Vision of Music;" and the wonder of it is that any one should fancy that music can be visible. A concert among fish-tanks seems a trifle out of place. The sweetest sounds one might expect there would be, perhaps the sounds of cod-fish. But what would be the utterance of the Spirit of BEETHOVEN, on hearing one of his finest Symphonies—the lovely, ever-living "Pastoral"—performed in an Aquarium, to the accompaniment of a Panorama!

Suppose the "Vision" is successful, will imitators copy it? If pictures may be shown to accompany a symphony, why may not music be performed to accompany a picture? If panoramas can be painted to illustrate BEETHOVEN, why should not tunes be introduced to give a tone to a VANDYKE, or a RUBENS, or a RAFFAELLE? What a happy thought for the R. A.'s at their next winter Exhibition! Let a German Band be hired to attend each batch of visitors, and play appropriate music in their progress round the rooms. Or let a barrel-organ stand in front of each Old Master, whom the Council may think suited for musical illustration, and grind appropriate airs while the connoisseurs look on.

## "That's Flat!"

IN the *Daily News* we observe an advertiser announces this want:

A FLAT WANTED (where there are other Flats) in a good part of London, &c.

My dear Sir, in the very best parts of town you may readily meet with any number of Flats. But perhaps it is a Widow who makes the announcement. One at a time, Madam, or some of the Flats might become too sharp!



## VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



Il était un gendarme, à Nanteuil,  
Qui n'avait qu'une dent et qu'un oeil ;  
Mais cet oeil solitaire  
Était plein de mystère ;  
Cette dent, d'importance et d'orgueil.



UNE vieille (elle était blanchisseuse)  
Consultait un docteur à Chevreuse,  
Qui, pour calmer ses maux,  
Suggéra des bains chauds  
D'Elixir de la Grande-Chartreuse.



J'ai pour voisin d'en face un vieux Juif  
Romanesque, inodore et naïf,  
Dont les seules délices  
Sont les belles saucisses  
Du pays dont BISMARCK est natif.



BEAU, sans peur, sans reproche, et sans taches,  
Chez lui tout—dents, gants, linge, moustaches,  
Et lorgnon, sont parfaits :  
Mais il perd tous ses frais,  
Parcequ'il—laisse tomber ses aches !



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



**A**FTER prostration from bad air and late hours having already put the Ghost of SAM PEPPY'S *hors de combat*, at least for the moment, the ponderous Spirit of SAMUEL JOHNSON, eager to resume,

That in EARL GREY the Ministry should have found an indulgent critic, and those on what may be called—by some extension of language—his own side of the House, a candid friend, whose freedom in saying disagreeable things exceeds even that which candid friendship has always asserted, was a result for which our experience of that nobleman's course had prepared us. But we rarely remember wrong-headedness so ingenious, and crotchettiness so persistent, as those revealed in EARL GREY'S views upon the Eastern Question.

The EARL OF DERBY, however, glad of toleration however tedious, and support however eccentric, expressed himself sensible of the candour of LORD CAMPBELL, and grateful for the dispassionateness of EARL GREY. He did his best to add to the weight of dulness under which the House of Lords had already succumbed.

The Celtic vivacity of the DUKE OF ARGYLL, with which I am more prepared than most to sympathise, was insufficient to relieve the weight which had settled upon the little that was left of this august assemblage, when, at half-past eight o'clock, the House divided, leaving my LORD CAMPBELL AND STRATHEDEN, the solitary supporter of his own Motion, in an assemblage of four.

England may with reason be grateful to its Peerage, which gives this grave lesson to wordiness without wisdom, and crotchettiness without consistency. For any other Essence to be extracted from the incidents of this evening's debate in the Lords I seek in vain.

Nor do I find it more easy to reduce, within the limits to which I am, for the present, confined, the desultory conversation which to-night occupied the House of Commons, till the order of the day was read for going into Committee of Supply.

Some may find in this brief and often futile interchange of remarks, on a vast variety of topics, evidence of the ubiquitous vigilance of the Commons. I see in it, rather, an obliviousness of the limits which separate a Parish Vestry from a Parliament, and of the bounds within which that Legislature should confine itself,

under the pleasanter auspices of *Punch*, the work he used to do in the flesh for CAVE, has taken his place. But *Punch* sees already the Doctor won't do. He *will* not stoop to trifles. The Nasmyth Hammer of that weighty style, good for welding thirty-ton cranks of politics and philosophy, is out of place in cracking the nuts, which now fill up so much of the time and attention of Parliament. However, we gave the Doctor a chance on *Monday, Feb. 26*, when, in the Lords, as he reports:—

My LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL rose to call attention to the correspondence on Turkey, and to move an Address, praying HER MAJESTY, in effect, to support and maintain the Treaties of 1856. That a Nobleman, whose devotion to his duties is evidently conscientious, and whose sense of the gravity of his mission is almost overwhelming, should have been able to reduce to more than normal emptiness benches, which, as a rule, are sparsely occupied, may be in some degree owing to the subject he treats, but may, with more confidence, be attributed to his manner of treating it.

If anything could make the Turks more odious in the eyes of England, if not of Europe, it would be the untoward circumstance that their cause should have fallen into the hands of a nobleman, in whom conscientiousness cannot excuse prolixity, nor good intentions atone for tediousness.



which admits the finality of Man's strength and Member's energy. Yet I am bound to recognise the politeness of Ministers in answering questions, not seldom indiscreet, and in most cases superfluous; while I admire the skill with which such questions, when inconvenient, may be evaded, under the pretext of answering them.

Before the discussion of the Civil Service Estimates, for the introduction of which thus early in the Session much credit must be assigned to Ministers, or rather the Departments over which they nominally preside, MR. GOLDSMID called attention to the want of a proper explanation of an expenditure for pacific purposes, the rise of which from £4,000,000 in 1852, to close upon £22,000,000 in the present year, is calculated to arrest the attention of even the most unthinking. MR. W. H. SMITH, than whom no one can better know the importance of a good system of account-keeping, admitted the desirableness, while he seemed to doubt the practicability, of such an explanation. The House then proceeded to its desultory criticism of Estimates, which it is idle to assail without study, and hopeless to diminish by independent objection.

**Tuesday (Lords).**—The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the Second Reading of a Bill which, in my time, would have been unnecessary, to enable the MASTER of the ROLLS to make provision for the destruction of public documents. Such provision was then made by the means taken for the nominal preservation of such documents. But the reign of rats over records, so long uncontested, is now, I learn, at an end for ever. The present Bill provides all needful precautions that no documents should be destroyed whose preservation can either interest the public or enlighten the historian.

(*Commons.*)—The same desultory multifariousness, to which my yesterday's report directed attention, was the characteristic of the earlier part of this evening's misemployment. But an interest was at length given to discussion, by the attempt of MR. C. LEWIS, an active member of the inferior branch of the legal profession, to transfer from English to Irish hands the management of the income and property of the Irish Society, which now administers estates in Londonderry producing a net rental of £12,700 a year.

That this property is held by the Irish Society for public purposes must be admitted; that the expenditure of £4,500 a year, under the head of "Management and refreshment," by a body drawn from the Corporation of the City of London, is expenditure for a public purpose, may be open to question; particularly when the sum spent on refreshment is not distinguished from that spent on management. But a large and liberal hospitality has ever been the characteristic of our Metropolitan Municipality, and I am free to own that I feel satisfaction in thinking that this characteristic, so far from declining, has gathered intensity with the advancing years of the Corporation; that their dinners are now more sumptuous and succulent than they were in my own time, and their wines not inferior in quality. I have yet to learn why hospitalities, so gracefully and liberally dispensed by the managers of the Irish Society of London, should be transferred to a body of Irish entertainers, who, if not less liberal, would certainly be less cultivated in the arts of the table; nor has our experience of Irish local administration been of a character to plead for its extension. Not that I feel much sympathy with the worthy member for Peterborough, who sees in the Irish Society the one effective bulwark in Ireland against the invasions of Papal authority, which in his eyes are as ubiquitous as malignant. I fail, however, to find in MR. LEWIS's indictment of the Society that force which alone would justify such a large transfer of the duties of administration combined with entertainment to an Irish body, even of those Northern counties, in which an infusion of the penuriousness of the Scot has checked the natural open-handedness of the Celtic race. Much stress was laid on the good works of the Society; much, too, on the part they had taken in resisting the rights of their lawful Sovereign during the siege of Derry, a page of our annals in which I, for one, find but little satisfaction. I cannot regret that the Motion was rejected by 108 to 53.

It was with more gratification that I listened to the discussion on MR. SAMUELSON's Motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the system of apprenticeship of pupil-teachers in elementary schools, and of training colleges for elementary teachers. Having myself kept an academy for the instruction of youth, this is a subject on which I feel entitled, however reluctantly, to assert myself as an authority. LORD SANDON defended, MR. FAWCETT assailed, the existing system, both with plausible arguments. That there are *prima facie* grounds of inquiry, however, MR. W. E. FORSTER, a candid and well-informed judge on this subject, admitted, and the facts, as stated, seem to me to show. The refusal of the House to sanction the Motion, by 46 to 104, must be taken rather as a proof of power in the Government than of cogency in the reasoning of its organs.

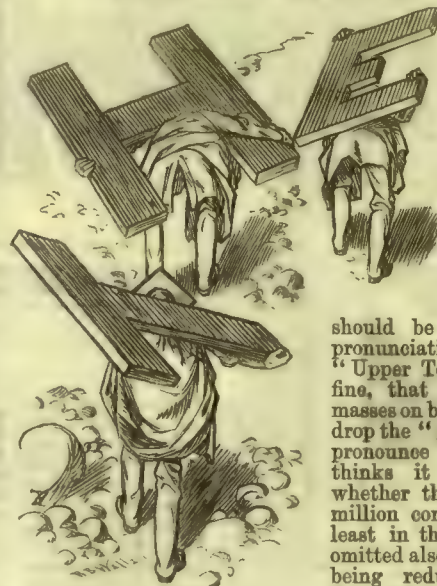
**Wednesday.**—The desire of husbands to marry their deceased wives' sisters I have always regarded as a compliment to the deceased wives, and the result of a natural desire to escape at least one mother-in-law. I do not admit the argument against such unions founded on the Old Testament. That the law in England and its

Colonies should differ on this point, is a blot I should not regret to see removed. But it is one of many such blots; and I doubt the wisdom of doing it away by a side-wind; all the more as any inconvenience with respect to the transmission of landed property—its sole practical inconvenience—can be avoided by the simple precaution of making a will. I cannot, therefore, feel satisfaction in even the temporary triumph of MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN's Motion, declaring valid in the Mother Country marriages with deceased wives' sisters, contracted by domiciled Colonists, in Colonies where such marriages have been legalised. Nor can I regret that to-night's triumph will be neither of long duration nor of practical effect.

**Thursday (Lords).**—I rejoiced to learn, from the conversation between my Lords BELMORE and CARNARVON, that the disgraceful practice of kidnapping natives of the South Sea Islands—whose discovery we owe to my excellent and humane friend, CAPTAIN COOK—has been reduced to the narrowest limits by the watchfulness of our cruisers in the Southern seas. Slavery, while it existed, may have enlisted in its behalf much reason as well as some philanthropy. But in defence of this abominable practice of kidnapping the reasoner is as silent, as the philanthropist is loud in its condemnation.

(*Commons.*)—After a more warm than well-informed philological discussion between SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL and LORD GEORGE HAMILTON on the etymology of HER MAJESTY's Indian Title, in which I longed to raise a lexicographical and authoritative voice, I confess to having sought the natural relief of slumber, under the influence of a tedious discussion of the Prisons Bill. To this I yielded with the less reluctance, when I had once satisfied myself that the excellent provisions of the Bill are in no real danger, either from the obstinacy of bucolic prejudice, the claims of parochial self-importance, or the penetrating insidiousness of local jobbery.

## GO-AHEAD SPELLING REFORM.



LONDON School-Board have been favoured by the advice of MR. EPAMINONDAS EZRA SPRY on the question, now under their consideration, of "Spelling Reform." There, he says, is an instance of that Reform to begin with—"spellin'" for "spelling." He recommends that orthographical reform

should be based upon popular pronunciation. It is only the "Upper Ten," who affect to talk fine, that say "spelling." The masses on both sides of the Atlantic drop the "g" from that word, and pronounce it "spellin'." He thinks it may be a question whether the aspirates which the million commonly also drop, at least in this country, should be omitted also: "ham," for instance, being reduced to "am," and "hand" to "and." But this rule,

he fears, would breed some confusion of meaning and of parts of speech. As to certain aspirates, too, there is, he remarks, a diversity of usage. By some of the People "horse" is pronounced "oss" by others "hoss." He would not himself say "old oss," but "old hoss," in addressing a Prince, for example, or a Peer, or a Bishop. And this illustration leads him to a further development of his notion of "Spelling Reform," which ought, he contends, to include all the improvements of "spellin'" effected by American writers, of late years, in the literature of the United States.

Accordingly, MR. SPRY proposes that in the "spellin'" of all such words as "defence," "offence," and "pretence" the "c" should be replaced with "s," as it is by the most remarkable writers in his own country, who agree in "spellin'" those words "offense," "pretense" and "defense," on etymological grounds, because "s" occurs instead of "c" in the roots they are derived from as printed in all "dixonarys" and books whatsoever in the Latin "langwidge." On derivative grounds, also, he would have the superfluous "u" ejected from all such nouns as "honour" and "colour," those words to be spelt "honor" and "color;" and "neighbour," for conformity's sake, "neighbor," or, better still, "nabor."

The difficulty of effecting these reforms of "spellin'" will be,



MR. SPRY fears, "considerable some." He knows how averse English writers of any authority are to adopt American ameliorations and enrichments of English. He is highly indignant that all the higher portion of the British Press eschew that expressive and elegant adjective, "reliable," and persist in using that obsolete verb "to lend" instead of its modern American synonym, "to loan." He expects that an aristocratic fastidiousness will set them as obstinately against every attempt at advancement in the path of "Spelling Reform," and especially of "go in ahead" under the Star-Spangled Banner. His only hope for English "Spelling Reform" lies in the creation of a demand for it among the People, who, if they wanted it, could, by means of intimidation meetings, such as Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park demonstrations, pretty soon succeed in forcing it upon an unwilling Legislature.

### MRS. GRUNDY ON THE BOIL.

Oh, Mr. Punch! The thin end of another wedge in! The Colonial Marriages Bill! But it must soon be out again. Or else we shall shortly have marriage with deceased wives' sisters legalised altogether. Shocking!

How can people argue that what is lawful in the Australian Colonies, ought to be lawful here! Are not the Australians the Antipodes? And does not common sense show that things in England are the reverse of those on the opposite side of the globe? So that what is very wrong here, is perfectly right there, with a few exceptions, such as robbery, murder, &c.

And then how stupid to say, that because Australian laws have been assented to by the Crown, the Royal assent might just as well be given to the same laws for England! The contrary stands to reason. And what an absurd question to ask—"Suppose the Australian Marriage Acts wrong, the Crown having sanctioned them because they are Colonial, and suppose the Australians were to turn Mormonites, and legalise plurality of wives, would not the Crown be equally bound to sanction polygamy?" Of course not.

Logic is a gem, Sir, and fair-play a jewel, and hypocrisy a particular detestation to your ever moral, conscientious, and sincere

MARTHA GRUNDY.

P.S.—I am nobody's deceased wife's sister; but I scorn the

insinuation that I uphold restrictions on marriage as well as everything else which affects other people only, and not myself.

### Canine Devotion.

WE read, in a recent number of the *Times*, an advertisement—

A RETRIEVER DOG STRAYED into the Chancery Pay-Office, Chancery Lane, on Saturday, the 17th inst., &c.

Was this the dog of some luckless party to a Chancery suit, who had gone in to retrieve his master's fortune? The word "strayed" seems superfluous. As if any intelligent man, much less any sagacious animal, who knew where he was going, ever went into Chancery!

### Sumptuary Echoes.

WHAT will Tailors do to frock coats, if Fashion wears a cutaway?—Cut away!

Where will Hatters go to, if Fashion discards the chimney-pot?—Pot!

What will the Ladies do if Fashion continues tightening the bust?—Bust!

What is the only thing left for *La Mode* to do, if she is determined to outstrip herself?—Strip herself!

### Additional Lenten Penances.

DR. KENEALY.—To see himself as others see him.

MR. CHAPLIN.—To "do it again" to Mr. GLADSTONE.

MESSRS. SWINBURNE and ROBERT BUCHANAN.—To praise each other's verses.

MR. BROWNING.—To restore all his missing articles.

LORD-JUSTICE CHRISTIAN.—To be sat upon by a Vice-Chancellor.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL.—To eat a daily slice of humble-pie.

TO INVALIDS.—Before dinner first have out your bark. Then take your bite. You will fare poorly indeed if even your dearest friends do not admit your bark is worse than your bite.

### NEWS OF THE CREWS.

By Our Special Reporter. (Oxford and Cambridge, Saturday night.)



THE Crew to-day, after a preliminary tubbing in the High Street, where a considerable crowd of University men, touts, and tradesmen, were assembled to witness the stripping of the athletes, started to the Spinning House for their usual afternoon spin.

At three o'clock the Eight was launched on a strong stream, and the Crew rowed through Abingdon Lock to Ditton Corner, halting for an hour at the "Plough," opposite Nuneham House, where hot egg-flip was brought creaming out in glasses, and partaken of by the Coaches, which had been driven down by the Proctors on duty. Great as was the temptation offered to the Crew, the seductive drink was nobly refused by all except an "odd man," whose stamina could not be guaranteed since he had rowed at the bow thwart.

A game of billiards was started, to improve the finish of the stroke, and the lookers-on were much struck by the feather of No. Seven.

The rowing to-day might have been more satisfactory. Most of the men put their backs well into the boat, but persist in leaving their legs outside.

No. Eight has a good swinging lurch forward, and comes well over his toes, but his hair is not parted down the middle, and, consequently, there is a tendency to heel over.

No. Six is brisk, and catches the water in his hat when Seven throws it well up, but he is too much occupied with his eye-glass, which must add weight, and would be better left in his rooms.

No. Five displays perhaps the best form, his muscles standing out like loaves upon a baker's tray. We should recommend him still to take a little more fat down. This he might readily manage by eating bacon for breakfast.

No. Four, not to be outdone by the dashing stroke of the Captain of the boat, has started a powerful stroke of his own, which caresses No. Five's back in a manner more remarkable as a sensation than sensational as an improvement on his old style. However, he probably imagines that, by getting over this style, he has discovered a new field for invention.

No. Three is much to be complimented on the graceful turn of the wrist he has adopted, which produces the maximum of style with the minimum of work. Nothing can be more elegant or less useful.

No. Two sticks to his work, though he appears to quarrel with his sliding-seat—a continuation of which uneasiness may cause his work to stick to him. The only fault we find is that he works out of the boat, which probably accounts for his sewing-machine action when rowing.

Bow has every right to the title, for no one of the crew bends his head more assiduously than No. One. If there is an objection to his performances, it is a tendency to catch the water, which occasionally sends him back with his legs in the air. But this is a weakness he will soon get over.

At Baitbite Lasher the Coaches, who happened to be close, took the Eight in tow, and, putting on a spurt, they paddled home at the rate of sixty-four to the minute, breaking three oars and losing an outrigger, but without turning a hair.

In the evening the Crew dined at the "Scout and Bedmaker," where the repast consisted of the various crustaceans caught by No. One, washed down with tawny old University Port at twenty-seven shillings the dozen. The pace was everything that could be desired.

We have said enough for any one with half an eye (unless the diminished optic is of glass), to detect the winner; and, as the Boat Race of '77 is to be rowed at half-past five in the morning, by gas-light and the Limes at Mortlake, there is no doubt that the crowd assembled will be one of the gayest and most cheerful of the coming season, and only too ready to accept any suggestions which may lead to prospective pools or impending dozens of kid gloves.





## COMPLIMENTS IN FANCY DRESS.

Mrs. Wilkins. { (together) } "MRS. PERKINS!" How CHARMING YOU LOOK! I HARDLY KNEW YOU!"  
 Mrs. Perkins. { "MRS. WILKINS!" }

## THE DREAM OF THE BRITISH BUTCHER.

ELATE at the state of his trade and his tills,  
 The Butcher mused on a batch of long bills  
 In a mood that may well be described as Elysian,  
 For prices ranged high, and thermometers low,  
 So the Butcher droused, and in Dreamland's glow

Beheld an astonishing vision:

A Bull of a breed that was utterly new  
 To that Butcher's experience, burst on his view.  
 It was starred, it was striped, it was dotted and lined  
 In a fashion fantastic, which brought to the mind  
 The sketches for carvers in Cookery Books,  
 Or sartorial aids to self-measurement. "Oh!"  
 Cried that Butcherman crossly, "this certainly looks  
 Like playing it down *very low*!"—

(For that Bull was priced over in numerals plain,  
 And, turtle-like, ticketed ere it was slain)—

"This practice is perfectly odious!"

"What! Sixpence a pound? 'Tis too much for my brain."  
 (Here the Bull gave a bellow melodious.)

"Who the dickens are you?" snarled the Butcher, "who come  
 With preposterous prices to puzzle and pain us?"  
 Said the Bull, with a wink, "Wall, I'm known, when to-hum,  
 As *Bos Americanus*."

"Oho!" yelled the Butcher, "that much-talked-of Yankee  
 That's coming to cut down our profits? No, thankee.  
 I'm boss of this business, and mean, if I can,  
 To keep up traditional prices."

Quoth the Bull, through his nose—"I don't doubt you, old  
 man,

But you're hardly awake to this Crisis of Crises.  
 Smart trick of those canny Scotch fleshers!—Dare say  
 You'd a pot in that pile. But the game's had its day.  
 My advent is fast getting known to the town;  
 Like the Coon to our Colonel—you'll have to come down!"  
 "Come down!" yelled the Butcher. "A jolly fine joke!

I'll come down on you hot, as you'll presently feel!"  
 And he went for that Bos with his knife and his steel;  
 But, hoist like a football—awoke,  
 And found he had dropped all his bills in his fright;—  
 An omen which spoiled his repose for the night.

## THE LEEK REVINDICATED.

THE information imparted to *Mr. Punch* by his correspondent  
 "CYMRICUS," that "nine Welshmen out of ten have never seen a  
 leek," was seasonably illustrated last week on St. David's Day, when  
 the members of the Most Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient  
 Britons, under the presidency of the Right Hon. and Rev. LORD  
 DYNEVOR, celebrated their one hundred and sixty-second festival at  
 Willis's Rooms, and, as the *Times* reports, after playings, and  
 singings, and graces, and grubblings, and bubblings, look you, and  
 loyal and national toasts and sentiments, and a history of the Society  
 and its schools delivered from the chair:—

"The band struck up the *March of the Men of Harlech*, and boys and girls  
 of the schools, decorated with the national leek, paraded through the room."

After that the least amends that "CYMRICUS" could make would  
 be eating his leek, and eating it raw!

## A Knock-Under.

SIR,—See what we have at last brought these proud masters  
 down to! Here is one of their cries of distress from the *Bury Free*  
 Press:—

WANTED, a very PLAIN COOK; no matter how old or ill-favoured  
 so long as she would prove useful; very little work; extraordinary  
 wages; good living; lots of holidays; followers encouraged.—Address, &c.

Ha! ha! ha!

Yours, *Mr. Punch*, who have so often vented your insolent sneer  
 at our oppressed order.

"SERVICE NO INHERITANCE."





“BOS AMERICANUS;”

OR, YANKEE BEEF AND BRITISH BUTCHER.







# RECONSTITUTION OF THE IRISH SOCIETY.

(By and for the Irish.)



THE following scheme for a new Organisation of the Irish Society has been dropped into Mr. Punch's letter-box. Mr. P. has no clue to the authorship, unless such a clue may be afforded by a torn card, containing only the words, "MAJOR O'G—," and a much soiled paper, apparently a portion of a provision merchant's little account, which seemed to have found their way by oversight into the envelope. The rules are written in two very irregular hands, with great variety of orthography, some-

times the phonetic method, and sometimes the established rule being followed. We have restored the conventional spelling throughout, except in the case of a few Irishisms.

I. The Society, known as the Irish Society, elected out of the London Livery Companies, shall and do from the date of these presents renounce and surrender, freely, voluntarily, absolutely, and of their own consent, or it will be worse for them, all their right, property, and claims in the estates, lands, demesnes, and their appurtenances, heretofore known as the estates of the Irish Society in Derry, and Coleraine, or elsewhere, wheresoever and whatsoever, as hereinafter provided.

II. All base, brutal, and Saxon use of the humiliating word "livery," in connection with the Trustees of the said Society, shall cease henceforth and for ever, and any use of the word in connection with such Trustees, shall from the date of these presents be punishable as a felony by fine and imprisonment, without benefit of clergy.

III. Three hundred and sixty-five Trustees of the said property and estates, whatsoever and whensoever, shall be elected, by universal suffrage, at a date to be fixed by the Act confirming the present Constitution, by the Irish people, from the people of Ireland.

IV. For the purpose of such election, every voter entitled to vote shall have one vote for himself and one or more for everybody else, but shall be at liberty to lump either vote upon both, or all on either.

V. The said three hundred and sixty-five Irishmen so elected, irrespective of faith or faction, creed, country, or colour of their hair, to be the sole Executive of the New Irish Society, and to enter on the administration thereof, for the benefit of the people of Ireland, such benefit to be distributed and apportioned in proportions to be hereafter determined according to the creeds and populations of counties. The farmers' clubs in the said several counties to fix the said proportions.

VI. Any dispute that may arise during the said elections, or in fixing the said proportions, to be settled by arbitration with the ancient national weapon of the Milesian people, the blackthorn, or shillelagh.

VII. All such weapons to be cut and trimmed to a scale and weight, to be approved by the Irish Society, as hereby reconstituted, and after a standard, to be kept in the archives of the Society, under three locks, to be retained always by the Master of the Society for the time being, and his predecessor and successor.

VIII. Every Trustee of the Society to have been born and to live in Ireland for the term of his natural life, and in the event of his being elected to serve in the Parliament of Great Britain, to bind himself by oath to vote with the Irish Home Rule party for the time being, as required by its recognised leader, and if there be two or more such leaders, by the one he likes best.

IX. No Lord Mayor or Alderman of London to be eligible as Trustee of the said Society, unless he is an Irishman by birth and nationality, and if any such should be chosen, he shall abjure his

allegiance to the Municipality of London before entering on his duties as a Trustee of the Society.

X. No tenant of the said lands or estates to be liable to eviction for any cause whatsoever, except in the event next hereinafter provided. All such tenants to be treated aisy in regard to their rents, and quarter-days to be shifted to suit their convenience.

XI. Any tenant on the said lands and estates to be liable to summary eviction if he be found calling for any drink other than native Irish whiskey, or for drink that has paid duty, when there is any other to be had.

XII. The charge for "management and refreshment" to be a fixed charge on the rental of the said lands and estates, and to stand as in the present accounts of the said Society, at £4,500 per annum, with a margin for extras. The item "Management," to include among such extras arms and ammunition required by tenants and trustees of the said estates for attack and defence; and the item "Refreshment," to include among such extras doctors' bills, funeral expenses, and other necessary appurtenances and appliances of social enjoyment.

XIII. All Trustees attending the meetings of the Society to be required to leave their bits of twigs outside the door of the place of meeting.

XIV. Three Trustees to be a quorum, unless more are present within three hours of the time fixed for any meeting.

XV. In the event of the Trustees being reduced by any difference of opinion, arbitration, or argument, or the consequences thereof, within the next three years below a quorum, as hereinbefore constituted, the management of the said land and estates to pass to a Gentleman who has long been known as the truest Friend of Ireland, not meaning Mr. BUTT, Q.C., as to whom the present scheme desires to express no opinion, beyant remarking that it is a pity if he's the best that can be got to spake up for ould Ireland.

XVI. In the event of the said Friend of Ireland coming into the management of the said lands and estates, he shall be required to add to his name the definite article of Milesian tribal chieftainship, and the vowel of Milesian patronymic significance, and be known as The O'Punch, meaning thereby the Irish whiskey Punch, and he will be further required to bind himself, before the Six Masters in Chancery and Irish History, to drink nothing but that same for the rest of his natural life.

[The last page is written in a hand that keeps growing more and more difficult to decipher, till at last it becomes utterly unintelligible, and the last page is suddenly torn across, as if in a struggle for its possession.]

## OUR NOVEL SERIES.

### ALL IN THE DOWNS;

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

#### CHAPTER II.—Flot Sam and Jet Sam.

THE Stevedore grasped his knife.

"You shall hear from me!" he muttered.

BILLY heeded him not.

"I have heard of you already," he replied. "You don't suppose I've wormed in Brazilian Waters for nothing!"

The Spaniard grew livid.

"Do not provoke him any further!" entreated MARY.

"Leave him to me!" said the Junior Warden, pushing the others aside—"to me and the Law!"

WILLIAM started, but he was rooted to the spot by the apparition of a short man, in a suit of rusty black, with a set of papers under his arm.

"Now," said the Junior Warden, "answer me! You took out a charter-party?"

"Aye, aye, yer Honour, for a row, and brought 'em back safely."

"But you ran into a sheer hulk, without speaking with her!" said the Warden.

"Avast there, your Honour!" answered WILLIAM. "We couldn't speak with her, 'cos she was a Dumb Barge."

"And," returned the Junior Warden, sternly, "she couldn't see you, as the unfortunate creature had no lights, and only dead eyes. You are charged with incalculable damage."

"By whom?" asked WILLIAM, boldly.

"By this gentleman," replied the Warden, pointing to the person in black. "He is the Average Stater, and never overshoots his mark. Your boat was confiscated for these damages, this day at twelve o'clock. It is now five minutes past."

\* What does "wormed" mean?—Note Ed.  
Vide Nautical Dictionary.—Ans. S. P.



"I am ruined!" exclaimed WILLIAM.

MARY wept on her father's shoulder, and the crowd was visibly moved.

The Stevedore smiled grimly.

"You cannot pay?" inquired the Warden.

"I cannot!" answered WILLIAM, despairingly.

"Then," said the Warden, raising his voice, and beckoning to a couple of men whose blue coats, cocked hats, and short outlasses, betokened their official capacity, "Water-Bailiffs, do your duty!"

"Sorry for it, MISTER BILL," said the two men; "but duty is duty!"

"Do it, you two SAMUELS!" returned WILLIAM.

The two Water-Bailiffs, who were two brothers of the name of SAMUELS (abbreviated into "SAM," and known as FLOT SAM and JET SAM), produced a warrant and a pair of handcuffs.

"Never!" cried MARY, as, quitting her father, she threw her arms about WILLIAM.

"Stay!" said the Warden, bestowing a glance of intelligence on the Stevedore. "WILLIAM can either go to prison, or,—take his

The Water-Bailiffs advanced, each armed with the necessary dock-warrant.

"The *Albert Ross* is not fit to leave the dock!" cried the unhappy WILLIAM, as the minions of an unjust and cruel law—which I hope everyone will help me to abolish—approached.

"Not leave the dock!" exclaimed the first Water-Bailiff.

"What dock?"

"This!" replied WILLIAM, stoutly, pointing to the dock where they were standing. "This is the dock I mean."

"Nay!" answered the Bailiff, producing a dock-warrant for his arrest. "This is the dock-you-meant!"

The jest was cruel, but not so cruel as the Law which occasioned it.

So WILLIAM was led away to gaol by his captors.

Whoever you are who read this, help the poor Sailors, and don't let them be sent to sea unless they like! Oh, ye Gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon the dangers of the seas when the stormy winds do blow-ow-ow, when the stormy winds do blo-ow-ow-ow! But I, the spinner of this

yarn, know all about it; I haven't nearly met my death on board a merchant ship at sea, and got a berth in a model lodging-house on shore, for nothing. But, my lads, I have a tale to tell, and I must leave a-head!

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A Scene at Lloyd's.

WHILE WILLIAM was cooling his heels and his heated brain in a prison-cell, the Spanish Stevedore had gone up to town.

He drove to Cornhill, and, after a short parley with a gentleman in official costume (of whom more anon), he entered the Long Room at LLOYD'S Coffee House, where the Writers, Insurers, Shippers, and Skippers do congregate. The business, as conducted here, is,

in general, fair and honest enough. But LLOYD'S profit is not altogether unalloyed with risk. Now, "risk" means "speculation," and speculation must involve dishonesty.

It will be as well at this point, in order to thoroughly interest my reader (or readers—for I trust I have more than one, and, if I have not, I'll send copies, *gratis*, all over the world), that I should give a clear and exact account of the constitution of LLOYD'S.

The first question naturally is—Who is LLOYD?

I give the answer. Here it is:—

The gentleman in the official costume above alluded to, who, for the sake of respectability, and to impress visitors with an idea of the high character of the business, is dressed in the same style as is the beadle in a church. This is MR. LLOYD himself, or one of the family!!! He it is who takes an enormous per-centage on all the profits, while incurring no risk. He it is into whose pockets fall all the profits accruing from the coffee consumed in LLOYD'S Coffee-House. He it is who receives the entrance-fees from the new members, and accepts the immense sums which are paid by Tide-waiters wishing to serve the customers in the Coffee-House. And, finally, he it is who has the sole right to admit, alter, and arrange the charts and maps kept in the establishment, and he it is who alone receives the gratuities daily—nay, hourly—presented by the members to the custodian of their hats, coats, umbrellas, and sticks,



passage, as Purser, aboard the *Albert Ross*, which sails to-night. Choose at once!" MARY looked up in his face beseechingly. The Water-Bailiffs paused.

#### CHAPTER III.—How the Bait is offered to our poor Sailors.

WILLIAM TAILLEUR eyed the good ship *Albert Ross*.

A clerk stepped forward with pen and ink.

"If you like to sail on board this craft," said the Junior Warden of the Sink Port, who was, privately part-owner with the Stevedore, trading under the name of the firm before mentioned, "you shall marry my daughter when my ship comes home."

MARY turned her beautiful eyes up toward the skies, and then kissed her parent.

WILL TAILLEUR could no longer hesitate.

"Give me the pen!" he cried. And, taking the quill and paper from the clerk, he signed the Articles.

A smile of triumph passed over the faces of the Junior Warden and the Stevedore.

MARY bade WILLIAM a tender farewell, and withdrew.

Five minutes after WILLIAM had gone aboard, he returned.

"I will not sail in the *Albert Ross*!" he protested, firmly. "She is unseaworthy!"

"To gaol then with him!" cried the Warden, furiously.





## A DECIDED OPINION.

*Proprietor of Shootings* ("in the course of Conversation"). "YES, BUT YOU KNOW, SANDY, IT'S DIFFICULT TO CHOOSE BETWEEN THE SCYLLA OF A SHY TENANT, AND THE CHARYBDIS OF——".  
*Sandy* (promptly). "AWHEEL! GIE ME THE SILLER, AN' ANYBUDDY THAT LIKES MAY HAE THE TITHER!"

for which tickets of non-admission are given on their being deposited in the hall!! Is it conceivable that here in England, in the very heart of our big trading city, one man should be possessed of so enormous, so unlimited a power!!!! Yet so it is. A captain who has a ship to insure which is likely to be knocked about by the Breakers, goes to the Brokers. The Official LLOYD gives him an introduction, for which he pays handsomely.

The business is divided between the Underwriters (who won't insure for anything like the amount, and who are, more or less, safe and comparatively honest) and the Overwriters (who will insure to any amount, on receiving a bonus as encouragement-money). And these are speculators, and unseaworthy to the last degree.

It was to a firm of Overwriters that DON JOSÉ DE SALAMANCA, the Spanish Stevedore, and Co-owner of the *Albert Ross*, applied.

"What's she laden with?" inquired MR. HICKORY, of the firm of HICKORY, DICKORY, AND DOCKUE.

"Grain," replied DON JOSÉ. "Will you take her?"

"We will take her," replied the other, slyly winking at his companion. "*Cum grano salis.*"

"How much?" inquired MR. DOCKUE.

"Five hundred thousand pounds," replied the Stevedore, firmly.

A thrill went round the entire room, and several timid Underwriters lost their assurance for the moment.

"How much to do it?" asked MR. WALKER, junior partner in the same firm.

"Fifty thousand pounds," replied the Don.

The Overwriters regarded one another suspiciously. It was not DON JOSÉ's first transaction. The Overwriters paused. The Underwriters trembled; and even LLOYD himself felt a shudder pass through the gold lace of his hat-band.

(To be continued.)

THE CZAR is said to be longing for a "golden bridge." We thought it was a Golden Horn on which his wishes were fixed.

## TO MARCH.

(A Snarl in Season.)

THE "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus."  
 So sings our Laureate—How these bards provoke us  
 With their periphrasis and hocus-pocus!  
 Roaring? That's true; with dusty blasts that choke us;  
 But while to wrath your mad March airs provoke us,  
 Your flowery fancies seem a bitter *jocus*,  
 And snow-drops chilly sarcasms! Wherefore poke us  
 With spring flowers, while 'gainst Winterfrosts we stoke us?  
 The floral charms of March who cares to focus,  
 Except in Covent-Garden?—charming *locus*,  
 Where alone Spring-time does not freeze or soak us;  
 In Mackintosh where we've no need to cloak us,  
 From "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus!"

## Taking the Consequences.

MR. J. READ, of Rose Cottage, Ipswich, sends to the *Anglian Times* an indignant letter, complaining of the fines imposed on him by the Ipswich Magistrates for refusing to vaccinate his children. The gist of his letter is in the following sentence:—

"The amount I am unjustly ordered by the Great Unpaid to pay to the borough of Ipswich, I will gladly pay, and thank God I am free from the dogs of vaccination. I have been hunted about like a madman would be chased, but henceforth I can rest with my family in Ipswich, for every one of my unvaccinated children have had the small pox, and therefore by law free, all six of them."

This is indeed, as the Editor remarks, paying such a price for freedom as few parents would care to pay.

USEFUL MILITARY EXERCISE FOR CABMEN (suggested by a Victim).  
 —Judging distances.





THE WAY OF ALL FISH.

Customer. "NOT MUCH CHOICE TO-DAY!"

Fishwife. "WEEL, YE SEE, MANCHESTER TAKS A LOT, AN' THE NOO A WHEEN GANG TAE ANITHER PLACE THEY CA' LENT."

### RIP VAN WINKLE ON HIS ROUNDS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

It is not often I venture out of my quiet nest in the country, where I fell asleep many, many, years ago. But when I do wake up it is usually for a week in Town, and a round of the Theatres. Once I used to dread, while I craved, the excitement of this sudden transition from long sleep into sudden life. The rush of novelty was too much for me. But now how different my experience!

In nine out of ten of the Theatres, if the managers had planned their entertainment to suit my nerves and consult my feelings, they would have put forth just the bills I see. A hazy halo of antiquity hovers round these programmes, and takes off all sharp shock of newness. The first theatre I visited after my last waking was the Haymarket. I rather doubted the wisdom of beginning with that dear little, ugly, inconvenient, old home of legitimate comedy. BUCKSTONE used to be such a fellow for novelty in his pieces, if not his performers. He never fell back on the stock old comedies, while there was a lively new one to be tempted on to the boards. "Here," I thought to myself, "I shall be sure to see a picture of life as it is, fresh, sparkling, and above all, English to the backbone. But shall I ever be able to stand the shock?" Judge of my amazement to find as the *pièce de résistance* of the evening's entertainment a classical comedy in blank verse, which I remember to have seen produced many years ago. As it was very fairly acted by some of the men—not all, though, by any means—and admirably by two of the ladies, in particular, the actress who played *Pygmalion's* jealous wife, and the charming *ingénue* who gave a new grace to the heroine—the freshest thing by far I have seen in my rounds—I was not disappointed with my evening, and, on the whole, felt thankful for the interposition of an old play between my slumberous country existence and the new histrionic experiences, which must, I felt, be awaiting me in my future adventures. But lo! the further I fared, the staler grew the pieces. Original or adapted, it was all the same. If the English dress was new, the French original was safe to be old; while, if the English was original, it was of an antiquity more or less venerable.

Thus, at the Prince of Wales's, that delightful drawing-room house, which I have always associated with drawing-room plays of home growth, instead of a charming comedy of ROBERTSON'S, I found myself assisting at the performance—an admirable one, I am bound to say—of an adaptation from

SARDOU'S comedy of *Les Intimes*, an old acquaintance in its original garb, and adapted more than once already; in which the French figure showed through the English dress like a *Mossoo* masquerading as a *Milord*.

At the Court, the Strand, and the Folly, I found myself equally safe from the shock of novelty. Here the staple of the entertainment was furnished by old friends, two Haymarket comedies, and one Olympic comedietta, which I had first enjoyed—I won't say how many years ago—long before I sank into my country slumber. True, if good acting can freshen old parts, there was a great deal of it employed in *New Men and Old Acres*; while MR. CLARKE'S breadth of grotesqueness in *Beetle*, MISS LYDIA THOMPSON'S grace in *Mrs. Smylie*, and MR. LIONEL BROUGH'S unexaggerated truth in the north country manufacturer, *Ironstone*, gave much effect to the characters. But they couldn't make old plays new.

At the Adelphi and the Princess's, still in my fearful search for novelty, I had to face nothing newer than two venerable melodramas, which have survived the shocks of repeated revivals.

Hurrying thence to the Vaudeville, where some years ago I had seen a most amusing comedy of MR. BYRON'S most excellently acted, you may guess my relief to find the very amusing comedy still in the bills, and to learn that no change in the programme was expected for many years to come.

At the Globe I was let down as easily by an old burlesque of my evergreen friend PLANCHÉ'S, which I remember to have laughed at when I was a little boy.

At the Saint James's I was treated to a very well acted version of a French piece, which had had the gloss of novelty well taken off here and in Paris, by long runs in both capitals in its original French.

Even at the Olympic, where the piece was new, it was the dramatised version of a novel that certainly was not.

My last venture was at the Gaiety, and here, strange to say, I *did* find novelty, though in the experienced hands of an old, old, friend—the TOOLE that never seems to lose point or edge, for all its hard work, in the long intervals between my naps, but looks always, each time I come upon it at work, as bright and sharp as ever. Here I saw, in *Artful Cards*, an English piece, built up out of an idea suggested by a French one, but English in the cast of its fun, its jokes, dialogue, and treatment of incident; English, above all, in its avoidance of impurity and impropriety. The shock to my nerves was sharp, but not insalubrious. I laughed till I cried at *Artful Cards*, and since then my sleep has been haunted by visions of TOOLE, struggling with a Trombone. There, too, I saw a BISHOP on the stage, who really did almost as much credit to the Bench, by his excellent performance on the Boards, as my liberal and large-minded friend, DR. FRAZER, of Manchester, by his appearance at the leading Manchester theatres the other day. This was the only performance that put my nerves to a severe trial, and showed me there was still something new to be seen in a London Theatre, a fact which, but for this, I might have doubted, and gone back to my repose in the comfortable conviction that on the boards at least all was as I left it when I fell asleep, I won't say how many years ago.

Yours sincerely, RIP REDIVIVUS.

### Worse and Worse!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

KNOWING your wise horror of Ritualism, I beg to direct your attention to a startling novelty in vestments at St. James's, Hatcham, which I cull from this day's *Standard*. After the usual free fight, the offertory alms, says the reporter, "were collected by six of the Choirmen in red bags"! Such is the growth of the seed sown by MR. TOOTH! No wonder the congregation, like the bulls in Spain, get excited, when they see the Choirmen walking about in *red bags*! I certainly think the Bishop should write to MR. DALE. Surely he can be no party to such proceedings?

Yours, A PLAINTIVE PROTESTANT.

NOT WANTED.

WE regret to see by the evening papers that Oysters are up again. The Natives have risen at Tangiers!





### "FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

*Mistress.* "I REALLY MUST INQUIRE, TIMMINS, WHY THE TEA COMES UP SO WEAK OF AN AFTERNOON?"

*Parlour-Maid.* "WELL, IT SHOULD NOT, M'UM! COOK, SHE PUTS IN A SPOONFUL FOR 'ERSELF, A SPOONFUL FOR MYSELF, AND A SPOONFUL FOR THE PARLOUR; AND AS YOU RINGS AS WE FINISHES, I FILLS UP THE TEAPOT MYSELF WITH BILIN' WATER!"

### THE STUDIOS.

#### "ROUND FIRST."

"BEEN round the Studios?" Why, of course. Have not notes of invitation been pouring in by every post?—"Dear old man, give us your opinion."—"Mon cher vieux, your judgment is worth thousands. Come, then!"—"Dear P., picture's nearly ready. Do pop in as you pass!"—"Best of wags, come and chaff my canvas next Monday!"—&c., &c., &c. And so on by the dozen.

Of course we are only mortal, and we have been tempted by the voice of the charmer in oils, marble, or terra-cotta, to advance snacks of the banquet to be offered on the first Monday in May to the Art-loving Public.

*Mr. Punch* publishes his impressions as copied from his note-book the following day, to the best of his belief, though, by the way, he has no distinct recollection of what day it was on which he made the tour, but he is certain, if he has made any mistakes in his report, or appears to have got things mixed in any way, that it has nothing to do with the odd nips of Chartreuse, hospitable bumpers of Roderer, or passing thimblefuls of Imperial Tokay which kind and hospitable artists forced down his unwilling throat with a lavish *bonhomie* altogether irresistible.

"To MILLAIS's new Studio. Extraordinary state. Sumptuous arrangement of apartments. Serving-men in Moyen-Age liveries. Studio 150 by 70 feet. Priceless furniture. Unapproachable tapestries. Treasures of *bric-à-brac*. New pictures. Landscape, 'The Rustling of the Rushes'—Caledonia with the chill on. 'Rushes bending low' as far as the eye can reach. What a rush there will be to see it! Portrait—life-likeness of a British Beef-Eater. At the present prices of meat how long will there be such a thing left? This old hero might be the last of his race, and is worthy to bring up its rear! (*Chambertin*.)

"Thence to LEIGHTON's Italian palace. Velvet-skinned *Signorine* in Venetian costumes, and Greek maidens in *pepla*—mustn't say 'ums'—take my hat and coat. A small black page appropriates, temporarily, my umbrella. Ushered into the presence. Entirely absorbed in the grand statue of 'The Acrobat and the Trombone.' (An officious friend persists in saying it is 'The Athlete and the Serpent.' We know better.) Models are posing, in the most

lovely attitudes, in all corners of the luxurious *atelier*. (*Tokay*.)

"Close by, to VAL PRINSEP's, to see how the Delhi picture is getting on. The artist has had daily sittings from the crossing-sweeper in St. James's Square and the elephants from SANGER's, and, with the aid of regular lessons in Hindostanee from PROFESSOR MONIER WILKINS, is rapidly getting into his canvas the genuine *couleur locale*. (*Tiffin*.)

"On again, like *Wandering Jew*, to MARCUS STONE's. Was it MARCUS STONE or H. S. MARKS? Well—never mind! Capital picture, whichever it was. 'Getting over the Old Style' was it? Costume of end of last century, I remember. No—by Jove! That must have been at MISS THOMPSON's studio—of course—I remember now—'End of the Last Sentry.' Expiring in the snow outside of Buckingham Palace. That's it. MARCUS STONE's picture was 'Burning Shame,' and MARKS's 'Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three.' Capital Testimonial to the late Director of the South Kensington Museum. Splendid composition. MISS ELIZABETH T. must be making no end of money. Just engaged Butler. 'Heavy Charge'—Balaclava, not Butler. (*Military port*.)

"Perfect nest of studios. Fulham Avenue full of 'em. Suggestion to Board of Works for change of name. Call in on G. H. WILKS, Author-Artist, or Artist-Author—forget which. Another palace. *Simplex munditiis*. Not much furniture, but, what there is of it, sumptuous. Silks and satins everywhere—one scarcely likes to put one's foot down for fear of treading on things. Grand subject—'Cooking King Charles the First's Last Chop.' (*Bitter beer in the native pewter*.)

"After Fulham, Chelsea, of course! Down to WHISTLER's—'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad!' Another artistic palace. Superb decorations. Japanese Octopi on a silver ground pervading the dining-room—the arms embracing cornice, and the suckers studding ceiling. Am I here, or in Japan—or China—Chelsea China? Received with open arms, a war-whoop, and a mint julep. By Jupiter, what a sketch! Beg ten thousand pardons!—what a finished picture! I mean that Fugue in blue-major, with pizzicato background. One delicious tone predominating in thirds through the entire composition. Whichever way the picture is hung, it comes right. It is undeniably a Whistler. (*Saki out of a six-mark jar*.)

"Here, Cabby! To the other Studios. 'Where?' Why, what was the name of the gentleman who painted 'Noah laying in American Beef for the Ark'? Well, never mind. There's lots of Studios in St. John's Wood. No, not GEORGE LESLIE's—not yet, nor ARMITAGE's—let's see. Go to—Is it CALDERON's, LONG's, or —? 'Tis so! Exactly. Drive to TISSOT's. More next week. Here, Cabby! Which picture did I like the best? Oh! 'You leave it to me'? Well, here's five shillings. Go round the rest to-morrow—or why should I go to expense of another cab—s'p'ose I stay here, I shall have the rest going round now—"

### Chinese Greek Fire.

IN once more reconstructing the British Navy, our Government will probably have to follow the Chinese. The Celestials have begun naval reconstruction at the beginning, and have already learnt the alphabet, or at least the Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta, of it, in the shape of as many gun-boats of a better quality, both for fighting and sailing, than any in our own navy. It seems clear that little boats with big guns are to be the fighting ships of the future; and JOHN BULL, if BRITANNIA is still to rule the waves, must get the start of JOHN CHINAMAN, and not let JOHN CHINAMAN learn his letters—especially his Greek letters—before JOHN BULL.

A NEW ROUGHS' GUIDE, and Companion to the Blue Book, the Red Book, or the Upper Ten Thousand (designed to complete the Set). THE BLACK BOOK and POLICE COURT GUIDE, giving a full account of the origin, family history, and achievements of the Lower Ten Thousand.\*

\* [The Register of Habitual Criminals in England and Wales for the years 1869 to 1876 has just been printed in the printing works of Her Majesty's prison, Brixton. The ponderous volume is bound in black, and contains the names of 12,164 criminals, with all their aliases.—*Times*, March 7.]



## VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUËRE.)



JE voudrais être un beau berger blond  
Qui jouât du cornet à piston,  
Répondit au sonore  
Et doux nom d'ISIDORE,  
Et connût son subjonctif à fond !



À COLOGNE est un maître d'hôtel  
Hors du centre du ventre duquel  
Se projette une sorte  
De tiroir qui supporte  
La moutarde, et le poivre, et le sel.



L'EXCELLENT Archevêque de Parme  
Soupirait, en versant une larme.  
"Que de Liebig l'Extrait  
A pour moi de l'attrait !  
Que le Beuf d'Australie a du charme !"



"O PARFUM ! idéal de mes rêves ! . . .  
En vains flots jusqu'à moi tu t'élèves !  
Oui, j'ai beau t'aspirer,  
Je ne puis digérer  
Ni ton lard, Plat Divin, ni tes fèves !"



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



E have found it easier to call up the irrepressible PEPPYS than to lay his perturbed spirit. Though the Chinese Ambassador was anxious to have given us a report of last week's debates,—he is particularly interested in the Naval Estimates since he took his trial-trip and fired the big gun aboard the *Delta*, and declares "Me no put piecee cotton in ears any more now"—SAMUEL fairly hustled the amazed Celestial down the stairs of our office, and forced his own MS. upon our devil before the less self-assertive Chinaman could pull himself together. ~ For a ghost, PEPPYS is about the most solidly materialised spirit flesh and blood can come across, and a Chinaman, above all a *literatus*, wasted by the competitive examinations of a lifetime, has no chance with him.

The PEPPYS reports are remarkable for their cool ignoring of all but what interests the author. Thus, on *Friday, March 2*, we find no word of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S answer to MESSRS. MUNDELLA and SAMUELSON, showing that the inquiries by the Philippolis Commission had been a farce, resulting only in the acquittal of TOSHOON BEY, one of the worst offenders, and MR. BARING'S withdrawal in disgust from proceedings he could not control and would not countenance. But he bursts into the Declaration debate:—

The House to-night would no going back from the Declaration of Paris, for all Mr.

PERCY WYNNDHAM spoke mighty smart to show that if free ships were to be permitted to make free goods, England's power on the sea were as good as gone in war time. And methinks it was pretty to hear Ministers, that some can remember loud and lusty in their knocks against your free-traders, fain to hold with them that the less war was allowed to meddle with neutral bottoms the better: and which, indeed, is common sense for us that are oftenest neutral, and great carriers of goods by sea, and please God will long be so. And so I am glad to hear MR. BOURKE, and one so high-stomached on the other side as SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, holding the same discourse; and do see clearly that time opens the eyes even of your stiffest fanatiques, so you give them a reasonable turn of Office, which indeed is a great corrector of your high-flier. And I do take it as settled to-night, by 170 to 56, that free ships shall make free goods henceforth: and no more dispute thereof possible, methinks, to any good purpose,—but indeed I know not if, failing dispute to good purpose, there be not some that must needs have it to no purpose at all.

*Monday.*—Talk among my Lords, but to no end, over a Bill of my LORD CAMPERDOWN for Election of the Metropolitan Board of Works by Ratepayers instead of Vestries. My Lords did think no good would come thereof to the Board; which, indeed, I know not, nor could learn, but would gladly have the best Board that may conveniently be gotten. But the Bill was negatived without a division.

In the Commons, SIR C. LEGARD, and many country gentlemen at his back, have taken sore amiss a thing said by my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, in a poaching case at the Durham Assizes, that he would give no certificate for costs in such cases, for that if gentlemen would make laws to protect the amusements of the rich, the rich must e'en pay for the maintaining of them. Which, I think, though it may be a true thing enough, was scarce a seemly saying for a Judge on the Bench, that should know nothing of law for rich or law for poor, but should look only to the law that he is set there to administer, and the breaking of it that he is bound to punish.

Still, when one thinks of all the crimes that do come of poaching nowadays, one can understand that the Judge who has to punish





## SEASONABLE.

*Nimrod.* "WHAT! OUT AGAIN, VICAR! FRESH NAG, TOO! - I THOUGHT PARSONS DID NOT HUNT JUST NOW!"  
*The Vicar.* "AH! BUT THIS IS A LENT HORSE!"

crime may well feel sore at the thought that an amusement of rich men—which certainly fowling be—should cause the poor so much temptation. And, indeed, for all the cost of raising and keeping of game, there is, and ever will be, a difference in men's minds between killing wild things and stealing tame; and I do myself feel it, in spite of law, and, some do say, logic. Yet methinks the logic can scarce be all against them that think so. Still, I would not have a Judge own to this. So I was sorry my LORD JUSTICE COLERIDGE gave back flout for flout, and wrote a high, huffing letter, denying the right of the House to call him to account. For I do see the House hath, or do claim, the right to call all to account, and will not that its right should be questioned.

MR. GRANT DUFF, the sharp-faced, red-haired, thin man, that did mind me of a weasel the first time I saw and heard him, mighty keen to know who called back CAPTAIN BURNABY, of the Queen's Brigade of Guards, that had ridden to Khiva, and was using his eyes when there, as his legs to get there, and did ask whether if the recall came from our War Office, it came not from Russia, and thence round by the Foreign Office, which MR. HARDY would not answer, and methinks the question a little troubled him. And I do hear that the more it is asked the less it is like to be answered. But I do not think that in the old Protector's time we would have bid back a Captain at the Muscovite's bidding, or any other foreign Prince's.

Then MR. SECRETARY HARDY to moving of his War Estimates. But, lord! to think how little in these days a Minister doth make to ask for nigh upon fifteen millions for one Office, which is three times as much as all the Offices together did cost in my time. Lord grant the money be but well spent. And he mighty pleased that all doth go so well with his Office, and recruits coming in merrily—if somewhat small in stature and young in years,—and doth hope promotion and retirement will soon go on as briskly as recruiting, which I wish may be so, but do find many doubting, especially officers that do wait a promotion or wish for good terms of retirement. They that had abused the War-Office schemes mighty ready and large in apology; above all one MURRE, a Colonel, did, as it were, put his head under MR. SECRETARY HARDY's foot, and ask to be danced on—which, methought, was scarce seemly, though I am glad Mr. Secretary hath

good ground to be so cheery: and, lord! to think how different it was in my time, and how now your great heads of Offices must come cap in hand to the House of Commons, and how rejoiced they are when they have a good account to render of their Offices; and how in my time we thought little of the Parliament, and much of the Offices, and I, for my part, would have taken it mighty ill if any under a Lord had meddled with the accounts or business of Our Office. And now all changed. And I do hope it is all for the better—and do indeed think so, not being myself now in Office.

*Tuesday.*—In my Lords' House my LORD MIDDLETON was to have put a question touching my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE's sharp saying of the law against poaching; but as the same question had been put in the Commons the night before, my Lord did not put it.

But methinks I may well be content that I hold my place no longer in Our Office, after I did hear MR. WARD HUNT, that is now First Lord Commissioner therein, so scurvily handled to-night by all manner of Members, great and small, for miscarriages aboard the Queen's ships, whereof all, big or little, at sea or in harbour, be now laid at the door of the Office, or on the back of the First Lord, so that he do seem to stand up in the House, as it were a popinjay for all to shoot at. Yet, indeed, he do bear him bravely enough, and sometimes shot back stoutly. Though methinks there be much now-days in the ordering of our Fleet that were well otherwise, whereof, as the old saw hath it, "least said soonest mended." But, lord, when I think of Our Office in my time, how we had much ado to lay hold of four or five hundred thousand pound by the year, and these in odd moneys scabbled up anyhow, and for months together neither cash, nor stores, nor credit, save as we might pledge our own, and all cheating the King that could, and the poor, honest seamen coming crying to us for their money, and lying dying nastily of their wounds and scurvy sores under the Office windows! And now the Office may spend nigh on eleven millions by the year, and have it too, which is more, as they need, and never a day in arrear; and all handsome and the best that money can buy both aboard the ships and in the Yards and the Office, and the Queen's credit as good as the biggest merchant's or goldsmith's in the City, or, indeed, better. And yet for all this I do think our Office be more girded at,



and cried out upon now-a-days than it used to be in my time, save only on the head of money, for now all may have their dues, to the day, from the First Lord down, which is brave, and, as it seems to me, strange; only no gifts that I can hear of, and no commissions, at least none openly allowed of; which is worse for them in the Office; so, methinks, with money, or without, it do come to much the same upshot.

But 'tis plain to see that things be not more changed in the matter of money than in all besides about the ordering of the Fleet. For our ships be now more like busy laboratories full of curious engines, than plain pitched oaken hulls worked by honest hempen sails and tarred ropes, like those COMMISSIONER PETT used to build in the Yard at Deptford. And, methinks, for Captains, our ships now-a-days, with their steam as they call it, and their nice engine work, should need rather such virtuosos as used to meet at Gresham House, like SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN and SIR WILLIAM PETTY and other rare mechanique heads of that kidney, than your common tarry-breeched salt-water Captains like LAWSON and SPRAGGE, and the rest that did so maul the Dutch in my time, who, indeed knew but what belonged to sailing and fighting their ships, and there an end. Yet I could not learn that the Office had yet clapped hands on such a virtuosos kind of Captains, but are still fain to be content with the old fighting and sailing sort, which amazes me, and I marvel how they have so changed all else aboard our ships, but yet the officers so little, and the Office not much, save, as I do rejoice to see, in the matter of money, that is now to be had for the asking.

And, perhaps, when the Office do come by officers of the right virtuosos fashion, there will be fewer miscarriages aboard our ships—that be now, methinks, like horses too strong and skittish for their riders. So there may come to be less crying out upon the Office and less shooting at my Lords, and not so much matter for hot talk, such as I heard to-night from Members. And I pray it may soon be so, for of all this fault-finding, I do see but little profit to the QUEEN, or the State, or the Ships, or the Office.

Much merriment to-night by reason of MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL, that hath gone up and down seeking for a seat this long time past, and hath now found one, whereof I am glad, as methinks he should be. And he coming to the table to be sworn before the SPEAKER as is wont, could not find the warrant of his return; and after much rummaging in all his pockets, whereof I think never man had more or fuller, was sore gruelled, till SIR WILLIAM HART DYKE was fain to go back to the new Members' place under the Gallery, where was his hat, and did straight find the return therein, and so MR. SOLICITOR-GENERAL did get to take the oaths at last. But, lord! to see how the House did laugh! Though, indeed, a little thing do divert them.

*Wednesday.*—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, a great virtuosos and rich, did move his Bill for the Preserving of Ancient Monuments, such as British stones, and mounds, and dykes, that have no beauty to commend them, only curious for antiquity, and now grievously made away with, as indeed I remember many in my time that are now long since carted off, or ploughed up, or broken for roads, or built into walls, or other uses. But, lord! to see how sharp some did speak against the Bill, that it should strike at property; and how my Lord FRANCIS HERVEY, that, methought, should have been wiser, did abuse the ancient Britons, that it amazed me to find such heat on such a matter, only I see your landlords do not like any meddling with the land for never no monuments, yet the Bill passed by 211 to 163, and referred to a Select Committee, which methinks was reasonable. And, indeed, I do in most matters see much reason in the Members of the House, for all their heats and over-much talking; which pleases me, now that wellnigh everything is laid on their hands.

*Thursday.*—In the Lords' House talk of Cattle Plague, that it seems do now spread sore, for all the Lords of the Council can do; and I am sorry for it.

In the Commons many questions, and little told in the answering them; as, indeed, I do see this is great part of the craft of Ministers now, to answer, and yet say nothing. MR. GRANT DUFF did inquire again of the Captain that was called back from Central Asia to please the Muscovites; but the Secretary for War, as before, did refuse to say wherefore. And methinks this a matter the Office would not have inquired into. So I am sorry they should be vexed with all this questioning of it.

Much talk over a Valuation Bill that I could not understand, nor the House either, methought, save some City and Country Gentlemen, that did talk mighty long and dull, till the Bill was read a Second Time at nigh one o'clock in the morning, and I asleep.

*Friday.*—I did come to the House to-night expecting to see the Ministers hoisted by a petard from their own camp, one MR. READ, an honest, plain countryman, that once held an office, but was too stiff for his place, having a Resolution for the naming of Boards for County Business, part of Magistrates and part to be chosen by Boards of Guardians. But the Government, rather than be beaten by the joining of some of their own with most of the other side, was fain to agree to the Bill, and did it handsomely enough, though it was plain to see the morsel did somewhat stick in some of their gullets.

## MASKELYNE AND FEMININE.



IN moving, on the second reading of the Bill for the Removal of the Electoral Disabilities of Women, that it be read this day

six months, MR. HANBURY may avail himself of an addition to the stock arguments based on women's natural disabilities. It has already been urged by the opponents of feminine emancipation that women are unfit to vote for Members of Parliament, because, although ladies are generally taught music, there has never yet arisen a first-rate female Composer. The same proof that Woman is inferior to Man might be drawn from the fact, that the world has not yet seen a woman of any note to speak of as a female

conjuror. There never arose amongst womankind a match for ROBERT HOUDIN, nor any Witch to mate the Wizard of the North. Yet everybody knows how girls are trained up to practise witchery in their own way. Time was, too, when witches were believed, not only by dolts but divines of the period, to ride on broomsticks; and not long ago a "medium" suitable to a side-saddle was declared by Spiritualists to have been transported three miles, and in through closed doors, or walls, or down a chimney, on to a table. But no such performance of witchcraft was ever publicly exhibited. At MASKELYNE AND COOKE'S séances MR. COOKE "floats in the room, taking with him the cabinet in which he is secured." Whatever may have happened in days of old, or may now happen in private circles, on the open platform COOKE stands unrivalled, and MASKELYNE has no competitor of his own gender, still less of the feminine. In public conjuring even male "mediums" never rise to mediocrity, and those of the other sex can hardly conjure at all. So the Hon. Member for Tamworth will be able, if ungallant enough, unanswerably to contend that Women are unfit to exercise the elective franchise; because they are no conjurors.

## NEWER THAN NEW.

As the Public, in its thirst for information, is being supplied with the topics of to-morrow and a digest of the day after, there is no saying where the journalist will stop in his desire to assuage the craving of the literary customer, who wants to know what is going to happen. MR. PUNCH proposes therefore the issue of a publication, to be called

### "THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK." (Price 6d.)

The first Number (to be issued as soon as the enormous steam-presses required for the colossal circulation in prospect have been erected) will contain leaders on the great anti-IGNATIEFF speech that LORD BEACONSFIELD is preparing in the House of Lords; on Political and Military Reforms in Turkey; and on MR. CHAPLIN'S heavy counter, when he gets a chance of giving it to MR. GLADSTONE in the House of Commons. These will be followed by a sporting leader on the merits of the winning boat in the Oxford and Cambridge Race, with details of the race, and account of the accident sure to come to MR. SMASHAWAY'S steam-launch, and the block thus occasioned on the river opposite the Limes at Mortlake. Several pages, under the heading "*On Dira*," will contain satirical repartees in contemplation by political Leaders, and witticisms about to be perpetrated by diners-out, burlesque writers, and popular journalists.

In fact that most attractive of all virtues in literary or artistic work, the *imprévu*, will season everything, and secure, it is confidently anticipated, for the new publication a circulation larger than the largest circulation in the world, so extensively proclaimed on the hoardings.

Only Sixpence, and on goes the Donkey into *The Middle of Next Week!*

A CONTRADICTION IN (AMERICAN) TERMS.—Fog clears up, now that HAYES settles down.





### LEVELLING TENDENCY OF MODERN DRESS.

*Old Gentleman (shocked beyond description) to Verger. "DON'T YOU THINK THOSE YOUTHS HAD BETTER BE TOLD TO TAKE THEIR HATS OFF?"*

*Verger. "TAKE THEIR 'ATS OFF! BLESS YOU, SIR, THOSE ARE THE DEAN'S YOUNG LADIES!"*

### THE NEW MESSMATES.

*(A Squabble well settled.)*

"Iron-clad ships differed from the old ships which composed the Navy in almost every particular. . . . He did mean to assert that not sufficient money was expended in employing proper Engineer Officers to look after the machinery of our ships. . . . He contended that the present system of officer-ship did not reflect the altered condition of the times in which we were living."—MR. REED *in the Debate on Admiralty Administration.*

*Vulcan.* NEPTUNE, old man, you're *passé*. Best retire!  
And trust me to blow up our naval fire.  
Ask REED!

*Neptune.* As well ask PAN. A man will blow  
His private pipe, although 'tis cracked.

*Vulcan.* Oho!

Your boatswain's pipe, old boy, is out of tune—

*Neptune.* Shall a land-lubber my command impugn?

*Vulcan.* We want no Argos now! That style of barque  
Is as much out of date as Noah's Ark.  
I build ships now.

*Neptune.* And sink 'em!

*Vulcan.* No, not I,  
But your old dockyard mates, laid high and dry.  
Nay, you may puff, old man, till all is blue,  
Iron-clads are too much for them, and you.

*Neptune.* I've room for all the pots you choose to sink;  
But they make ugly corpses, and I think  
You might as well blow up the things yourself,  
And not crowd out my Nereids.

*Vulcan.* There's the shelf:  
Resign your empire to more skilful hand,  
And find some other realm for your command.

*Neptune.* Never! You've marred the earth, leave me the main.

*Vulcan.* You'll find, old salt, your stubbornness is vain.

Iron and Steam are uppermost, that's clear;  
Earth's first lieutenant is the Engineer.

*Neptune.* No, not first—last! Belay! Or say we share  
Command quite large enough to task the pair?

*Vulcan.* Well, here's BRITANNIA. Let's both state our case,  
And have it out before her face to face.

*Neptune.* Aye—aye—boy—Heave ahead—

*Vulcan (to Britannia).* Hem! Things at sea  
Aren't going pleasantly.

*Britannia.* No, not for me.

*Vulcan.* Nor won't till with your ships your ratings square:  
Old NEP's boys have till now had lion's share  
Of pay, rank, prize-money.

*Neptune.* Come, stow your noise!

*Vulcan.* The time has come that I and my brave boys  
Should have our turn. You see his blood has cooled,  
Since NELSON's Hearts of Oak the ocean ruled.

*Britannia.* My pockets tell me that.

*Vulcan.* His Naval Nobs

Set my young engineers the stiffest jobs;  
And each new problem, each perplexing riddle,  
Leads them a dance, to tune of second fiddle.  
Yet NEPTUNE and his Admiralty Masters,  
At my and their door lay their late disasters.  
'Taint fair! *Prestige*, pay, power his fellows hold,  
While mine are snubbed and left out in the cold;  
Till in hot water his chaps splash about,  
And then mine are called in to get 'em out.

*Neptune.* At reeling jaw out, short of you I come,—  
But there's no need for slack. You know me, Mum.

*Britannia.* I do, dear NEP, and don't intend to sack  
So old and tried a servant.

*Neptune (triumphantly).* Keep that tack!

*Britannia.* But NEP, old salt, although you're brave as blunt,  
And love yard-arm to yard-arm, like WARD HUNT,





## SALTS AND STOKERS.

VULCAN (*Chief Engineer*). "YES, MA'AM, THINGS DO LOOK BAD, AND WON'T BE BETTER TILL YOU MAKE A CHANGE IN YOUR OFFICERING! IT'S BEEN CAPTAIN NEP'S BOYS TILL NOW—IT MUST BE BOTH OUR BOYS IN FUTURE!!"







Your case, like his, is shaky in the joints,  
And Fate, like REED, will hit the weakest points.  
Let VULCAN replat these. Things do look queer  
Aboard my ships. We need the Engineer.

*Vulcan (triumphantly).* Didn't I say so?

*Britannia (pointing to NEPTUNE).*

Yes—as we need him.

BRITANNIA's Navy must both fight and swim.  
Well manned, well, handled 'twill stand war and weather;

For this I want you both to pull together.

So shake hands, NEP, with your new mate! No sulks!

There's work for both aboard my iron hulks.

Let future fair make unfair past amends,

And you may yet turn out the best of friends!

[*Exeunt NEPTUNE and VULCAN arm-in-arm.*]

## FREE AS AIR; OR, "BRITONS NEVER," &c., &c.



*HE* *Inquiries of a British Official on Leave.*

PARIS, Monday

Arrived in this city, and made up my mind to look into the monetary matters of the country. Went to leave my card at the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères. On my return to my hotel found a telegram awaiting me from the Treasury, ordering me not on any account to inquire into French finance, for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the Government of MARSHAL MACMAHON.

BERLIN, Tuesday (a week later).

Arrived here, with the intention of informing myself as to the organisation, administration, and working of the German military system; left my card with COUNT VON MOLKE. On

my return to my hotel found a telegram awaiting me from the War-Office, desiring me on no account to go within five miles of a German fort, garrison town, or barracks, or to hold any conversation with a soldier, for fear of irritating the susceptibilities of PRINCE VON BISMARCK.

VIENNA, Thursday (a week later).

Arrived here and arranged with our second Secretary of Legation to examine the returns of the local manufactures, which are said to be rapidly advancing. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Board of Trade, forbidding me to make any inquiries bearing on Austrian Commerce, in consideration of the natural jealousy of British enterprise on the part of the authorities at Vienna.

CONSTANTINOPLE Friday (a week later).

Being detained here by stormy weather, thought I might as well employ myself in finding out what I could about the position of the Government Loans and the British Bondholder; walked to our Embassy to ask the help of one of their dragomans. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Foreign Office ordering me to leave Turkish money matters alone.

ALGERIA, Saturday (a week later).

Arrived here, and started to deliver some letters of introduction likely to forward my object of observing the practical working of the French system of colonisation. On my return to my hotel found a telegram from the Colonial Office desiring me to do nothing of the sort.

ROME, Sunday (a week later).

Arrived here in hopes to improve the opportunity by looking into the position of affairs between the KING and the POPE. Called to leave card on the new English Cardinal, an old acquaintance. On my return to my hotel, found a rather curt, and anything but dignified, telegram from the Privy Council Office, begging me not to poke my nose into ecclesiastical questions, which no lay mind was qualified to understand.

EGYPT, Monday (a week later).

Arrived here, and proposed testing the feeling of the people *à propos* of the newly-appointed English officials and our acquisition of the Suez Canal shares. On my return to my hotel, found a telegram from the India Office, ordering me to be off at once.

NIKOLAIIEV, Tuesday, 2 P.M.

Arrived here, and determined to make a few inquiries about the Russian Fleet.

Tuesday, 2'10 P.M.

Received telegram from the Admiralty and all the other Offices—"Consider yourself under arrest, and come home immediately." End of my holiday.

## PUNCH IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

To an epitome of the preliminary report of the Arctic Committee, lately transmitted to the First Lord of the Admiralty, the *Sanitary Record* appends the observation that—

"It will be seen that the whole result of the inquiry may be summed up tersely in the words of SURGEON COLAN, that in any future sledge expeditions if anything has to be left behind, it should be the rum and not the lime-juice. It was this conviction which led us in the first instance to challenge the course pursued by CAPTAIN NARES in sending the rum and leaving out the lime-juice, and we can but rejoice, in the interests of the Service, that this inquiry has resulted in so unanimous and so complete a confirmation of that view."

It may be said that lime-juice is no more a preventive of scurvy than vaccination of smallpox; and some may say this disbelieving that smallpox is preventible by vaccination. CAPTAIN NARES, however, is not one of those fools. He "decided not to send lime-juice on the leading parties on account of the difficulty of carrying and melting it," and would on any future sledge expedition "certainly so modify the arrangements as to admit of sending lime-juice." To be sure, and one obvious way of modifying the arrangements for that purpose would be to send the lime-juice in combination with the rum. Add some quantity of sugar. Everybody knows how to name the liquid which those ingredients would form, and were it to congeal, what would it then be but iced punch? A compound universally celebrated as a remedy for "the gout and colic and the phthisis" would doubtless be found most effectually antiscorbutic. DR. COLAN may be quite right in saying that, if anything has to be left behind by Arctic explorers, it should be the rum and not the lime-juice; but by far the preferable, as the more comfortable plan, would surely be to leave neither behind, but to take both, which would be easily managed by the simple expedient aforesaid, of mixing them together. This, if adopted, would have the further advantage of ensuring the specific for scurvy to be duly swallowed. Sailors are prone to shirk lime-juice pure and simple, but there is little fear that JACK would ever decline the acid in union with the other elements of the mixture abovenamed, if only its alcoholic portion sufficed him.

## HUNT ON HOLES.

If the First Lord of the Admiralty knew or minded his SHAKESPEARE as he ought, he would not perhaps have answered the allegation that the *Vanguard* sank because there were holes in her bulkhead, by the excuse that "they were very small holes." Had he read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested the divine WILLIAMS, he might have learned that as a little hole will as effectually do for a man as a great hole, if only the little one is sufficiently large, so will it serve as effectually to sink a man-of-war. A rapier thrust had made a little hole in the chest of *Mercutio*. Let MR. WARD HUNT perpend *Mercutio's* answer to his friend *Romeo's* suggestion that "the hurt cannot be much"—

"*Mercutio*. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough—'twill serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world."

Our Minister seems to have needed to be taught that the little hole in a man's side that will let out the life has its counterpart in the little hole in the side of an ironclad which is big enough to let in the water, albeit "only a little one." But perhaps he will evermore bear this point in mind hereafter in dealing with the appointment of Officers such as those by whose arrangements, although they may have been "not absolute idiots," the *Vanguard*, in consequence of some of those little holes being left open in her bulkhead, went to the bottom.

## Definition for Diplomats.

TREATY. An International Agreement between two or more Powers, which each and all of the contracting parties will punctually fulfil, when the time comes for doing so, unless they think that the safest and most advantageous course to pursue, is to back out of it, and not otherwise.



## OUR NOVEL SERIES.

## ALL IN THE DOWNS.

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL.-MS.-LL M.P.

CHAP. V.—*The Able-bodied Seamen depart in a Coffin-rigged Vessel.*AND how many hands are aboard the *Albert Ross*, think you?

Only nine; and the Captain is but seventeen years old. This is economy on the part of the owners. But, alas! the *Albert Ross* will suffer as other vessels have suffered, and, as my friend MR. WH-L-L-Y, of Peterborough, would say the Roman Catholics in England suffer, from a long course of Under-Manning. But that is his joke, not mine; and he is earnest about his work, as I am about mine. So heave ahead! and let me pitch the next line overboard.

The Stevedore held the policy for £500,000 in his pocket. The Junior Warden joined him, and grasped his hand. They, the Owners, were safe. If only WILLIAM TAILLEUR, DON JOSÉ'S rival in the affections of MARY MAYBUD, would but come out of gaol and embark on board the *Bad Ship Albert Ross*!

The Junior Warden had other matters on his mind which no less concerned the Stevedore. It was to his, the Warden's, interest, and for their joint safety, that MARY should be the Stevedore's bride. Thus their interests, like their capital, were identical.

The moon slowly rose, and cast a dull light on the scene.

"We understand one another?" asked the Stevedore of his companion, in a hoarse whisper.

"Ay, ay!" replied the other, in the same tone.

"Who are on board?"

"The Skipper, the ship's husband, with the first and second Mates, the Purser (who pays out), the Scentler (who looks after the coals), and the third Mate with five hands."

"A useful person this last."

"Very handy. But we have been one too many for him."

"Is the fate of the ship assured?"

"Yes, assured as you know—insured. The ship is overloaded. Its load-line is painted high up over a false level."

"Who did that?" asked the Stevedore, anxiously.

"The painter, of course."

"But he will split," returned the Stevedore.

"The Ship's Painter split!" replied the other, disdainfully.

"Not he! He is overboard by this time!" and the ruffian laughed heartily.

Could such a scoundrel be really the father of MARY MAYBUD?

If so, how was it that his name was GROGBLOSSOM? \* We shall see.

"I understand" said the Stevedore, darkly frowning. "The grain will be overpacked; on the voyage it will swell, it will gradually burst the sacks, distend itself upwards, force the seams of the boards—"

"Which are only secured with sham bolts," interposed the Warden.

"Ay, ay—devils all—and then the masts will go overboard, and the ship, if once filled with water in every part, with all hands must sink to the bottom." †

"Then she is certain to go to the bottom?" asked the Warden.

"Sure!" replied the Stevedore.

"Since that is the case, you will at once sign the bond which binds us together to the deed, by which you undertake that the ship shall go to the bottom within a certain time." And so saying he produced a parchment.

This parchment, with its seals and Government stamps, is called a "Bottomry Bond." The drawer of such a bond undertakes that the ship in his possession shall go to Davy Jones's Locker within a specified period.

These Bottomry Bonds are drawn only by the Wardens of Sink Ports. It is one of the old feudal privileges yet remaining to them. I trust before long to see this iniquitous system abolished. ‡

"Just so. But hark!" and the Junior Warden lifted up his hand to arrest the Stevedore's attention.

A shrill whistle.

The Bo'sen's call to summon all hands aboard.

And WILLIAM? What of him?

There are other Devils besides sham ship's bolts, § and these seemed to mix themselves up in the Stevedore's affairs, for at that moment WILLIAM TAILLEUR, released from prison, stepped from the Quay on to the deck of the *Albert Ross*.

The word was given to weigh anchor.

The answer, of course, was that it weighed exactly a hundred tons.

The reply to this (from the Captain) was rude in the extreme.

\* We have already asked this question.—Ed.

† Fact.—S. P.

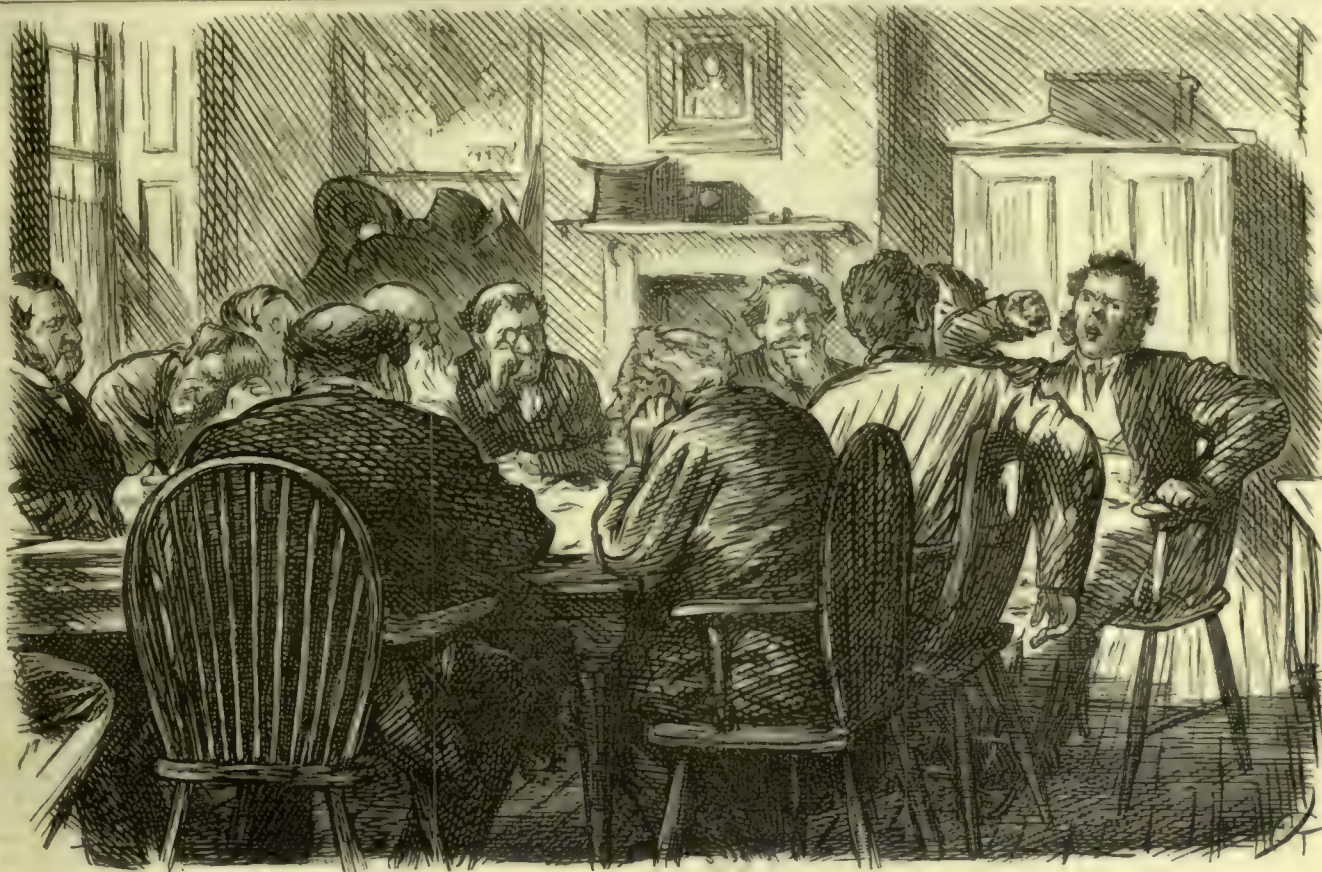
‡ So do we. But surely this isn't the real meaning of a Bottomry Bond? We are not Maritime Lawyers, but we certainly think there must be some error. To this effect we have written to the learned and enthusiastic Author.—Ed.

Answer from the Learned and Enthusiastic.—Founded on fact. Sounds all right,—I mean it sounds all wrong.—Yours, S. P.

§ I wouldn't have believed this statement if I hadn't seen it myself, but it's a fact for which I can vouch, vide my pamphlet under the head of Defective Construction. When a ship's timbers are held together by only plumbago or black-lead pencil bolts, called Devils (for the same reason that a junior barrister is so termed when he's doing the work of a senior), if she doesn't go down the very deuce is in it!—S. P., M.P.







## FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

SCENE—British Jury Room. All agreed on their Verdict except—

Irish Jurymen (who holds out). "AH, THIN, ILIV'N MORE OBSTINIT' MEN I. NIVIR MET IN ALL ME LOIFE!!"

So the bad ship *Albert Ross* left her moorings, and slowly sailed out of the Harbour.

A boy said to another boy, as she passed along, "My eye!"

A policeman observed to another policeman, "By Jingo!"

The harbour-master sighed heavily, and went in to supper.

A mild, near-sighted gentleman exclaimed, "Dear me!"

Two workmen observed to one another, "Darned if they wouldn't rather do nothing for forty shillings a week on shore than work without wages on board that there ship for a month."

Amid such Cassandra-like predictions of woe, the *Albert Ross* was steaming out of Newport-Pagnell, with WILLIAM TAILLEUR aboard, when a lithesome figure, in the costume of a Middy, sprang from the pier-head and alighted safely on the vessel.

The Stevedore on shore, with a glass in his wicked eye, alone recognised the person.

"Per jingos!" exclaimed the Spaniard. "It is MARY MAYBUD!"

It was she indeed—in disguise.

And it was too late to stop the bad coffin-ship *Albert Ross*, with its deadly shrouds and false load-line, on its outward-bound course to the Bottom of the Deep, Dead Sea.

(To be continued.)

## "Keeping Watch o'er the Life of Poor Jack."

The brig *No Name*, from Liverpool to Africa, "laden with coals, gunpowder (very badly stowed), and paraffin oil, made a good deal of water,"—clearly the wisest course under the circumstances,—and her crew refused to proceed—also wisely.

A member of the Government, in an after-dinner speech, said that "no idea was likely to enter the head of any responsible adviser of HER MAJESTY whereby a single button of our sailors' jackets would be placed in jeopardy from any matters arising out of the internal administration of the Turkish Empire."

Comparing these two announcements, JACK will be likely to exclaim, "Dash my buttons—but don't blow me up."

## OUT OF REASON INTO RHYME.

(A Hatcham, Bull.)

DEAR CROOM and dear PLIMPTON, all thanks for your letter. Go on as you're doing; you couldn't do better.

Just put that schismatical ass in a fix

Who wants to score honours by tramping our tricks.

The half-hearted scoundrel, the mealy-mouthed dog!

Give me a down-righter who goes the whole hog:

I must own some respect for a knock-me-down ranter;

Trot and gallop I like, but I can't stand a canter!

The notion of standing, while all the rest sit,

Was simply delicious: I thought I should split,

When I heard how you balked him, and bothered, and worried;

No wonder, I'm sure, the poor creature was flurried.

But the row t'other day went a leetle too far;

If you try *voies de fait* there's a danger you'll mar

A sweet little plan—which were nipped in the bud

If you gave the foe notice, or stirred up my Lud.

At present, you see, I am forced to be dumb:

The Doctors forbid all excitement—so mum!

But bide we our time, and some sunshiny morning,

Without giving DALE and his myrmidons warning,

We'll break in, as they broke—fair reprisals, you know—

If they use the jemmy, why not we the crow?

Once in, we're the masters; we'll lead 'em a dance;

Make each hair stand on end in the wig of PENZANCE.

Good-bye, dear Churchwardens; we fight for the truth.

Get the fallals in order.

Yours ever,

A. TOOTH.

## ROYAL RESIDENCE NEW CHRISTENED.

THE QUEEN has invited *Uncle Tom* (REV. J. HENSON) to visit her. Windsor Castle is, in future, to be called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.





### FASHIONS FOR THE KITCHEN.

*Cook.* "LOR', JANE, I WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED WITH THEM 'TRAINS' EVERY DAY! I ONLY WEARS MINE ON SUNDAYS!"

*Jane.* "THAT MAY DO FOR YOU, COOK; BUT FOR MY PART I LIKES TO BE A LADY WEEK-DAYS AS WELL AS SUNDAYS!"

### BUTCHERS IN ARMS.

SCENE—Bond Street. BROWN, Bond Street butcher, discovered with JONES, Bayswater butcher. To them enter ROBINSON, Bermondsey butcher.

*Robinson.* How are you both? You look down in the mouth.

*Brown.* We are, and reason good, JONES. Have you seen *Punch*? (*Producing last week's number.*)

*Robinson.* Look at that! *Bos Americanus*? I know that "boss" is an American word, and means "lead," and our friend in the air seems to have got it from the bull's 'orns. Why, gracious! if it ain't an 'it at us! A drop of something short, or I shall faint!

*Brown.* My dear fellow, I cannot be seen going into a common pub.!

*Jones.* Nor I. The days are passed when our fathers used to frequent public-houses of a night, and smoke clay pipes, and drink beer. We have our Clubs. Let us go to mine—"The J'int."

*Brown.* Or mine—the "'Igh Figure." This way! [*They enter the "High Figure."*]

*Jones.* A bottle of "cham," I suppose? Sweet, or dry?

*Robinson.* I hear the nobs always drink dry.

*Jones.* Then dry for me.

*Brown.* Waiter! Bottle of dry champagne.

*Waiter.* Yes, Sir. Perry Jewit or 'Eidzie?

*Jones.* Oh, the dearest, I say.

*Waiter.* Yes, Sir.

*Jones.* Why give it a name? What's the odds of names! A chap's safe with the dearest—or should be.

*Brown.* So one should—and with meat, too, as well as drink!

*Robinson and Jones.* Ha! ha!

*Brown.* Now, what is to be done about this here American meat? We must unite! Eh JONES?

*Jones.* Long life to the American meat! say I. Here's its jolly good health!

*Brown.* What, are you mad!

*Jones.* Ha! ha! Not a bit of it! My customers is mostly what they call the middling classes, and doosid middling they are too, some of 'em. Well, they don't like to ask for cheap stuff, so I lets 'em have it without asking.

*Brown and Robinson.* Shame!

*Jones.* Just you wait a bit. MRS. SWEL-LINGTON comes into the shop and says, "JONES, I want a nice sirloin of beef, real Highland beef." "You shall have it, Mum," says I. "'Ow much?" says she. "Shilling a pound," says I. "That's dear!" says she. "Well, it ain't my fault, Mum," says I. "I don't make any profit on it. It's all along o' the dearness of coals." Well, she gits her jint, and she pays me a shilling a pound.

*Brown and Robinson.* Well?

*Jones.* So it is well—jolly well—considerin' that I was a-sellin' her American beef all the time and a-chargin' her English prices. So here's American beef, I says!

*Robinson.* Ditto to JONES, I say. Now here's my game:—"American meat? Lor' bless you," says I, "you won't like it when you get it; but, if you will 'ave it, you must. 'Ere you are, the very best, nine-pence a pound." And next day back they comes, and tell me they don't like it, and sticks to English, in future, like Englishmen.

*Brown to Robinson.* Our friend JONES's experience is different from yours, you see.

*Robinson.* No it ain't. He sells 'em American beef for English at English prices, and I sells 'em English beef—such as it is—for American at American prices. There's beef and beef—ain't there?—English or American.

*Brown.* All very well for you fellows in the unaristocratic quarters. I needn't to come any low game of that sort. I've only to say to my customers, "I don't keep it. Bond Street is not the place for such things," and they look ashamed of themselves for asking about it, and take what I choose to give them, at my prices. That's your style!

*Jones.* Ah! that's your style; but it ain't ours, worse luck.

*Robinson.* 'Owver, that's neither here nor there—the pint is, how are we to silence all this nasty cry agin the butchers—

*Jones.* And how to muzzle *Punch*?

### Apparition of *Punch* rises.

*Apparition.* Listen to me. I will tell you how to do both. You will all have to sell this American meat, or else reduce your prices for English. Your customers are tired of you. You, BROWN, will in future supply the DUKE OF FIVE STARS with the meat, he asks for, irrespective of nationality. You, JONES, will sell American meat by American names as well as for American prices. As for you, ROBINSON, twelve months' hard labour would do you good, as well as those who supply you. Reform your practices, and reduce your prices, or it will be the worse for you."

[*Apparition disappears.*]

*Butchers.* Worse than reducing prices! That would be a bad business!

[*Exit butchers, jointly and severally, in deep thought.*]

### Faith and Functions.

A LADY'S-MAID WANTED in the Country. She must dress hair well and make dresses well, get up collars and cuffs. Must be a Protestant, and call Mrs. S— at half-past 6 o'clock. Wages £20, and 1s. 6d. for washing. Address, &c.

The Advertiser must be related to the Lady who recorded of Mrs. JONES, in her epitaph, that "she played on the harpsichord, and painted in water-colours; and of such is the kingdom of Heaven."



## "CE QUE FEMME VEUT."



TEMPLE BAR gives us an article on "The Excessive Influence of Women." *Punch* offers the Author the following "casus omisi" of this influence:—

MR. HAUGHTY HENPECK was heard to tell his friend FITZ-GEORGE that the O'MILLIONS were "snobs," and that he would not set foot in their house again. MR. HENPECK subsequently had an interview with his wife, when they accepted an invitation to dine with the O'MILLIONS on the following Thursday.

MR. JACK GOLIGHTLY was lamenting the folly of those of his friends who, after marriage, gave up their Club and even their smoke. Since JACK married MISS TAME-TYGER he has neither been seen in his Club nor with a cigar in his mouth.

MR. WILBERFORCE FUNKIT said his mother-in-law should never set foot in the house again. Two days after, his wife's mother arrived, tied a white glove on the knocker, and put WILBERFORCE to sleep in a closet under the stairs.

MR. PATERNOSTER ROW said he would publish no more rubbish written by women. A new three-volume novel by his wife is, however, on his list of forthcoming works.

MR. CHARLIE HAWKER asserted that the Boat Race was all rot, and that he would go to it no more. After calling on MISS FLOREY BRIGHTWIN he was heard to order a barouche for the morning of the 24th inst.

MR. GRINDER GRUMPY, after stating that his wife should spend no more in frippery this month, inadvertently took a walk with MRS. G. G. down Regent Street. In half an hour he had spent thirty shillings on a bonnet, and thirty guineas on a fur cloak.

MR. PUNCH, who had been reading various new periodicals, was heard to say that he didn't know what women were coming to in these days; but, coming home from an evening party, he went to bed with visions of many fair forms, and was heard to mutter in his sleep that the dear creatures were as good and beautiful as ever.

## THE PROMOTER OF THE FUTURE.

(An Ideal Idyl.)

TIME—After the Judgments in the Lisbon Tramways, and the Sombrero Phosphate Company.

SCENE—The Sanctum of MR. GOLDEN GREATHEART, the eminent Promoter. Plain office-furniture, with comfortable easy chairs for Visitors. Near a desk a wooden stool. Tracts, the "Sunday at Home" and "The Leisure Hour," on a side-table. Portraits of well-known Philanthropists and views of the Peabody mansions hanging from the walls. JOHN and MARY (Servants) putting the place to-rights.

JOHN. How good our Master is, MARY! It is a pleasure to serve him.

MARY. Indeed it is, JOHN. When I am in his presence I feel as if I were in church. His refining influence has turned us from "h"-dropping menials into Gentlemen and Lady Helps.

JOHN. Hush!—he is here!

[Enter MR. GREATHEART, to soft religious music. The Servants kneel to receive their Master's blessing, and then exeunt.

MR. GREATHEART. How pleasant it is to be so respected and so loved! And yet I but obey the law. By the judgments in the cases of the Lisbon Tramways and the Sombrero Phosphate Company the relation of Promoter to purchaser of shares is shown to be the same as that of Solicitor to client, Guardian to ward, and Spiritual Adviser to penitent! Happy privilege to advise men for their good, to spend my fleeting wealth for the benefit of my fellow-creatures! Ah, Charity—virtue of virtues!—how my heart yearns towards thee! (Enter JOHN.) Well, my good friend, what do you want with me?

JOHN. Dear Master, a young gentleman wishes to see you—on business, he says.

MR. GREATHEART. Bid him enter, my good JOHN. All honest men are welcome here. But, stay! The Lunar Exploration Company, into which I advised you to put your savings, is about to be wound up.

JOHN (dismayed). Then I shall lose twenty-seven pounds eight shillings and ninepence-halfpenny!

MR. GREATHEART. Not so! I, as Promoter, have returned the purchase-money with 5 per cent. interest—this last as a bonus. All the loss will be mine: a trifle—some hundred thousand pounds!

JOHN (struggling with his emotion). My dear, dear Master, how can I sufficiently show my gratitude?

MR. GREATHEART. By keeping my conduct a secret. You owe me no gratitude—I do but obey the law. And now show in the visitor.

[Exit JOHN, and re-enter, ushering in ALFRED KNEEDY.

ALFRED. I trust you will pardon this intrusion, Sir—I am but a poor man.

MR. GREATHEART. And, as such, the more welcome. In this room many fortunes have been made, and many have been lost—(aside, with a slight sigh)—but all my own. (Aloud.) My excellent JOHN, you can leave us. (JOHN kneels, receives blessing, and exit.) And now, my friend, what can I do for you? But first take that easy chair—this wooden stool will do for me. [They seat themselves.

ALFRED. Honesty is the best policy, Sir. I will be bold, and speak my mind. I come to ask you to promote the Patent Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea Company.

MR. GREATHEART. Do you know, young Sir, that, were I to consent to your request, I might have to sink in that enterprise the remainder of a fortune already greatly compromised by recent failures?

ALFRED. I said I would be frank, Sir: I do know this.

MR. GREATHEART. And yet you ask me! Ah, then, you must have some good reason for this strange request. Do you know that, as an invention yet untried, Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea may prove a failure?

ALFRED. I have carefully considered the risks, and I admit such a result is not improbable.

MR. GREATHEART. And yet, knowing all this, you ask me to promote the venture. Pardon my curiosity, but do you mind telling me why you urge me thus to risk my all in this perilous venture?

ALFRED. I said I would be frank. I am to be the Manager of the Company at £1000 a year, payable quarterly in advance. Thus, if by your aid the Company can be floated, if but for three months, I shall be in receipt of £250.

MR. GREATHEART. An excellent reason; and I would consent at once, had I not a daughter. I must provide for her.

ALFRED. Not so, as I will marry her. Ring for her. I know I shall love her at first sight, and that my affection will be returned.

MR. GREATHEART (opening the door and calling). MARY! (Enter MARY.) This young man wishes to marry you. He says he will love you—that you will love him.

ALFRED. I repeat what I said. I do love her already.

MARY (after taking a long look at ALFRED, rests her head upon his shoulder, and bursts into tears). My own at last! I see you now for the first time, and yet I murmur, once again—my own at last!

MR. GREATHEART (who has written out a cheque for £200,000). Bless you, my children! (Touches bell. Enter JOHN.) Take this cheque to the Bank of England, and with it open the account of the Potato-Leaf Gunpowder-Tea Company, promoted by GOLDEN GREATHEART—Directorate to be shortly advertised. (JOHN kneels, receives blessing, and exit.) And now, ALFRED, in your hands rest so much of my future, and all of my child's. But whatever comes of our joint ventures, I trust still to retain those proudest titles that a man can hold—of Disinterested Promoter and Munificent Millionaire!

Tableau, soft religious music, and Curtain.

## Anagram.

(On a famous but delicate-throated Singer.)

THE audience in rapt impatience sits;  
Comes an excuse, and disappointment hisses.  
Strange that "SIMS REEVES," whose singing ever hits,  
By a mere shift of letters, "ever misses."



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, March 12.—My LORD CHANCELLOR (reports the pertinacious Ghost of PEPPYS), mighty busy with my Lords mending two holes in the Law relating to Land, which it do amaze me should have been left unmended so long. One, that if I die and leave my land to one son and my money to another, and the land be under mortgage, he that hath the land may take his brother's money to pay off his mortgage, which law one may clearly see to have been made by those that had the land; and the other, that if one leave me an estate for life (which I would any had done, but none ever did, only handsome gifts, thank Heaven, in money, and plate, and jewels) with remainder to him of my cousin ROGER's sons who should first reach twenty-one, and I had died before any of ROGER's sons came to that age—as indeed none ever did live to manhood—then the remainder, as the lawyers do call it, would be void, and the land go to the heir-at-law, against the intent and wish alike of the testator, and me, and ROGER, that had all meant to keep the land in one line; which now is to be changed, and methinks should be.

My LORD DORCHESTER did very briskly question my LORD DERBY again to-night of that travelling Captain that the Foreign Office and the War Office between them had back with a cesserara from Khiva the other day, to please the Muscovite as all do say and think, though my LORD DERBY will not have it so, but do now talk grave of the dangers to the Captain from the Tartars, and how he should perchance be taken for an agent of our Government. But methinks it had been sufficient for our Government to deny this, without calling this stout Captain home, that had gone so far and at such cost of money and sore bones. And now I do hear that the same Captain hath ridden through Asia Minor, as far as the city of Erzeroum, where the Muscovite do border on the Turk. And I do wonder if the Turk also will have him back thence; and if our Offices will bid him home, to please the Turk, as they did to please the Muscovite. But I hope not; for methinks an English Captain should be at no prince's bidding but his own, and would not have been in OLIVER's time. But I fear English stomachs are not so high now as then, which vexes me.

In the Commons, before the First Lord Commissioner was let to move his Estimates, was much scrambling talk of naval businesses—how my Lords had not gone wisely to work for the raising of the *Vanguard*, though, indeed, I doubt if there were any wisdom better than leaving her where she lies; and one PETER TAYLOR, a man of mighty soft heart and as many do say soft head (as, indeed, your Englishman is apt to confound soft heart with soft head), did complain that the punishments aboard each ship of our Navy be no longer set out as fully as they were wont to be; and grumblings touching the Pay and Pensions of Warrant Officers, and the weak boilers put aboard ship (but, lord! to think that ships have come to need boilers other than those used for cooking of the men's beef!) and the Anchors and Cables that be used in the Navy, how these are the worst instead of the best, and I know not what matters besides, till I at length did think myself back in Our Office in Seething Lane, with MR. COVENTRY and the two SIR WILLIAMS wrangling over our ships and stores and the Yards and the accounts, and no more good like to come of it now, methinks, than did then.

But, at last, MR. WARD HUNT, to his Estimates, and do ask boldly for close on Eleven Millions—Lord help us!—and do give a brave account of the Yards and the Ships that be built and building and to be built, in all nigh on one hundred thousand tons betwixt wood and





“DIRECT FROM THE COW!”

*Local Inspector.* “OH, HE HAS BEEN VACCINATED, YOU SAY! THEN SHOW ME THE MARKS ON HIS ARM! HE HAS THE MARKS, I SUPPOSE!”

*Mother.* “OH, THAT HE HEV, SIR! BUT NOT—(driven into a corner)—IT WAS THIS WAY, YOU SEE, SIR! FARMER AKERS’S COW SHE RUNNED AFTER THE CHILDREN, AN’ KETCHES MY LITTLE BOY, AND TORSESSED HIM RIGHT OVER THE HIDGE! BUT THE MARKS—”

[*Local Inspector loses his temper.*]

iron, that I could but wish that COMMISSIONER PETT might have been there to hear him, that would brag so much of his great doings at Deptford, and now what a peddling place it do seem. Only COMMISSIONER PETT, I doubt not, would have given a good account of such pestilent fellows as MR. REED and SIR JOHN HAY, and, above all, one BENTINCK, a loosely-hung homely-faced gentleman, that they in the House do call Big Ben after the great bell in the Parliament Clock Tower, for his bigness and his hollow sounding, and all the others that do carp and pick at Our Office, and all that is done therein, till it is a pity to see my Lords so baited, with or without reason.

Also MR. HUNT do promise mighty handsome both as to boys that they will train for sailors for the Fleet—(a new thing since my day, when we were fain to take such as we could get, and bad bargains, many of them, poor rogues, but fared hard enough, had they been twice as scurvy)—and torpedoes, which be a kind of sea-petard, to blow ships up under water, and I would fain have the chance to see and study them, and do intend it if I can, for, indeed, like most things in our ships nowadays, these engines be quite out of my compass.

But I was glad to hear that two of the PRINCE OF WALES’S young sons be to go aboard the *Britannia* for their teaching of what belongs to a sailor, and I do hope England will never lack her brace or so of princes bred to the sea, though I must needs own they that be good at ships be not always good at reigning, as witness His Majesty JAMES THE SECOND, that was a good Prince to the Navy, and made much of me, I thank him, and was indeed sitting for his portrait to SIR GODFREY KNILLER with intent to give it me, when he did first hear of the coming over of the PRINCE OF ORANGE, and would needs have out the sitting for my sake; and I, thinking of all this, did lose some of the fag-end of to-night’s talk, but methinks had enough. And indeed nothing can be done, it seems, nowadays, without more talk than needful. So no loss for me or any man to miss some now and then.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—My LORD DERRY did promise my LORD GRAN-

VILLE news shortly of dealings with the Muscovite on the Eastern Question, that he do hope soon to bring to some likely end. But, for my part, I do rather hope so than expect it, for that I do think it a matter past words to bring to a good issue, and my Lords will give only words to it and no more, and them but half-hearted ones.

Afterwards my LORD DUKE OF RICHMOND did bring in a Bill for amending of the Law touching Burials; wherein the Puritans, that be as stiff-necked now as they were in my time, do complain sore that they may not be buried in the parish ground with services of their own, but must have the Parson read that of the Church of England over their graves, willy-nilly, which vexes the living, if not the dead. But methinks ’tis strange your Churchman and Puritan should be so by the ears about the manner of putting away their poor quiet dead bodies, that methinks have most of them had more than enough of clapper-clawing in their lifetimes; but so it is, and now the Duke’s Bill, I do fear, will do little to help matters to a settlement of this foolish quarrel. Only it do empower parishes to make new grounds, wherein bodies may be buried with such orderly services as to their friends may seem fit; but yet in parish grounds there may be no burying but either with the service of the Church of England or no service at all: which methinks will never satisfy the Dissenters, as they do now call Puritans. And indeed as I left them and the Church at loggerheads in my time so I find them now, and no chance, that I can learn, of a peace.

In the Commons to-night a strange matter. One CHAMBERLAIN, a Member for Birmingham, and a briak boy, and stout speaker, that looked as he did both believe in himself, and what he was saying, so that I marvelled not he was well listened to, spoke long and plausibly for a plan to enable Corporations, if they would, to buy up the pot-houses in their boroughs, and put their own servants into them, and become sole purveyors of drinks to their borough-folk. And this he did say had been done, with good effect in lessening the foul vice of drunkenness in Gottenburg, and I hear your Swede be as potent in potting as your Englishman. But to see how others did straight jump up and deny all he



said, and bring figures to show that the potting in Gottenburg was worse than ever since this plan was tried, and how 'twould be surely putting a great and evil power in the hands of Corporations, and how the more folk drank it would needs be the better for them in their new business of sellers of drink. And indeed methinks it needs must be so, so that I wondered how SIR WILFRID LAWSON, that would have two-thirds of them that pay rates empowered to shut public-houses, should vote for this Bill, that would enable a bare majority of them that make rates to open them. But indeed SIR WILFRID is more witty than wise; and so the House did seem to think, and did throw out the Bill by 103 to 51.

Then one BIGGAR, an Irishman, that spoke with a harsh voice and a great brogue, getting up, all the House did walk out; and so all at an end by nine o'clock, and I glad to get away, and the House methinks. And I do see now the use of such Members as this BIGGAR, that when they rise to speak, the House may straight rise to go, and with good cause. And, above all, I am glad for MR. SPEAKER, that must needs listen to so much idle talking, and may not go till the House rises; and I admire how patiently he do bear it, and keep a brave countenance.

*Wednesday.*—A Bill by one SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER, for hampering, if it may be, the sale of Intoxicating Drinks in Scotland; but methinks the Scotch do hold too much to their "usquebagh," as they call it, to be keen for any stoppage of the traffic therein. And indeed it is a mighty comfortable liquor, above all when drunk hot with sugar, as I have drunk it aboard one of our men-of-war, the *Lion*, that I was aboard of off the Brill when we brought the King over, which had a Scotch Captain that loved it, and would have me pledge him in a brimming bowl of usquebagh punch, which he called toddy, with right Jamaica limes. So I do not marvel that SIR ROBERT had but poor help to-night to the hindering of the sale of strong drinks in Scotland, but did lose his Bill by 253 to 90.

*Thursday.*—Nothing to note of my Lords.

In the *Commons* was another night of asking for money—Supply, as they do still call it, and so they used in our time, only now the House do supply all it is asked for, and then it did not, but both the King and the Officers had to catch at the coin as they could, one against the other, and oft neither could catch any. Only now, though the House do give all that is asked for, Members must needs talk first, and so they have what they call their "grievances" for pegs to hang their talk on; but, lord! when I do think of my time, and the grievances that were indeed grievances then, and not a word breathed of them in or out of the House, it do seem strange to me.

So to-night they did talk ever so long of marvellous pitiful matters, as the slitting of a widow woman's dog's throat by an Irish Magistrate, and the widening of a road, and the employing of six soldiers last year to cut a piece of standing corn, and the pranks of the schoolboys a-training for the Navy aboard the *Britannia*, and I know not what other silly stuff, that I wondered at it. And when it came to voting of the money I did again wonder at some that methought should have known better, that were for cutting down the wages of them that do serve the State in our black settlements on the Guinea shore, where white men do indeed live so miserably that methinks they need scarce grieve to die quickly, yet must needs make provision for them they leave behind them. And I wonder how MR. GEORGE TREVELYAN and SIR CHARLES DILKE, and the rest of the lusty young fellows that were so brisk for cutting down such salaries to-night, would like the same lopping and topping if it had been their part to receive the wages instead of awarding them.

I did marvel too at the grumbling about the choice of young fellows from the Foreign Office to go with my LORD MARQUIS OF SALISBURY to Turkey, that they should be those that knew least of the Turk and his matters. As if great Lords that go on missions of State, or they that have the naming of the young gallants to go with them, are used to choose according to men's knowledge of the matters to be taken in hand! And indeed it do vex me to hear such simple talk, and from some that should be wiser.

*Friday (Lords).*—My LORD CHANCELLOR hath a Bill for a man to make himself bankrupt, if need be, and so to have his substance fairly carved among his creditors, which methinks is but reason; but my LORD HATHERLEY likes it not, as thinking that the Lawyers should have the first picking in such cases, as the Doctors do not love that a man should go out of the world without them.

*(Commons.)*—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER do assure my LORD HARTINGTON that the Government do indeed hope they are in a way to clap up a paper bridge for the Muscovite to go back over. But I admire that a few words cunningly drawn into a protocol should save us from what all did fear would be the biggest and bloodiest war of this time. And so I find do most; only for the moment such a protocol 'tis thought may serve the turn. And so all glad of it, but most, the most shallow-witted.

Then much talk of the Irish school children, how they may not be driven to school, yet will go of themselves three days out of five,

and will learn more in that time than your duller English children in two days out of three.

Much debate but to little end of what should be done when Slaves do seek shelter aboard our Ships in Eastern waters. But I do plainly see that SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, that did raise the matter, do weary the House with too much and too often talking. Yet as he is a man that hath had weighty charge in India, so I doubt not he do look on talk as the business to be done in this House. As, indeed I find many do.

One WHALLEY, the same that is wont to fall foul of the POPE on all occasions—perhaps, as being sent to the House from Peterborough, for which borough of Peter, indeed, the POPE do claim to be sole Member—did talk to-night of the other matter that do set his wits wool-gathering, which is ARTHUR ORTON, a fat knave now in prison, that did take the name of SIR ROGER TICHBORNE, and, after a mighty tedious trial, was clapped in gaol for it, where he still lies; and now this WHALLEY will still have him to be TICHBORNE, but can bring none in the House to the same mind, save one OSBORNE a lack-brain like himself, and doth lug the matter in by head and ears whenever he can, and did to-night, to the wearying of the House, and MR. SECRETARY CROSS, that did very hardly make shift to answer this WHALLEY civilly; and I do see Peterborough is more proud to have a Member with a mind of his own, than careful what fashion of mind it be.

### OUR ESTABLISHED DISSENTERS.



It is said that some of the Nonconformists within the Established Church have at last determined to do the right thing—secede, and form a dissenting sect, entitled to do as they please in their own conventicles. The *Whitehall Review* announces that a section of High Church and Ritualist members of the Church of England contemplate the foundation of "a new Anglican Communion." They have resolved upon this step "in consequence of the action taken by Anglican prelates under the Public Worship Regulation Act." Accordingly, they intend to have an episcopate of their own. "In the first place a brand-new Archbishop, with a very ancient title, is to be consecrated by one or more foreign prelates." The remainder of the Bench is to

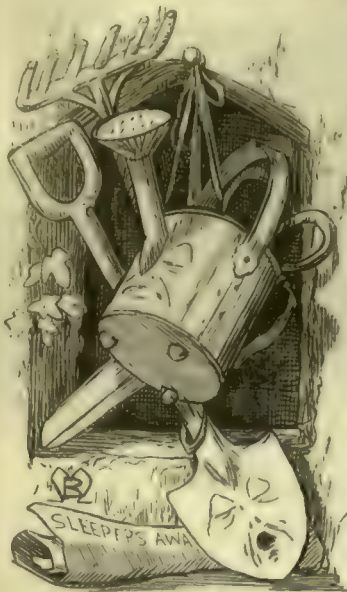
consist of "two Suffragans, each with titles from old English sees;" and the new Anglican Communion to be started next July. In the meanwhile:—

"The difficulty attendant on the consecration of the Archbishop and his Suffragans (as far as regards any interference with existing jurisdictions, whether Popish or others,) will be surmounted by the ingenious plan of consecrating them upon the high seas."

The last statement suggests a suspicion that the preceding news is too good to be true. How can interference with existing episcopal jurisdictions be avoided by the consecration of Bishops on the high seas, if the Bishops are so consecrated for the purpose, nevertheless, of wielding opposition croziers in the sees ashore? The occupants of those land sees would account the maritime intruders no prelates, but mere poachers on their manors. Obviously, a consecration performed for an evasive purpose, although on board ship, would be anything but an above-board proceeding. It would be out of place and unsuitable even as a qualification for preaching to the fishes, which could be done as well without as with it by anybody, lay or cleric. And then the flat-fish would hardly come up to hear a preacher of Ritualism, and the ocean does not contain gudgeons. Altogether this idea of consecrating High Bishops on the high seas appears to be a far-fetched derivation from the maxim that he "who drives fat oxen should himself be fat." It is not a thing to be spoken of to the sailors, but awakes the suspicion that the whole statement in connection with it is no better than a story fit only to be related to the other arm of Her Majesty's Sea Service. May it, nevertheless, turn out to be authentic; for, if the Ritualists will only retire to their own Ebenezers, the National Churchmen will readily agree to differ with them as their Dissenting Brethren.



## A SENSIBLE DIFFERENCE.



"He thought the Bill, as amended, would be acceptable at once to the Clergy and members of the Church of England generally, and also to the great majority of our sensible Dissenting brethren."—*The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY on the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Burials Bill.*

TAIT thinks the Duke's Bill will the Church content, And satisfied leave sensible Dissent. But might one ask our mild mellifluous Mentor How he'd define a "sensible Dissenter"? There is a figure of sophistic art That in dogmatic strife plays foremost part; *Petitio principii* is its name, No *tête* too high its help at need to claim. If "sensible Dissenters" exclude all But those who're thankful for Church mercies small, It follows small Church mercies must content

All who are sensible in their Dissent. From CANTUAR.'s lips was ne'er of Churchmen heard The same invidious, qualifying word. But then in CANTUAR. it were reprehensible To hint that Churchmen could be aught but sensible!

## THE GOTHAMBURG SYSTEM; OR, NOW AND THEN.

(By a Wise Man of Gotham.)

Now.

SCENE—*Lushington Street.* BROWN meets JONES.

Brown. Well met, old man! I am rejoiced to see you again. It is my birthday—my twentieth!

Jones. Many happy returns, my dear boy! And—well, what are you going to stand?

Brown. Whatever you like. Here's the "Green Dragon"!

[*They enter the "Green Dragon," and drink.*]

Brown. And how's the world treating you?

Jones. First-rate. My uncle has just departed this life, and left me—well, a nice little sum.

Brown. Bravo! We must have a drink on it. Here's the "Blue Boar."

[*They enter the "Blue Boar," and drink.*]

Jones. The "Blue Boar" tap is not half so good as "The Rose."

Brown. Isn't it? Well, let us try.

[*They enter the "Rose," and drink.*]

Brown. Yes, the "Rose" does sell the real stuff! But what an ugly party behind the bar! I like a pretty girl. Come into the "Red Lion," and see POLLY.

[*They enter the "Red Lion," and drink.*]

Jones. Bah! Whatah—I mean, what is the use of pretty girls? Give me a man who quorks me sively—serves me quickly. They have barmen here at the "Swan," and topping tippie. Come along Swan!

[*They enter the "Swan," and drink.*]

Brown. Call them quick,—(hic)—look—shlow ash possible. Loo ere—try "Mitre."

[*They enter the "Mitre," and drink.*]

Jones. Dooshid nishie street—(hic)—thish. No walking far from one—hold up—what wash I shaying? Oh—ah—no walking far from one public-house to another.

Brown. Quirright, too. Awful ass—(hic)—WILFRID LAWSON!

Jones. Hear, hear! Lethah—(hic)—have drink!

[*They enter various other public-houses, and finally pass the night at the police-station nearest to Lushington Street.*]

THEN.

Water Street. JONES meets BROWN.

Brown. Ah, JONES! I beg leave to congratulate you. I have just heard it is your birthday.

Jones. Oh, thank you very much. Yes, I am forty to-day.

Brown. You do not look it. And how are you going to celebrate the day?

Jones. I don't exactly know. But a visit to the Tower or to the

British Museum seems about the pleasantest as well as most rational employment of such an anniversary.

Brown. You are right—quite right. But was it not our custom of old to have a drink on such occasions?

Jones. In days gone by. And I confess, BROWN, I have yet a touch of the old Adam about me. We will drink.

Brown. Let me see, the "Green Dragon" is shut up.

Jones. And so is the "Blue Boar."

Brown. And your old favourite the "Rose" has disappeared.

Jones. And the "Red Lion," where your pretty friend POLLY was, is turned into a Temperance Hotel.

Brown. And the "Swan" is an eating-house, at which they will not allow intoxicating liquor on the premises.

Jones. It is the same with the "Mitre." Where can we drink?

Brown. I have it. At the "Chamberlain Arms." It is the nearest bar, only a mile and a half away. Let us hasten thither.

At the "Chamberlain Arms."

Jones. Well, give it a name.

Landlord. Good day, Gentlemen. You are waiting to be served?

Brown. Yes. It is my birthday. We must have a drink.

Landlord. The less the better, Sir. You remember how drink used to be the curse of this country. It was fearful. Yet there has only been one conviction for drunkenness in England during the last two years. That was the famous Liverpool case of beastly intoxication.

Jones. The man was let off, wasn't he?

Brown. Yes—with penal servitude for five years. It was his first offence.

Jones. Well, what shall we have?

Landlord. Allow me to recommend our sparkling mineral waters. Ever since SIR WILFRID—pst!—I mean the DUKE OF DRINKWATER, SIR W. L. as was, discovered those natural champagne mineral springs on his estate, we have sold nothing else.

Brown and Jones. So be it!

[*They drink two quarts of mineral waters and retire happy, one to the British Museum and the other to the bosom of his family, deeply thankful for the incalculable benefit conferred on the country by the labours of one mighty mind, and the blessings of an infallible system.*]

## FROM SPELLING TO GRAMMAR.

MEASTER PUNCH,

I ZEE the Lundun Skool Boord Wensday last wake refurd Spellun Refarm to a Zelect Cummitty. Werry wel, but wot's the good o dooun things be haaves? Wot's wanted isn't not onles Spellun Refarm I zays, but also Grammer Refarm.

Wot I manes, by Grammer Refarm you can zee I dare zay purty wel by the waay how I rites. 'Tis Grammer Refarm o' the same sart as Spellun Refarm, wun Refarm to match the other. Alter the Grammer as wel as the Spellun to wot the commun peepul talks. Meak ut a rool to zay and rite "this here" and "that air," and "no" arter "not" and "never," as'fur examplum, "I han't got no sense," "I newer had no eddicashun," and zo on. I haint no scollard mezelf, but I be told by them that be as how both the dubbie negative and the tuther vernaceler idjum as they calls un is Grammer in zum vorren languidges anshunt and moddurn. Wunt insted o' will not and be insted of am is other pints of Grammer Refarm among menny moor as I cood menshun, but not fur to meak too long a storee on't and teak up a mutch o' yure valliable room, I wunt say no moor at prezunt, ixcept as how that I be, Zur,

Yure Rooral Reeder, DANNUL DUMPER.

Poserip.—My respecks to the Lundun Skoolboord, and if so be as how they likes to take pattern from the abuv spassymunt o Grammer and Spellun Refarm together, they be quite welcum to 't.

## A Cymric Challenge.

MR. PUNCH,

As a descendant of the "barbarous, uncivilised, and wretched Britons," I do hereby challenge, through your columns, LORD FRANCIS HERVEY to deadly combat. As I am desirous we should not be disturbed in our duel d'outrance, I will give him the choice of: Place—the Devil's Bridge, Pass of Llanberis, Moel Shwabod, or the topmost peak of Snowdon. Time—five or six in the morning of the first of April. Weapons—bow and arrows, broad-axe, skenedhu, or bandy stones.

An indignant Cymræg,

MORGAN AP OWAIN AP ITHEL AP RHODRIC MAWR.

PROOF OF THE INTEGRITY OF THE LAW.—The Return of the Lent Assizes.





## THE DOG OF THE PERIOD.

"I SAY, BILL! 'BLOWED IF SHE AIN'T A' BEEN A-BUYING OF HER DAWGS, BY THE YARD!"

## "PONS ASINORUM!"

"A collective agreement of the Powers to deliberate on some hypothetical necessities of action in some hypothetical future, would be so powerless a document that the mere demand for it would be inexplicable, if we did not suppose Russia to be extremely anxious to procure an honourable means of retreat."—*The Times*.

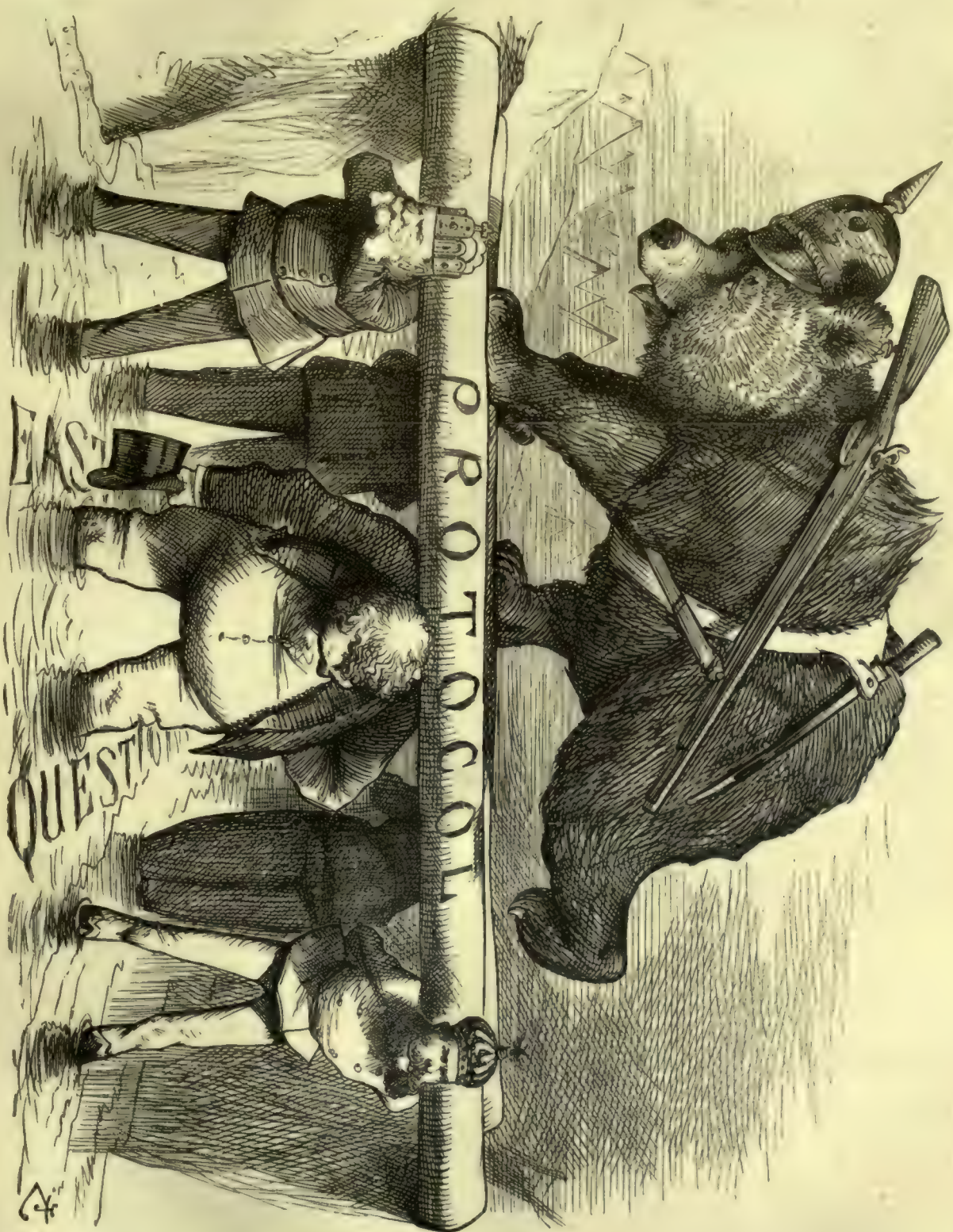
WILL the bridge bear the Bear? In slow retreat  
*Ursus* essays the pass with cautious feet,  
 Tentative, if not timid. Paper offers  
 But flimsy foothold, and some ribald scoffers  
 May smile to see the ponderous plantigrade  
 Foot-feeling o'er a protocol. Afraid?  
 Oh, not at all, but—well, beyond that "but,"  
 Though eyes may open, mouths had best be shut.  
 'Tis they laugh longest who laugh last. Perhaps  
 The grin distending diplomatic chaps  
 May soon change sides. 'Tis wise in Bear to tarry,  
 And, careful, test what weight the bridge will carry,  
 Across whose paper span and slippery track  
 The Bear ere long may have to travel back.  
 Time will show of the "Asses" who's the Ass.  
 Exit from a political *impasse*,  
 On a permissive protocol, may prove  
 In Bear's long game not quite the final move.  
 This new retreat from Moscow, or at least  
 From Moscow's manifesto, irks the beast,  
 With Slavs left in the cold, armed legions idle,  
 And Turk unchecked, save by a paper bridle  
 Of futile lecturing and wordy warning,  
 Which even Turks have sense enough for scorning.  
 As "*action commune*" gives dissatisfaction,  
 Suppose, instead, we try common inaction—  
*Faintant* policy on old safe lines—  
 Lecturing *sans* "ulterior designs."  
 We'll lift a fie-fie finger! But "insist"?  
 Where is the bold bad Power dares shake a fist  
 That hints coercion? "Padishah, we trust  
 You'll sin no more, but if you will, you must."

We're all at one as far as wishes go;  
 And really you should mend your ways, you know.  
 For doing which there's nought like good intentions—  
 With which *do* pave, and no more interventions."  
 This protocolled, let diplomats look wise,  
 Bull graze at peace, and Bear demobilise:  
 Devices to do nothing with an air  
 Of busy self-importance are not rare,  
 But this political Round Robin beats  
 All diplomatic record. Bear retreats;  
 Lion nor Eagles dare advance; and lo!  
 The Happy Family in *statu quo*!  
*Et après?* Ah, that question, long revolved,  
 Crossing this Asses' Bridge leaves still unsolved.

## CONTRABANDISTS AND COMMONS.

THE *Morning Advertiser* mentions that a deputation one day last week waited on the HOME SECRETARY, with a view to get the London and South-Western Railway Company restrained from committing an encroachment which they design on Barnes Common. Our neighbouring contemporary adds that MR. CROSS promised to see the Company's Solicitor, with a view to do all that could be done for the preservation of that open space for the public use by its rescue from those despoilers. Of course he will have no difficulty in keeping Barnes Common from the clutches of the Philistines, unless they have already contrived covertly to whip up a majority for the Act of Parliament delivering it into their hands. If, unfortunately, that is so, it is to be hoped that Government will put all possible pressure on them to arrest their ravage. In the meanwhile, we rejoice to see that an attempt of the London and Brighton to appropriate one of the prettiest bits of Mitcham Common has been defeated. The Society for the Preservation of Commons and Open Spaces, with a view to impede the progress of Railway, and all other aggression on common land, should organise a Parliamentary Preventive Service to block the attempts, still made from time to time, to get Private Enclosure Bills smuggled through the House of Commons.





“PONS ASINORUM!”







## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE, 1877.



THERE is no greater proof of success than the envy created in the bosom of rivals. *Punch* has been accused of being behind the age; so he is, in the same sense that he is behind the scenes. He knows the effects in preparation, and the actors about to come on, before the spectators in stalls or boxes, pit or gallery.

*E.g.*—*Mr. Punch* sent his reporter overnight to Putney on Friday next (the Eve of St. Clasper), with full powers to report the coming race, and a blank cheque to pay his expenses at the Star and Garter.

*Mr. Punch*, ever mindful of his young friends

the members of the rival Universities, forwarded for their acceptance, with his compliments, several feathers, both high and low, for Cambridge, and some india-rubber tubs for Oxford; all of which were received with cheers on the arrival of the reporter, who lost no time in dipping his beak into the flowing cups in which the rival Crews were drinking each other's healths, in the vain attempt of each to gruel the other before the race. The report of the Saturday's race reached the *Punch* Office early on the present Wednesday, thus proving satisfactorily to all interested that *Punch* is rather before than behind the times, as certain ribalds do vainly assert.

*Saturday, March 24.*—The University Boat-Race was rowed this morning "on the slack" (whatever that may be—it may be wire, it may be rope, for all I know), at five A.M., before a sprinkling of spectators who could see nothing, owing to the fact that the sun had not risen, and under a sprinkling of spring rain that kept coming down at thirty-six to the minute. The water was very "poor," we were told, though judging by its thick and seemingly pea-soupy consistence, we should have imagined it rather the reverse.

As the Limes light was turned on, both Crews lit up the cheerful cigarette, which, once kindled, was to light the way of the gallant coxswains to the winning-post. Gradually the boats were launched, and both paddled gently to their moorings, far out into the night, or rather early morning. Nothing was audible but the regular plash of the paddles and the half-suppressed objurgations of strokes and coxswains. The Umpire's boat not having arrived, your Reporter and Artist were called upon to man the only wherry on the loose.

As the painter was cast overboard by some of the bystanders, I had to trim the boat by myself as well as I could, though slightly unmanned by the sudden double demand upon me, and the pushing out into the blackness and the brine. (By the way, is the Thames salt at Putney? I appeal to those who may have gone through the tasting process in this portion of the stream.)

At the word "Go!" I heard the painters suddenly cast adrift, as mine had been, and then, as one after another of the competing sixteen dropped his oar heavily into the water, I felt that this would indeed be a struggle for supremacy between the rival *Alma Matres*. From the glance I had had at the crew stripped for their preliminary tubbings, I knew they were in hard condition—every ounce of convertible flesh consolidated into muscle, though it might be fresh-water muscle, which is acknowledged to be inferior to the salt-water variety. As we neared the Oil Works, my fine ear told me that in the Cambridge boat the crew were backing up their captain at thirty-six strokes to the minute straight from the shoulder, while in the Oxford craft the lively and irregular splashing spoke volumes (of Thames water) in favour of the high feather of the crew, and the general liveliness of the ship from stem to stern. The sparks from sixteen cigarettes flashed along the water like fireflies over the Maremma, while an occasional rocket from the rival coaches, which dashed along the towing-path as fast as four horses could carry them, gave a romantic aspect to a scene which only required gas-light to be a magnificent display of that combination of aquatic and athletics to which the best minds and bodies of our University youth are so perseveringly directed. By particular request of the coxswains I make known my whereabouts from time to time by whistling the favourite air, "*The Same Old Game*" as I dashed a-head, taking the water first of one and then of the other crew, much to the satisfaction of both, for they were already shipping more of the Thames fluid than was agreeable with the thermometer at freezing-point, and the sun not up yet. Neck and neck, the eights of Oxford and Cambridge flashed by the Aits of Thames,

taking, however, care, as they shot past Hurlingham, not to kill any of yesterday's wounded, as not being members of that distinguished club. By this time, could one see it, the elegant bridge of Barnes ought to be looming in the distance. (I do not know what "looming" is, and should be glad of private information.)

Here a check was given (I did not wonder; for to judge by their state of perspiration, our athletes must have dropped several pounds since the start), owing to a spin which both boats took in the middle of the river, till this was put a stop to by the combined efforts of strokes and coxswains; but, as there was not a soul on the towing-path, no notice was taken of the *contretemps*. I was amusing myself by half-feathering under the water, when I was suddenly aware of the first streaks of dawn; and as I hoisted the Royal Standard, and loaded the "Come in" gun, I could hear, not far behind me, though I dared not turn my head to watch, the exciting struggle which my eye, hand, and shot were so soon to decide and to record.

In the Oxford Boat, No. 6 had by this evidently finished his share of the race altogether; and was watching at his ease the struggles of his comrades. No. 4 was sliding too rapidly, but this might have been caused by the accumulation of ice on his seat, owing to the early start with the thermometer below the freezing-point, and could scarcely have been prevented.

In the Cambridge Boat No. 3 had got so well forward over his toes that he could not get back at all, greatly to the inconvenience of No. 2, whom he might be said to reduce to comparative inaction. Never at a loss, the Cambridge coxswain, taking the yoke-lines between his teeth, suddenly brought all his strength to bear in aid of his almost exhausted stroke, and lifting the boat as they passed the distance post at the entrance of the last reach, got close to the rails, and, teeth clenched and hands down, passed the Oxford coxswain, who had to try all he knew to keep alongside, much less gain on his opponent.

The free style in which both the Crews laid out at this late stage of the struggle was a proof they had not been spending their strength and money recklessly during their Thames practice.

As Cambridge rounded the bend of Mortlake Reach, the Oxford stroke spurted—like a whale in his flurry—till the white water flashed high over their ship's bows, while the big drops of perspiration gleamed like pearls on the knitted brow of the Cambridge coxswain, as with wild shrieks he urged his crew to a superhuman effort.

I was so excited, as both boats flashed past the Judge's chair in front of the Ship, that if you had flung a handful of gold into my lap, I couldn't have told you which had won. No time, however, was to be wasted in discussing that detail with myself. At a venture I pulled the trigger of the "Come in" gun, which responded by a vicious kick that landed me in the bottom of my trim-built wherry. A feeble huzza rang from the Ship, in whose yard a few stragglers were astir even thus early. Up went to the mast-head the rival flags, both looking blue (but the one dark, the other light—emblems of the struggle of the moment between night and day), and, blowing up and out, were at once entangled in a desperate tussle for supremacy.

I knew there would be a wrangle, and was determined to keep myself clear of it: so I paddled gently through the railway bridge, and then, with one turn of the wrist, and that well-known silent laugh which distinguishes all Pathfinders, shot my skiff to land, jumped out and returned to town by Underground, leaving the Crews to settle their differences over an amicable breakfast at the Criterion.

## A Volunteer Offer.

ONE would like to know this "tall gentleman, having lately come into property," who advertises in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph* :—

MAJOR.—WANTED to purchase, the TITLE of Major or Colonel in a Volunteer regiment, by a tall gentleman, recently having come into property.—Address, with lowest price, &c.

This would-be Major evidently thinks that when purchase was driven from the Army, it found an asylum in the Volunteers.

## Acceptance and Resignation.

THE *Post* announces that the vacant office of Black Rod has been accepted by GENERAL SIR W. KNOLLYS. Attached to it is a residence within the Palace of Westminster and a salary of £2000 per annum. Butchers' meat maintaining its present prices, and fashions continuing as extravagant as they are now, two thousand a year will go only a little way to make both ends meet. Still, considered as an agreeable addition to the means of housekeeping, it may be sufficient to make SIR W. K. especially as Usher, instead of school-boy, take the rod and be thankful.



## VERS NONSENSIQUES. À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUËRE.)



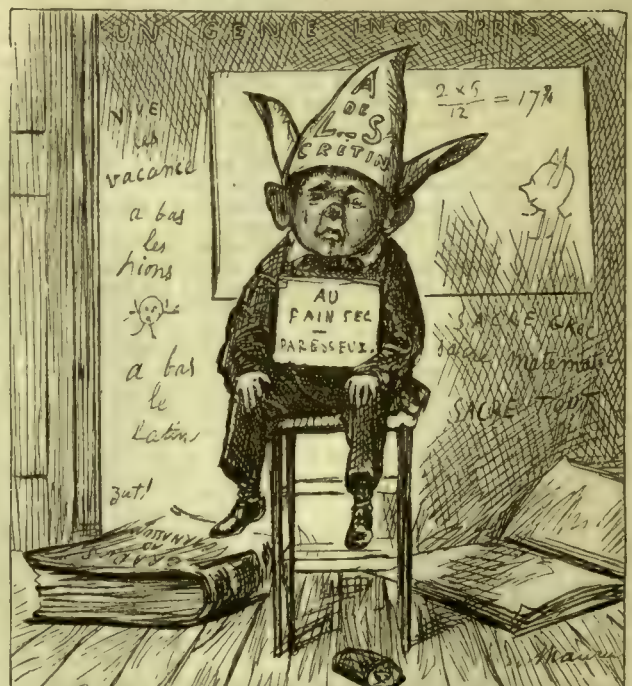
—“OUI, Français, votre patrie est belle,  
Et chez vous le soleil étincelle !  
Mais l'on n'a pas chez vous  
Ces deux objets si doux,  
Le Pôqueur, et la Côte-écoutelle !”



LES perpendiculaires rayons  
Du soleil illuminaient les fonds  
De la mer. Ce chauffage  
Fit d'abord fondre en nage  
Puis démoralisa les poissons,



Un picqueau, nommé Picalili,  
Le plus fort des picqueaux-Lazenbi,  
S'éprit d'une picquelle  
De chez CROSSE ET BLACQVELLE,  
Sut lui plaire, et devint son ami.



IL naquit près de Choisy-le-Roi ;  
Le Latin lui causait de l'effroi ;  
Et les Mathématiques  
Lui donnaient des coliques,  
Et le Grec l'enrhûmait. Ce fut moi.



## OUR NOVEL SERIES.

## ALL IN THE DOWNS:

OR, THE BOTTOMRY BOND!

A NAUTICAL NOVEL, BY

S. PL-MS-LL, M.P.

## CHAPTER VI.—Dead Eyes and Shrouds.

YES, WILLIAM and MARY MAYBUD were on board the doomed ship whose fate had been settled by the Bottomry Bond, signed, sealed, and delivered between the Stevedore and the Warden.

For days and days in calm weather they sailed.

The Captain, as I have said, a lad of only seventeen, was joyous and careless. In the evening he played the fiddle, not tunelessly, but merrily, while POLLY, as she was now termed, sang sweetly.

A Ship's Chandler (whom they had picked up in passing a lightship) illuminated the state cabin with sea-dips, and they were as gay as larks in the morning.



The Skipper skipped, and the Ship's Husband danced. The Mate with five hands performed several amusing tricks of legerdemain. Yet they were not happy. POLLY sent home two letters by the stern-post, of which we may hear more by-and-by.

At three bells on a cloudy morning they sighted what they made out to be the Pharo Isles on the coast of Egypt.

The Steward, however, felt certain that it was an immense Bank.

The Purser, pleased at this information—for he had a quantity of paper which he wished to change for gold—put off in a small boat and made for the Bank. At the same time, there being some inequality on board, the Mate took a pair of ship's scissors and began trimming the cargo.

Before the Purser could return, indeed before he could reach his destination, the Mate's action had brought about the long-dreaded catastrophe; for the grain, which had gradually been rising, suddenly burst all limits, forced the planks of the upper deck until the bags rose in a steaming, seething mass, blackening the atmosphere, and embedding mast after mast in their pudding-like overwhelming embrace. Then the sacks exploded with a tremendous report. A report which, thank Heaven, reached LLOYD'S.\*

A moment more, and all was over, or rather, under. Nothing of the *Albert Ross* was visible except a few spars, masts, and the

\* Fact.—S. P.

rudder. The Purser, in his boat, managed to save the Mate with five hands, the two steerage wheels, and that was all.

Where were WILLIAM TAILLEUR and POLLY?

Alas! they had disappeared.

## CHAPTER VII.—Land at Last.

Now my task is nearly done.

WILLIAM and POLLY were subsequently picked up by the Purser, whose boat was a four-oar, manned and steered by that useful person the Mate with five hands, to whom the Government subsequently gave a handsome reward.

Then they fixed the two steerage wheels to the Captain's gig, and, having found a quiet animal, they drove overland to England.

WILLIAM arrived at LLOYD'S just in time to see the Committee before closing for the day, and, on his representation, a Policeman was sent down to arrest the Stevedore and the Junior Warden.

I would I had the graphic power of MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN (as I have once before observed in my Pamphlets, having long ago felt a twist for novel writing\*), and I would describe the agony of the Stevedore, and the remorse of the wicked old Warden, who bargained for mercy, by offering to disclose the secret of MARY MAYBUD'S parentage.

The Judge who heard the case (Mr. O'Dowd, the Counsel of the Board of Trade, appeared for the prosecution†), being much interested, accepted the offer, and the Warden confided to His Lordship that MARY MAYBUD was his (the Judge's) own daughter.

His Lordship was not astonished, as he thought he had lost a daughter some time ago, and was delighted to find himself mistaken.‡

So the Spanish Stevedore was handed over to his own Government, and hung at Cordova. The Junior Warden was fined, disgraced, and banished. He never returned.

WILLIAM TAILLEUR was subsequently created "SIR WILLIAM;" then, in consequence of the valuable lights he was able to throw upon all

matters of maritime interest, he was made a Peer (taking precedence of the Chain Pier and the Old Pier at Brighton), with a seat in the Lighthouse under the style and title of the EARL OF SHIPSBEACONS-FIELD. MARY is a Countess. And that's all.

Ye who read this, help me to do my best to destroy the homicidal system, and never let the two thousand working-men of Derby, who have never seen a ship in their lives, or a sailor, and who don't know a bow from a keel, or a jib from a forecable, and whose conduct, in sending me to Parliament, is therefore all the more disinterested and generous—let them, I say, never forget what I have done, what I will do, for the sailor's wrongs; and let them ever, and always, send me to the House as their Member—honest, bluff, hearty, and earnest S. P., as they know me to be. And they have stood Sam once—let them stand Sam again. And when the time comes, though other lips and other hearts of oak their tales of love may tell, let them remember me, the Author of *All in the Downs; or, the Bottomry Bond!*

Finis.

\* *Vide* "An Appeal on behalf of our Seamen."—S. P.

† I throw this in just to do an excellent friend a good turn.—S. P.

‡ This is really a very weak ending, as so little interest has been created about MARY beforehand. However, Mr. PL-MS-LL is, it must be remembered, a novice at novel-writing, and at all events he has told us—what the previous attempts have failed to do—a story.—Ed.





### WELL TURNED.

*Minister (reproachfully, to diletious Village Barber with shaking Hand). "Ah, JOHN, JOHN! THAT WHISKEY——"*  
*Barber (condolently). "AYE, SIR, IT MAK'S THE SKIN UNCO TENDER!"*

### TEETH BEFORE KNIVES, AND FINGERS BEFORE FORKS.

"At a meeting of the Trustees of ANDERSON'S Institution, Elgin, the other day, the Governor stated that neither the boys nor the girls in the Institution were provided with knives and forks—they conveyed their beef, &c. to their mouths with their hands. The Trustees present all said that they had never heard of this omission before, though some of them had been visiting the Institution for forty years; and the Provost having characterised it as scandalous, a supply of knives and forks was ordered to be procured forthwith."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

AND yet LORD FRANCIS HERVEY maintains that SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S Bill for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments is not wanted!

Here is another of these Monuments gone!

With this primitive custom of the Andersonian Institute of Elgin disappears one more of the few surviving traces of the simple usages of our Northern ancestry, as instructive, in its way, as the kitchen-middens, which, if properly sought, might, we should think, very likely still be found in course of actual accumulation under the cathedral walls of Elgin.

Before all these ancient monuments are swept away by the rude and reckless hand of so-called "Civilisation," why should not the Geographical and Antiquarian Societies combine for a systematic and well-equipped exploring expedition to these Northern regions? Who knows what might reward well-directed exploration? MR. SMILES has already made a famous find in Banff, in TAM EDWARD, the self-taught, self-encouraged, and self-supporting "Scotch Naturalist." Who can say what curious discovery may be awaiting the intelligent explorer in the neighbouring burgh of Elgin, now that we know, from the paragraph we have quoted, that it still boasts a charitable and educational Institution to which knives and forks had not found their way in the seventy-seventh year of the nineteenth century?

MUS. DOC.

DEGREE lately conferred by the University of Cambridge on HERR JOACHIM—Fiddle D.D.

A CRY FROM UNDERGROUND.—The Railway Passengers' Duty—To shut the door after him when he gets out.

### THE NEW-WORLD LESBIA'S LAMENT.

"Perhaps the irrepressible sparrow does not interest English people quite as much as it does us, but really, after all the affectionate care we have shown to that brown-coated chirruper, it is distressing to announce the fact that he is leaving the snug cotes we have fixed him up at the hub of the universe. Yet, during the late cold-snap we have had in Boston, and the States generally, the sparrows were coaxed over and believed we had made into Yankeess—real blue bloods—have gone off in flocks 'westward,' as the Empire is said to grow. Where in the West they have gone we know not."—*Letter of "A SENTIMENTAL AMERICAN" in the "Times."*

UNGRATEFUL BIRD! Thy cheeping note  
 And bead-black eye and plain brown coat  
 To LESBIA were dearer  
 Than showier plumage, sweeter song,  
 For that they seemed, with impulse strong,  
 To knit far-kindred, sundered long,  
 And bring the old home nearer.  
 Now thou hast faithless turned, and fled.  
 Far rather had I mourned thee dead!

Did I not pet thee, praise thee, think  
 The oriole and the bobolink  
 Extremely small potatoes  
 Compared with thee?—an alien bird!  
 Thy ditty, dullest ever heard,  
 To PATTI'S warbling I preferred.

A heart as stern as CATO'S  
 Might pity LESBIA'S anguished breast,  
 Now her pet Sparrow has—flown West!

Ready-made nest and cosy cote  
 I built thee, that thy twittering note  
 Might glad me night and morning.  
 I fed thee, coaxed thee, cracked thee up,  
 Observed thee breakfast, watched thee sup,  
 And now, to brim my sorrow's cup,  
 Thou'rt gone, thy LESBIA scorning.  
 Of her warm love hadst thou no sense,  
 That one "cold-snap" could drive thee hence?

Perchance some London LESBIA smiles—  
 Amidst whose chimney-pots and tiles  
 Thou art not loth to linger.  
 Yet loves she thee as she might love  
 Her pet canary, or her dove?  
 Didst ever perch upon her glove,  
 Or feed from her fair finger?  
 Then why her house-tops haunt, and why  
 A far more loving mistress fly?

The tender emerald English grass  
 We strove to grow; in vain, alas!  
 Their Ivy failed to flourish  
 On Harvard's walls; and now this prize  
 We fondly thought to Yankeewise,  
 The bird I stooped to idolise,  
 To praise, and pet, and nourish,  
 Has flown, with frost, to the far West,  
 Leaving that warmest, whitest nest—  
 That's now an aching void—my breast!

### Lady Helps and Lady Hands.

GOVERNESS.—WANTED, a Young Lady, about twenty-five, to take entire charge of a little Girl, aged nine, and her wardrobe, and to carefully train and educate her in English, French, Music, Singing, Drawing, and Needlework, and assist a little in housekeeping.—Address, stating full particulars of experience, salary required, &c.

WANTED, good General Servant, able to cook for a small family; also a Nurse. Washing put out; all found.—Address, &c. Reply personally or by letter, stating wages.

WHICH of these places would you rather take the chance of, my well-bred and well-educated little dears, who may one day have your livelihoods to earn?

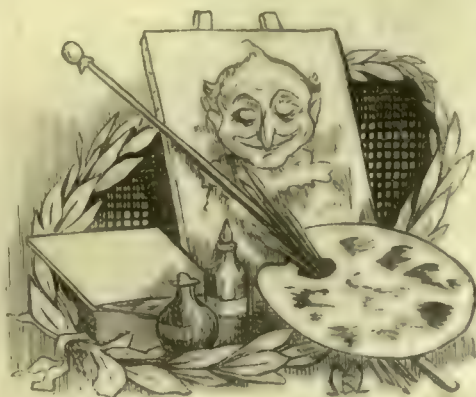
TO A SON.

GIVE up Whist, my boy, and take to your books. Burn the midnight Hoyle, in fact. Burn your Cavenish, too,—not by instalments, but as an *auto da fé*.



## THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND SECOND."



(PRELIMINARY Note.—By an oversight, Mr. Punch himself was made to figure in "Round First" of "The Studios," reported in our last number but one. We need hardly state that Punch never indulges in "nips," even on the most artistic invitation. It was Mr. P.'s Art-Critic who took Mr. Punch's name and nips on that occasion.)

With faint reminiscences of having been knocked a little out of time in "Round One" by the hospitality of his numerous Artist friends, your Reporter comes up smiling for "Round Two."

But with every desire to stick to his business, get through as many frames, and knock off as many canvases, as time would allow, Studios are now so broadcast that it was difficult for your Reporter, before starting for his second round, to settle, without Ordnance Map or *Bradshaw*, whether it would be best to take, first, the Boilers of Brompton, the Gravel Pits of Kensington, or the Wood of St. John, and whether to call *en route* between these great Art-centres on the Halkin Mews Humateurs, the Langham Lazzaroni, or the Hampstead Humorists, as occasion and cabs might decide, or whether,—but no matter; these are details of topographical economy which interest you little and me less, as my travelling expenses concern our respected proprietors, and money is no object to them, while my time is their money.

By the way, I promised my friend MR. STACEY MARKS a visit before the reciprocal flatteries exchanged between our Critic and many Painters had got into his head, and rendered his judgment less absolutely to be depended on.

Another palace! Gnd! Sir, these Artists live on the fat of the land. Their painting-jackets are of Genoa velvet, their breakfast china marked with the six marks of the Hang Dynasty or the flower of the Ho-Sung potteries, and their smallest piece of furniture a priceless gem of BOULÉ, GOUTHIER, or CHIPPENDALE.

In an easy attitude before his easel, suiting his colours to his palette, and having a brush with his canvas in a frame of mind that appeared singularly in harmony with his subject, I discovered my friend (I never saw him before, but I presume a friend of yours is a friend of his) deeply occupied with the noble picture he will soon exhibit on the Academy walls. I told you it was "*Old King Cole and his Fiddlers Three*." That was only my fun! The real title is "*Strutt's Sports in a Back Room in Wardour Street*." The eminent archeologist is sitting in pointed shoes on the top of a black oak wardrobe, practising cup-and-ball, while a circle of stuffed birds look on admiringly from below. The shoes are full of point, and the flamingoes bursting with life and tow. The art of MARKS is already so profoundly impressed with the marks of Art, (this looks like tautology—but I am liable to fits of gush occasionally, and require the application of a key down my back, and a few drops of chloral to arrest the flow) that I forget where I was. Oh! I remember. MARKS—six Marks. No; that was at WHISTLER'S. STACEY (I call him STACEY now that we seem to have known each other so long and so intimately) treated me with marks of hospitality and affection I shall always remember—in fact, until we renew them next season,—and, as we hobbled in a flagon of Hypocras, topped up with a beaker of hot lambwood, "Ifackins!" I cried, "I would more of thy acquaintance, bully MARKS! By cock and pye thine is right merrie fellowship." This may have sounded absurd, for I am not aware the Painter ever was at the University, but he has at least taken a high degree in Art, and deservedly so.

But on to pastures new. Thanks I, I should like a smell of the briny, a whiff of the sea breezes, which I have no time to seek in their native pewter at Brighton, Margate, or Southend. By hook or crook I'll get it! By Hook, answers Echo, and I am off at Echo's bidding.

As I open Mr. Hook's door I am struck with the quaint and fish-like smell, of a kind of net of the newest Poor John, which emanates from the quay—well, not exactly quay, but at least harbour of refuge provided by this best of marine painters for myself

and all in search of the "true and blue and ever free." Lobster-pots, trawls, kedges, jiggers, and dog-fish literally litter the floor; and as I watch the herring-boats or Lowestoft yawls dancing on the canvas right and left, I get a smack in my eye such as only Harwich or Hook could impress with as much effect upon their pupils. I jumped at once aboard the painter's craft, and thence, after a refreshing plunge into the wild sea waves, followed up by a "water-bite" of a dozen oysters (real natives, "Ang Low Dutch!" as I said to my friend H.), and a nip of smuggled brandy, I let go the painter, and figuratively Hook it.

With my appetite for sea air only stimulated by this nibble at a Hook, I bore away aboard my Hansom, chartered for the day's cruise, up Campden Hill, and was soon hitching my trousers and dousing my tarpaulin in the presence of H. MOORE. Here's a breeze, Sir! Here's a bouquet of sea-beach! Here's an air—now *crescendo*, now *rallentando*—of wavelets making a creamy ripple on the beach. (I am not quite clear if that is mine or the Laureate's; if it isn't A. T.'s, he is welcome to it, and can fit it into his next sea-idyl.) "MOORE, and still MOORE," I cry, until I begin so to believe in the "*Fresh Breezes*" and "*Rolling Swells*," that had not my kind entertainer brought me a pick-me-up, in which cognac predominated over seltzer, I verily believe he must have brought me a basin. It was all the gifted artist could do to prevent me taking a header into one of his freshly-painted waves. "Breakers ahead!" thought I, and after another final gulp of his refreshing briny, I retired gracefully and sought another clime—I should say climb—for I had to ascend the Hill of Notting, cross the Vale of Maida, and seek the classical temple of ALMA TADEMA, by the northern gate of the Grecian-porticoed park of the Late Regent, and almost under the classic shadow of the Hill of Primrose. A palace! an imperial monument! complete from the *Cave Canem* at the door to the Gladiator's helmet worn by the butler, who took my hat and hung it on the spear of Pallas Promachos which adorns the vestibule.

Here I got so hopelessly mixed up with matrons in Tyrian-dyed hair, babies wearing the *bulia*, and slaves playing on the *discobolos*, the *carchedon*, and the *kithara*, that I had scarcely wits left to distinguish between the real and the unreal, between the Gallo-Greek and the Hispano-Mauresque, between the symposium on the luncheon-table and the banquet on the easel. A witching Bacchante, who had been arranging mosaic *tesserae* into multitudinous patterns, left her puzzle and her play to press an *amphora* of Falernian to my eager lips. I felt I was growing classical; my hair was cropping into a "Titus;" my Ulster was folding itself into a toga; and I caught myself struggling to arrange into any one of the five classical orders the imperfect memories of a public school education, as seizing a *barbican* from the wall, I burst, by way of expressing my thanks, into a quotation from HORACE (tessellated, it may be, but all the more classical for that), something to the following effect, as well as I can remember:—

"Odi profanum, puer, apparatus!"

Vulgus et arceo, filia pulehrior—

Dic! Utrum mavis accipio, Tademā, aut

ALMA TADEMA."

"Won't scan and construe?" All I know is I made it scan then, if you can't now; and as to construing, any wise man can put his own construction on anything. No hyper-criticism, if you please.

By Pol and Hercules! that Falernian was first-class, and must have been amphoraed *consule Plancio*!—bottled in PLANCUS's time. PLANCUS must have been a right good fellow—the PLANCHÉ of the period, I dare say—herald, antiquarian, dramatist, and poet; so's ALMA TODDY—TADDY—what's his name?

How I got out of this round without throwing up the sponge, is quite incomprehensible. But to resume—

\* We regret to have to add that the Sergeant Commissionnaire employed by our worthy Publisher, who happens to be a householder, was called on, at a late hour, to bail our Art-Critic out of the Primrose Hill Station-House, whither he had been brought in a wild state of classical and Bacchanalian elevation, shouting "*Evoe!*" and "*Io Bacche!*" which the Police Sergeant on duty construing into a call for tobacco, he had kindly sent out for a two-ounce packet of WILLS'S Best Bristol Bird's-Eye, and a clean pipe. A card discovered in our Art-Critic's pocket, with the address of our office, led to the application to our worthy Commissionnaire already mentioned. Our Art-Critic has not yet come up to time for "Round Third."

## Early Birds.

WE all know the song of "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*," but we didn't know the dinner this year, like the song, was also in the morning, if we may trust the *Daily Telegraph* advertisement:—

ST. PATRICK'S DAY DINNER, at CANNON STREET HOTEL, on SATURDAY, March 17, at 6.30 A.M. ISAAC BUTT, Esq., Q.C., M.P., in the Chair, and a considerable number of the Irish Members expected.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(Extracted from the Spirit of PEPYS.)



ow the Protocol be still a-mending, my LORD DERBY did explain to my LORD GRANVILLE (*Lords, Monday, March 19*); but would needs thrust off upon COUNT SCHOUVA-LOFF, the Muscovite Ambassador, the delays in settling of the business. Strange, how nice men will be over what methinks can serve for little purpose but the screening of their real ends, for the which it do seem to me that one set of words would serve as well as another. But 'tis the business of diplomacy to fashion such screens; so no wonder they of the craft do make much ado about what is writ upon them. Only to plain folks out-of-doors methinks it must needs seem that it do matter little. I sorry to learn that SIR HENRY ELLIOT is sick, but glad that he shall not go back at once to Constantinople; and, indeed, I could find in my heart to wish he may never go back thither, for methinks one so weak were better elsewhere, seeing your Turk do need a strong hand in them that have the dealing with him. Besides 'tis a hard place for one that I do hear is a most easy gentleman, both in speech and carriage, though mighty pleasant, and would do well enough, I doubt not, in another place. Afterwards my Lords did talk at large on Cattle Plague, and Law Schools, and Inns of Court, matters I like little, and scarce know which least, but do hold them all plagues after their kind.

(*Commons.*)—By reason of Cattle Plague I do find many, both in Lords and Commons, would have the bringing in of Foreign Beasts

stopped altogether; and I do not well see how otherwise the plague be to be kept out. And methinks I had rather, if we must have strange meat, that it came over dead, than alive, and bring the plague with it.

I do learn from UNDER-SECRETARY BOURKE that SIR HENRY ELLIOT be to be let down by degrees—one being sent in his place, at first, as if for a while only. Only I do not think in my heart the Government be for sending SIR HENRY back; but meanwhile do give him many good words, which I would not have him be-grudged, if they comfort him. And indeed I do find all mighty tender to him; as they well may be, seeing he hath but done what most would have had him, which is nothing.

My LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, a mighty brisk young Captain, that I do like to hear speak for his fiery spirit, did no little content me to-night by his brave talk of Torpedoes. And indeed I do now think to understand them better than I had ever hoped to do without seeing; and strange weapons they do seem, and nasty, and able to blow a great ship to pieces as it were in a whiff. I do at last know that they are of several sorts; some to be laid under water, like our land petards, and fired by the passage of a ship above them; and others to be carried in boats within reach of the ship they be to strike; but the most devilish to be launched from aboard the ship that carries them, and to run by their own moving power and their own steerage, and at any depth that they may be ballasted for, and so go straight at the enemy's ship like a bull-dog at a bull, and at the first touch burst, and blow the biggest ship to the bottom, and no help. And though I did always wonder how men should be found so mad to go to sea when they could stay ashore, I do now wonder at this more than ever, with such diabolique engines both aboard our ships of war and ready for launching against them by others. So





## AT THE BOAT-RACE.

*Ada.* "MAMMA, I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT WHAT THOSE ROUGH-LOOKING MEN ARE SAYING; BUT THEY MUST BE WELL-EDUCATED!"

*Mamma.* "WHY, DEAR!"

*Ada.* "WELL, THEY ALL SEEM TO KNOW THE FRENCH FOR 'LADY'!"

that 'tis hard to say which is the greatest danger—to blow up yourself, or be blown up by your enemy: whereof methinks either is enough without the other. But I am sorry to learn that all may have these torpedoes, though their deviser be an Englishman—one WHITEHEAD. So that I marvel why our Government did not buy the invention of him, rather than a certain number of his torpedoes only. For now it seems he may and do sell them to all. And I do not think it well that a man should be let keep a shop, as it were, for sale of such infernal inventions, when we might, for a little money, have them all to ourselves.

Then the House did vote more than Two and a Half Millions for Seamen's Wages, at which I did wonder, to think how hard we used to be put to it, in my time, to get a few poor Thousands. But, indeed, it do seem the country is grown rich in money, that all the Offices may have it for the asking; only the difficulty is in the right spending of it, and how to get the needful kind of virtuoso officers to manage the engines aboard our ships; and to that end MR. WARD HUNT do propose some peddling measures, but nothing fitting our need. And, indeed, all in this matter do seem alike at a non-plus, and cannot yet find the right men. And yet England, that they call the world's workshop, ought to furnish such men easiest; and I doubt not could, if the Office could but hit the right way to get them. There was also a vote taken to-night for more than a Million, for Victualling and Clothing, which do as much amaze me as the monstrous sum for pay. And to think no gifts to them in the Office out of it all! Which is hardest of all for me to believe. And a sorry thing methinks for them in the Office.

*Tuesday.*—My Lords up at half-past five, after some talk of Railway Accidents and Retirement of Army Officers—two hard nuts to crack, were the best teeth in my Lords' best heads set to them.

(*Commons.*)—One MR. REGINALD YORKE did move an Address to the Crown to issue a Commission to Inquire into all Matters touching the Stock Exchange, and the business and usages thereof, which is indeed a new thing since my time, and, it do seem, is used chiefly for the getting on and off the market of Bubble Loans and Companies, whereof your clever rogues do make rare pickings out of

the losses of simple honest folk. And SIR C. RUSSELL did amaze me, showing how Twenty States did now owe us 305 Millions of money lent, and 40 Millions arrears of interest.

But MR. ALDERMAN COTTON, and MR. STANHOPE, and others were against inquiry, for that the said Exchange was a need of the times. As I do see it is, and that without it many clever rogues would be cast out of a livelihood; and they do plead that there be good schemes promoted thereby as well as bad ones; and, indeed all do know, that 'tis hard for the law to come between simple fools and sharp knaves, and so said SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, and did give good reasons against such inquiry, but, nevertheless, did end by agreeing to it, which amazed me, that a grave man like him should give such good reasons against his own action; and I do indeed think this be one of those things whereof the saying goes—"the more you stir it, the more it stinks"—yet the House, I believe, was for stirring it, so the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was fain to yield, but methinks did it not with a good grace. And, indeed, I had thought SIR STAFFORD a weightier and wiser man than he did seem to-night.

But, lord! to hear how your sharp rogues do thrive by these bubble-blowings, and what a state they keep! And how of these pestilent bubbles, one will burst every now and then, and let the hoised knaves that blew it down of a sudden, and then a great stir and a scandal, but soon forgotten. All which I would have otherwise; and had rather see things as in my time, when indeed we did pick and steal handsomely enough in the Offices, and did think little of cheating the King, but had no such mighty making of money by right-down roguery under the name of business as I do see in this town now-a-days. And while this is so, methinks 'tis hard to see what good can come of inquiring how the rogues do go about their knavery, for that to shut one way to them is most times but to open another.

*Wednesday.*—MR. BUTT did move his Irish Land Tenure Bill for enabling Tenants to hold the lands against their Landlords so long as they should pay their rents. But the House would none of it by 322 to 84. And I do wonder how any one should be bold enough



to bring in such a Bill in a House mostly of landowners. But I do think this Bill is one not meant to pass, but only to please the more ignorant Irish out of the House, like many of the Bills of Mr. BUTT. But methinks he must, indeed, be ready to throw such tubs to the whales, or he would not bear rule at home, nor brook Home-Rule as he do. But as for the prosperity of Ulster, which MR. BUTT do place on its law of land, I do rather, by all I can learn, hold it to come of the Scotch blood brought in there through KING JAMES's Plantation of that part of Ireland, which hath marvellously sobered your wilder Irish sort, so that I would KING JAMES had so planted all Ireland.

*Thursday (Lords).*—My LORD DUDLEY mighty free-spoken upon the Protocol, and the emptiness thereof, and the need of some care and thought for the Christians under the Turk, and how he would not have SIR HENRY ELLIOT go back to Constantinople, for that he was all for the Turk. And so did draw down a sharp rap from my LORD DUKE OF SOMERSET, and most from my LORD DERBY, that would not any Lord should speak strongly on such matters, seeing it is his way to do nothing and to say as little as may be; and hath till now succeeded wondrous well therein, and will abide by it.

In the *Commons* were many questions, but only work on the Prisons Bill, wherein I do see Cross is one that not only means well but do better than most; and I much contented with his carriage of all matters about his Bill to-night.

## THE COASTGUARDSMAN OF THE FUTURE.

(An outline, by LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, filled in by MR. PUNCH.)



ON the evening of a cold spring day sat a weather-beaten man on the beach of an exposed part of the Yorkshire coast. In spite of the almost wintry wind that blew his garments hither and thither, he calmly continued his employment of sketching the seascape before him.

"This work," he murmured, "is congenial to my tastes, and I shall grow strong and hearty in this exposed situation. Let me see, what have I done to-day? This morning was devoted to seizing contraband articles from a score of smugglers. After I took my lunch I placed the ground torpedoes yonder—where the sun is dipping his rays in the water. This afternoon my studies of

fortification and military history were interrupted by a shipwreck. It was annoying, but I saved the crew in my steam life-boat. I must work harder to-morrow, or I shall not pass the monthly examination ordered by the Lords of the Admiralty. I could not bear that disgrace. It would be too hard to put the School-Board (to whom I owe all my technical knowledge and accomplishments) to open shame! It must not be!—nay, it shall not be!

The sun having now sunk behind the distant horizon, the Coastguardsman gathered up his sketching materials, and returned to his watch-tower. He had hardly opened a scientific work upon gunnery when the signal-bell of the telegraphic apparatus informed him that a message was on its road. In a moment he was at the instrument, anxiously waiting for information.

"A despatch from the Admiralty!" he exclaimed, as the needles

moved rapidly from side to side. And then he repeated the message word for word—"War is declared. Keep a sharp look-out. The enemy's fleet is—"

He could read no more, for the needles suddenly stopped; and further examination convinced him that the wire of communication between his office and Whitehall had been severed.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself in an undertone. And then he listened. The sounds of horses' hoofs striking the hard, flinty road without, reached his eager ears. Rapidly arming himself, he rushed out, and formed himself (as well as the resources at his command would permit) into a hollow square. He waited patiently for a few minutes, and, hearing nothing more, extended himself in skirmishing order. The last movement had the desired effect. A regiment of Uhlans appeared, and were rapidly demolished by the Gatling gun he had brought with him for the purpose.

"It is lucky that I have the *Field Exercises* at my fingers' ends," he murmured. "Without the knowledge culled from the Red Book, I could never have performed these manoeuvres with such success and steadiness."

But once more silence reigned around. No longer able to restrain his impatience to learn the worst he took from the pocket of his rough sailor's coat a small mortar, and loaded it with gun-cotton and a parachute shell. In another moment the sea and land for miles round were illuminated with a brilliant light.

"As I expected," he observed, with a grim smile. "The enemy's fleet is in the offing."

He could say no more, for immediately the air became thick with shells, which rapidly exploded in the most dangerous manner. The Coastguardsman, without any unnecessary delay, threw himself upon his face, and crawled back, like a serpent, to his tower, which was of course subterranean.

Once in this place of security he approached an instrument connected with the telegraphic apparatus, which looked somewhat like an old harpsichord. Rapidly sweeping his fingers over the keys, immediately the distant sea was convulsed in many places. He had fired the sunken torpedoes. Then he crawled above ground, and by the light of the moon, which had now risen, ascertained, with the assistance of a telescope, that a couple of dozen iron-clads had been blown to atoms. A distant cheer informed him, however, much to his chagrin, that only a portion of the enemy's fleet had been destroyed.

"I must get out my 200-ton gun," he murmured, angrily. "And then good-bye to my studies for to-night."

Crawling stealthily to a hidden boathouse, he crept into what seemed to be a floating gun-carriage propelled by steam. On a lucifer being applied to the fuel, ready laid in the furnaces, the machine immediately got up steam, and, consuming its own smoke, left the shore. The floating gun-carriage lay low in the water, and was painted to represent a miniature wave. At a few yards' distance the boat could not be distinguished from the water. By turning a few handles, and steering cleverly, he was able to load and fire his formidable weapon a dozen times, and each shot demolished an iron-clad. Again he loaded and fired, but at length without effect. The floating fortress had conquered the floating gun. His weapon had at last become valueless.

Nothing daunted, he put some more fuel into the furnace, and increased the speed of his little craft. When he was within a thousand yards of the remainder of the enemy's fleet, he lowered a dozen floating cases like gigantic cigars, lighted their fuses, and the cases instantaneously plunged under water.

"It is rather cruel," he murmured, "but it can't be helped."

In another minute and a half, twelve of WHITEHEAD's torpedoes had been exploded, and the remaining iron-clads were reposing in pieces at the bottom of the sea.

Thoughtfully the Coastguardsman returned to his subterranean tower. He rushed to his desk, and dashed off, with the aid of a type-writer, a brilliant account of his proceedings. He had taken seven impressions at once. The original he put in an envelope for the Admiralty; the copies were addressed to the Editors of the leading journals.

Then he mounted a bicycle, and, after half an hour's ride, found the severed wire. He connected the metal with his pocket instrument, and telegraphed to London, "The enemy's ships accounted for. Send divers by early train to-morrow to raise them, for the sake of the old iron. The Lords of the Admiralty are respectfully informed that they can now retire to rest with easy minds."

Then the Coastguardsman posted his letters, and, having ineffectually swept the sea with his glass to discover if it were possible to save any of the crews in his steam life-boat, returned to his tower.

Here, tired with his day's exertions, he set his alarm at a quarter to five, played *Rule Britannia* (with some brilliant variations) on his violin, wrapped himself in the Union Jack, and in a few moments was enjoying the sleep that follows upon duty done.



## "A CLUB TO THE RESCUE."



EXCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

You are invariably so very kind to Ladies, that I cannot help asking you for your opinion about the new Tournament Club. Do you know it is to be so grand? The object of the Club is the "revival of chivalric sports under distinguished patronage." There's to be quintain and tilting at the ring, and the prizes are to be given away by a Queen of Beauty. Another chivalric sport is to be "five o'clock tea from three to half-past six during the season."

Now, doesn't this sound very nice? My only fear is, that if CHARLES becomes a member he will hurt himself dreadfully with the quintain, which is a bag of sand, or something horrible of that sort, isn't it? The poor boy rides a good many stones more than he did a few years ago. For all that he is quite too awfully charming, and I certainly should not permit him to receive a prize from any Queen of Beauty but—Well, my modesty won't allow me to say any more. And that reminds me—how are the Queens of Beauty to be chosen? If the Ladies are put up for ballot, and elected by their own sex, none of them will ever be taken.

"Tilting at the ring" being permitted, I suppose is a delicate way of saying that flirtation won't be forbidden. But really I think the Tournament will be quite too dangerous, and just a little bit ridiculous. I see that the Committee want to find a town house. Don't you think they had better fix their head-quarters at ASTLEY'S?

Believe me, my dear Mr. Punch,

Yours most affectionately,

A CLEVER LITTLE WOMAN.

The Boudoir, Bayswater.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He addresses the Editor, expresses his sincere regret, and announces a courageous intention.)

SIR,

I CANNOT explain how grieved I am to have been compelled, by circumstances over which I have not now, nor ever shall have, any control, to absent myself from the gay Metropolis at what is the very Preface of the Season. His Royal Highness has been with you, but I have not. Now he leaves you for a little tour—which I sincerely trust he will enjoy; and I am with you for a few weeks, just to start the Season, and then again to horse, and away!

My chief regret, I own, is that I have been unable to see HASKA at Drury Lane—that Spicerian Drama which has engaged the attention of "the gentlemen of the Long Robe," and advertised itself at some considerable expense to the Author.

But I have seen the Picture, up in front of Drury Lane, representing, in beautifully bright colours, a young lady, presumably HASKA the Heroine, about to throw herself out of a large window, while a gentleman, evidently belonging to the upper classes of foreign society, and something between King Belshazzar in the old-fashioned children's picture-books, and the conventional Richard the Third, is standing in an attitude of surprise, not unmingled with indignant disgust—at least such was the impression conveyed to my mind by his deep-pink-blush face. From behind the arras issues a crowd of armed men rushing out, either to seize the foreign nobleman (taking him unawares while in this state of blushing indignation), or to prevent HASKA from committing what the police reports would term "the rash act."

But I have no time to dilate on the artistic composition, which will not (unless I am misinformed) be in this year's Academy.

All I have to say is this, that I regret my inability to witness the performance of the play, unless it runs over Easter. If it does, then

I am there—representing you, Sir, I am all there. If it does not, then as Drury Lane is to be let very soon, I am half-inclined to hire it for one night; with MR. SPICER'S assistance, merely to represent HASKA to a select audience, only no one will be admitted who has not previously provided himself with a voucher signed by three Peeresses in their own right, and by H.R.H., for HER MAJESTY. Then, perhaps, I may allow them to come in on payment of five sovereigns, and no change given.

However, that project is in nubibus or in boobibus at present, though I am open to an offer.

No, Sir, I have made up my mind, and when I have finished my packing I am going to ride to Khiva, or somewhere else. I do not wish to cut out my gallant friend CAPTAIN BURNABY; no, far from it. But to Khiva I will go, my boys, to Khiva I will go. I don't know where it is, and I don't care; that makes the undertaking more perilous (as I might take the wrong turning to begin with), and my conduct the more plucky. I think I shall open a subscription list. There are lots of people want me to go away—I mean to ride to Khiva, and to see what it's like before they attempt it themselves. I've often "ridden to cover" (or Kiver, as the Cockneys would call it); but I've never done Khiva.

No matter, particulars as to subscriptions will be soon started in this Journal, and at Khiva, or elsewhere, mounted or on foot, believe me always to be

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## A CHANCE FOR PEACE.

MR. PUNCH, SER,

PEOPLE sez 'tis a toss-up whether there's goin to be peecce or war. It ought for to be quite differnt. The right toss-up wood be Roosher and Turkey tossin witch o' the 2 shood disharm fust. Wot a loark 'twoud be to see the SULTAN and the EMPERER ALIKZANDER, or their ed Men the GRAND VIZIR and PRINSE GOETSEHAKORF a skyin a coper. Or the toss wud come off over ere upon neutral ground 'tween the Rooshan and Turkish Ambassadors afore LORD DARBY and LORD SALISBURY and yerself, to see fair play wile they eride "Man" or "Ooman." Honly the wust on it praps yule think ood be likely to be that Roosher 'd want to toss on the understandin of eds i win takes you lose. Utharways the only further kvestahun fur the Diplermats to consider wud be about makin the Game between the I contractin Partees and wether it ad beter be best too out o 3 or Suddin Deth. Nex time you sizze BEN BACONSFEELD jest you giv im the abuv Tipp with mi luv. E can then perpose it in the proper kevarter at Sunt Peetersburg witch if then offered to the Sublime Port wot ood ALIKZANDER say fairer than that? A namesake of ish I've gerd Swels say wunce cum across a Not as e coodn't unty, and witch e accordingly cut with is Soard. Woot the ALIKZANDER wot is rayther do it peceful? Wel then e can tri the agrement of tossin to tackle the Gorgin Nott. Oxford and Cambridge tosses fur fust chice o sides on the River. 'Twas only this very mornin as I meself test for a pint of art-an-ari and wun. That's wot put it into my ed that Roosher and Turkey mite be invited to foller the exampel of the Varsity Cruze, and yures truley, excep that insted of tossin agin one pal only for that ere bere, I went

THE ODD MAN.

The Checkers (Spellin Reform Crib), Wensday.

## On finding the fragments of an Egg upon the Chair of Vice-Chancellor Malins.

HENS sit, and Judges sit—'tis fair to match 'em,  
Since one has lately given much pains to Hatcham,  
And laid a yoke (some say) on our Theology:  
But this egg surely had its nest mistaken.  
Eggs in the Rolls would scarcely need apology,  
And every one has heard of Eggs and Bacon.  
How then account for this misplaced ovation?  
Why thus! Our memory may have its failings—  
But we account for it by this quotation,  
"Ab ovo usque ad (Flacco pace) MAL-INS."

## A Novel Case.

"At Taunton Assizes, yesterday, before MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS, JAMES SLEEP, station-master at Wellow, was charged with the manslaughter of ELIZABETH EDGE and twelve other persons, who were killed in the Radstock Railway accident, owing to his having started a train on a single line when another was due in the opposite direction. A sentence of twelve months' imprisonment was passed."

We have known of but too many Railway Accidents caused by want of sleep among the Company's Servants, but the Radstock accident is the only instance we ever heard of, of an accident caused by one SLEEP too many among those in the Company's employment.





## A BARGAIN.

"IT'S VERY DEAR, MR. ISAACS! NOW, IS IT REALLY, REALLY OLD?"

"REALLY OLD, MA'AM! WHY, IT'S SO ROTTEN THAT IT COMES TO PIECES IF YOU ONLY TRY TO PICK IT UP! LOOK 'ERE!"

[Young Lady, who only cares for what is really old, is convinced, and buys the Rug.]

## ECHOES FROM THE STAMBOUL ST. STEPHEN'S.

## FIRST SITTING.

"Whatever may be said in praise of the grand Audience Hall of the Dolma-Baghtché, its acoustic properties must be left out of the commendation. An echo worse than that which necessitated the use of a *velarium*, in a certain hall on the western outskirts of the British capital, resounds through the great chamber of the marble palace on the Bosphorus. No such expedient as a *velarium* having suggested itself to the authorities exercising control over the proceedings, the Secretary's utterances were nearly unintelligible. The Speech, which was very long, gave a history of the formation of the Turkish Constitution, insisted on the necessity of reform, enumerated many laws, and specially promised a review of the financial position of Turkey."

*Daily Telegraph.*

OH, a fig for the Speech! *Mr. Punch's* sharp ear  
Was a-cock for that Echo; an Echo as queer  
As ever a Pat answered patly.

Its report was the thing that the Sage overheard,  
Whilst the Deputies squatted in postures absurd,  
And on ears of which few comprehended one word  
The SULTAN's palaver fell flatly.

And what, as he gazed on those smoke-puffing ranks,  
Did *Mr. Punch* hear? Well, a turning of cranks—  
A sort of queer clockworky grinding;

As though an automaton caucus were there,  
Very stiff in the joints and much out of repair,  
And a Showman, unused to the work, with all care  
Were the motive machinery winding.

He heard a strange sound, too, half chuckle half groan,  
Above the wiggled Speaker's monotonous drone,

As he summarised, promised, exhorted:  
And,—well, *Mr. Punch* from mis-statement would shrink,  
But if such a thing as a general wink  
Might be rendered in sound, he'd be tempted to think  
That also the Echo reported.

Then he thought he heard History shaking her head  
At the SULTAN'S "historical facts," as 'tis said

She would do, in old days, at DISRAELI.  
Then a chorus of Bondholders howled in his ear  
At the Padishah's views of finance; one may fear  
As a GLADSTONE'S or GOSCHEN'S they were not so clear,  
Though glibly reeled out, if not gaily.

When he spake of Reform that rude Echo laughed loud;  
But the mirth seemed to struggle with groans from the crowd  
Of Slav millions yet ruled from the Bosphorus.  
"Reform!" wailed the voices, "when Pashas still sway,  
With legions of Bashi-Bazouks in their pay,  
And Policy bids us with patience to stay,  
While the diplomates play pitch-and-toss for us?"

When the thanks of the SULTAN to Allah arose,  
That Echo most surely held finger to nose  
(If Echoes have noses and fingers),  
So sly and so nasally 'cute was its tone,  
As it said "Well, suppose we leave Allah alone,  
While murder and lust stain our country's hearth-stone,  
And corruption among us still lingers."

But when the Speech proffered Turk friendship all round,  
The Echo returned such a composite sound  
Of doubt, indignation, and laughter,  
That the Bear-Garden Palace seemed full of the row.  
So *Punch* made the Echo his very best bow,  
And left Dolma-Baghtché, not caring, somehow,  
To listen to aught that came after.

STOCK EXCHANGE REFORM.—Restore the parochial Stocks and also the Pillory, put the greater rogues amongst the Stock-Speculators, Riggers, Ringers, Promoters, and Bubble-Blowers into the one, and the lesser—if there be any—in the other.





# STAMBOL ST. STEPHEN'S.

"JUST A-GOING TO BEGIN!"







## ARRIVALS OF BRITISH BIRDS.



BETWEEN the Stock Exchange and Lombard Street Green Geese have been observed in considerable flights, following each other's lead as usual.

Lame Ducks have also been met with.

Several Larks have been dropped upon by the Police near the Haymarket, and more than the usual number of Gaoi-birds and Roughs may be expected during the suburban spring meetings.

Thrushes have been seen at TATTERSALL'S, but not encouraged.

Flocks of Hawks and Pigeons flutter unmolested about the head-quarters of the principal race meetings, and have even been seen as near as Hurlingham and Sandown Park.

Turtle Doves will pair freely after Lent.

Nightingales may be expected early in April. Their notes promise to be higher than ever.

Rooks and Jackdaws may be looked for at the Levees.

## DYING WITH LAUGHTER.

SCENE—The Interior of a Railway Signal-Box. Small Boy Clerk discovered Chatting with his Friend.

*Small Boy Clerk.* It was very good of you, CHARLIE, to come to cheer me up a bit. After twelve hours' duty one gets awfully lonely. (*Electric signal-bell rings.*)

*Charles (his Friend).* I say, Old Man, don't you think you ought to find out what they want at the next station? That's the fourth time that blessed bell has been set a-ringing!

*Small Boy Clerk.* Oh! it's only some chaff or other. They are always up to their tom-foolery.

*Train dashes past.*

*Charles.* Hallo! what's that?

*Small Boy Clerk (scratching his head).* Well, I don't exactly know. It's either the mail, or an extra special, or the relief. You see, while I was talking to you—(*Signal-bell rings.*) Confound that fellow—there he is up to his pranks again!

*Charles.* I say, oughtn't you to see what it's all about? Come, show us how you work the thing.

*Small Boy Clerk.* All right! Look here! You take the handles like this, and work 'em so.

*Charles.* What does he want?

*Small Boy Clerk.* Oh! some bosh about when the train's left. He's always at his nonsense. Just you take the handles, and work 'em so. (*Charles obeys.*) There, that will shut him up!

*Charles.* What have you telegraphed?

*Another Train dashes past.*

*Small Boy Clerk (laughing).* Oh, it means "All right!"

*Charles.* But, I say, supposing the line's blocked?

*Small Boy Clerk.* Well, then it will serve him jolly well right for playing the fool. And now tell us that story that you began just now.

*A third Train dashes past.*

*Charles.* Well, it was great larks! You see we got the dog quietly down to the back of the public, and there we met BILL SIMMONDS. Says BILL, "Is the match on?" "Yes," says I, "if you can only get big enough rats."

*Two more Trains dash past.*

*Small Boy Clerk (laughing).* That was a good un! But stay a moment; I don't understand these trains. I've been so long on duty I'm getting quite confused. (*Telegraphs.*) There, now I have asked him what's the matter. (*Needles work.*) There, what did I tell you?—he's always playing the fool. He's answered back, "All right!" Well, I can't help it. Go on. If the rats are only big enough—yes?

*Charles.* So TOMMY comes up and says, says he, "Call that a dog?—why he's more like an elephant." Well of course we all roared at that.

*Another Train dashes past.*

*Small Boy Clerk (shouting with merriment).* Well I never! And what did BILL say to that?

*Charles.* Well of course this made BILL very shirty, so he says, says he— (*Violent ringing of the signal-bell.*) Hallo! what's the row now?

*Small Boy Clerk (at telegraph).* Oh, nothing very much—only a fatal accident. We have lots of 'em on our line. Go on.

*Charles.* And BILL says, says he, "I'll eat myself and the elephant too if it ain't SAMMY's old bull terrier!"

[Scene closes in, amidst peals of laughter.]

## SAVE THE CHILD!

THE Third Schedule of the Education Code, 1877 (Needlework), requires the following from Infants, age three to five:—

"Position drill, hemming, simple, on strips, beginning with black cotton, rising to red, and going on to blue.

Hemming, simple and counter, to show any garment which can be made entirely by these, e.g., a child's common pinafore."

Imagine a class of thirty infants from three to five, each armed with a needle, and superintended by a somewhat larger infant in the shape of a pupil-teacher, aged fourteen, all working out my Lords' sentence—to make their own pinafores! We all know that children between these ages look on buttons, peas, and similar small objects as stoppers for the nose and ears, and on thimbles and marbles as nourishing things to swallow. Who can say what may be the consequences of arming these enterprising little experimentalists with pins and needles? Perhaps it is to prevent any catastrophe from this marvellous regulation that the KHEDEVE OF EGYPT has chosen this moment to make the British nation a present of Cleopatra's Needle, which is big enough to do all the sewing for all the elementary schools of the kingdom. But this is not all my Lords lay down in that way of that stitch in time, which, let us hope, may save nine hereafter. Children from five to seven are expected to do "hemming, seaming, felling, pleating, and knitting," and at twelve or thirteen to be proficient in all branches of needlework, knitting, and cutting out.

If my Lords don't succeed in sewing up the children by these wonderful regulations, they will the teachers.

## Who would be a Governess?

WHAT is the difference between a Servant and a Governess? This is not a conundrum, but a question that arises after the perusal of the following advertisement:—

HOUSEMAID (young) WANTED, immediately, to assist Governess. Apply, &c.

The next domestic Wanted will be a Governess to help the Housemaid, or possibly the Cook, in her duties, till at last, as education spreads, Governess becomes synonymous with Maid-of-all-work.

## Our Heat-race Prophecy.

PROPHETIC Punch! last week saw plain expressed,  
How Light and Dark Blue passed the Ship abreast;  
Behold, this week the prophecy comes true,  
In the dead-heat 'twixt Royal and Sky-blue!

## Equality Underground.

ANIMADVERTING on the Ministerial Burials Bill, the Nonconformist complains that—

"It is bread the Nonconformists ask for, and they have hung to them a stone."

But if that stone is a headstone in a National Churchyard, it should surely go a great way to satisfy reasonable Nonconformists.

## OCULIST EVIDENCE.

"IGNATIEFF a humbug?" Let LIEBREICH make reply:  
Say, Doctor, had the General not something in his eye?

"ROYAL" COMMISSION ON STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.—BARON ROTHSCHILD'S bonus on the recent Imperial purchase of Suez Canal Shares.

THE FEAST OF ALL FOOLS.—More than is good for them.



VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.  
(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUËRE.)



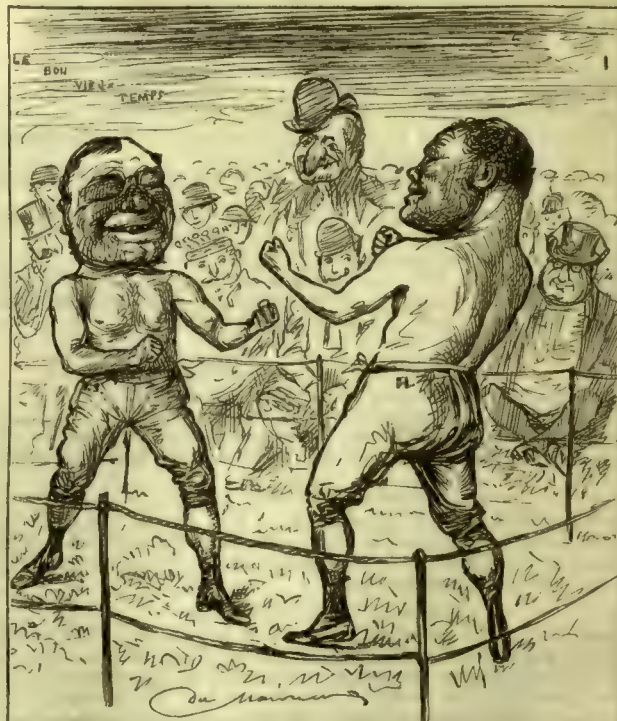
Le chagrin stimulait tant (dit-on)  
L'appétit de la chaste Didon,  
Qu'à la fuite d'Enée  
La belle délaissée  
Dina du dos d'un dodu dindon !



Un vieux duc (le meilleur des époux)  
Demandait (en lui tâtant le poulx)  
À sa vieille duchesse  
(Qu'un vieux catarrhe oppresse) :—  
"Et ton thé, t'a-t-il ôté ta toux ?"



Un Marin naufragé (de Doncastre)  
Pour prière, au milieu du désastre,  
Répétait à genoux  
Ces mots simples et doux :—  
"Scintillez, scintillez, petit astre !"



Autrefois, en voyant deux athlètes  
Se polichineller leurs deux têtes,  
MONSIEUR PUNCH leur a dit :—  
"Routitoutitout !"  
Quels atouts réguliers vous deux êtes !"





## AN AFTER-THOUGHT.

*Near-sighted, but hard-riding Gentleman. "JUMPED OVER SOME FELLOW IN THAT DITCH! STRIKES ME IT WAS MY SON TOM!"*

## MRS. PARTINGTON'S ALLOCUTION.

*In humble imitation of that recently fulminated by her Venerable Friend at the Vatican.*

"The POPE pronounced a brief allocution, affirming with greater vehemence the declarations made by him in the allocution of the 12th inst., and adding that he would raise a protest before the whole world against the attempt that was being made to deprive him of liberty of speech."

*Daily Telegraph.*

WELL, I pity the POPE, that I does; which his doctrines is down-right and manly,  
(And not merely moonshine and mist, like the trash of that mealy-mouthed STANLEY):  
To hear him a dealing out cusses, and letting fly adjectives—whoppers!—  
Must comfort and 'stablish true hearts, and give infidel consciences croppers.

The way us Old Parties is treated is daily becoming more horrid;  
In wain 'do our protests wax louder, our metyfors more and more florid.

My broom's no more use than a bullrush; dear Pius's ban ain't much stronger;  
And as for the old Tory rattle, they daren't even shake it no longer!

The World will not heed its Old Women, in bombazine, True-Blue, or Scarlet;  
But me, MRS. GAMP, and the POPE, is mere butts for each wicious young warlet.

We weeps and deplores and protests, shake our besom, our Bull, or our gingham,  
But cannot to decency drive 'em, nor, much more, to betterment bring 'em.

They tramples all rights under-foot, like a herd of mad swine—  
which they are it!

The flood of the red revolution sweeps on, and our wailings won't bar it.

They prigs all our places and perks, all our prophecies turns into mockery,  
And smashes up Customs and Creeds, Crowns and Churches, like so much old Crockery.

They forges iniquitous ties—may they twist into knots as 'll hang 'em!—

They laughs when we beg and beseech, and they sets up their backs when we slang 'em;

They cuts down our powers and properties ruthless, the bragian brutes do!

Tearing up our "beneficent plants,"—which they now is *but* plants,—by the roots, too.

Their papers, and pamphlets, and speeches—a plague on the whole wicked lot of 'em!—

Insinivates falsehoods against us, till thousands is gulled by the rot of 'em.

The villanies vomited forth—that's the word—from their platforms and presses,

Mean mischief in every line, and must end in the awfulest messes.

True for you, my poor Pius! a prisoner, pent by fell foes in the Vatican!

I sympathise much with your woes, I can feel for your sufferings, that I can.

All the world, save ourselves, is gone wrong in its creeds and its laws and its politics,  
And Civilisation's new clock to the tune of delirious folly ticks.

And now they would tie up our tongues, as the werry last weapons they've left us;

But, drat 'em! they shan't stop our talk, who of all other blias have bereft us.

There's comfort in cussing all round—us Old Women it cheers and rejoices

To know, though our hands they have shackled, they can't put the gag on our voices.

WHAT FOOLS FEAR FROM VACCINATION.—De-Jenner-acy.





### THE "STATUS QUO ANTE."

*Squire (desiring to improve the taste of his Country Friends, has introduced at his table, in the place of the usual brandied Spanish and Portuguese wines, the natural vintages of France and Germany). "Now, MR. BARLEYMEAD, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS 'CHATEAU LAPITTE'! ANOTHER GLASS—"*

*Farmer B. "THANKY, SIR; IT'S UNCOMMON NICE.—(He had drunk a bottle or two.)—BUT WE DON'T SEEM TO GET NO FOREUDER!"*

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"He [DR. SCHLIEMANN] was attracted to the lady who is now Mrs. SCHLIEMANN by her ability to translate the 'Song Divine,' and has since cultivated her powers by refusing to enter upon other subjects before she had repeated a certain number of lines."—*Times*, March 17.

ALREADY we hear from every side of the good effects produced by this excellent peripatetic example. It is rapidly influencing other couples. Its beneficial operation upon hearts which know and understand each other can hardly be over-estimated. Here are one or two instances, selected at random, of its marvellous working in this short space of time.

MR. and MRS. STANHOPE GATES regularly when they are in Town take a walk together every morning in Kensington Gardens after breakfast. They now enter upon none of the ordinary topics of conversation until Mrs. GATES has recited, to the satisfaction of her husband, either a scene from SHAKESPEARE, or one of MILTON'S minor poems.

MR. MONTAGU TURTLE and Miss JULIET DOVE have lately become engaged, and never miss a day without spending some portion of it in each other's society. If it is fine, they meet in the Park, or the "Grove," or on the Embankment. If the weather is unfavourable to outdoor mutual adoration, MONTAGU calls at the house of JULIET'S Aunt. He is a devout scholar of CARLYLE and RUSKIN, and it has now become the inexorable rule that, after the first greetings, not another word shall be spoken until darling JULIET—the most amiable girl breathing, but wanting, perhaps, a little cultivation—has repeated a selected passage from one of the two great authors just mentioned.

See! MR. and MRS. GREY MAYOR pacing up and down the well-kept paths of their roomy garden before luncheon. He raises his sonorous voice, he uses gesture, emphasis, action! She, a superior woman, an intellectual being, a keen politician, listens eagerly with rapt attention to the latest leader on the Peace Negotiations, which

### THE CREWS AND COLOURS;

*Or, After the Dead-Heat. By KIMM HUF, Esq.*

I AM a Coster well to do;  
I keeps my cart and donkeys two.  
And daily drives 'em up and down  
The road 'tween 'Ammersmith and Town.

And every blessed year, the Blues,  
Of Oxford and of Cambridge Crews,  
On every think wot passes by,  
Continually arrests my heye.

'Taint only nateral for the gals  
To wear 'em, cos they loves fal-lals.  
But likewise all the t'other sex  
Got ribbons round their 'ats and necks.

There's colours nigh the 'andle tips  
Of all the cab and busmen's whips;  
And one or t'other bow appears  
As well about each oss's ears.

But bein of himparshal mind,  
Nor more to neither side inclined,  
I sports an 'atband for one Crew,  
With fogle of the rival blue.

And also to keep up the joke,  
Light Blue and dark on either moke;  
And every party passin' we,  
Applauds, and cries, "There goes them Three!"

But this 'ere time we three was right  
In sportin' dark and also light;  
Although we did it hall for fun:  
As neither on 'em lost nor won!

### Lessons in Massacre.

*(For Young Ladies.)*

How to smile, and murder while you smile.  
How to look die-away while busy in destroying.  
How to have a fellow's heart out of him in no time.  
How to be the death of any number of partners.  
How to cultivate l'œil assassin, in toilette de matin, de promenade, de voiture, et de soir, respectively.

*(Taught in easy lessons, by Mr. Punch, to such pretty girls as may honour him with their confidence.)*

MR. GREY MAYOR has been busy since breakfast learning by heart in his little study.

Those attached sisters EMMELINE and HERMIONE agreed at once to convert their daily rides into a source of intellectual enjoyment and improvement, instead of making them an occasion of frivolous gossip about parties, amusements, the milliner's art, and butterfly novels. Between canters, they repeat to each other alternately passages from their favourite poets and philosophers, both home and foreign; and now and again they rein up their steeds beneath the stately trees and read translations of some of the choicest examples of melody, diction, and profundity.

The young Ladies who are finishing their education under the eye of Miss DE CORAM, have voluntarily determined to devote the first half of the hour allotted for noonday recreation in the spacious grounds attached to Lawn Mansion, to questioning each other on the leading events in Grecian and Roman History.

ROWLAND TUXFORD is enchanted with the prospect. He is going again to Thistlebury, this next long Vacation, to read at the Vicarage, and foresees that it will not be distasteful to the eldest daughter of the house to listen to him, in their country rambles, while he pours forth long quotations from his favourite author—EUCLID.

### Our Novel Series. (To the Public.)

UP to the present time the successful competitor has been certainly MR. PL-MS-LL. We await with anxiety the first instalment of SIR W-LFR-D L-WS-N's contribution. We have not yet been put in possession of the title, but, from a hint that has been dropped in our Office, we fancy that we shall not be far out in announcing the name of the Novel in question as—

"O RESERVOIR: A STORY OF WATERLOO."

It will appear immediately after the Recess.





### THE ROUND OF THE STUDIOS.

*Esthetic Party (to Child of the House.)* "TELL ME, LITTLE BOY, WAS IT YOUR FATHER WHO PAINTED THIS EXQUISITE COPY OF ONE OF LUCA SIGNORELLI'S MOST EXQUISITE MASTERPIECES?"

*Child of the House (in great trepidation).* "BOO-HOO-OO-OO—I WANT NURSEY!"

### IN MEMORIAM.

#### Jane Elizabeth Senior.

*Died, aged forty-eight, at 98, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, on Saturday, March 24; Buried at Woking Cemetery, Monday, March 26.*

MRS. SENIOR, sister of THOMAS HUGHES, Q.C., and daughter-in-law of the late NASSAU W. SENIOR, was appointed by the RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES STANSFELD, President of the Local Government Board, first, in February, 1873, temporary Assistant Inspector, and in January, 1874, permanent Inspector of the Department, to inquire, and report, especially, on the female departments of Workhouses and Workhouse Schools, and the care and education of female pauper girls and the nursing of infants. She was forced by the illness of which she died to resign this employment in November, 1874. MRS. SENIOR was the first woman ever employed in such a capacity.

Nor for the bright face we no more shall see,  
Not for the sweet voice we no more shall hear;  
Not for the heart with kindness brimming o'er,  
Large charity, and sympathy sincere.

These are not things that ask a public pen  
To blazon its memorial o'er her name;  
But, that in public work she wrought with men,  
And faced their frowns, and over-lived their blame.

Yet never swerved a hair's breadth from the line  
Of woman's softness, gentleness, and grace;

### SOMEBODY'S ENGAGEMENTS.

DURING the Easter Holidays MR. GLADSTONE will deliver Addresses on the Burials Bill, the Permissive Question, and WILLIAM CAXTON.

It has transpired (through a keyhole) that MR. GLADSTONE is about to make his appearance in an entirely new arena of distinction. His spare moments are all devoted to the completion of a large oil painting (an Homeric Subject) which he will contribute to the new Grosvenor Gallery.

Immediately after the recess MR. GLADSTONE will hold a conference with the members of the Stock Exchange on their present position and future prospects.

MR. GLADSTONE is busy with a paper for the New Shakespeare Society on "SHAKESPEARE'S Political Opinions."

MR. GLADSTONE'S next Lecture to the Members of the Hawarden Mechanics' Institute will deal with that disputed question, "The Botany of the Moon."

One of the Friday Evening Meetings of the Royal Institution will probably be given up to a paper by MR. GLADSTONE on "Easter Eggs, and the Way to Hatch 'Em."

As President of the Hawarden Cricket Club, MR. GLADSTONE has undertaken to revise and remodel the Rules of that body.

"Pulpits and Preachers" is the attractive title of the Lecture which MR. GLADSTONE will deliver in Exeter Hall in May, to the Young Men's Mutual Edification Society.

MR. GLADSTONE'S journey to Sweden, to investigate the Gothemburg system as advocated by MR. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., is postponed until the summer.

Negotiations are pending with MR. GLADSTONE for an Address to be spoken on the opening of Her Majesty's Theatre.

MR. GLADSTONE'S next article in the *Enlightened Review*, will be on "Welsh Mammalia, including the Rabbit."

Letters from MR. GLADSTONE in answer to correspondents on Easter Dues, Churchwardens' Elections, the respective merits of Apollinaris and Taunus Water, the Folk-Lore of Hot Cross Buns, Deep-Sea Soundings, the rival claims of Scotch and Irish Whiskey, the exact meaning of Protocol, the proper pronunciation of IGNATIOUS, &c., will shortly appear in the public papers.

### Celebrities I Don't Want to Know.

THAT scandal-loving old sinner MRS. GRUNDY.  
DUKE HUMPHREY'S *Chef de Cuisine*.

The President of the Hanging Committee—Jack Ketch.  
And the Lion-Comique, the flatness of whose voice is only equalled by the staleness of his matter.

But brought from these an influence to refine  
Rough tasks and squalid, and there leave its trace.

Honour to him who in a sneering age,  
Braved quip and carp and cavil, and proclaimed  
A woman's fitness pauper needs to gauge,—  
In purpose strong, in purity unshamed.

For paupers too have sex: the workhouse walls  
Hold mothers, maidens, and girl-babes, on whom  
A woman's eye with woman's insight falls,  
Sees its own ways for sunlight to their gloom.

And so this noble and brave lady turned  
From glad life, luxury, and thronging friends  
That hung on her sweet voice, and only yearned  
To guide her holy work to useful ends.

But Death to Life begrudged her, striking down  
Her task unfinished from her willing hands,  
Leaving to women yet to come the crown  
Of her left life's-work, that for others stands.

Then lay and leave her in her quiet grave,  
Where the sun shines undimmed, the rain falls clear,  
And birches bend, and deodaras wave  
Evergreen arms of welcome o'er her bier.

### INTRA ET EXTRA.

THEY are talking about a newly-discovered *Intra-Mercurial Planet*. We are watching the last-discovered *Extra-Mercurial Planet*. It is called, "GLADSTONE."



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

*(Extracted from the Spirit of PEPPY.)*

Y! LORD DUKE OF RICHMOND did move for a Select Committee (*Friday, March 23, Lords*) to inquire into the powers of Commissioners of Sewers, Drainage and Navigation Boards, and how they might best and cheapest be set to work for hindering of floods, and storing of waters. Nor, indeed, before 'tis need thereof, now that both Thames-side, and so much of the Midland parts has been flooded till bodies have scarce had dry lying in the churchyards, and the spirits that belonged to them have been, as it were, but spirits-and-water at best. And, methinks, the Government is this time for shutting the door strangely soon after the stealing of the horse. Yet 'tis but a Select Committee; so that, I doubt not, it will be long enough before

they come to doing anything. Only if Englishmen were wise, methinks, between the plagues of too much and too little water, which is floods and droughts, they would devise means for storage of rains, and so letting either prevent the other. But, strange, how long it do take to get things first beaten into your Englishman's head, and thence beaten out again into act.

In the *Commons* a great stir as of a good bout of buffets looked for, and I in my place early, and mighty pleased at the buzzing about the lobbies and in the House. And most Members did put off their Motions, to make way for MR. FAWCETT, the blind gentleman that cannot see things in his way like another, and so will not be turned aside, but standeth the most sturdy to his point I ever did see. And I like him; for, indeed, there are few such: and a clear, strong speaker withal, and doth not see when men are weary or angry with his speaking; so hard to stop.

Only before he come to it was but dull talk of the two Members of Chelsea, for giving more Polling-time from eight in the morning to eight of the evening. Against which I can see no reason, nor have heard none; and methinks, now so many have votes, it is well all should have the most convenient time to give them, which is after four of the clock for most workmen. I well content the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER should grant a Committee on the matter; only mighty vexed by the delay of the brisker business looked for from this FAWCETT, that should raise the Eastern Question again to-night, for the last time of raising before Easter.

And at last SIR CHARLES DILKE got aside, but not easily, for he is one that loves to be talking; and no division taken, before FAWCETT come to his speech. And it do me good to hear one so downright in these over trimming and timid times. And do call a spade by its





## DOMESTIC TRAINING.

SOUTH OF IRELAND.

*District Visitor.* "WELL, MRS. MURPHY, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER HAS GOT A PLACE AS PARLOUR-MAID. DO YOU THINK SHE'LL BE UP TO THE WORK?"

*Mrs. Murphy.* "AH, THIN, WHY WOULDN'T SHE? SURE, ISN'T SHE USED TO THE WAYS AT HOME?"

name as plain as ever I hear; and did so handle this Eastern trouble that he did make it appear England hath played the most poor and pitiful part therein that Government ever had, showing how my LORD DERBY had passed his word to bring about better handling for the Christians under rule of the Turk, and thereunto had used brave, big words, only no force at the back of them; and so all is fallen into the hand of the Muscovite, that is for backing a word with a blow. And, for my part, for anything I do see or hear, I cannot see how the Turk is to be stirred otherwise. And so this brave, blind MR. FAWCETT did end by moving that Turkish promises of reform be useless without guarantees, and that the misrule of the Turk will continue till these guarantees be gotten.

And indeed I do myself well believe it is so: and would have voted for FAWCETT, had I been in the House, and would have had the House vote with him. Only the Government do carry it with a high hand, as having a clear majority of voices, and therein many more lovers of the Turk than of the Christians under his rule, and I did now see why they had stopped SIR CHARLES DILKE's mouth with a Select Committee, and so put off a division, that they might now force FAWCETT to one, as knowing he would be well beaten. Which my LORD HARTINGTON perceiving, said that he would not vote on such a division, though he did subscribe to MR. FAWCETT's speech and motion, only would not have it put now, since it said but what the Government stood to, so far as words go,—which is, indeed, as far as they stand to anything.

And MR. GLADSTONE did speak mighty well and to the same tune as MR. FAWCETT, only sharper and stronger and brisker and fiercer all at once, as is his wont: that it did stir me sometimes like the sound of a trumpet. And did say, well that the question he would have answered was, how long the words of Europe should continue mere words? A question which, methinks, all should wish to have answered, that see what is going on under the Turk. And did clearly show how the Turkish Christians do lie under our guard since our last war against the Muscovite.

And, after, one BUTLER JOHNSTONE did speak up for the Turk, so

stoutly that I wondered. And did prophesy how, perhaps, a few years hence, England and Turkey would be the only countries in Europe that would have Law and not Force to govern them. Which I did admire, for the boldest thing, I think, I did ever hear said by a man in his sound mind.

And after him one RYLANDS, a rough, rasping, northern man, that I do not love to hear, spoke his mind of SIR HENRY ELLIOT, and so did draw rebuke from a smooth young spark, one SIR HENRY WOLFF, but one that methinks do look and speak more like a lamb, only very hot for the Turk, and against MR. GLADSTONE, as one who hath held two minds and two tongues in this Eastern matter. And at last MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to his legs, and was for driving FAWCETT to division, after much and loud crowing over him, and those that went with him, that they durst not face an issue in the House; after whom one did move the adjournment of the House, and thereon a scuffling fight betwixt those that were for dividing and those that were for adjourning, till the House as like the bear garden on Bankside as ever I see. I oft-times looked out in the lobby, by reason of divisions, and falling asleep there was 'old for it by one of the constables, and so was fain to creep away with my ears hanging at nigh on three in the morning, and the House not up then, but still fighting.

*Saturday.*—Both Houses did sit a while this morning to clear up loose ends of business against the Easter holidays.

*Monday.*—My Lords did pass the Consolidated Bill through its various stages, for which piece of work five Lords, methinks, were enough.

(*Commons.*)—I do see the House is not like the Law, of which it is said in the books, "*de minimis non curat.*" For sure the House of Commons *curat de minimis*. Thus to-night was a long and grave question of a silly fop of a Clergyman that would have a little girl put away from the village school, because she bobbed not her curtsy to his wife. Which, though it were a pitiful thing in that foolish parson, yet, methinks, was yet more pitiful in the House to be making



question of. And so said my LORD SANDON, and would have Members come to the Offices to ask about such small matters; and so I think they were best do.

MR. FORSTER did ask a question of the persons it was proposed to amnesty for part taken in the Bulgarian business, wherein, after much writing of my LORD DERBY, is, as usual, no satisfaction, only no one to be heard of that hath yet been brought to account by the Turk, except poor Christian Bulgarians, that do come by cuffs from all, but most from the *Zaptiehs*, as they do call their constables, and must see their women beaten and wronged, and cattle taken, and houses burnt about their ears, and then pay their taxes twice over, and afterwards, if they grumble, be clapped in prison.

For the which the Turk do talk of giving them an amnesty, which do puzzle me.

Then the House to the Prisons Bill, which was stayed by two pestilent Irish Members, between whom hard to say if one BIGGAR, or one POWELL the more vexatious.

And at last, at one of the clock, BIGGAR did move to report progress, for that many on the Government Bench were asleep, which indeed was so, and I marvel not.

*Tuesday.*—To-night my Lords did break up to their Easter holidays; and, methinks, have well earned them, sitting as they will do oft-times for half-an-hour at a stretch, and not in a crowded house, and among merry company like the Commons, but few of them in a great room, and mighty dull, for the most part; so that, methinks, I do pity my LORD BEACONSFIELD.

In the Commons talk of new outrages by the Turk near Adrianople. Then a passage between MR. GLADSTONE and SIR D. WOLFE, touching the letter that the one had written the other in a newspaper, rebuking him for garbling words of MR. GLADSTONE's, to make it seem he had held two ways about the Turk and his doings. And SIR DRUMMOND WOLFE do hold it inconvenient that Members should be written to by Members, and between such would have only speech in the House.

Long talk thereon, and MR. GLADSTONE did give good reason why, to save time of the House, it were well sometimes to write to a Member in the newspaper rather than speak to him in the House, where is too much speaking already; and I am of his mind. And he did justify what he had written mightily well, and did show that he hath not kept two ways; whereat I am glad, for though he do talk and write too much, and on too many matters, I do love to see how stout and strong of heart MR. GLADSTONE is, and how ready to speak up for all poor and oppressed persons and causes that he held down, and most of all by the Turk.

Then further debate touching SIR HENRY ELLIOT, whom one RYLANDS, that I love not, but herein do see he spoke true enough, did charge as a friend of the Turk, and one through whom was little hope of any countenance being kept by us against the Turk's misdeeds, or of any bold calling of him to answer. And for all that MR. BURKE and MR. COCHRANE did maintain, I do think it is as RYLANDS do say, and that SIR HENRY ELLIOT must needs be more like to stroke down the Turk, than to rub him against the hair, seeing that has been his way for all the years he has been about the Grand Turk's Court. And so said GLADSTONE; and I see not how it can be otherwise. Only none do say other than that SIR HENRY is a mighty honest gentleman, and means well.

But we know the place that well-meanings do go to the paving of, and I do think, Turkey just now is, after that place, the bravest in the world for such paving, and SIR HENRY ELLIOT do seem well content therewith. But for walking on, I have always heard that the paving in Constantinople is the worst that a man need wish. And so, methinks, it will be, till some other than the Turk takes it in hand. And so the House up for its Easter holiday, with more words about the Eastern Question, that hath already had so many.

### A WONDERFUL WHISKEY.

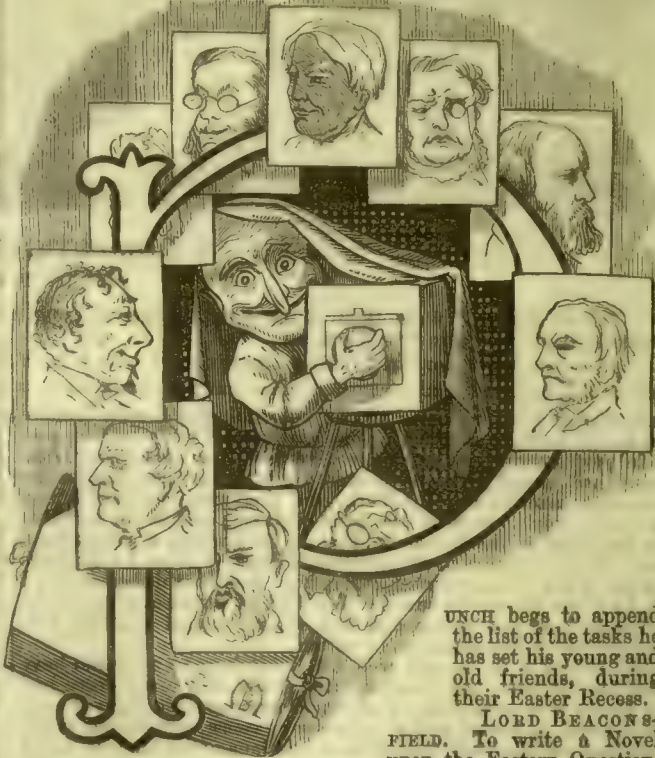
A REMARKABLY good thing in Whiskeys is offered by advertisement to the British Public, including, apparently, by implication the United Kingdom Alliance. We are informed that "it is recommended by the Medical Profession throughout the Kingdom as the pure and safe alcoholic stimulant." Also, that it "is thoroughly free from fusel oil, and every gallon guaranteed is equally pure." (The purchaser, then, had best see that his gallon is guaranteed, or that his smaller quantity has been derived from a guaranteed gallon.) A medical contemporary pronounces it "wholesome and pleasant." A second medical journal describes it as "a safe stimulant." A third avers that it is "very wholesome," and "may be safely used." A fourth declares it to be "invaluable as an alcoholic stimulant." A fifth calls it "the purest of alcoholic stimulants." A sixth terms it "an excellent dietetic stimulant." A seventh styles it "a safe stimulant." An eighth goes so far as to affirm that "all who value health should use it." By four several physicians it is characterised as the "purest whiskey I ever examined," "free from all injurious substance," "wholly free from all impurities,"

and "very wholesome and of fine quality." If these encomiums are merited, what a very different spirit the whiskey which has gained them must be from every other! Unless indeed it is really true that MYNHEER VAN DUNK was, as is related of him in the Temperance Glee, accustomed to preserve uniform sobriety on brandy-and-water, in the proportions of "two quarts of the first to a pint of the latter daily." In that case there may be imagined some comparison between the whiskey recommended by the Faculty as above, and VAN DUNK's brandy. Certainly a spirit so salubrious as that whiskey is made out might well challenge the denomination of *aqua vite*, or *eau de vie*.

The best of this eximious whiskey is that nobody can ever get drunk on it. This is what must commend it to the patronage of all the Temperance Societies. No Teetotaler can object to a whiskey which, though an alcoholic, is not an intoxicating liquor.

A whiskey with which you may brew the draught that cheers but not inebriates as well as you can with Kaisow or any other Chinese grocery, is well and neatly denominated "Encore Whiskey." By "encore," of course is meant capable of repetition, the same indefinite repetition as gingerbeer, soda-water, lemonade, sherbet, or any other beverage obtainable at a Temperance Tavern; if not repetition to the extent of absolutely unlimited goes. Your pitcher, or *Cruiskeen Lawn*, of this lovely spirit, may go ever so often to the well of the *Encore* water of life, not only without being broken at last, but without as much as finding its way "down among the dead men" under the table!

### HOLIDAY TASKS.



PUNCH begs to append the list of the tasks he has set his young and old friends, during their Easter Recess.

LORD BEACONSFIELD. To write a Novel upon the Eastern Question,

including a Chapter on Life in the Lords, with the Motto, "*Tadia Vite*."

MR. GLADSTONE. To furnish Three Volumes of Lay Sermons composed in the Pew for Delivery in the Pulpit, and a Supplement to the *Complete Letter-Writer* in Twelve Packs of Post Cards.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON. To put new points on all his old jokes for use in the next discussion upon the Permissive Bill.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. To stay a few days in Gothenberg, and try the effect of its Municipal Public hospitalities.

MR. CHAPLIN. To learn by heart "My Duty Towards my Neighbour." And to write a Theme, on the Passage "To Bear Myself Reverently and Lowly Before my Betters."

MR. WHALLEY. To share the apartment of his Friend, "the Unfortunate Nobleman," on Dartmoor, with a view to testing practically certain points of Prison Discipline.

DR. KENEALLY. To seek re-election at the hands of his Stoker and Poker Constituents.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT. To stay a few days with LORD HARTINGTON,



with a view to comparing notes on Bulgarian Atrocities and British Parties.

MR. WARD HUNT. To spend two days on the Dockyard Accounts, the same time in a tour of the *Devastation's* Engines, and the rest of his holiday in a series of Diving-bell descents to the wreck of the *Vanguard*.

MR. GATHORNE HARDY. To work a quarter of an hour daily for ten days in one of the most crowded Clerk's-rooms of the War Office.

LORD SALISBURY. To square his views on the Eastern Question with my LORD BEACONSFIELD'S.

THE EARL OF DERBY. To find the man most unlike SIR HENRY ELLIOT, to put in his place at Constantinople.

AND MR. PUNCH (the pleasantest task of all.) To forget Mr. BREGAR, and to have a week's respite from extracting Parliamentary Resence.

### STEAM ON TRAINWAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Such a friend of the Arts and Sciences as yourself will, I am sure, be pleased to hear how a locomotive driver should proceed when he takes his train round a curve.

Speaking of the late accident to the "Flying Scotchman," the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"There are two methods of running over a curve. Should the driver decide to use the first of these, he gets up a good pace and then, the moment the curve commences, shuts off his steam, opens his regulator, and so runs round the dangerous corner with a long, steady, easily-going stroke. Another method is, as the curve approaches to shorten the stroke of the piston, clap on full speed, and pass the turning by trusting more or less to the category of chances."

It is somewhat new for a driver to "shut off his steam and open his regulator," and so obtain "a long, steady, easily-going stroke" from his engine; but "to shorten the stroke of the piston!"

Old STEVENSON was sorry for the "coo," which might come into collision with his locomotive machinery. What would he say about the ass who has run thus dead in its face in the *D. T.*?

Should the *Daily Telegraph* ever publish an article on the colliding of two trains, I expect we shall be told how the two engines reared themselves high on their hind wheels and amidst a Vesuvius of steam and red-hot cinders struggled for the "back throw," whilst their respective trains awaited motionless the impending "telescoping."

I am, Mr. Punch, yours faithfully,

AN INDIGNANT PISTON.

### FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.

(By our Lazy Contributor.)

I SEND this in too late for this week. Stick it in the next. Lots of time. Capital race. Didn't see it. Tell you how. Called of course at 6 A.M. Delicious snooze in bed. *Mens conscia* of duty added the sweetness of stolen fruit to my slumbers.

Called again—names this time. LORD TOMMY's brougham at the door. TOMMY accepted my humble breakfast—coffee and pipes.

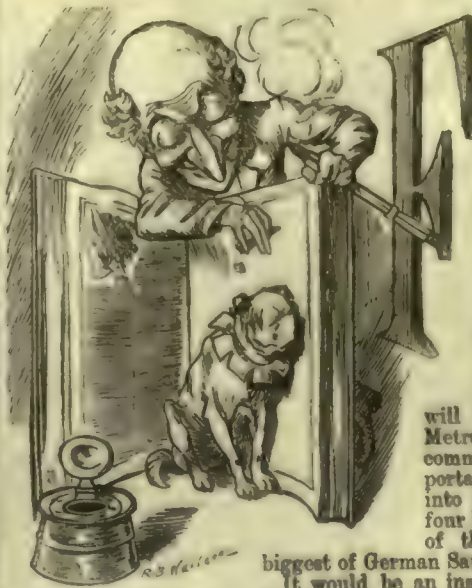
Off to Putney. Met the crowds coming back. Were told Oxford had won. Stopped to telegraph. Five minutes after heard Cambridge had gained the victory. Stopped again to telegraph. TOMMY paid, you know. On arriving at Putney knew for a fact it was a dead-heat. Bought the *Globe* detailing the race. How can these fellows get up so early? I couldn't. Arrived at Mortlake. Breakfast over. In time for lunch, though. Capital lunch. Champagne, with lots of servants to open it for you. Several pretty girls to do the talking. Went after lunch to see the boats. River bare. Towing-path absolutely empty. Might have been the day after. Flirted in the sun. More champagne. Back to town in TOMMY's brougham. Dined with TOMMY at his Club. More champagne. Hot Room. Dead Heat! and Dead Beat!! Couldn't write copy if I were paid double for it. Bed at last! I'll never get up so early again. Catch me at it!

### The Pew and the Pulpit.

UNDER this title we have been enlightened at the City Temple by the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. G., the Universal Referee, and others, as to what the Pulpit demands of the Pew, and the Pew of the Pulpit.

There does not seem much necessity to explain what the Pulpit requires of the Pew, as Pulpit generally has it all its own way, without giving Pew a chance of answering. But, perhaps, Pew might, if allowed a reply, demand soft cushions, easy backs, well-stuffed hassocks, and a fifteen minutes sermon.

### CAXTON IN THE CITY.



FRESH from the public meeting held at the Mansion House, in the Egyptian Hall, on Monday last week, Mr. Punch presents his compliments, together with those of the LORD MAYOR, to all citizens of the world in general, and those of London in particular, and begs to invite their presence at the CAXTON Celebration, which will be holden in this Metropolis next June, to commemorate the importation by that worthy into this country, some four hundred years ago, of the very best and

biggest of German Sausages.

It would be an insult to explain that CAXTON did not keep a ham-and-beef shop. The sausage he brought over from Germany was compounded of other than material force-meat. It comprised in *posse* all manner of food for the mind—instruction in every branch of Literature, Science, and Art, Religion, Morality, Philosophy,—*omne scibile*, in fact. CAXTON's wonderful German Sausage was the Art of Printing.

Where should we now be but for the Art imported by CAXTON? Where Moses was when he put the candle out. Where our forefathers were in the Dark Ages. What should we do without books to read? Read manuscripts, a few of us, here and there, chiefly Friars, who could get at them—the generality doing as their progenitors did, and very much as pigs do—doing without.

It is unnecessary for Mr. Punch to point out that CAXTON's posterity are more largely indebted to CAXTON than it is possible to compute. We owe him all our Bibles, and Prayer-Books, and penny papers—and mind, if we had never had our WILLIAM CAXTON, we never should have had our WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. There is a double bill to pay. The payment is to be rendered partly in compliment, partly in kind. The CAXTON Celebration will take the form of a public loan collection of his works, and of British and foreign antiquities and appliances connected with his art. The money, expected to accrue from this cosmopolitan exhibition, is to be invested for the benefit of certain of CAXTON's most worthy representatives—that is to say, decayed and aged Printers and Widows in connection with the Printers' Pension, Almshouses, and Orphan Corporation Asylum. "To secure an attendance commensurate with the national importance of the occasion," for thus in some part discharging obligations to CAXTON, Mr. Punch has the pleasure of inviting everybody who has anything worth being contributed to the Show, to send it, and especially of asking his fellow-citizens to subscribe their money and give their attendance at the exhibition, in the name of his and their common Ruler, the Great Lord Mayor of London and City King.

### All the Same Thing.

THE *Globe*, on the day of the Boat-Race, in its first edition, announced,—

Oxford, 1; Cambridge, 2.

In its third, "Dead-heat." But these are only different ways of expressing the same thing. No doubt the first announcement should have been read,—

Oxford won; Cambridge too.

We gladly acknowledge the *Globe's* ingenuity in combining apparent variety with its essential characteristic of being "all round alike."

### In for a Dig.

THE Great Chancellor has given his enemies a handle whereby to "cave a arf brick" at him. PRINCE BISMARCK proclaims himself strongly opposed to "Particularism." Thereupon hostile Jesuits and Ultramontanes can remark—"We knew BISMARCK was anything but particular."





## COMPLIMENTARY.

*Dreadful Old Man (who only believes in Professional Music).* "I HOPE YOU AMATEUR GENTLEMEN TAKE A REAL PLEASURE IN PERFORMING?"

*Chorus.* "CERTAINLY WE DO!"

*Dreadful Old Man.* "THEN, AT LEAST, THERE IS SOME COMPENSATION FOR THE TORTURE YOU INFLICT!"

## ON LONDON.

(Contributed by Mr. Punch's Own Victor.)

LONDON is the Lady of Creation. There are many men and women. There is only one Lady. London is also Light, and Wisdom, and Courage. The translation of London is "civilisation," also "truth," also "honour." Without London the world could not exist. Thus the world exists for London. Margate may be the Arm of the human race. Broadstairs may be a Foot. Manchester may be the Brain. But London is the Heart. Without a heart a man is a brute beast. Without London England would be nought. With London England is the whole universe! It is a great thought, but not too great for a Londoner.

On Good Friday the whole world eats hot-cross buns. A startling thought this, and yet true. Why does the whole world eat them? Because London does. London is the whole world. London is a living Temple of Fame, a breathing Jupiter, a real Hercules. In London the Unknown meets and conquers the Known, the Unseen scorns and subdues the Visible. Is this possible? Everything is possible to London—not only possible, but probable.

There are many coloured vehicles in London, called Omnibuses. These vehicles are crowded inside and out with great Thinkers. They move slowly, and sometimes the springs are not as supple as they might be. And yet these omnibuses are the finest carriages in the whole world. Scared sceptics ask "Why?" Because omnibuses are found in London!

A Crossing-sweeper is greater than the proudest King. The crowned despot loves war. The Crossing-sweeper asks only peace and coppers. One shuns the light of day. The other carries for weapons a broom and an armed conscience. Dirt is purer than dignity. The streets of London require sweeping. The Crossing-sweepers perform this honourable toil. When it is a fine day, they electrify the whole world by doing nothing! Nothing is the labour of Sages. Nothing is greater than London, and yet London is greater than everything! Who can understand this? Not a King

—not a knife-wearing Soldier—only a Londoner can understand this!

Last week the House of Commons adjourned for the Easter Recess. Unity is force, and yet division is strength. The Council of the Nation dissolves, and is as weak as a puny child. Why? Because the Council of the Nation is only strong in London. London is strength and iron and proved steel.

There are cabs in London. What a grand thought! London has cabs!

[At this point Mr. Punch, seeing no probable end of Victorious eloquence, despatched his Correspondent to Paris, where his efforts are likely to be better appreciated.]

## Cock-a-doodle-do!

"Yesterday the last turnpike trust existing between London and Brighton, a trust which includes the celebrated gate between London and Epsom called the 'Cock Gate,' at Sutton, received notice from the House of Commons that its existence is to end at a given date."—*Daily News*, Wednesday, March 28.

MOURN, misanthropes, who hid in pikes your head.

A last toll sounds your knell. Away you go!

The game-bird that faced Derby crowds is dead,

And o'er the Cock, that crowed o'er us, we crow!

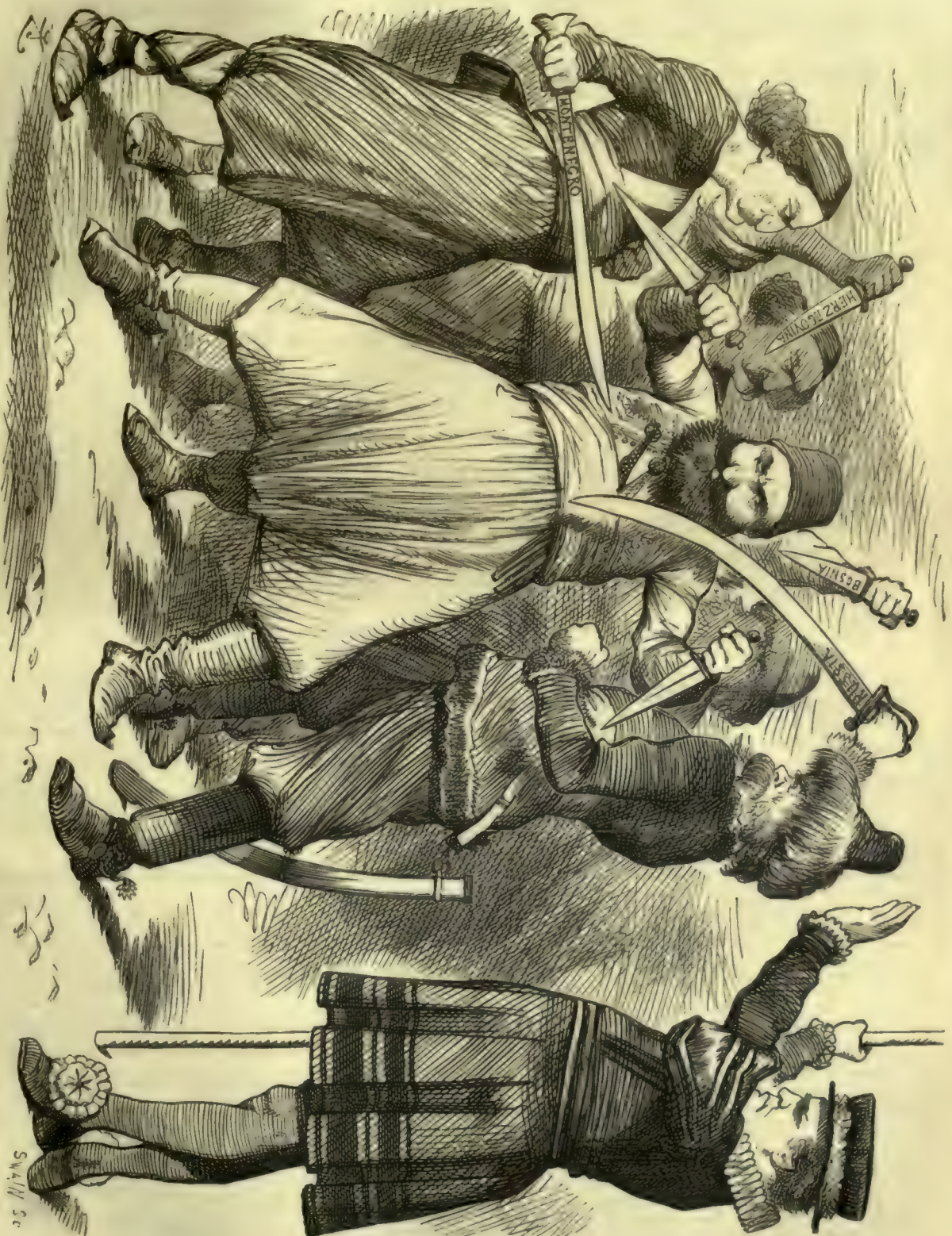
## Roasted Alive Oh!

In the advertisement for the letting of the Royal Holborn Amphitheatre we read that—

"Audiences of two and three thousand persons can be cleared in as many minutes."

—that is, in two and three thousand minutes. What would happen in case of a fire!





## A "CRITIC"-AL SITUATION.

*Enter BREEZYER.*

"IN THE QUEEN'S NAME, I CHARGE YOU ALL TO DROP  
YOUR SWORDS AND DAGGERS!"

*SHERIDAN'S Critic, Act III.*

[*BUT NO THEY!*]







## BILL BUNKIT AND THE MASTER-AT-ARMS.

*(A real Voice from the Engine-room.)*

BILL BUNKIT was a stoker, in a British man-o'-war;  
He could "slice up" with a poker, or shift a down-dropt bar;  
He was like a salamander, when before a fire he stood,  
And no tougher British bull-dog e'er breathed battle in his blood.

He could make a piece of gasket,\* he could knot, plait, splice, and point;

He could clean a fire, or feed one, or make or break a joint;  
He was light and merry-hearted, and obedient to command;  
Knew everything an A.B. should—to reef, and steer, and hand.

On deck he was no duffer, for the downhaul<sup>d</sup> he did tend;  
He was best oar in the cutter; good at bowline or at bend;  
A Turk's-head or a Tom-Fool's knot, to him was simply fun;  
The yard-arm was his station aloft; on deck, bow-gun.<sup>e</sup>

But, as nothing lasts beneath the sun, at length there came a change,  
And BILL BUNKIT he began to growl at all within his range;  
After fifteen years of service, his patience it gave way,  
And he swore he'd no more shift his rig<sup>f</sup> a dozen times a day.

"Now look 'ee here, our side," he said, as once off deck he came,  
Perspiring through his jumper,<sup>g</sup> and his forehead in a flame;  
"If this sail-drill rot was any use, I wouldn't care a cuss;  
But we know as it ain't, and so do they, to make things wuss.

"Nine times to-day we've left our work, and had to shift our rig—  
The first to cross to' gallant yards, the next to hoist the gig;  
And now that the darned scurry they call 'smartness,' may amuse,  
We're run to death, to drill at sails as the ship 'll never use.

"For fifteen year I've weathered<sup>h</sup> the defaulters' book and list,<sup>i</sup>  
But I don't no longer care a d——" (here he came down with his fist).

"They 'll neither let us stay on deck, nor let us stay below,  
And while the ship's work's all adrift, we're bound to help the show.

"I only hope JOHN BULL may not be sold another 'pup,'  
By being gammoned over, and his eyes with sails bunged up;  
To find at last, and to his cost, things mayn't be what they seem—  
For though our sails may show sky-high, our sailing's done by steam.

"We know the ship can't budge an inch with Engineers that's slack;  
And some folks would be delighted to catch us 'flat aback,'  
Which there's not a doubt within my mind they very quickly may,  
When the British Fleet depends upon no better men than they."

Then up came JOHNDY<sup>k</sup>, and he sez, "Did you mean that?"—"I did."

Ses BILL: "Quoth JOHNDY, 'Recollect, I've heard you term a 'kid' Your former second in command. Pray, Sir, how dare you laugh?" "Excuse me, Sir," said BILL, "the word warn't kid—but sucking calf."

"Explain yourself," he growled, "or, as you know I am a nipper, I'll plank<sup>l</sup> you straight at seven bells, and house<sup>m</sup> you 'fore the skipper."

"Well, Sir," said BILL, "from this one fact the state of things you 'll gather—

*The Junior Engineer, why he might 'a been his father."*<sup>n</sup>

Then Master-at-Arms he lays his hand on BILL, and sez, sez he,  
"The more that's true, the less it ought to pass 'twixt you and me,  
But blest if what you says is news. There's them as ships commands  
As knows no more of engines than waistlers or green-hands.

"We trust to steam till anchor's dropped, from the time as anchor's weighed:

And the less the sails is looked to, the more fuss about 'em's made.  
Blest if I see how skippers, now-a-days, their work 's to do,  
Unless, besides their seamanship, they studie stokin' too!

"There was a time, as I've heard tell, when Navy Captains bold  
Warn't no-ways swells like them as now sports Navy blue and gold.

<sup>a</sup> Stir up the fires with the slice or poker.

<sup>b</sup> I.e. when the bar drops into the ash-pit.

<sup>c</sup> Plait gasket for packing. <sup>d</sup> Jib downhaul.

<sup>e</sup> Stokers are foreyard men, and when gunnery is requisite, are stationed at the bow, and in small craft, at the pivot-gun.

<sup>f</sup> "Rig" is a term for dress, and a man going on deck must be in the rig of the day.

<sup>g</sup> Jumper, the blue or white frock. <sup>h</sup> Kept clear of. <sup>i</sup> Black List.

<sup>k</sup> The Master-at-Arms, the chief of the ship's police.

<sup>l</sup> "Planking" is bringing on the quarter-deck.

<sup>m</sup> "Bouse," haul up. <sup>n</sup> Truths stranger than fiction.

Sea-bears and sea-dogs they was called; chewed their quids and drunk their flip,  
And, in language, wasn't over nice ashore or 'board o' ship.

"And if Engineers is roughish, and Stokers blackish show,  
With polishin', I dare say, as their engines bright they 'd grow:  
Till with gun and ward-room officers their place they 'd take and hold,  
Nor, 'acoss they 're from the fire-hole, be kept out in the cold."

## THE BOLD BRITISH BALLAD.

*Being an Epistolary Preface to the Revival in these Pages of an Almost Lost Art.*



SIR,—I have long been under the impression that I was born to supply a want. True, that having been born, I do supply a great many wants—chiefly my own. But that is not what I was going to say—this is, and here follows my meaning. Sir, the fire of National Poetry is defunct—apparently, at least, it is out. Not so. It sleeps within this breast. The coal is still warm; let me but apply the bellows of the *Divine afflatus*, and once more the flame will blaze forth, and the sacred altars will be all aglow with the brightness of the True British Ballad.

Whence came this afflatus! "If you ask me, I will tell you." I dipp'd into DIBDIN, but 'twas not there; and, indeed, since the days, the glorious days, when [the *Ballads of the Baltic* appeared in your pages, Sir, the harp that once delighted the caboose and cheered the Hearts-of-Oak on a Saturday night at sea, has been unstrung, has been down a peg or two, and then up a peg or two, on the wall of my cottage by the sea. Well, your honour, I was roaming in maiden meditation, fancy free, down a street not a hundred miles from the Strand, when I saw a shop-window full of the good old Catnach Ballads! Four thousand of all sorts, shapes and sizes, with such illustrations! Sir, the price of these art-treasures was, need I say it, untold gold. To turn to my dear friend (who shall be nameless, or else he'd be bored to death with applications from— Well, no matter from whom; but I don't propose to kill the prolific goose until it's all oca with him), I say, Sir, to turn to my dear friend, and to borrow the sum requisite for the purchase of these Ballads, was but the work of a moment; in another, I was in the shop, addressing my purveyor of poems, and buying them by the metre—I mean, Sir, literally, by the yard.

Sir, I am going to favour the company with a few songs on this model. But I must first offer you a sample of the original, in order that the public, which has long been a stranger to *true* poetry, may see that the quality of poetry is not strained through cullenders; that it is not bound by any rules of rhyme, reason, or metre, but that, like Genius, it is unfettered, and, like Pegasus, it makes small account of its feet, seeing that it possesses wings, for flights of fancy. The specimen I will give you is from a soul-stirring ballad, entitled *The Gallant Poacher*, which commences with an invitation to—

"All you lads of high renown,  
That love to drink good ale that 's brown,  
That pull the lofty Pheasant down  
With powder, shot, and gun,"—





### A CAPITAL PLACE.

SCENE—Irish Steeplechase Course. Just Before the Race.

Veteran Sportsman (to Country Cousin). "BEGORRA, JACK, THIS 'UD BE OUR SPOT; WE'D BE APT TO SEE A CORPSE HERE!"

I go on, and I read on through the entire poem; but the inspired Bard—such is the evanescent character of true inspiration, here one second, and gone the next—never states for what purpose he invites the lads of high renown to come to him, though I gather from the song that it is in order to relate to them, for the benefit of the Poaching public, the life and death of his gallant hero.

There are six verses. I give you the last, as being *my* model in future, and as being a specimen of real unfettered genius in the plenitude of its magnificent liberty:—

"The murderous hand that did him kill,  
And on the ground his blood did spill,  
Must wander sore against his will,  
And find no resting place;  
Destructive things,  
His conscience stings,  
He must wander thro' the world,  
And ever feel the smarring thorn,  
But pointed at with finger of scorn,  
Condemned for to die."

There, Sir! Aren't you overwhelmed by its grand intense simplicity? TENNYSON! bah! BROWNING! pooh! Pigmies! SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES,—not to be mentioned in the same breath with the glorious Bard, who, with one dash of the hand could sum up the tortures of the Inferno in these two brief lines—

"Destructive things  
His conscience stings."

The use of the singular verb after the plural nominative is as forcible as it is remarkable. Again, is not

"Smarring thorn"

more than Shakspearian? To my great mind, which is gradually under this tutorship emancipating itself from the trammels of grammar—a difficult phrase to pronounce often, without calling it the "grammels of tranmar,"—I say to my great mind (I am having my waistcoats considerably increased to hold it), this ballad is the work of a Master Hand, guided by a Master Mind. Show me with

what termination, in this Triumph of the Unshackled, do the words, "world," "place," and "die" rhyme?

But to my task. Expect to hear from me again, and speedily, for I intend to tap the cask of inspiration, and present you with some of the real unadulterated stuff, and none is genuine unless signed thus, "B.B.B.B.," which means,

Yours gloriously,  
THE BOLD BARD OF THE BRITISH BALLAD.

### THE BORES ON THE SEVERN, AND ELSEWHERE.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND has prophesied the appearance of "A Bore on the Severn," in time for every one to get out of his way. This is really kind. If only other people who know all about the movements of "Bores" would do as much!

We give particulars of several Bores that were to be seen in London on that day, and of which timely warning might have been given.

Preachers who improved the occasion by an hour's oration.  
Leader-writers, who did ditto, to the extent of two columns and a half.

The CHASUBLES, who invited us to dine, and gave us salt fish and egg-sauce, with parsnips.

People who expected us to eat a horrible mass of warm dough and currants, called Hot Cross Buns.

MR. FITZWALTER RALEIGH, who seized the opportunity of an "off" day to read us his new Tragedy.

And, finally, the great herd of Bores, who met in Hyde Park to spout on some question they didn't understand, and prevented quiet folk from enjoying the Park.

NEW WORDS FOR AN OLD SONG.

Oh, the Roast Beef of New England!  
And oh, the New English Roast Beef!

THE REAL M.P. FOR GREENWICH.—Shri-M.P.



## THE UNIVERSITY TIE.

By an Enthusiastic Demi-Teinte.



When other scarfs on other necks,  
Their tale of tints shall tell,  
In harmonies whose nuance decks  
Blonde and brunette so well:

As *demi-teinte*, whose blue should rank  
'Twixt Indigo and Sky,  
This dead-heat I, at least, may thank,  
For Dark and Light-Blue Tie.

Each darling Cox, each glorious Eight—  
Their heads, their backs, their arms!  
How to decide by strength or weight,  
When both show winning charms?

As fairly matched all beauties in  
As beauties of your Blues;  
Thus only Cambridge ought to win,  
Thus only Oxford lose!

## A Disagreeable Alternative.

MR. HENRY IRVING contributes an interesting Shakspearian note to the second number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on the Third Murderer in *Macbeth*.

He says, truly, that there has been a great difficulty in accounting for this Third Murderer, and that some commentators have maintained he must have been *Macbeth* himself; and some (he might have added), more recently, the Actor who plays *Macbeth*.

## "THE SAME OLD GAME."

THE *Musical World* informs us that The ABBATE FRANZ LISZT has been invited to Loo by the KING OF THE NETHERLANDS. However, it is only, the paragraph states, "to the end of the month." So the Loo isn't unlimited.

THE EDUCATION "LEAGUE."—From making your own pinafore to the Sixth Standard.





### "IT'S AN ILL WIND" &c.

*Sporting Sub.* "I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE MY LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, COLONEL, FOR I'VE JUST HEARD MY FATHER'S HAD A BAD FALL OUT HUNTING."

*Colonel.* "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT! I HOPE HE'S NOT HURT!"

*Sporting Sub.* "OH, IT ISN'T THAT!—ONLY I WANT TO HAVE HIS HORSE!"

### THE BOAT-RACE OF THE FUTURE.

*(A Prophecy which Mr. Punch most earnestly trusts will not be verified.)*

It was the day of the Boat-Race. A bright, clear morning, with a glorious sun, reflected a thousand times in the smiling water! Great was the contrast between the weather and the crowd. The first was suggestive of everything that was fresh and innocent; the last recalled visions of Homburg, Baden-Baden and Spa in the bad old days of the cards, and spinning balls, and green-baized tables. "Unhappily, all the rascality of the stable had found its way to the banks of the river. The public were raving with excitement. Men, women, and children no longer cared for the pleasures of lunch, the charms of conversation, the amusement of the race itself. All hearts beat but to learn the answer to one absorbing question, had their bets been won or lost?"

Yes, it had come to this! The grand old University Boat-Race had been degraded by the love of play to the level of the lowest of sporting events. In 1877 (many years before) great complaints had been made about the matter. It had been said, then, that unless the conditions of the contest were altered, things would change from worse to worse; and that, corrupted by the pollution of London sporting roughs, sporting publicans, and sporting papers, the pleasanter features of the festival would give place to more and more hateful ones. It had been then suggested that the Race should be rowed at Henley or Bedford, or even distant Exeter. Nothing, however, had been done; and here more than ten years later, was the Boat-Race still on Thames waters, fouling and befouled. And had the prophets of ill-omen been borne out? Alas! a glance at the faces and forms around was enough to answer the question. When men forget to smoke, or eat, or flirt; when women care not whether or no they look their best, then indeed must both be lost to everything save the passion of play. And now the men were silent, cigarless, and *distracted*; the women were reckless in wearing the most unbecoming colours, the most ill-fitting gloves, the dullest and dowdiest toilettes.

It was but a few minutes before the start, when a shambling creature, who looked like something between a stable-help and a decayed churchwarden, made his way through the shouting throng to the part of the Grand Stand reserved for the University Officers, Heads of Colleges, and other Dons of the

most dignified orders. For many minutes he vainly attempted to attract the attention of a venerable Dean, who, betting-book in hand, was loudly offering the odds to two white-chokered Heads, a Proctor, and a Poker; for, sad to say, the betting fever had spread from Under-graduates' wine-parties to Fellows' Common Rooms. The shambling creature at last succeeded in attracting the attention of the venerable Dean, who hobbled towards him as rapidly as his advanced years would permit.

"What do you want?" he asked, breathlessly. "Unless it is something very important, I must not be disturbed. I have not nearly done all my hedging."

"You were very good to me once, Sir," replied the Tout, "when you got me leave to stay up, after the Master had ordered me down. You would scarcely believe, looking at my present degraded position, that I was once a Member of the dear old College."

"Indeed! indeed!" cried the Dean, impatiently. "I do not doubt your word for a moment. And if I was kind to you in the past, pray think no more about it. But I really must return, or I shall have no time to get my money well on. My book is a very heavy one;" and he sighed involuntarily.

"I have come to show my gratitude," continued the Tout, detaining the Dean by the button-hole. Then he whispered, "Take my tip, and put the pot heavily on Camford."

The Dean started, as in an undertone he replied, "But all the Sporting Papers declare that Oxbridge *must* win; and certainly I can personally testify to the superiority in strength, and excellence of style in their trials."

"Put the pot on the other side of the fire for all that," hissed the Tout. "They've been made safe, I tell you."

"But each man has had two doctors and a policeman in close attendance upon him ever since he came to Putney, and the boat has been kept under lock and key in Scotland Yard."

The Tout closed his left eye. "Bobbies and boys have been hoooused, horses and boats have been got at, before now. Put the pot heavily on Camford, I say again!"

"I will!" mentally ejaculated the Dean, as he rushed back as quickly as his great age would permit to the box on the Grand Stand reserved for the Heads of Colleges. He had scarcely been in his place ten minutes when the flashing oars of the two boats were seen coming round the bend into the last reach, amid a murmur that, as they approached, rose into a roar.

Oxbridge had been leading from the first. At Hammersmith she had two clear lengths in hand, and these two lengths had been increased by Mortlake to six. It was a dead certainty: the Dean, beside himself with excitement, in broken ejaculations from the Communion service, cursed the Tout who had put him in the hole.

Suddenly there was a mighty shout—the Oxbridge stroke let go his oar, threw up his arms, and fainted. There was another shout, and another and yet another, as Numbers Seven, Six, and Five followed their leader. At length the crew without exception lay doubled over their thwarts. Taking advantage of this strange *contretemps* the rival boat shot ahead, and passed the post an easy winner.

Again a mighty shout, which seemed to shake Mortlake, Putney, and the neighbourhood to their very foundations, told an expectant world that Oxbridge had been hoooused for the third time, and that Camford had scored one more victory.

And, as that shout arose, the venerable Dean might have been seen dancing all over the stand, as well as his age and some remains of a sense of his clerical character would permit; for he had followed the grateful Tout's advice, and had put the pot heavily on the winners.

As for the cleaned-out Heads, Proctors, and Pokers, they were cursing—also under the thin professional shelter of the Communion service,—and telegraphing to their various Bankers.

On them, and still more on the young men and women of the hideous scene, let us draw the curtain.

A BIT FOR BUNG.

A FIRM of mechanicians advertise "Lifts for Hotels." Who will invent lifts for public-houses, too many of which require elevation to the level of respectability.





## CAXTONIANA.

"I THAY, ADOLPHUTH, WHO THE DOOTH IS CACKTHTON THEY'RE GETTING UP ALL THITH MEMORIAL ABOUT?"

"CAXTON—CAXTON. KNOW THE NAME, SOMEHOW. OH, YEH, OF COURSE—AW'LY CLEVER FELLOW; BUILT THE KWISTAL PALACE, YOU KNOW."

## MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

BY OUR OWN REPRESENTATIVE RIDER.

\*.\* He informs the Editor of his preparations. The Editor begs to inform the Public that he (the Ed.) is not responsible for the scheme, and withholds his assent for the present.

SIR,—In a brief letter, two weeks since, I announced to you my intention of riding to Khiva. I knew that there was a large body among the public that would willingly pay my expenses by subscription to go away anywhere, and so why not to Khiva?

Now, Sir, I am perfectly aware, that CAPTAIN FRED BURNABY has made this ground, as it were, his own. And how? Because, forsooth, having ridden to Khiva, he made such a confounded fuss about it. A gallant exploit it was I admit, though I should be diffident in making the admission (however admission is free in this instance), as I myself rode to Khiva years ago; thought nothing of it, and said nothing about it. I took it in the day's work, and there an end.

But now the case is different. I must out-BURNABY BURNABY. He only rode to Khiva. I shall ride there and back. I shall keep you informed of my progress from time to time, either by special messenger or by private wire, which, with my own patented apparatus, I shall take with me in my side pocket. It occupies no space to speak of, and is paid-out like the Atlantic Cable. I am getting up a Company for it, and all shareholders, among whom I hope to number most of the Crowned Heads of Europe, will be presented with a beautiful engraved portrait of myself as the Russian Courier, dressed in *kremlin* (a peculiar sort of warm waterproof coat) and *kopeck* (a headress worn at night when travelling through the show, and tied under the chin with a small *mijout*—a kind of leather thong with a silver clasp). Before starting for a ride to anywhere, whether Khiva or Kidderminster, one thing is absolutely necessary, i.e., something to ride on.

Economy being the better part of valour, I have determined in

## DATED THE FIRST OF APRIL.

PRINCE VON BISMARCK having set the fashion of resigning on the First of April, the following resignations of the same date have been announced:—

MR. GLADSTONE. Resignation of his pen, and repudiation of Post-cards.

LORD BRACONSFIELD. Resignation of his Coronet, and retirement from the Leadership of the Conservative Party.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON. Resignation of the Permissive Bill, and withdrawal from comic oratory.

MR. WHALLEY. Resignation of the friendship of "the unfortunate nobleman," and the post of Inquisitor-General into the criminal acts and intentions of the Society of Jesuits.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT. Resignation of the supervision of Indian Finance, and retirement from the discussion of the Eastern Question.

LORD HARTINGTON. Resignation of the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of MR. FORSTER.

MR. FORSTER. Resignation of all claims to the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of MR. LOWE.

MR. LOWE. Resignation of all claims to the Leadership of the Opposition, in favour of MR. FORSTER.

MR. HOLMES. Resignation of the post of chief critic of Military Measures, for a Sub-Lieutenancy (on probation) in the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Light Infantry Militia.

MR. PLEMSOLL. Resignation of his seat for Derby, with a view to accept a Partnership in an "Unlucky" firm of Ship-owners.

MR. BIGGAR—

But here Mr. Punch draws the line—some subjects are beyond a joke. MR. BIGGAR, like potatoes, is one of them.

## Church over State.

To judge by the cool Address just submitted to the Archbishops and Bishops by a body of Clergy of the Established Church, headed by the Dean of St. Paul's, and including three other Deans, eight Archdeacons, and a Regius Professor of Theology, which demands for Convocation (the right to make laws for the Church, along with, but naturally, of course, over the head of, Parliament (the spiritual clearly ranking above the secular), the Church of England needs ridding not of one Tooth only, but a whole set.

view of the subscription list not being quite so full as I might naturally expect (it is not yet completed—and you haven't, I regret to see, exhibited it in your window in Fleet Street—why this delay?), not to purchase, but to hire. I forget the exact distance from here to Khiva. But one can't hurt much at eighteenpence an hour (half-a-crown for the first and eighteenpence for all the others—of course I take all the others and let some one else have the first), and a reduction will be made on taking a quantity.

I am off now to see about the horse. After that I must call in at Mr. A's, the costumier's, about my dresses. The Courier of St. Petersburg used to have at least six, one after the other, appearing in the third as Mr. Pickwick (spelt *Kjgkkjp* in Russian, which is spoken, as read, backwards, and takes some time to master), and finally as Apollo, but this is for a different climate.

I have got my saddlebags containing provisions, warming-pan (an article absolutely indispensable in the cold climate to which I am going), matches, saucepans, patent smokeless stoves, coals, and (by the kind permission of Mr. CHATTERTON), the red-hot poker out of the last Christmas Pantomime.

A semi-grand piano, fitted up inside as a comfortable bed-room, all complete, a store of American beef, a cellaret of beer, champagne (*Pommery* and *Greno très sec*, because it keeps dry in all climates), and a few other articles, the list of which would make this article unnecessarily lengthy, complete my Christopher—I mean my kit.

Directly the last subscription is paid in to my account, or a sufficiently good promise to that effect, be deposited with my banker in writing, but not till then, I am off, till which happy moment, believe me to remain here pluckily and dashing as ever,

YOUR RIDING REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. I re-open this to say that I think I've just met with the animal to suit me. A quiet, steady, handsome cob, fourteen-and-a-half by ten, warranted sound, at one-and-sixpence an hour, or to be sold, by the pound, or square inch. I'm to try him in Rotten Row to-morrow. Look out!



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BLEST, but too brief, eight days' repose!  
From Eastern Question Easter rest—  
From BIGGAR's snarl, and PARNELL's prose—  
Obtrusive bore, obstructive pest!

And if M.P.'s throw down their hands,  
And Ministers require relief,  
What must *Punch* do, who meets demands  
For weekly Liebig, oft *sans* beef?

*Punch*, who, besides the alchemic art,  
Wit from the witless to distil,  
Must play, perforce, the Showman's part,  
And use the puppet-mender's skill.

And after sifting from his lead—  
Tone's weight—the grains of silver rare,  
Must deal with many a wooden head,  
Now grievously the worse for wear.

Touch up the puppets high and low,  
Give point to patter, chant and chaff;  
And so turn out the puppet-show,  
That it may draw at least a laugh.

Wherefore, for the eight days' rest Easter has given him, *Punch* is truly thankful; and now returns to his weekly grind, like a giant refreshed.

Happier than their Essence-Extractor, Members were not bound to be back punctually by the day—why is there no Parliamentary devil to dog the heels of lazy M.P.'s?—so not more than a hundred had turned up when business begun at half-past four on *Thursday, April 5*.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE promised MR. FORSTER a speedy sight of the Protocol. We have all enjoyed that treat by this time, and found, as we might have expected, that it binds Russia to nothing, rather, indeed, may be said to bind the Powers in Russia, inasmuch as it commits those who have signed it to a joint profession of concern in the better government of the Christians under Turkish rule. The simultaneous declaration of COUNT SCHOUVALOFF—happy name!—promises a movement of demobilisation on the part of Russia, only in the event of certain very improbable "ifs" on the part of Turkey. And a declaration on the part of LORD DERBY declares that England is not to be bound by the Protocol, in the only event which can render action under it necessary, *i.e.*, if Turkey does not





## ECONOMY.

*Pat.* "AND YE SAY, IT I TAKE THIS ONE, I'LL SAVE HA'F THE FUUL! BEDAD!"—(struck with a bright idea)—"I'LL TAKE A PAIR OF 'EM—AND SAVE IT ALL—!!"

carry out the reforms she has promised—which she is not the least likely to do. A complete diplomatic *reductio ad absurdum* it would have been difficult for *Punch* to have hit upon in his most felicitous fit of parodying diplomacy.

South-Sea savages, when they are anxious to strike up an eternal friendship, change names. Let my LORD DERBY, in memory of this last happy-family alliance with Russia, take the name of "SHOVEL-OFF." For truly he has shovelled off the Eastern difficulty for the day—at all events; and sufficient for the day, he no doubt considers, is the Eastern difficulty and the shovelling-off thereof. The Protocol, *Punch* notes with regret, was signed on Saturday, March 31, not on Sunday, the first of April. April-fools would have been the very people to have marched in procession over the *Pons Asinorum*.

The House then went into the Prisons Bill, and MR. CROSS had a tussle with MR. PARNELL, who, *more Hibernico*, moved a clause, classing treason-felons with first-class misdemeanants, who are not felons at all. MR. CROSS finally agreed to the clause, with the Bull out, providing that persons convicted of sedition and seditious libel should be treated as misdemeanants of the first-class, which they certainly are, being, as a rule, of the class that ought to know better.

The moral of *Æsop's* well-known fable is that the trumpeters deserve heavier punishment than the rank and file. They will, under this clause, get better treatment. It is quite right for those who look on sedition and seditious libel as venial, if not laudable, diversions, to make provision for the comfort of those who may indulge in these amusements.

MR. E. W. SMITH made a clear, business-like, and well-digested speech in introducing the Civil Service Estimates to a thin House—of a score in all. Does the House want such an explanation, or does it not? After asking for it, Honourable Members might surely pay MR. SMITH the compliment of coming to hear it. The Honourable Member for the Book-stalls showed that, excluding the cost of Army and Navy, Collecting the Revenue, Education, and Contributions to Local Taxation—rather important exclusions, it is true—the cost of governing the country is less by £400,000 than it was in 1857. This reminds *Punch* of an embarrassed but easy-

going friend of his, who was always proving that if you excluded the cost of his wine-cellar and table, cigars, stables, gardens, tailors' and milliners' bills, children's schooling, travelling, and amusements, he was really spending, at least, twenty pounds a year less than he did ten years before, yet found himself every year getting deeper and deeper into difficulties.

The House then went into Supply, in which SIR CHARLES DILKE distinguished himself by moving to omit the cost of feeding the Deer in Richmond Park; MR. PARNELL, by opposing the Motion to Report Progress at half-past twelve, in the teeth of MR. BUTT, because an Irish Bill was coming which he wanted more time for obstructing; MR. M'CARTHY DOWNING, by pitching into MR. PARNELL, and MR. BIGGAR, by pitching into MR. M'CARTHY DOWNING; and lastly CAPTAIN NOLAN, by taking objection to MR. BENNET-STANFORD's coughing at him. Altogether the Home-Rulers are showing their Kilkenny cats' claws too soon—and in the wrong place. They should keep them for the Home-Rule Irish Parliament on Palace Green.

(Friday).—A night's talk.

1. The House talked about Gas Bills and Water-works. May *Punch*, some day, have to record that it has done something to give us better light and purer water, and more of both.

2. The House talked about Public Executioners, and Public Offices. What *Punch* objects to is, that the one should be turned into the other, as is done when clerks' rooms are allowed to become typhus-traps.

3. The House talked about the Commercial Department of the Foreign Office. Most people will be glad to know that there is a Commercial Department at the Foreign Office. We had thought that the Foreign Office left such low matters as commerce to the lower departments, such as the Board of Trade, and the East End Offices.

Lastly came the halfpenny-worth of doing to the intolerable quantity of talking, when MR. CROSS brought in a Bill to boil down sixteen Factories and Workshops Acts into a hundred clauses. Could not the Bill be entitled Liebig's Extract of Factory Acts?



## A VISION OF ACCLIMATISATION.



EDWARD WILSON, in a paper read some months ago at a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, treats acclimatisation, in its more general aspect. MR. WILSON views the problem somewhat enthusiastically, and considers that the command given to NOAH, 'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,' conveys by implication a direct order to take the work of acclimatisation in hand. . . . But it might, perhaps, be possible to acclimatise in England the beautiful little green and yellow Australian parrot which has of late years been such a favourite in English homes. . . . What prevents an effort to add to our domestic poultry the savoury and easily-bred curassow and guan; why should the quail and the prairie-hen be unknown on our downs;

what forbids the rearing of flocks of llamas and vicuñas?—*Daily Telegraph*.

MR. PUNCH,

I've been reading my *Telegraph*. Excellent paper, no doubt, Only rather too nuts on big words, which do put a plain body about. And I nodded and napped o'er a leader on something as ended in "ation."

Let's see—'twas a double "c"—ah, I've got it, a-c-c-l-i-m-a-t-i-s-a-t-i-o-n!

It seems there's a party named WILSON, a lively Colonial chap, Whose notions had got in my noodle before I indulged in that nap. He holds that "Be fruitful and multiply" means that our duty is clear

To bring in beasts and birds from abroad, a transition which strikes me as queer.

Well, I dropped off to sleep, as I say; and, good gracious, the visions I had!

Which I don't think I've been to the Zoo since I fed the brown bears as a lad.

But the Regency Park broken loose, Sir, with Jamrach's all out on the spree,

Plus NOAH'S Ark emptied, warn't nothing to what in my visions I see!

MR. WILSON lets monkeys run loose in his garden—I'd shoot 'em or trap 'em—

But Gorillas was lambs to the creatures as larked in my garden, at Clapham.

Young crockydiles splashed in my pond, Sir, and gobbled my goldfish like fun;

While a Grizzly had climbed up my flag-staff, and wouldn't be bribed with a bun!

If I have an aversion, it's Snakes (though they say they're like chicking when cooked);

And a thing, like six yards of green spangles, his tail up my poplar had hooked,

While he dangled below like a S, in a way as seemed playful and mild,

But which scared the Nuss into hysterics and druv little TOMMY half wild.

I casts a wild eye at my poultry-run. Bless you, behind its trim pales

There was twenty young Ostriches tramping, and feeding on pebbles and nails.

And there, in my paddock, where Blossom, the gentlest of Alderneys, grazes,

A Buffle, with two six-foot horns, was rampaging and rooting the daisies.

My rabbits and pigeons were banished by monkeys and squalling macaws,

And where my boy's "moke" had been tethered a Zebra was snapping its jaws.

In fact, Sir, both in-doors and out, 'stead o' creatures familiar and tame, There was nothing but quadrupeds queer and rum birds I'd be sorry to name.

Well, I woke with a jump, and no wonder. "But this is mere dreaming," says you.

Why yes. But if parties like WILSON ain't dropped on, sech dreams may come true.

"Replenish the earth!" Very proper; but not with strange varmint, say I.

Let each land keep its own, and, if that isn't Nature, I'd like to ask why?

I know these acclimati—thingummy parties of old. It was they As wanted to make us eat horse, snake, and oyster. That game didn't pay;

And now they'd have apes in our gardens, and shrill parroquets in our parks.

Curassows and guans for poultry! No fear, while we've chickens and larks.

Their Llamas, Vicuñas, and similar crackjawish creatures may do For far furrin parts; but our Shorthorns and Southdowns 'ud make 'em look blue.

Let us stick to our own native produce, Acclimatisation's all fudge; At least, Mr. Punch, them's the views of

Yours faithfully,  
JEREMY BUDGE.

## "SHAKSPEARIAN NOTES."

(A suggestion, in dramatic form, made to MR. HENRY IRVING by a First Utility Gentleman, who has read his learned paper on "The Third Murderer in Macbeth," in this month's number of "The Nineteenth Century.")

THE question is, "Why were there three Murderers for Banquo when Macbeth had previously commissioned only two?" MR. IRVING has his view of the matter; it is a neat conceit. I have my view of the matter; it is a practical explanation. I have only to add, Sir, that but for the jealousy and spite of some parties who shall be nameless, and ought to be fameless, I, Sir, should long ago, ere this, have topped the pinnacle of my dramatic ambition, and have been billed all over the Metropolis and the provinces as *The only Legitimate Tragedian*. But no—I will not detain you further, Sir—a time will come,—it hasn't yet, but it will,—till then I am, till "this too solid flesh shall melt,"

Thine as thou usest me,

CHARLES, YOUR FRIEND.

P.S. I assume in the subjoined dramatic suggestion that *Macbeth* was produced before SHAKSPEARE was BURBAGE's partner in management. If there is anything wrong with my view of facts, why, Sir, as the late MR. DUCROW used to observe, "so much the wusser for the fact."

Now then, walk up, walk up, and see:—

## HOW THE "THIRD MURDERER CAME TO BE INTRODUCED INTO MACBETH."

SCENE.—*The Stage of the Globe Theatre. Date, 1600. A rehearsal of "Macbeth" is just over, and the Manager and the Author, MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, are standing together. The Company is not yet dismissed, as the Prompter has requested them to stop until he has ascertained what time the piece is to be "called" for to-morrow.*

MR. William Shakspeare. Marry, come up! but my piece seemeth in a fair way to make a hit. The rehearsal went uncommonly well to-day, BURBY, eh?

THE Manager (dubiously). Yes. I think you'll have to cut the witches and the cauldron after the first night. We don't want 'em to "guy" the piece in the first scene, and call for "Hot Codlins," as 'twere a Christmas Pantomime.

MR. William Shakspeare. P'fakins! my dear BURBY, if they do but their witching gently, there'll be no pantomime in it, I warrant ye.

[BURBAGE shakes his head. At this moment a seedy looking person, with a strip of paper in his hand, approaches MR. BURBAGE deferentially, but with the constrained air of one acting under a painful sense of duty. He meets MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE's affable smile with a scowl of the most intense resentment.]

Burbage (to seedy individual). Now then!—I mean marry come up, TYMKYN. What is it?

Tymkyn (presenting the strip of paper to BURBAGE). By my halidome, MASTER BURBAGE, I must ask to be relieved of this part.

Burbage (putting his hands behind his back and eyeing the strip of paper cautiously). What's this?



*Tymkyn.* B'yr Ladye, Sir, and you do well to ask. *This is what Mr. SHAKESPEARE, Sir, calls a good part, I suppose (with an indignant glare at Mr. SHAKESPEARE). It may be good enough for him who can't do nothing much above Ghostesses in his 'Amlets and such like, but it won't do for TYMKYN, Sir. (With dignified pathos.) I have played, to oblige you, Mr. BURBAGE, many a bad part since I've been in your company, and I've seen the fat given to others for the asking, but b'yr La'kin, never have I played such a bad part as this, and—and—(stifling his emotion) I beg to be relieved of it. Give it to the call-boy, or one of the dressers, but I have a position in this theatre, and by the merry maskins, i'fakins, and gadso, I mean to keep it!*

*Burbage (in a conciliatory tone).* Well, well, I've no doubt Mr. SHAKESPEARE can write it up a bit. Eh? *(Turns to Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE).*

*Mr. William Shakspeare (dubiously twiddles his moustache and twitches the tuft on his chin).* Hum! Well, you see—the piece is written—and to interpolate now would upset the whole thing. Besides *(determined not to yield if he can help it)* the part is really a very good one.

*Tymkyn (superciliously).* Not a length, Sir. I am only "The Attendant."

*Mr. William Shakspeare (slightly bothered).* Well, there's not much to say—but, in a drama of this nature, the doing is more important than the saying. Besides *(with the gleam of inspiration),* you are on the stage most of the time.

*Tymkyn.* Once, in the stage directions, Mr. SHAKESPEARE.

*Mr. William Shakspeare.* But *(to Prompter)* give me my manuscript. *(Prompter hands it to him. He refers to it.)* Ah! I thought so. *(He had forgotten when the Attendant had to appear.)* You are on in Act iii., Scene 1,—a most important situation. You have to say—

*Tymkyn (with a smile of ineffable scorn).* One line, Sir; only one line, and that *(with inexpressible contempt)* as a mere feeder for Macbeth.

*Mr. William Shakspeare (shifting his argument).* But immediately afterwards you usher in the two Murderers—the most intense scene in the play.

*Tymkyn (with well assumed indifference).* Perhaps so, Sir. I have not seen it, as I am at once ordered off the stage by *Macbeth*, and told to stay outside the door until he and the two Murderers call for me. And—allow me to add, Mr. SHAKESPEARE,—I don't know whether it were a'noversight on your part or not, but *(in a tone of the deepest injury)* they never do call for me. *(Stifles his emotion, and resumes.)* The consequence is, Sir, that I do not appear again.

*Burbage (half aside, to SHAKESPEARE).* You know you do want a good man in the Attendant's part. TYMKYN 'll do it for you, if you just give him a line or two more, and bring him on again with a line or two. You know he can speak the lines if you give 'em to him. Marry come up, WILL!

*Mr. William Shakspeare (meditatively).* I might make him a Fourth Witch.

*Burbage.* Now, by my halidome, that shalt thou not! No more of your aointed witches. No, no! Rather have another Murderer.

*Tymkyn (overhearing and catching at the idea).* Ay, by'r La'kin', and give me a fight with *Bango*, or whatever his name is. I have friends, Sir, in front, who expect somewhat from RALPH TYMKYN—and sturdy knaves, too, I warrant you, whose hands are as horny for clapping, and their throats as potent for hissing, as their neighbours'.

*Mr. William Shakspeare (after considering the M.S. attentively).* 'Tis well, MASTER TYMKYN! Thou shalt have thy lines *(colloquially).* I'll bring you in, as Mr. BURBAGE has suggested, as a Third Murderer. I'll give you some first-rate bits—short, but telling—and we'll arrange the business of the fight at rehearsal.

*Tymkyn (determined not to lose his opportunity).* I'm up to all sorts of combats, and, if necessary, can go through two or three traps. We've got one here that was used for the *Grave-Digger* in *Hamlet*, and b'yr leave.

*Burbage (hastily).* Nay, nay, MASTER TYMKYN, trap me no traps 'till Yule-tide be come again, and we play a Mystery. *(Dismissing him.)* You'll have your part with the new matter to-morrow.

*(Looks towards WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who is already seated at Prompter's table busily engaged in altering Sc. 1, Act iii., so as to introduce the Attendant who is to 'double' the part of the 'Third Murderer.' SHAKESPEARE looks up for a second, nods assent, then resumes his work.)*

*Tymkyn (saluting Mr. BURBAGE with much courtesy).* Give ye good den, MASTER BURBAGE. *(To Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)* And you, too, MASTER SHAKESPEARE. Give you good den, Sir. *Sola! sola!* *(Exit strutingly.)*

The next day at rehearsal, MASTER RALPH TYMKYN was presented with a part carefully written out in the largest and roundest hand, extending over three pages, and containing several additional lines for the Attendant, who thenceforth doubled the character of the Third Murderer.

## A SAILOR'S FRIEND.

THE subjoined paragraph of news may suggest a reminiscence to some of the elder readers of *Punch*:—

"THE SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY.—THE PRINCE OF WALES has sent a subscription of £50 to the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society (late *Dreadnought*), Greenwich, through His Grace the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND."

A woodcut extant on one of *Mr. Punch's* preceding pages is also engraven on the memory of patriarchs. They remember LERCH's representation of the PRINCE OF WALES as a sailor-boy, on tiptoes, presenting a British Tar with a glass of grog. That was a donation, suitable to the years of His Royal Highness, in testimonial of his kindly consideration of poor JACK. Another as suitable to his present position, is this contribution to the funds of the Seamen's Hospital Society, which justly needed it, and are still open to liberal enlargement at the hands of all disposed to emulate a princely example.

## Death Kept at Arm's Length.

A LINE has clearly been dropped out of the following advertisement:—

DO NOT UNTIMELY DIE!—BLANK'S STOMACH MIXTURE. Bowel Complaints cured with one dose; Typhus or Low Fever cured with two doses; Diphtheria cured with three doses; Scarlet Fever cured with four doses; Cholera cured with five doses.

The last line (to match with the first) must have been—

"Death cured with six doses!"

## An Ill-used Sovereign.

GARTER King-at-Arms has been down at Windsor removing the insignia of the penultimate Sultan from among those of the Knights of the Garter.

Is it possible they are not going to put up those of his reigning successor?

What did ABDUL-AZIZ do to deserve this honour, that ABDUL-HAMID has done not to deserve it?

## An Odd Want.

"WANTED, a Young Woman, to wash pots: to live in."—*Manchester Guardian.*

WE have heard of an advertisement, "Wanted, a Hermit," but we did not expect to see an advertisement, "Wanted, a Diogenes—Female." What can she be wanted for? To go about with a lantern looking for an honest Manchester man?

## A Long Look Ahead.

THE Mayor and Town Council of Luton, in their address to the MARCHIONESS OF TAVERSTOCK on her marriage, expressed the hope "that her most noble consort and herself might witness the transmission to remote posterity of the illustrious honours of their great ancestral house." This is pushing their hopes very far indeed into the future.

"WHICHEVER YOU PLEASE, MY LITTLE DEAR."

MRS. MALAPROP writes to ask us to explain the difference, if any, in the meaning of two phrases she often sees in her paper; viz., "The question of the Eastern Position," and "the position of the Eastern Question." [*Punch* must decline the attempt. There is no difference, in one respect. Both are equally puzzling.]

## A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER IN DAHOMEY.

SINCE the capital of Dahomey is Abomey, [suppose the country were re-christened Abomey(i)nation?

FROM THE ERA.

THE VOKES Family advertise their "Spring Tour." As if it could be anything else!

THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT.

APT quotation for the "Member for Jerusalem"—"Write me down an Ass."





### FLIPPANCY PUNISHED.

THE CIMABUE BROWNS, AND THEIR FRIENDS, FORM ONE OF THE NICEST AND MOST ARTISTIC SETS IN BROMPTON, BUT THEY HOLD ALL THINGS MODERN IN CONTEMPT, ESPECIALLY MODERN MUSIC. ONE EVENING GRIGSBY VOLUNTEERS TO SING THEM WHAT HE CALLS A "FLORENTINE CANZONET OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY," BUT WHAT IS IN REALITY A MAUNDERING IMPROVISATION OF HIS OWN, IN A MINOR KEY, WITH MOCK ITALIAN WORDS OF THE MOST IDIOTIC DESCRIPTION, ALSO INVENTED BY HIM ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT. THE EFFECT IS MAGICAL, TEARS FLOW FREELY, AND AN ENTHUSIASTIC ENCORE GREETING THE PERFORMER. UNFORTUNATELY, THE PERFORMANCE BEING AN EXTEMPORE ONE, HE CANNOT REPEAT IT, AND IS MUCH EMBARRASSED BY THE SUCCESS OF HIS FEEBLE JOKE.

### "ARCADES AMBO!"

SCENE.—A wooded valley in Arcadia with a view of rich pastures in the distance. Trees recently cut down in the fore-ground. English Shepherd discovered writing with extreme rapidity. To him enter Foreign Shepherd, leisurely.

*Foreign Shepherd.* Good day, busy Shepherd! You see I have come to join you for awhile, in hopes, under your kindly guidance, here to steep my soul in the refreshing balm of pastoral retirement.

*English Shepherd (hurriedly).* Glad to see you! but really I am so very busy. Should prefer answering inquiries by post-card.

*Foreign Shepherd.* Much-troubled Shepherd, you surprise me. I had imagined Arcadia the land of leisure.

*English Shepherd.* Ah! a vulgar error, I assure you. But as you are a stranger, I will try to spare you five minutes. Now then, what can I do for you? Is there anything you want information about—guidance—encouragement—give it a name?

*Foreign Shepherd.* Allow me first to give you my own—BISMARCK.

*English Shepherd (politely).* Prince! A thousand pardons! I had not recognised your Highness. I need scarcely say that I shall be only too delighted to give you any information you may require about this new scene—this land not of lotos-eating, but of laborious leisure, where it is *never*—rather than *always*—afternoon; at least, never after post-time.

*Foreign Shepherd.* Thanks! First, then, as *Hamlet* says, can you play on this pipe, and teach me to do the same?

*English Shepherd.* Theoretically I can do both, but perhaps you had better wait till my essay on the subject—written for the *Twentieth Century*, the Magazine of the Future—is published. In it I have gone into the matter of piping, and the varieties of *syrix*, *tibia*, and *adonis*, with their different musical modes, rather deeply. I think you will find my authorities tolerably complete, and my deductions from them satisfactory.

*Foreign Shepherd.* I doubt it not, Shepherd. Next, can you put me up to anything in the breeding and care of sheep, and the shearing, and fattening, killing, and cooking them?

*English Shepherd.* I have touched upon all these matters incidentally in an excursus I am writing upon "the Pastoral Life and its Occupations," to be printed in the appendix of my treatise on "The Moon, and how to get there, with stray thoughts upon Balloons and the Electric Telegraph."

*Foreign Shepherd.* May I ask how you manage your own flock?

*English Shepherd.* Nay—my days of practical Shepherd-life are over. I am so busy with other matters, that I have pretty well lost sight of my late sheep.

*Foreign Shepherd.* Busy! Not with that most wearisome of all work—politics—I hope?

*English Shepherd.* I came here, like yourself, to avoid it. If I write a score of political pamphlets in a year, or deliver as many political speeches in a month, it is quite as much, in *that* line, as I can find time for. No. I have turned over my crook to my excellent young friend, HARTINGTON. A few hints a day about the leadership of the party is the limit of my interference. You see he must learn to walk alone. In fact I am too old for political work. I am here to enjoy, ease with dignity, and a due allowance of letter-writing.

*Foreign Shepherd.* My case to a nicety, except the letter-writing. And how do you get through your time? Sleeping under the trees,—"Tityre tu patule"—eh?

*English Shepherd.* Well, no, not exactly. You see I am rather fond of wood-cutting, and should have made short work, ere this, with most of the timber in Arcadia, had not the native Shepherds, with less taste for strenuous occupation, violently interfered.

*Foreign Shepherd.* Dear me! I had thought that the inhabitants of this charming country were the peacefullest of people.

*English Shepherd.* Well the fact is, we don't quite suit each other. They actually got up an indignation meeting the other day to protest against what they call my "restlessness." I made





“ARCADES AMBO!”

PRINCE BISMARCK. “AH, YOU DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE ME IN ARCADIA—NEIN?”

RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. “O, YOU’LL NOT FIND IT AT ALL DULL! LOTS TO DO! LOOK AT ME!!!”







a speech six hours' long, wrote four pamphlets, and entered into a correspondence with six daily papers to show how little ground there was for the charge. In the little game of pen and ink I soon tired 'em all out; but this threw my private letters into arrears. As soon, however, as I have brought up my correspondence, I hope to get back to my axe again.

*Foreign Shepherd.* Do the Arcadians ever dance?

*English Shepherd.* They did. The first day I joined them they wanted me to step a measure. In answer to their invitation I delivered a lecture, in two parts, upon dancing from the earliest days, illustrated with extracts from the Classical Authors. The delivery of that took me only a summer's day, but the Arcadians are a superficial people, and easily tired. They flatly refused to hear "Part Two," which I had reserved for the day following.

*Foreign Shepherd.* And pray how do you employ your time when not writing or wood-cutting?

*English Shepherd.* My leisure.—Oh, in the most delightful manner. I rise early to call the larks and look after the early birds in their pursuit of the worms. Then I give the wood-nymphs a field lecture on Botany; or may drop in upon Pan for a discussion of the music of the Past, the Present, and the Future; then I am putting into a form borrowed from the *Cynaetica* of XENOPHON a little catechism of Hunting in its various branches, for the use of Diana. By this time it is the hour to sit down to my regular work. First I dispose of my rather miscellaneous outer-world correspondence. Here is the list of subjects I have to write upon to-day, alphabetically arranged. Acrobatic performances, Butterflies, Cape Horn, Damson tart, Early potatoes, French polish, Geography of Eastern Australia, Hams, Insurance Companies, Jelly, King-fishers, Lent customs, Mormon history, Negro melodies, Pepper, Queer Street, Rope-rigging, Steam, Tide-waiters, Umpires at boat-races, Vehicles of the early Greeks, Warts, Xerxes as an organiser, Young Gentlemen's school-hampers, and Zanoni, in relation to MASKELYNE and COOKE's entertainment. Next—But a thousand pardons, your Highness, my promised five minutes are consumed, and I must hence.

*Foreign Shepherd.* Whither away, strenuous Shepherd?

*English Shepherd.* In search of atrocities amongst the Satyrs.

[Exit hurriedly.]

*Foreign Shepherd (smiling).* I wonder if there will be room in Arcadia for both of us!

(Scene closes in.)

## POULTERERS AND POACHERS.



NATURAL History, of course, during the Easter recess, turned up in the papers. One Correspondent announced that he had heard the cuckoo, another the nightingale; others had seen martins and swallows.

"OBSERVER," in the *Times*, said that he had observed golden orioles on the grass in Hyde Park. A subsequent letter-writer stated that his attention had been attracted there by some wheatears, and suggested that "OBSERVER" had mistaken

them for orioles; as though wheatears and orioles were birds of a feather. Can the wheatears so-called have really been, yellow-hammers, or green-finches, or large tom-tits?

However, in Hyde Park, both wheatears and orioles, if rare, would yet have been seasonable. Not so the birds seen by another *Times* Correspondent, "A NATURALIST," in sundry poulterer's shops, birds par excellence, partridges. Ay, and moreover, capercaillie, black game, ptarmigan, pinnated grouse, quail, golden plover, lapwing, wild-duck, widgeon, pintails, and teal—the Wild Birds' Protection Act notwithstanding.

The ptarmigan probably came from the North of Europe, the pinnated grouse are Yankees, but whences were the widgeon, teal, wild

duck, and the other wild-fowl? And above all, whence the partridges? Perhaps some poulterer may be penman enough to explain. On the first of February, say the Almanacks, "Partridge-shooting ends." Does it? Perhaps it does, and perhaps partridge-netting begins. What say the poulterers?

Everybody knows that the birds above enumerated ought all at this time to be hatching their eggs, or foraging for their young, and not hanging up for sale. Also, that to eat birds at breeding-time is the way to exterminate them and destroy food. Poaching, always bad enough, is, during the close months, too bad. It would have been scorned by the genuine old poacher, the burden of whose song was:—

"'Tis my delight, of a shiny night,  
In the season of the year."

But your poulterers' poachers poach without limitation by the season. They poach, as zealous pastors preach, in season and out of season.

The poulterers will perhaps say that their poachers poach out of British bounds. In that case it may be worth while to consider LORD COLVILLE's question in the *Times*:—

"If no other method can be devised for stopping this illegitimate traffic, would it not be desirable that a Bill should be passed through Parliament entirely prohibiting the sale of any game, protected by British Game Laws, after the expiration of the time during which such game may be killed?"

In a quaint volume, composed in pre-scientific days, an old English writer, to account for the simultaneous appearance of birds of passage all over England, gravely broached the speculation that they descended from the moon. If poulterers could prove that their shops were supplied from our satellite, then indeed, perhaps, they might plead some justification for selling game and wildfowl out of season.

## PADDY STOPS THE WAY.

PERSPECTS OF THE SESSION.—"MR. BIGGAR, M.P., has placed upon the 'Order Book' of the House of Commons notices of his intention to move the rejection of the following Bills:—1. The Prisons (Scotland) Bill; 2. The Public Health (Ireland) Bill; 3. The Valuation of Property (Ireland) Bill; 4. The Roads and Bridges (Scotland) Bill; 5. The Marine Mutiny Bill; 6. The Mutiny Bill; 7. The House Occupiers' Disqualification Removal Bill; 8. The Supreme Court of Judicature (Ireland) Bill; 9. The Patents for Inventions Bill; 10. The Threshing Machines Bill; 11. The Peasage of Ireland Bill; 12. The Legal Practitioners' Bill; 13. The Divine Worship Facilities Bill. All these Bills the Honourable Member proposes to proceed with 'this day six months.'"—*The Times*.

LONG Pat had been plotting to lay a new tax on The soul of the slow and long-suffering Saxon. Some new "Irish grievance," for pinching the toes, Not of poor brogueless Pat but his Sassanach foes. He has tried much manœuvring more or less clever The links twixt himself and the Saxon to sever. He blew up our prisons—the Saxon was steel, And potting our peelers secured not repeal. The dull British Pharaoh his heart could e'en harden 'Gainst patriot shines in O'B.'s Cabbage Garden. He slanged us,—we spared him our toil and our time; We gave,—it was nought: we withheld,—'twas a crime. One party worked hard for him. Pat did his best To bundle them out of the Treasury nest; But when his best friends shivered out in the cold, And their rivals sat snug in the Government fold, Still Pat was not happy. Says he, with a groan, "They refuse me a Parliament-House of me own, And so, by me sowl, I'll be plantin' me anares To play up the devil's divarshin with theirs." At length, knowin' Pat thought of scoring a chalk, By unlimited Blue-Book and infinite talk. Wordy flux from wide mouths that no floodgates can shut, The drawl of a BIGGAR, the flow of a BUTT, Or PARNELL's Blue-Book readings, he hopes may avail, Where spurts of seditious scurrility fail. The Government carriage all progress must stay, Because noisy Pat's patent-drag stops the way. But surely the task doesn't happily fit A boy of renown for his smartness and wit. 'Tis hardly the part of a patriot sublime To dribble out Blue-Book, and talk against time, With a view, so they say—is he quite such a fool?—To bother the Saxon, and further Home-Rule. No, Pat, it won't wash. It is all very well For BIGGAR, and CALLAN, and KRK, and PARNELL, To block up the road, while JOHN BULL is at play; But when he means business, he 'll soon clear the way!

THE PLACE TO SPEND ALL FOOLS' DAY.—*Madame Tous-sots'.*





## CIVILISATION.

"I SAY, GUV'NER—YER AIN'T SEEN A COVE WITH MY SECOND MOKE, AR YER?"

## OUR GLORIOUS RESTORATION.

DEAR PUNCH,

OUR Parish Church has recently had the benefit of restoration, under the stimulus of the zeal of our High young Vicar, and a party he has got to back him. This operation has been effected by the combined forces of a subscription, a restorative architect, a solemn clerk of the works, a gang of very beery workmen, and large libations of the necessary liquor, to keep their clay in the state of moisture required for working.

Great glory has been achieved by the powers that be—the Vicar, the Restoration Committee, the resident ecclesiologist, and others.

The old pews having been torn down, the memorial stones, thrust into holes and corners, many cartloads of consecrated earth, with a due proportion of humanity among the mould, used for filling up an old sawpit, the long series of triumphs has culminated in an auction, a sort of rag-and-bone sale of the *disjecta membra* of our Parish Church, now effectually turned out of windows. Imagine, dear Punch, the feelings of an unecceciological parishioner, like myself, on reading the placard—

"To be Sold, &c., &c.—Carved Oak Pulpit—handsome Stone Font, date unknown—curious oak panelling, time of QUEEN ELIZABETH—all in consequence of the restoration of the Church."

Brisk firewood prices were realised, and marine-store-dealers seemed to be having what their American cousins call "a good time." Some of the decorators, probably members of Archaeological Societies, were heard to deplore the loss that had been sustained through much of the old wood having been appropriated surreptitiously by the workmen for their own fires.

I take the liberty of offering some suggestions to those who are about to have the same operation performed in their own parishes. For instance, the expenses of the Auctioneer might be saved by the Sexton being employed on Sundays to dispose of the various properties by retail, at the church doors, after service—when once service is *set* going again. The chance of purchasing a lot of nice firewood cheap would often be appreciated by the congregation.

Then why should an expensive gang of workmen be called in merely to destroy? Could not the Vicar, Clerk, and Sexton, in the

words of MACAULAY, "gird up their gowns, seize hatchet, bar, and crow, and aid in the work of demolition"? The National School children, too, would be edified by the spectacle and delighted, I am sure, to take part in it. We are at the present time teaching them, by books only, a great deal about the Goths and Vandals; we might thus give them an illustration by example of those barbarians in action. Besides it is such a great thing to sweep away all the incongruities of the last three hundred years—above all to get rid of all traces of what our High young Vicar is in the habit of inveighing against by the name of that "pernicious Protestantism," and to bring the Parish Church back to the beauty of what he calls "primitive times."

I remain, dear Mr. Punch, yours,

Sludgecombe, Kent.

A LOW PARTY  
(who liked the old Church).

## Prejudiced to the Backbone.

THESE are hardly the days in which to establish a fresh class of privileged beings. Yet this is proposed by the Holt-Hardcastle Cruelty Bill, which contemplates protecting *vertebrated* animals only, and so opens a door for future agitation for removal of the Disabilities of Invertebrates. A learned Judge has been known to appeal to the "proud title" of "our common vertebration" as a ground for the courtesy of Counsel; but we doubt whether there is after all much to choose between the sensations of the live-bait, and those of the cold-blooded vertebrate who has swallowed it.

## A Famous Name.

"OTTECROSSE.—March 24, at Eaton, Cheshire, the residence of her son-in-law, O. O. BUNNE, Esq., SARAH, widow of OTTIWELL OTTECROSSE, Esq., late of Eaton, in her 87th year."

WE are sorry to add that OTTIWELL OTTECROSSE BUNNE has since given notice of a change of name. What a pity, as one of *Punch's* correspondents remarks, that the day when this venerable mother of the large family of the Eaton OTTECROSSE BUNNES departed this life was not March 30, instead of March 24.



## OUR TARS OF THE FUTURE.

DEAR PUNCH,

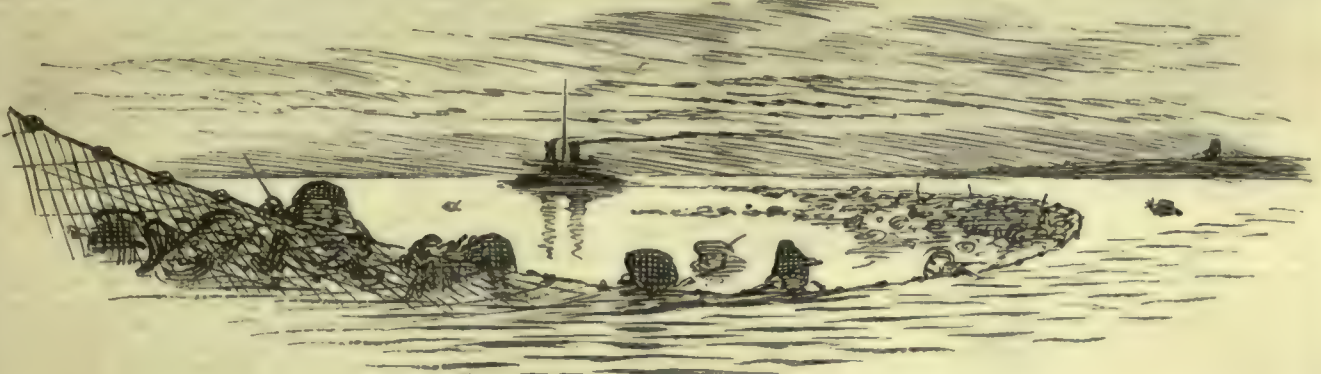
I HOPE that this letter, and the illustrations it contains, may save our gallant tars from any scare about the Whitehead torpedoes. Suppose our ships are destined to be blown to smithereens

to swimming quarters, their noses pointed to the nearest friendly port, and the word given to strike out in the order and at the pace best suited to the wind and weather. Cutlasses and axes would be served out to baffle any attempt of the enemy to catch them in nets,



by a submarine shock, or smashed by a floating gun-carriage. The worst that could happen would be that the crews would have to take the water. Of course they must be fitted for that element—

and provisions would be carried in watertight caissons. There would, of course, always be the chance of their "getting a ship" by the way. I think the future of the British sailor in war-time promises to be of



required to put on Boyton dresses before going into action, and trained to perform the usual movements in blue water as coolly as with dry deck-planks under their feet.

The moment their craft goes from under them they would be piped

the most amusing character—little more, in short, than a brief cruise in an iron-clad, followed by a prolonged period of aquatic sports and pastimes.

I am, Mr. P., yours ever,  
A BUOYANT SPIRIT.

## NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I READ the other day, in the *Western News*, of a difficulty that occurred at a marriage in Stoke Church Devonport. The ring was found missing at the critical moment! This, I believe, has often happened before, but somebody has usually had presence of mind to find a substitute. On this occasion no ring could be found among the whole party, and the bride and bridegroom were going away—the one grumbling, the other scolding, when, happily, the missing link was discovered, in the bowl of the bridegroom's pipe, which he had been ill-bred enough to bring to Church in his pocket on that day of all days!

Surely, my dear Mr. Punch, this thing is an allegory—a warning against the use of the nasty filthy pipe by new married men, lest in that bowl, though not inebriating, the link between man and wife—as yet too tender to stand smoking—should disappear.

I am, dear Mr. Punch, your disobedient servant,  
A SMOKED WIFE.

## HOW TO CURE AN IMPRUDENT ATTACHMENT.

*Materfamilias.* What is to be done, my dear? He positively doats on her!

*Paterfamilias.* Well, we must try to find him an antidote.

## SWIMMING IN THE CITY.

It may not be generally known that among the Institutions of the City of London there exists a special Society for the cultivation of the manly art of swimming. This is the London Swimming Club, quartered at the City of London Baths, Barbican, E.C. On the part of this Association, the Secretary, MR. J. WHALLEY, announces their offer "to instruct gratuitously all non-swimmers, or to recommend professional instructors to those who can afford to pay for tuition," and also—

"To assist the large wholesale houses of the City in forming swimming clubs among their employes, having been exceedingly successful in similar efforts in the East and West India Dock Company, where all candidates for employment must either swim or undertake to learn in a stated time."

There is an obvious sphere of usefulness for a Swimming Club in any Company employing persons about a Dock who may tumble into it. Their assistance must also be serviceable to shops and City employes, who often get into hot water, but not so often, as they might to their own advantage, into cold. The principals of some of those houses would be glad to learn how, under any circumstances, to keep their heads above water.

FOOD FOR THE STARVING BULGARIANS.—The "Provisions of the Protocol!"





## A KIND SON.

*Paterfamilias (to his Eldest Son, who is at Bartholomew's). "GEORGE, THESE ARE UNCOMMONLY GOOD CIGARS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO SMOKE SUCH EXPENSIVE CIGARS AS THESE."*

*George (grandyly). "FILL YOUR CASE—FILL YOUR CASE, GOV'NER!!"*

## THE STUDIOS.

"ROUND LAST."

**PRIVATE and Confidential.**—Look here, Mr. P. It really is not fair to pretend that your Reporter was overcome by the hospitality he experienced. I assure you it was the emotion; and if I did turn into Primrose Hill Station-House, it was simply because I mistook it for Mr. FILDERS' studio, where I understood he was painting a pendant to his great work "*The Casuals*," the title of which is to be "*The Rear of the Van*," an expressive and realistic view of the unfortunate convicts, as they are handed from the Police Omnibus to the cells. If I might suggest to the Artist, a better title would perhaps be "*The Cells and the Sold*." But this by the way. To say that I was there in either a prostrate or a ridiculous position is to stab me with a Primrose; and as to WILLS giving me Bird's Eye, I was not in his studio at all last round; and when I was there I was introduced to MISS CAVENDISH, who, no doubt, was ordering her portrait or a leash of dramas (a reduction, don't you see, on taking a quantity); and though her brilliant optic may have reminded me quite as much of Bird's-Eye as of Cavendish, I know my manners better than to smoke before a lady. All this, as I have intimated above, is strictly private; and I shall take it as a personal affront if you further abuse my confidence and my conduct in your next number. Of course, if you didn't mean it, I apologise.

Your Reporter grieves to write "Round Last," but circumstances over which he has not sufficient control will get the better of him. The fact is, I have had a facer from cruel Fate that has knocked me into what is figuratively known as "a cocked hat."

I received a card—several cards—elegantly printed, embossed, and gilt-edged, from most of the Academicians, all the Associates, and crowds of the unappreciated outsiders, begging me "to honour them with a visit," in fact to accept their kind invitations to criticise their works with impartiality and enthusiasm, *only*—and there is much virtue in your "*only*"—I was expected to call on Sunday, the First of April! Now your Reporter has no conscience-troubled vacillations as to the right and wrong of visiting a studio on a Sunday afternoon. There are no cornfields for him to walk through at that time of year, and it is too chilly to be abroad in the meadows to view the young lambs—indeed I don't think it is good for the young lambs themselves. They run the

risk of cold, and though cold lamb, with mint-sauce, is not to be sneezed at, lamb, with a cold, and sneezing, is not pleasant. So as your critic can't pace the fields to study the works of Nature, he does the other thing, sauntering lazily from one work of Art to another, with much mental profit and æsthetic advantage at the same time. But your Reporter is not an ordinary bird, to be caught with chaff or salt.

Private views, on the First of April! No, you don't! Two can play at that old game! And yet—would you believe it?—it was all *bonâ fide*. Show-Sunday fell on the first this year, and the only—well, I will not say the only fool, for I was misled by the cards of invitation, and when I went round the studios on Tuesday (it was no use going on Easter Monday, you know, for I am told all the Artists go out of town on that anniversary to spend the proverbial and much-advertised happy day at Rosherville, or the best substitute for it they can find at Brighton or Woolwich Gardens), all the doors were shut in my face with a grin of the shutters', and the information that I knew very well all the pictures had "gone in."

What a loss this is to the critical and artistic public, my dear Sir, I need hardly point out. Had not this most unhappy *contretemps* interrupted the course of these "rounds," I might have described Mr. FRITH's tremendous effort, which he has entitled "*The Crush—a Drawing-room at St. James's*." I might have told how on this crowded canvas the Aristocratic Countess, the Distracted Dowager, and the Delicate *Débutante* are seen tearing each other's lace flounces, brocade trains, and damassés fixings, in the desperate charge of the six hundred into the presence of Royalty.

I might have visited the studio of that Academician of delicate feelings who puts a fan up when you mention ETTY, and makes studies of the muscular system from the stuffed lay-figure—to whom the naked eye is an indelicacy, and the bare walls of his own room a painful impropriety. I would, probably, but for that unlucky First, have written a sonnet on Mr. SANDYS's grand drawing of "*Medusa Defying the Consequences*," or his poem in black chalk of "*Penelope Chewing her Back Hair*," though my lines could never come up to the Artist's in purity and grace of outline.

I would have told you how MONSIEUR TISSOT (who has become so English that he prefers being called SIR TISSOT, Esquire) received me in his *salon*—conservatory, and brought out for my decisive eye his charming study called "*The Female Four-Oar*,"—four bewitching ballet-girls, in sailor costume, rowing with the Artist as coxswain down at Henley. I could have given you valuable information about his allegorical picture, "*Beauty as a Beast*," "*Mon, cher*," (he always speaks French to me), "the British Public wants more Poetry, more Sentiment. *Eh bien*, I will give it them, *mon ami*,—*tout chaud*."

You should have heard how I called on BOUGHTON, and saw his "*Primrose Family looking for themselves in a Wood*;" how I revelled in a canvas of ORCHARDSON's, fifteen feet long by two in height, called "*Bill Stickers Beware!*"—a single murdered page lying in the right corner with a dagger in his bosom, while the top of a middle-aged head-dress, just seen above the broken bottles, suggests a female interest in the unfortunate victim, or how I took part in PETTIE's *Rapier and Dagger Fight*, all point and edge, snip and snap, slish and slash, like *Petruchio's* wife's gown.

I could have mentioned STORRY's "*Pumps at Bath*," BRITTON RIVIÈRE's "*One Little Pig had none*," HAYWOOD HARDY's "*Stampede at the Zoo*," FRANK HOLLI's "*Undertaker's Delight*," VANDYKE BROWN's "*Definitive and Decisive Burial of Harold's Body*," and ROSE MADDER's "*Cauliflowers and Melted Butter*." But as these pictures, like the *Critic's* Armada, were not in sight, I could not see them, and so am reluctantly obliged to be silent. And, after all, "silence is golden;" so pay me for mine—a cheque will do—and do not, in your satirical way, insinuate that I was incapacitated by numberless nips (*Number Nip*, by the way, is a malignant fairy who might have tempted me into excesses), from standing another Round.

No, Sir, this would be treatment worthy of low and scurrilous publications, not received on the drawing-room tables of Belgravia, or the boudoir chiffoniers of Carlton Gardens. I repeat, Sir, my silence was due to the fact that Show Sunday happened to fall on the First of April—a day of which I wish you many happy returns.



## VICTORY OVER VANDALS.



ERILY, Mr. Punch, for a long time past, in daily perusing your contemporaries, your exclamation must have been "Out on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of dulness! No news, ye newspapers, but the most dreary, disheartening, and dry? No relief to Parliamentary prose and the pestilent Eastern Question?" Well, Sir, here is some set-off to discomfort, to common-place and twaddle; to tales of atrocities, outrages, and Vandalisms. Here is exhilarating intelligence. I quote the *Times* :—

"HAMPESTEAD AND HIGHGATE RAILWAY.—MR. H. R. WILLIAMS writes to us from Oak Lodge, Highgate, N. :—'The Bill of the North Metropolitan High Level Railway Company has just been withdrawn by its promoters. Thus ends, after more than one fruitless attempt to launch it, a scheme which would have benefited no one (except its promoters), having no single feature of public utility to recom-

mend it, and with the absolute certainty of spoiling two of the finest suburbs of London.'"

Hooray! These are glad tidings, Sir, to myself at least, as one who has the heart that can feel for another. The defacement at the hands of the North Metropolitan High Level Railway Company, happily averted from Hampstead and Highgate, is the like of that which my Common has been threatened with by the London and South-Western. I hope their project of encroachment will be defeated also by the effectual opposition of the Open Spaces Defenders in Parliament to the Railway interest with their policy of steam and iron. But to insure my delivery from the hands of those Philistines who are doing their utmost to despoil me by adding inroad to Railroad, pray, Sir, exhort my Parliamentary friends and well-wishers to use careful watch for the preservation of the pleasant vicinage of your suburban

BARNES.

P.S.—It is all very well to remove all impediments to progress, but I dread the abolition of the toll on Hammersmith Bridge. One consequence will be that my little quiet promontory, or peninsula, will very soon be built all over, and I shall be surrounded and suffocated with slums. Who will not be very much the less happy for all this, and who any the happier but landlords and builders?

## REVOLUTION AVERTED!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

My attention has been called to an article by the RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE, K.S.I., &c., in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* (a periodical I am free to say I never read before), in which he compares the feudal land-laws of England and France, and shows, with convincing clearness, how the main cause of the French Revolution—that which not only brought it about, but made it the horrid thing we all shudder at—was the peculiar hatred of the French peasant to the French seigneur. And yet, as SIR HENRY goes on to show, almost all the incidents of French tenure existed in England as in France. In fact the French peasant was but the English copyholder under another name. How then was it, he pertinently asks, that here in England we, having the same evils, escaped a like curse? Do not English hearts burn at injustice and wrong? Do not Englishmen nurse grievances, and thirst for revenge? SIR HENRY is not the man to ask questions and then run away from the answers. He tells us why it was.

No one of the incidents of feudal tenure was more oppressive and galling than the liability of the tenant to do taskwork for his lord. In seed-time and at harvest he had to give a day's work for nothing. He was driven reluctantly to the field, whither he went with a sore heart, and which he left at eventide with muttered curses and half-formed resolves. So grew the "rooted wrong," which it required a Revolution to remove.

In this England of ours the same liability existed, but instead of tears we had laughter—instead of curses, songs. How is this? There was, so SIR HENRY tells us, a custom in England that though the tenant was bound at certain seasons to give his lord a day's work, the

lord was bound to give the tenant, at the close of every day so spent, a DINNER!

There! How clear it all seems now! The mystery is solved. The true way of averting revolution is henceforth made plain to the meanest understanding. It lies round the dinner-table.

In course of time, when the lords grew economical, they found that HODGE ate a great many more potatoes than he hoed, and they therefore ceased to exact the labour and to give the dinner.

But the effect of the custom survived in the admirable propensity of our race to dine together on every possible occasion. It is the DINNER, which has saved us, as SIR HENRY shows, from horrors unspeakable in the past. That it may long continue so to do in the future, is the earnest prayer of

Yours truly,

BENJAMIN BOOMERSOUND,

(*Ex Toast-Master, with the sentiment, "May our Public Dinners never grow less!"*)

## NEAR MENTONE.

EXPERIENCE OF AN EYE AND NOSE.

By an Englishman in Italy.

THE sheen of olive-leafage flickers o'er  
The shaded valley depths, like guardian steel  
To keep from sunshine's ravage the rich store  
Of flowers that those cool treasures conceal.  
In restful masses stand the pines on high,  
In the deep hush of the unclouded sky.

The wind from seaward blows: no fitful gust,  
But one harmonious march of fragrant air,  
Brisk with the sharpness of the salt sea-dust,  
Sweet with spring flowers and piny odours rare:  
That breathes, as with a loving hush, to still  
The voice of maidens coming down the hill.

With laughing eyes beneath the kerchief's fold,  
And smiling lips and queenly pose and gait,  
They bear their lemon-baskets, filled with gold,  
Like Grecian nymphs who on some goddess wait;  
A living picture in each vivid face,  
And balanced form of free and simple grace.

A hush of converse as they draw anigh,  
A coyness in the lift of nimble feet,  
A consciousness of my regard, a shy  
Half smile of welcome as our glances meet,  
Like wind-swept sunshine over April grass,—  
And, Heavens! the whiff of Garlic as they pass!

## Opinions Differ.

"I think it is a matter for congratulation and rejoicing, in the circumstances, that I should have to state that there is a small surplus, no remission of taxation, and no intention on the part of the Government of imposing any new tax."—CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *Budget Speech*.

PERHAPS the tax-payer may think otherwise. Perhaps he may consider that it is hardly "a matter for congratulation and rejoicing" that there is "no remission of taxation." Or are we all (the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER excepted) wrong? Is taxation a blessing in disguise, one which ought to make us grateful for its imposition, thankful for its continuance, and discontented and murmuring when it is remitted?

## No Smoke without (Poetic) Fire.

HERE is one of the neatest things in poetical advertisement *Punch* has come across for some time. It is from the *Burnley Advertiser* :

"Gaily Young FERGUSON  
Purchases his Cigars  
At BAZZAR's shop,  
Where the best are.

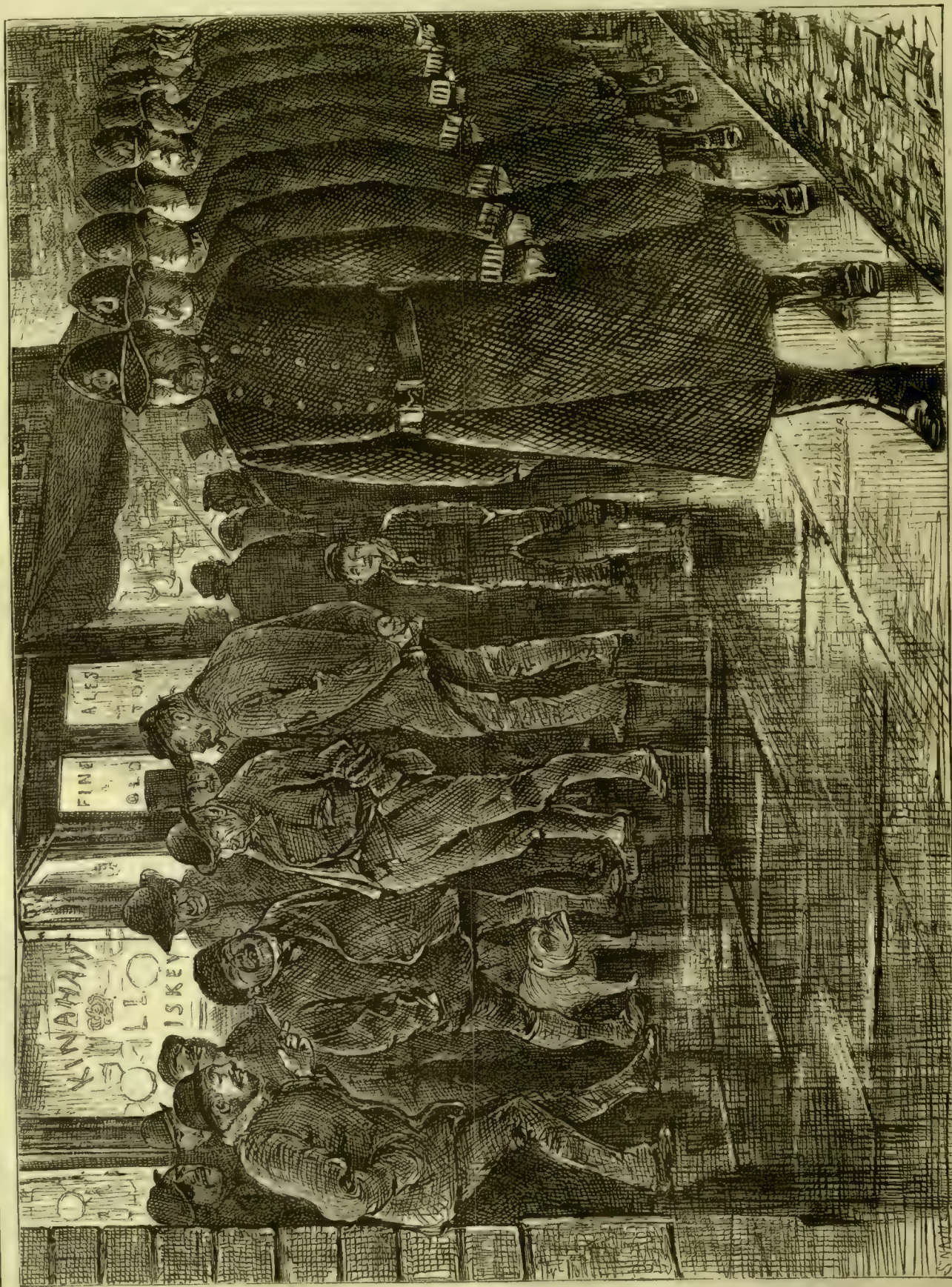
"When he wants good Smoking Mix-  
And Snuff for his nose; [ture,  
Gaily Young FERGUSON  
Purchases those."

The air aimed at seems to be the once fashionable "*Gaily the Troubadour*;" but the advertiser may say of his metre, as *Fusob* says of his tobacco, "Short out or long to me are all the same."

## A SPEAKER TO SOME PURPOSE.

THE favourite interloutory ejaculation of AHMED VEFIK PASHA, Speaker of the Turkish Parliament, it seems, is "*Süss*." Now "*Süss*" in German means "sweet." In Turkish it means "Shut up!"—which is short and not sweet.





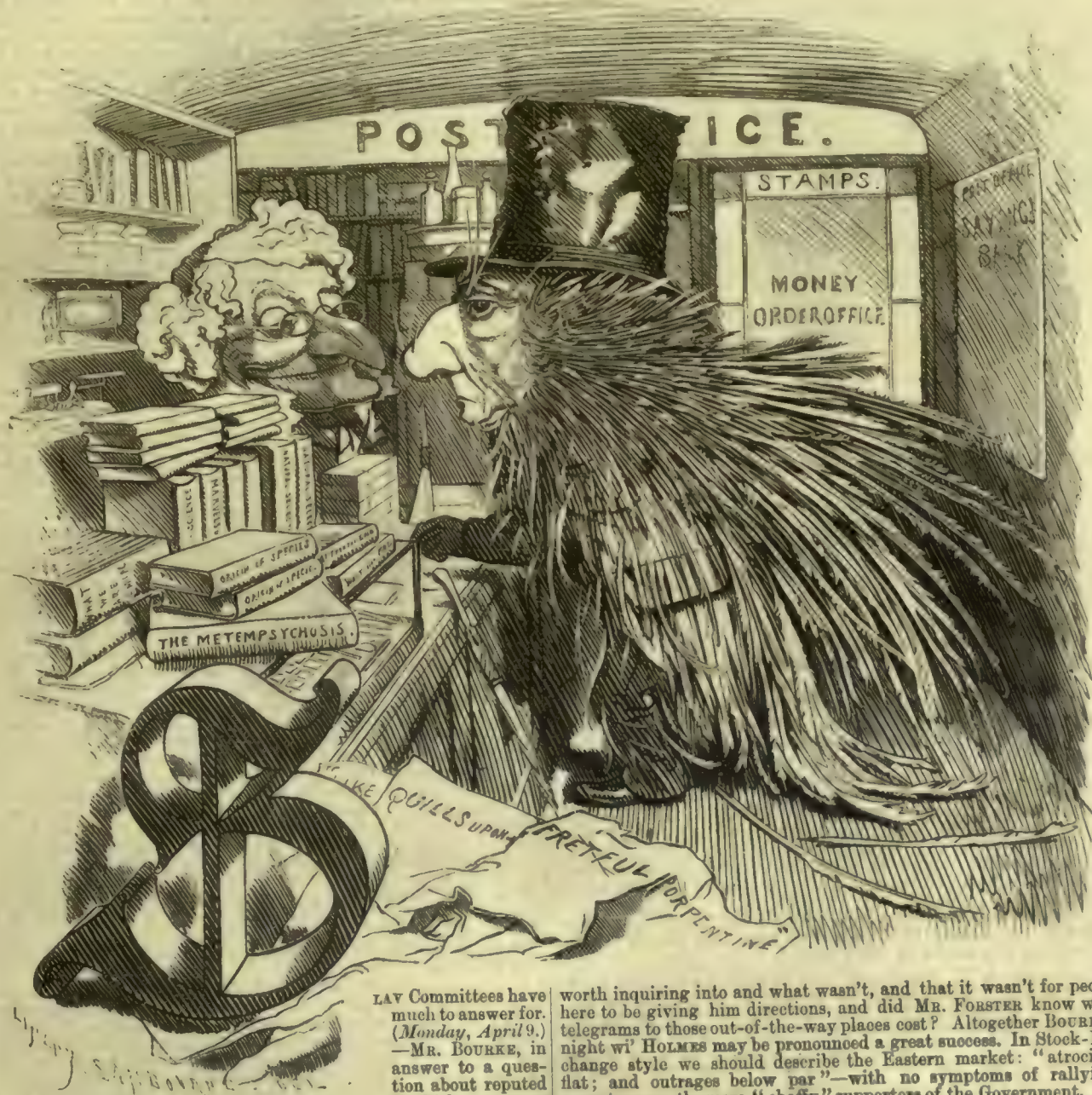
**A SYMPATHETIC SOUL.**

TIME—*Saturday Night.* SCENE—*A London Slum.*

*Bill Sikes.* "It's a ORFUL SHAME, THO', AIN'T IT, JACK, AS THEY DON'T LET THEM POOR COVES GO 'ERE TO THEIR FAMILIES, AND 'EAVE THE STREETS A LITTLE QUIET JIST FOR *ONE* NIGHT IN THE WEEK!"



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Bosnia and Herzegovina, read long extracts from dispatches of Mr. HOLMES, declaring he knew nothing about the outrages referred to, but giving, instead, particulars of outrages on inoffensive Turks by offensive Christians.

According to Mr. HOLMES, all the mischief in these parts is owing to the Slav Committees which bring about Christian brigandage—miscalled insurrection—and that again has naturally drawn on Turkish retaliation, and then we have a fuss made about “outrages” and “atrocities.”

Mr. HOLMES apparently considers the Turks in Bosnia a very ill-used race. And Mr. HOLMES is on the spot—and has been there ever so long, and knows all about it—in a general way.

Mr. BOURKE evidently enjoyed reading his despatches, as much as the Ministerial majority hearing them. To be sure Mr. FORSTER was ill-bred enough to ask, even after the reading, whether Mr. HOLMES had been instructed to inquire into the particular cases of outrages referred to, and had so inquired; but Mr. BOURKE properly rebuked such peddling, pettifoggish curiosity, and declared that as the Consul was on the spot, he must know best what was

worth inquiring into and what wasn't, and that it wasn't for people here to be giving him directions, and did Mr. FORSTER know what telegrams to those out-of-the-way places cost? Altogether BOURKE's night wif HOLMES may be pronounced a great success. In Stock-Exchange style we should describe the Eastern market: “atrocities flat; and outrages below par”—with no symptoms of rallying, except among the more “chaffy” supporters of the Government.

A good deal of small picking and paring, nibbling and grumbling, in Supply, but, to the best of *Punch's* knowledge and belief, not a penny got rid of. Among the topics of conversation were House of Lords officers in general, their work and pay, and among them Black-rod in particular, who is to have a fixed salary of £2000, instead of twice as much from fees which now are to be paid into the Exchequer, out of which JOHN BULL is to make between two and three thousand a year. It occurs to *Punch* that, perhaps, those who pay the fees might claim to be heard in the matter. In cases of objectionable Office charges *Punch* has observed that the House's notion of reform, and still more the Treasury's, is not to abolish fees for doing nothing, but to transfer them from the Officer to the Treasury.

A good deal of grumbling about the cost of Surveyors and the number of Surveys under the Merchant Shipping Act. What would people have? First they insist on surveyors and surveys, and then they quarrel because the one find plenty of work to do, and the other cost money! Poor Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY may complain, as the drummer did, of the unreasonableness of the man he was flogging, “Hit high, or hit low, there's no pleasing you.”

“Hit high, or hit low, there's no pleasing you.”





### APPROPRIATE.

Boy sings—"SAYS THE OLD OBADIAH TO THE YOUNG OBADIAH,  
'I BEGIN TO FEEL RATHER DRY.'"

When the Mutiny Bill came on, SIR A. GORDON rose to deprecate the bringing of the whole body of Militia Officers under that formidable measure. MR. PETER TAYLOR complained of the Mutiny Bill being rammed down his throat at a quarter to one o'clock. Fancy courteous HARDY ramming anything down anybody's throat, at any hour, in these mild days. Though he might have been excused if he had tried to ram something down the throats of that pestilent pair, BIGGAR and PARNELL, when they rose, like unwholesome exhalations, one after the other, against going into Committee, and HARDY, amidst a chorus of laughter, at once knocked under to the infliction.

If this goes on, *something will have to be done!* The idea of a discussion on the Mutiny Bill! We shall next have Magna Charta made matter of a motion by DR. KENEALY.

Tuesday.—SIR. W. BARTELOOT—and no wonder—wants to know about Outbreaks of Cattle-plague at Willesden. A good many, besides SIR WALTER, want to know more on this very unpleasant subject than the Privy, or any other, Council can tell them. One particularly ugly fact in the matter is the possibility, if not more, that it may be the inspectors who disperse the germs of infection. If that be so, we may well ask, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"—who will inspect the inspectors and disinfect the disinfectors?

MR. COOPER is to have his Committee on aggravating old Father Thames's trick of getting out of his bed in wet weather, though the Lords are about to have their own Select Committee on River Conservancies and their duties, a reference one might have thought big enough to take in even Father Thames and his tricks.

PETER TAYLOR, that mortal enemy of the "harmless necessary Cat," was within 42 of getting it chivied out of the Navy—without leaving one of its nine tails behind. *Punch* is inclined to parody the Laureate, "The Cat is going—let him go!" Now we have come down to seven floggings a year, it would seem as if it can hardly be worth keeping so many Cats to catch so few mice. Still Captains like to know there is a Cat in the cupboard, to be let out of the bag on great occasions—as Judges like to have a gallows to fall back on, in extreme cases. But the Navy Cat is doomed, though all know Cats to be the hardest of diers, and this one seems to carry a life, if not nine lives, at each of his nine tails.

But if PETER TAYLOR all but triumphed over EGERTON and his Cat, SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER, with nothing stronger than justice and the national conscience for supporters, completely triumphed

over the Government, on his motion for completing the reparation still due by England to one of its greatest and most hardly-used naval heroes, the late LORD DUNDONALD. What need to tell the story that shames us all—of the hero's undeserved disgrace, and England's—or rather her Ministers'—long delayed atonement for it; and,—when after eighteen years' undeserved exclusion from the Service he had so helped to make glorious, LORD DUNDONALD, a grey-haired, shattered, impoverished, but still unconquered man, was restored to his naval rank—how his pay for all those years of unmerited exclusion from the field of honour, duty, and service, was still withheld.

Thanks to her blood, BRITANNIA has always had the good feeling to blush for this; and to-night showed she had pluck besides to brush aside the pitiful pleadings of the Government that would have sacrificed justice to miserable technicality or more miserable nigardliness. *L'Angleterre le veut*—and, of course, *La Reine le veut*—and so "LET RIGHT BE DONE." The death-bed demand of the grand old ill-used Admiral will be granted, and the little he could leave to the inheritors of his honours will be increased by what the Government so long kept back from the hero himself.

How SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE came to play, not for the first time, the childish game of first squaring up, and then knuckling down, *Punch* not knowing cannot say. But call you this "leading of your friends?" *Punch* calls it sneaking after them.

MR. JAMES moved to empower the House to poke its nose into the City Companies—their revenues, and the spending thereof. The House prefers dipping its beak into their loving-cups, and tucking its legs under their mahogany. "Not for JAMES"—such mighty matters. The Companies dine too festively it may be; possibly entertain "not wisely but too well;" but *Punch*, like Parliament, is an honoured guest at the guild-tables, and why should he, or it, turn round to rend its entertainers? Else why has England the inestimable blessing of a Conservative Government?

PEASE seconded the amendment! Green pease, indeed, if he thought anything was 'to come of it! ISAAC forbade the sacrifice. COTTON thrust himself in the ears of the House to bar hearing of such an impious demand. BOWYER shot his bolt, and hit that centre of JOHN BULL'S eye, on which is written "private property" in letters of gold. FORSYTH, lawyer-like, showed there was "no case" against the Companies, except that their dinners were too good, and had often disagreed with him (FORSYTH)—the only disagreement that had ever darkened the sweet intercourse between him and those dear guilds. JENKINS wrestled with SIR A. PEEL for the SPEAKER'S eye, and caught it, but alas! catching the SPEAKER'S eye is not winning the House's ear; and though E. J. discharged a volley of hard facts, they hurt not, only rattled. And finally the SOLICITOR-GENERAL laid the verdant wreath of a maiden speech upon the head of the guardian goddess of Guildhalla—and proved that the Livery Company was the Club of its day, only on a grander scale, and with nobler objects mixed with its baser elements of eating and drinking; and amidst the cheers of a jubilant majority, deprecated the idea that private property was to be unsettled by any impertinent rudeness of the Parliamentary inquiry kind.

Alas, what was JAMES'S powder against such great guns! So JAMES got what he deserved—a majority of 96 against him, in a division of 168 to 72.

On the Town Councils and Local Boards Bill, BIGGAR stopped the way, as usual.

Wednesday.—MR. WADDY moved his Bill for Compulsory Registration of Newspaper Proprietors, which MR. COWEN opposed, unless coupled with repeal of the law which makes newspaper proprietors criminally as well as civilly responsible for the acts of their *employés*. MR. COWEN is a newspaper proprietor and knows where the shoe pinches. But everybody knew where MR. WADDY meant *his* shoe to pinch—and it was clear that it had pinched in that quarter, when the Irrepressible Doctor rose to defend those practices of the *Englishman* which Englishmen condemn. He declared that he had been ruined by "telling the truth" (!), and that had he been a slave, a coward, a liar, and a man ready to justify falsehood, he would not have been in his present position. Now the Doctor's position in the House may be a painful one, but he was scarcely wise to refer to it so pointedly. This reference provoked ironical cheers: they provoked the Doctor into scornful allusion to the "mean quarter" they came from; that provoked MR. SULLIVAN into as neat a thonging of the Doctor and his antecedents—press and other—as Irish cleverness ever succeeded in veiling under terms that the SPEAKER could not take hold of; that provoked the Doctor, when the Division carried the House into the lobbies, to call MR. SULLIVAN a naughty and altogether unparliamentary name—with no veil whatever; and that brought MR. SULLIVAN back to tell MR. SPEAKER what the Doctor had done; that brought the Doctor on his legs—to admit the naughty name; and that compelled MR. SPEAKER—after a moment's hesitation, as the naughty word had been used in the lobby and not in the House—on the suggestion of MR. FORSTER, seconded by MR. CROSS, to call on the Doctor to withdraw the naughty name and apologise for having used it, which the Doctor





SKETCHED IN OXFORD STREET, OVER PARKINS AND GOTTO'S, ON ALL FOOLS' DAY (APRIL 1st).

did, and so the matter ended—leaving Stoke to be congratulated on such a Member, the Press on such an assertor of its liberty, and the House on such an illustration of the liberty in practice.

*Thursday.*—The Irrepressible Doctor up again, declaring, in a notice he gave of questions he meant to ask, that he did not regret having called MR. SULLIVAN by the naughty name yesterday, though he had been compelled to apologise for it. This is quite in the Doctor's manner. He was at once called upon by the SPEAKER to apologise for not regretting, which he did. The Doctor seems always ready to apologise, and then to "go and do it again."

And then came the Budget. And the Budget came to—nothing. As SIR STAFFORD calculates on a margin of £226,000, between his estimated revenue of £79,020,000 and his estimated expenditure of £78,794,044, he feels himself driven neither to the "inexhaustible bottle" nor the inexhaustible income-tax payer. That so long-growing boy—Revenue, having ceased to grow, there is no need of new measures for his financial suit in 1877-78. If only his last year's clothes prove big enough for him!

*Friday.*—The Lords reassembled. Creation announced of a new Chancery Judge.

(*Commons.*)—LORD HARTINGTON's motion for papers in connection with the Protocol, brought up his Lordship, SIR V. HARCOURT, MR. FORSYTH, SIR C. DILKE, and MR. GOSCHEN—to speak for the Turkish Christians, their claims on Europe, and the duty of enforcing these on the Turk even by co-operation with Russia and coercion if need be, under the paramount obligations of duty, right and humanity—and MR. HARDY, SIR WILLIAM FRAZER, DR. KENNALL, MR. ROEBUCK, MR. HANBURY, MR. BUTLER-JOHNSTON, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,—to speak for the Turkish Government, its pluck in resisting the pressure of the Powers, the duty of standing aloof from Russia and coercion, and the paramount obligations of self-interest. The case on both sides was put clearly, strongly, and at length; but of course, no motion came of it, and no division. MR. HARDY does not admit that the last word for peace has yet been spoken, though the *Pons Asinorum* has broken down. Nothing like hardihood. *Punch* can only see the war-cloud drawing nearer and nearer. What will the face of Europe be like, when it rolls away after having discharged its thunders?

#### YORKSHIRE ATROCITY!

We read in the *Times* that the bodies of the four Latin Doctors not long since removed from Bristol, have been fixed, one on each of the pinnacles of the tower of East Herlerton Church. MacCOLL to the rescue!

#### A GOOD BEGINNING.

As a student of Natural History and Esculent Economy, Mr. *Punch* has much pleasure in quoting the compendious Police Report annexed. The other day—

"At Bow Street, SIR JAMES INGHAM granted the first summonses, seven in number, under the Wild Fowls Preservation Act, 39 & 40 Vict. c. 29, s. 2, against three poulterers and fishmongers for having in their possession wild ducks, plovers, &c."

Since fishmongers turned poulterers by selling game and wildfowl out of season, they have lost that special character for probity which *Hamlet* gives them when, in reply to *Polonius's* disavowal of being a fishmonger, he rejoins, "Then I would you were so honest a man." Nobody can consider a dealer in habitual complicity with poachers and the like rogues worthy to be picked out as an example of honesty. That virtue, it is to be hoped, will be enforced on fishmongers and poulterers by proceedings under the abovenamed statute, now that the Press having taken up offences against it, the Police are taking up the offenders.

#### Disappearance of a Forger.

THE Italian Astronomers are seeking most anxiously for the Planet Vulcan, said to have disappeared suddenly from his usual post in the heavens. We are very much afraid the old smith will be found forging the weapons of Mars. Inquire at KRUPP's or ARMSTRONG's.

#### MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HERE is a little bit of news, which may be interesting to some of your Young Lady readers:—

"An Armenian wife, until she becomes a mother, never speaks to anybody but her husband, excepting in a whisper. She is not allowed even to converse with her nearest relations. Her jewellery and dress can only be shown to those of her own sex."

What a comfort it is that England is not like Armenia! Who would ever wish to marry, if one was not allowed to speak, excepting in a whisper, nor to wear one's diamonds when one went out to dinner? Why, half the pleasure of a bride consists in showing her new finery, and in talking of her *trousseau*! and fancy being forced to do so in a whisper, as though one were ashamed of it! To be sure, Armenian wives may make exception of their husbands from their usual mode of whispering, and just conceive, poor things, how they must revel in the privilege! Oh, my goodness! how my tongue would go at my dear JOHNNY, if I might not raise my voice excepting when I talked to him!

GERALDINE GREYMARE  
(née BOUNCER).

#### CHRISTIANITY PER ADVERTISEMENT.

PUNCH can quite understand the comfort of getting really god-fearing servants, for they are likeliest to be true to their masters and their duty. But he doubts if the best way to get them is to advertise this particular requirement in large letters, as thus, in these two advertisements—the one from a North of England, the other from a Scotch, paper:—

**WANTED**, a capable General WORKING WOMAN, in a small, quiet family in the country. A Christian at heart, a Teetotaler, and a Singer would be valued.—Address, &c.

**WANTED**, as HOUSEKEEPER, a Christian Female. Accustomed to Poultry.—Address, &c.

A TEETOTAL RECHRISTENING (*for the worst of spirits*).—It is a misnomer to call Gin "Old Tom." It ought to be denominated "Old Harry."

MOTTO FOR THE LONG FIRM.—"Order is Heaven's first law."



## OH, IF WE WERE TURKS!—

AND the SPEAKER were AHMED VEFIK PASHA, then might we read in some night's report of the voice of our Collective Wisdom:—

"The House of Commons met at four o'clock.

"MR. WH-LL-Y rose to call the attention of the House to the condition of a certain unfortunate nobleman languishing in Dartmoor. He also wished to say a few words about the alleged fasting during Lent of DR. MANNING.

"The SPEAKER.—'Shut up, you ineffable donkey!'

"MR. B-G-G-R (MR. WH-LL-Y having retired) said that he had put on the paper motions for the reading that day six months of thirty-six Bills of avowed public utility. Still, he had no objection to learning from the Chair (for which he had the utmost respect) the opinion of the Right Hon. Gentleman upon the course he proposed to pursue.

"The SPEAKER said all he had to say on the matter was contained in his recommendation to the last speaker, which he begged to repeat.

"MR. P-R-N-L (MR. B-G-G-R having withdrawn all his Amendments) said he was most desirous of reading a rather voluminous series of extracts from a miscellaneous collection of Blue Books. Before commencing his entertainment, however, he was very desirous of learning the SPEAKER's opinion upon the matter. He might here say that he regarded the Chair with feelings of the liveliest respect and admiration.

"The SPEAKER said it was very gratifying to him to hear such very flattering sentiments, and all the more so as his only acknowledgment of them must be conveyed in the same useful dissyllable—'Donkey!'

"SIR T-M-S CH-MB-S (MR. P-R-N-L having retired with his Blue Books) said that he had several hobbies to ride. The exercise would consume a large amount of very valuable time. Under these circumstances he would be glad to take a hint from the SPEAKER—a Right Honourable Gentleman for whom he had the greatest possible veneration.

"The SPEAKER said the statement the House had just listened to he was sure did equal honour to the heart and head of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman who had just resumed his seat. The only hint of any value that he thought he could throw out was (under the special circumstances of the case), 'Donkey!'

"SIR T-S CH-MB-S then retired amidst much cheering.

"MR. H-LMS said that for many months he had been preparing a long speech about Army Reform. He knew very little of the subject, but was prepared to occupy the time of the House fully for several hours. He lived, as a general rule, in Scotland, and more than once had declined to be present at the inspection of the Militia Regiment stationed in the borough he had the honour to represent. He believed he had been invited to that inspection so that he might see with his own eyes that his absurd attacks upon that Constitutional Force were unmerited. Under these circumstances, before commencing his harangue, he would be very glad to listen to any remark the SPEAKER (who well merited his esteem) had to offer upon the occasion.

"The SPEAKER said he was always ready to oblige any Member of this honourable House, and therefore would confine himself to observing, 'Donkey!'

"MR. H-LMS having resumed his seat, the real business of the Sitting was commenced without further interruptions."



## IN THE HEAD AND FEET.

Wife (reproachfully). "OH, GEORGE!—AGAIN!"

Husband. "BEG Y'R PAX'N, MY DYAR!—NORABROFIT—BEEN T'SEE WESHT'N AN' O'LEARY WALKIN' ROUN' AN' ROUN' AN' ROUN'—MA' ME JUSH A LI'LE GIBBY—THASH ALL! BESIDES, GOT A PAIR OF THOSE 'SCREWED BOOTS' ON. SEEN 'EM ADVERTISED—HAVEN'T YOU?"

Albert Hall—that monument of preposterous growth, which only empty sound, will ever fill, much to the chagrin of the shareholders. The Memorial is not a beautiful picture as it stands, but will hardly be improved by framing and glazing.

## Art Intelligence.

Nor satisfied with making the Albert Memorial like an over-grown drinking-fountain, it is now proposed to cover it with a gigantic cucumber-frame, as an antæsthetic pendant to the





“LET WELL ALONE!”

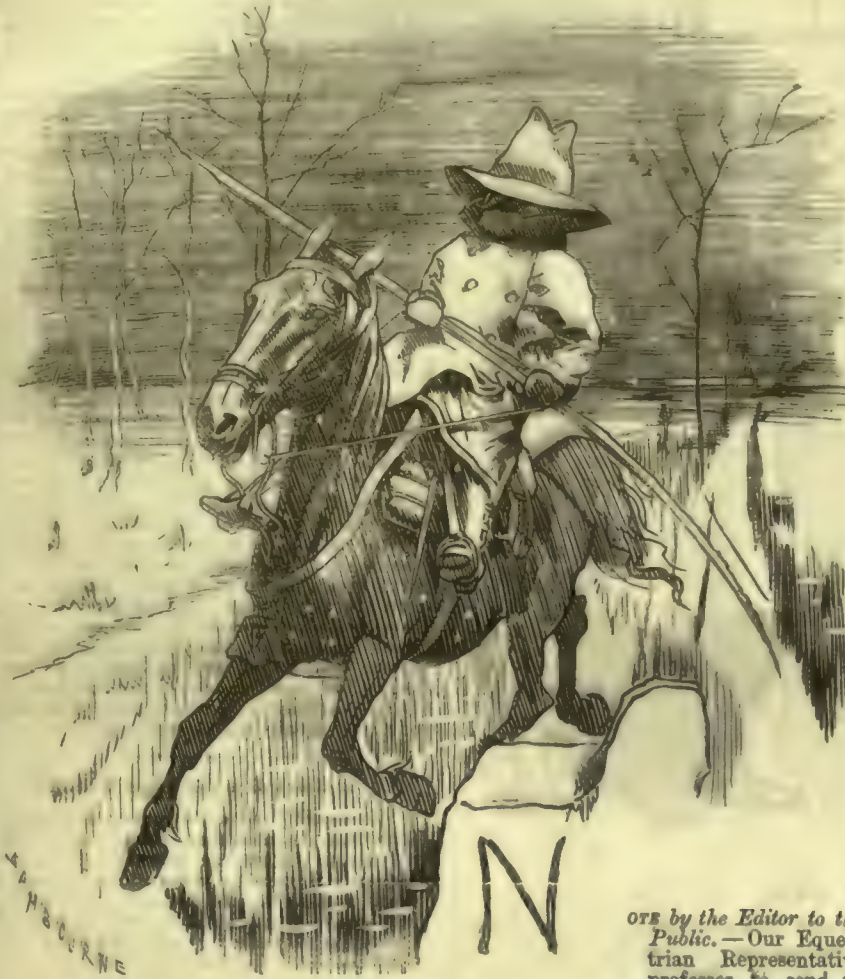
THE CONJUROR OF THE EXCHEQUER. “NO, NO, PUNCHEY, WE SHAN’T WANT THE ‘INEXHAUSTIBLE BOTTLE’ THIS TIME! NO OCCASION TO ALTER THE BILL—FOR ONCE!”







## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.



ONE by the Editor to the Public.—Our Equestrian Representative professes to send us telegrams daily by the

private cable with which he has furnished himself. These messages are not transmitted to us direct, but through a friend of his, who can interpret the cipher. We do not, for one moment, throw a doubt on Our Representative's integrity, but we cannot forget that one of Our Representatives did *not* go to India, though he pretended to accompany H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES on his tour, and therefore as "once bitten, twice shy," we must make assurance doubly sure (though nothing can double or equal Our Representative's assurance, if he is not at this moment riding to Khiva) before we offer ourselves as guarantees to the Public for his good faith. We publish his last letter before starting, which we consider as an important item in the case.

DEAR SIR,

THE horse suited me to a T. He has been packed up, so much paid on account, and he is now off for Dover. Of course I shall not ride him this side of the Channel. My equestrian career will begin between Paris and St. Petersburg. At one time I had got a great mind (I always have a great mind, so that's nothing new) to ride to Khiva on a bicycle. But for political reasons, which you will appreciate, I have given up the idea. I was afraid that some confusion would arise in the Mahomedan or Russian mind between Bicycle and Protocol; and any complication at this moment should be, particularly, avoided.

I enclose the list of subscriptions for my Journey to Khiva. They look very well:—

One who Knows You .. .. .	£	s.	d.
One who doesn't Know you, and doesn't Want to .. .. .	0	10	0
A Friend who would see you further first .. .. .	1	0	0
A Few of the Inmates at Colney Hatch (per the Milkman) .. .. .	10	0	3
A Constant Reader, who is most anxious that you should go to Khiva, and stop there .. .. .	10	0	0
A Real Lady .. .. .	0	0	3
A Resident at Jericho .. .. .	0	1	1
Three Stamp Collectors at Bath .. .. .	0	0	4
One who wishes you may get it .. .. .	1000	0	0
A Believer .. .. .	0	2	0
A Weary Admirer .. .. .	10	12	6
A. S. S. .. .. .	20	0	0
One who has met you once, and is glad to hear of your going away for a considerable time. (N.B.—This donation is on condition of your being away for six months. It will be continued yearly, if you never return to England.) .. .. .	50	0	0

A Job-master (who will willingly supply the horse for riding to Khiva, if paid in advance) .. .. .	0	2	6
One who never wants to see you again .. .. .	100	0	0
Central Pressure Association .. .. .	0	1	6
A True Friend (on condition of your going to Khiva, and not writing anything at all for the next ten years) .. .. .	500	0	0

With numerous others, with or without conditions. However, on the strength of a certain amount down, and promises, I have started—or, I should say, before you receive this, I shall have started; for

I'm off to Khiva early in the morning,  
I'm off to Khiva afore de broke o' day!  
I'll fill my bag with lots of little yellow boys,  
I'm off to Khiva afore de broke o' day!

And so farewell for the present. You'll have a telegram from me in less than no time. Terms for telegrams will vary according to the length of the message, the value of the communication, and the distance to be travelled by the electric spark. But don't be alarmed, you are safe in the hands of

YOUR RIDING REPRESENTATIVE.

Here follows the

## DIARY.

(On the road to Khiva.)

Tuesday.—Left St. Petersburg early. [I pass over my ride from Paris to St. Petersburg, as nothing happened of any consequence. I was belated for one night, and ran short of provisions; but—you know what a good Legerdemainist I am—well, I made an omelette in my hat, drank a glass of Pommard (this sounds like something for the hair, but it isn't, when properly pronounced) from the inexhaustible bottle (both tricks are worth a traveller's while to learn—and for a soldier the cannon-ball in the hat is most useful,—of course I have the whole bag of tricks with me), made an orange tree grow, took an orange for dessert, and went to sleep. Next afternoon I was ready—aye ready.] Rode for fifty miles. 7.30 A.M.—Came on a dead Flat. No name or address. Wondered who he was. Telegraphed to Necropolis Company to say there was a job on hand, would they undertake it?

8.50.—Very cold. Saw a Frozen Sound. This will give you some idea of what NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA might mean when they say, "How cold it has been to-day!" Always thought (till I knew they sold barometers) that NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA were clog-dancers, or nigger duettists, at a Music Hall, with a breakdown. Wonderful sight a Frozen Sound. Perhaps it was the last sound uttered by the dead Flat. I put it into my cornet-à-piston, and blew it to warm it. "No effects," as they say at my bank. My Driver, who accompanies me on a sleigh (this isn't a musical instrument, so you mustn't be misled when I say he "accompanies me on it"), observed that "he thought it was an echo from the hills, which had lost its way, and been frozen to death."

12 mid-day.—Stopped to luncheon, as we call it in this country. The Driver eats tallow candles, wheel grease, and drinks wickski—a Russian spirit distilled from candle-ends. A Russian never takes a bath, he always goes in for a dip.

2.—Between Drjnkotaviski and Bakkakhan. Lost our way, and dined with a farmer. He said he thought there wouldn't be any war. At least he hadn't heard anything about it. After dinner, I slept in a pigstye, and resumed my journey at 4 A.M. Took with me a little pig. Poor little chap, he squealed very much, and nearly woke the farmer, who would have been grieved to part with him. So I put a gag in its mouth, and thus avoided what might have been a painful scene. Removed gag when at a distance of two miles from the farm. I





## DOWN ON HER.

*Butcher.* "YOU'VE NOT BEEN 'AVIN' SO MANY JINTS THIS LAST WEEK OR TWO, MA'AM."

*Lady (who has been dabbling in American beef, but does not dare say so).* "ER—NO—ER—WE'VE HAD A GOOD DEAL OF GAME SENT US LATELY BY SOME FRIENDS IN THE NORTH, YOU KNOW!"

*Butcher.* "INDEED, MA'AM! NOW, WHAT SORT OF GAME DO THEY SEND YOU IN THE MONTH O' APRIL, MA'AM!"

shall educate this pig: as he has commenced by having a "gag" in his mouth, perhaps I had better bring him up for the stage. Put my horse tandem-fashion in the sleigh, so as to allow myself more leisure for teaching the pig.

11 A.M.—Pig already beginning to master his letters. I fancy some one has given him his rudiments before. There is a twinkle in his eye that I don't half like. One thing is comparatively reassuring, he does not show much aptitude for cards.

*Friday.*—Came to a sign-post. Examined it. Found I had been for two days riding towards Persia. Worked my compass and took a turn to the right. After *lunchski*, had half a game at Beggar my Neighbour with the Pig, and rode on. Pig improving, but still stupid. He will cry whenever he sees the Ace of Spades, and I can't make out why. The sleigh-driver doesn't know.

6 P.M.—Cold and raw. So cold and so raw that I shall be very glad when it's hot and quite done. Arrived at a *shebeenski* rejoicing in the sign of *The Rose Bud*. Called for some of their best, and "nipped" it in the Bud. Gave Piggy a drop of strong *wickski*. It made his tail curl. Piggy vain of the effect, but evidently much pleased, and wanted to play me at *écarté*. Refused. But what I will do is to teach Piggy All Fours. If he learns it, I can make a fortune, as no one knows the game out here. Sat up all night hard at work with Piggy. Driver asleep.

*Next Day.*—Met a Tartar Gentleman on the road. He asked us to share his dinner with him—*potski-luckski*, as they call it here. We accepted; my sleigh-driver, myself, and the pig. The Tartar Gentleman got the worst of it at dinner, as we were three to one. After dinner played him at All Fours. The Tartar Gentleman won the first game, but we played three more. Cleared him out of his roubles, and rode on quickly in the direction of Khiva.

## A WORD ON WINE MEASURE.

IN a column of news the following remark is made in the *Morning Post* respecting an oddly named liquor described as "this indefectible wine":—

"LORD BOLINGBROKE (we think) maintained ridicule was the test of truth: the *Spécialité* Sherry has passed this test most amply, for it has had no small share of ridicule; but, in spite of all, it holds its own."

But *non constat* that because ridicule is the test of truth, it is also the test of wine. Nobody dreams of ridiculing true port or sherry, although one hundred and twenty-six gallons of them, we know, make a butt.

## Suppression by Hose and Jet.

THE House of Commons laughed consumedly when ever-vigilant PETER TAYLOR described the very original way of the Holborn Vestry of bringing the law to bear on the Sunday traders in Leather Lane, viz., by drenching their goods with carbolic acid from a water-cart. The Vestry must have borrowed the notion from recorded cases of mobs dispersed by fire-engines. The Vestry deserves the credit of having discovered a short, sharp, and decisive process for abating what is, no doubt, to all respectable Holborners, a very serious nuisance; though, perhaps, small Sunday buyers, as well as Sunday sellers, may have something to say on the matter. But is the Vestry quite sure that the pale of the Law will hold carbolic acid?

## Travellers See Strange Things.

"It would," says a commercial journal, with less elegance than perspicacity, "be curious to follow one pound of China or Italian silk through its various processes till it reaches a silk dress." No doubt; but would it not be still more curious to follow (at a perfectly safe distance) one feminine mind through ditto to ditto?

THE DEGREE OF BUNG.—Licentiate of the Bench of Beaks.

The Tartar Gentleman subsequently rode away to the nearest Police Station. In consequence of this, we had a difficulty later on at a Russian *Stashunhouski*, but fortunately made friends with the *Inspektoraki*, who was much amused with the Pig's tricks, also with my omelette in the hat, inexhaustible bottle, and little Joey in the bag. I gave him an invitation to call on me whenever he might be coming to town, and then rode on, *briskli*, as we say in Russia, in the direction of Khiva. Rub a Russian the right way, and you won't catch a Tartar. Expect next telegram in a couple of days, as snow-storms have set in, and there's a talk of Wolves coming down and attacking Travellers. Now for real excitement!

I don't wish to throw any discredit on a gallant officer, but no one knows CAPTAIN BURNABY on the road that I am riding to Khiva. Odd. Just heard a Wolf in the distance. If one comes too near, I shall mention MR. GLADSTONE'S name to him, and see if that will frighten him. No signs of one at present. Great cry, but very little Wolf.

*Note (private to Editor).*—Please pay the livery-stable keeper, 2A, Green Street, Horsemonger Lane, for my last three weeks' hire. I told him you'd settle with him regularly, and I'll settle with you on my return. Mind, not more than eighteenpence an hour.

## CHURCH AND STAKE.

AMONGST the distinguished Clergymen who have lately come forward to take part in the current clerical disputes, is one whose name may suggest a consolatory reflection, the REV. DR. IRONS. What a comfort to think that, for all the burning questions now in debate amongst ecclesiastics, the Church has not more than one of its irons in the fire.





### HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE.

*Irascible Old Gentleman.* "BUY A COMB! WHAT THE DEVIL SHOULD I BUY A COMB FOR? YOU DON'T SEE ANY HAIR ON MY HEAD, DO YOU?"

*Unlicensed Hawker.* "LO! BLESS YER, SIR!—YER DON'T WANT NO 'AIR ON YER 'EAD FOR A TOOTH-COMB!"

### COOL, VERY!

THE following impudent advertisement appeared the other day in a widely-circulated Western paper:—

A Comfortable HOME OFFERED, in a Clergyman's family, in South Devon, to a Lady willing to pay £40 a year and devote some time daily to instruction (good French and German).—Address, &c.

The young Lady who wrote to the address given with this wonderfully cool offer received the following reply, which *Punch* thinks worth giving *verbatim*:—

"MADAM,—MR. — has commissioned me to reply to your letter received this morning. MR. — is a widower; I have managed his household since his wife's death, for the last six years. Besides MR. — and myself, the family consists of two young ladies, aged sixteen and eighteen, and two little boys, eight and eleven respectively; the younger of these you would be required to teach, as he is backward. I think one hour a day would be sufficient for him at first. Could you teach the rudiments of Latin? as he would ultimately require it. Good French and German is necessary for the young ladies. They are preparing for the Cambridge Local, and attend classes under a Master for the other branches, Music included; at the same time they would much value any assistance you could give them in their English studies, by way of explanation, in Grammar and Arithmetic, for instance. They have no time at present for Drawing, but might be glad of it afterwards. May I ask if you Sing? I can most decidedly promise you a comfortable and happy home. We are a few minutes' walk from the sea, and the Plymouth Hoe is a pleasant promenade. The Devonshire scenery is very good. The young ladies, I think, would be able to take in French and German about three times a week, about two hours each day, as their time at present is very much taken up; however, this, if you come to us, you could talk over with them. Would you mind sharing a large and airy bed-room with them, if necessary? as I hardly know yet whether I should be able to offer you a separate one. You would find them pleasant and ladylike girls. We have one or two local associations in the town, if you like joining the classes. I think I have now mentioned all particulars, and shall be pleased to hear from you as soon as possible.—Believe me, &c."

The young Lady replied, expressing her regret that she could not avail herself of these proffered advantages.

"The truth is" (she added) "I have accepted an engagement at a salary of £100 a year, where my duties will be scarcely heavier than with you, and where I shall have a large

and airy room for my own separate use. I trust this delay will cause you no inconvenience in dealing with the many applications you have doubtless received, and hope you may soon meet with a lady, knowing four languages thoroughly, who, in return for her meals and the third part of a bed-room, will be glad to pay you £40 a year, and devote her time and acquirements to your service."

### BIRDS AND BRUTES.

Blossoms on blackthorn bush are white;  
On whitethorn opening leaves are green.  
There's a dandelion blazing bright;  
There's a shiny lesser celandine.

And there in yonder lane those three—  
Where nigh the bank cow-parsley grows  
'Mid nettles—did you ever see  
Three more unlovely Cads than those?

Ill-favoured, unwashed, grimy knaves!  
What is it that the fellows do  
With nets and cages, traps and staves?  
And on a Sunday morning too!

Bird-catchers they, their cruel trade  
Who reckless e'en in close-time ply,  
And the Act 'gainst such caitiffs made  
In favour of poor birds, defy.

An Act by hands unskilful framed,  
In phrase derisive styled "Tom-tit's."  
In which the Chaffinch ne'er is named,  
And which the Linnet too omits.

And so their traps yon wretches lay,  
And spread their toils from hindrance free.  
"We're catchin' Chaffinches," they say;  
Or, "Only arter Linnets we."

"What songsters, else are those, then, pray,  
Which you in several cages bear?"  
"Oh, them, they're call-birds, all o' they;  
We ain't catch none o' them birds there."

"Say is there green in *Punch's* eye,  
That with such chaff he should be 'had'?  
Sirrah, thou liest shamefully:  
Thou dirty, graceless, vulgar Cad!

"For Goldfinch, Greenfinch, Mavis, Merle,  
And warblers all, thy snares are set.  
For scoundrels fresh from early purr,  
All's bird, that comes within the net.

"Where's the Police? might be our cry,  
To collar thee and all thy crew.  
Too oft they've other fish to fry—  
Offenders even worse than you.

"But when they can, your little game  
They are the gamekeepers to end.  
For whom more fitting can we name  
Than Bobby, to be Dicky's friend?"

### "Come, mild Persuasion!"

IN consequence of the report of the Committee on Railway Accidents, the Government—so says MR. ADDERLEY—is going to confer with the Railway Companies, to see what steps in the way of protecting the lives of their servants and passengers they are willing to take, voluntarily—not upon compulsion, mind. The Government hates compulsion "like an unfilled can." Like *Sir John Falstaff*:—"If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, they would not give one upon compulsion." Their rule is, in fact, the reign of *may*, not *must*. After refusing to coerce Turks, with what consistency could they coerce Railway Companies?

### LEAVES OF A DIFFERENT KIND.

It was said that PRINCE BISMARCK had taken leave of Power. It turns out that he has only taken leave of absence.



## ÆSTHETIC ECONOMY.



LAST number of "*Fors Clavigera*" is curious as well as interesting, on account of the details there given of the author's budget. MR. RUSKIN, in his own words, has "unveiled the statue of his economy," and, though no one who reads will accuse him of ostentation, it would be difficult to say exactly what it is that has prompted imitators of the great artist's out-spokenness to besiege *Mr. Punch's* letter-box. Among the letters called into existence by the example of this high æsthetic authority the following may be cited:—

To Mr. Punch, Fleet Street.

SIR, April 1.

You will be glad to hear that, on the death of my father, who was a celebrated Liverpool miser, I inherited a sum producing something like £70,000 per annum, which placed me above absolute want. My first financial investment was the purchase of a lovely wife of good family. By this transaction I realised considerably, as I introduced some excellent mortgages to my wife's relations, and disposed of much shaky property to an immense advantage. I thought it rather hard on my own family that my father should have left them nothing, and volunteered to invest their small fortunes in some excellent Companies of which I am paid Director. I relieved my conscience at the same time by purchasing for my wife a splendid suite of diamonds, left in pawn by a well-known Duchess. I have since assisted a young relation to a permanent situation in Portland Island, and am serenely happy in the certainty, so far as anything human is certain, that I shall die as far from poverty as possible. My annual subscriptions to various Charities, which advertise once a week the names of their subscribers in large letters and prominent columns of the public journals, amount to sixty guineas—in sums of one guinea, and, in some cases, two guineas, from

Yours faithfully,  
THEOPHILUS SCREWDRIVER.

Skinflint House, Cheshire.

To — Punch, Esq.

DEAR PUNCH,

"*ANCH'io son pittore.*" I'm an artist, and generally considered a man of taste. I came in, a few years ago, to a fortune of £30,000, which I inherited from an uncle who was good enough to make room for me by joining his ancestors. My first extravagance was the purchase of a grand collection of spurious Majolica, imitation bronzes, and counterfeit china, for which I gave the modest sum of £2000. This necessitated naturally the lease of a set of apartments in the Albany, where I flatter myself the dinners I give from week to week are already celebrated among the best *bon-vivants* in London.

After studying Art and the Museums, my æsthetic tastes would not permit a man of culture to retain the mass of falsehood on my walls with which I had been satisfied at starting. When I transferred my interest in these I lost about £1995 upon the transaction.

However, by the judicious expenditure of £18,000, I soon became the happy possessor of some of the best examples of the arts of CELLINI, PALISSY, BUHL, and others, besides hanging on my walls several gems of MEISSONIER, GÉROME, &c., &c. I am now in the hands of several intelligent members of the Lost Tribes; and I am persuaded that when I have sold my lease, collections, and plate, I shall not be in a position—if I satisfy my Israelitish friends—to leave even hay for life to my Cousin's pet donkey, the only creature with whom I have any personal sympathy.

I beg to remain, yours, poorer than ever,  
RAPHAEL SURFACE.

## MYSTERIES REVIVED.

THE Stipendiary Magistrate at Sheffield has inflicted penalties for performance of an unlicensed drama, on the subject of "*Joseph and his Brethren*;" holding, with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, that the Stage is "not for JOSEPH"—or any such subject.

## A SLAP AT A SATIRIST.

(MRS. GINGHAM communicates her Opinions on Plain Cooking, and the pertness of certain Newspaper Parties.)

"The real difficulty about cooking is that it is in the hands of woman, and that woman is too ethereal a creature to interest herself in the matter. She is rather like Calypso, who partook of nectar and ambrosia, while she saw that her mortal guest had pork, almost always pork, and Pramnian wine. Woman, for her part, could live on tea and bread-and-butter for ever, with an occasional egg once or twice a week. These things are her nectar and ambrosia, and as long as man has his barbaric joint she thinks that all is well. The English joint is the bane of domestic life. . . . 'Plain cooking,' says a doctor, 'is an abomination; avoid it as you would poison. If you are tired of life, I can find other means of ridding you of it. Plain cooking,' this outspoken physician goes on, 'brings more grist to our mill than miasmas, drains, or either extreme of temperature.'"—*Daily News*.

MRS. CALYPSO I don't know. (Tom says she's not a Missis, but a Greek nymph as doted on a party called Ulysses.) But what I've got to say is this, this chaffy sort of mocking At Woman's works and Woman's ways is getting simply shocking.

Housewife or nymph, Calypso found, there's not the slightest question, That men are a contrary lot. But as for that suggestion, That Woman's too "ethereal"—which what's *that*?—to care for dinner, That's all the writer's artful spite, as sure as I'm a sinner.

They're always downing on us thus, a hinting round and sneering; Better abuse than this 'ere sly and niminy-piminy jeering. If "nectar" and "ambrosia," 's Greek for "tea" and "bread-and-butter," The feller's words is right-down fudge—a falsehood base and utter.

Women ain't butterflies, no fear, nor likeways gals ain't chickings, Though some of them in public play at bird-like sips and pickings. But when they on the quiet feed, d'ye think they pick and sip so? No, not a bit of it: no more, I'll warrant, did Calypso.

Barbaric joints, the bane of life? I do declare it's awful! Such revolutionary rant should be, if 'tain't, unlawful. Which our Constitution and our joints are England's greatest glories; Leastways, so Tories used to say; and I say so with the Tories.

That fellow must be kickshaw-mad, a nasty French-fed glutton, Who feels no respect for sirloin and is rude to leg o' mutton. Which they're English institutions to be kept in all their purity; Or, as Tom says—that lad's so smart—our national joint-security.

Plain Cooking? It's a precious boon our land alone possesses. Don't tell me of your German mucks nor yet of your French messes. This fad for foreign feeding's rot; the Swells may patronise it, But no, not me, nor yet my sort—we utterly despise it.

I don't ask JOHN to "live on pork and Pramnian wine for ever." (Which I wonder what *that* wine may be? Must ask young Tom—he's clever.) But if an English joint's his bane, plain cooked as I can cook it, He'd better hire a Parleyvoo, and as for me—I'll hook it!

## Paradise for Paupers.

MR. BUMBLE was thrown into a violent fit of indignation by the following paragraph, which he encountered in a newspaper:—

"FEMALE GUARDIANS.—On Saturday MISS MAUD STANLEY, cousin of DEAN STANLEY, was elected a guardian of St. Anne's, Soho."

The election of Ladies to the office of Guardian is regarded by MR. BUMBLE as a most unpropitious innovation. He is highly scandalised to see that it is an increasing 'abit, and thinks the rate-payers might just as well put them vicious paupers under the wings of guardian hangels at once; which would be making the work-house the wery reverse of the place as it was intended for.

## "SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT."

OUR excellent and enthusiastic friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, is much annoyed at the bad taste of his countrymen in encouraging Classical Concerts into which no Scotch music is admitted. It is reported that he has written to RICHARD WAGNER, urging that great musical reformer to add to his orchestra the Bagpipe and the Scotch Fiddle.

A COUNTER IRRITANT.—A Shopman who will insist on knowing if you want any other article to-day.





## THE SIGHTS OF DUBLIN.

*Irish Car-Driver.* "SHURE THAT'S THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, SOR; BUT IT'S ONLY THE RARE AV IT YOU'LL BE SEEING THIS SIDE, SOR—THE FRONT'S BEHIND!"

## A WARNING TO NOVEL-READERS.

A VERY vulgar and silly book, purporting to be a novel of high life, has been published by a person signing himself by a dual title with a foreign ring unknown to the *Almanach de Gotha*. In this offensive work real persons are introduced under the thinnest disguises. Anyone who knows anything about English society will throw the book down in utter disgust at its prurient, ignorant, and offensive caricature. However, as certain scandal-lovers of the lower middle class may be enticed to buy the book with a notion of finding in it what they may, in their innocence, believe to be a true picture of the Upper Ten, *Punch* begs to furnish a sample of the sort of thing that they may expect to get for their money:—

## CHAPTER XLVII.

It was ten o'clock in the supper-room at BLACK'S Club in St. James's Street. The waiters were moving about amongst the members, on the look-out for tips. BLACK'S is the most fashionable Club in London, and many are the twopences that find their way into the hands of the pampered menials (masses of gold, velvet, and hair powder) who wait upon the patricians of the Metropolis.

At one of the tables (that, like the rest, was groaning under the weight of artificial flowers and costly plate) sat three "men" eating their supper. All day long these "men" (as even their Graces Lord Dukes are sometimes called in Mayfair) had been drinking champagne and eating *patés de foies gras*. The first was a foreigner. He was called PRINCE VON DISMARCK, and had been Prime Minister to His Imperial Majesty the EMPEROR OF GERMANY. The next was MR. SADSTONE, an ex-Cabinet Minister. The last was the Right Honourable the EARL OF DEACONSFIELD—a new creation, and therefore not of great account in Mayfair.

"Where shall we go?" said MR. SADSTONE. "Prince, my Lord, what do you say to the Alhambra?"

"I prefer the Cambridge Music Hall in Shoreditch," replied his Lordship, filling his tankard with a fresh supply of "dry creaming." "I am blasé with West-End pleasures. Let us go 'east of Temple Bar.'"

And with a joyous laugh the three "men" left BLACK'S, and throwing themselves on to the top of a private coach-and-four, rattled down St. James's Street *en route* for the City.

In the meanwhile LORD BROMPTON was still talking in the bay window to his brother, the MARQUIS OF ISLINGTON.

"The DUCHESS OF DITCHWATER'S *soirée*, my Lord," said the elder patrician to his young relative, "was certainly dull. I give you my word that I couldn't get anything more substantial than a penny sandwich at supper. They had no 'fizz,' and the sherry had been watered."

"My Lord Marquis, you are right," replied the young aristocrat, with a bow. "It is very strange that in good society you can't get such luxuries of the season as those supplied by the lowest cad giving a Bayswater hop. I always bribe the Greengrocer when I visit her Grace, till he brings me some cold fowl."

At this sally several young aristocrats laughed heartily—their experience had been the same.

LORD LAWN (who had married Royalty) was greatly amused, and repeated the story afterwards to his connection the handsome PRINCE OF TICK.

"Well, you titled chaps," cried the Marquis, "are you game for any fun?"

LORD BROMPTON bit his lip. His brother approached him hurriedly.

"My Lord," he whispered, "at last by your emotion I have divined your secret. Last night at the DUCHESS OF BANCHESTER'S dance I saw you footing a schottische with the LADY BLANCHE TEMPLEBARRE, much to the disgust of her noble mother, her GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SCARBOROUGH. Tell me, my Lord, do you love the gal?"

"I do, my Lord Marquis," replied the younger nobleman, firmly, "but I know it is of no use. I am a younger son, and shall never be able to afford the bundle of five pound notes which LADY BLANCHE (were she my wife) would use for making her cigarettes. What is blue blood without £ s. d.? I have been born under the shadow of a coronet, and I have scarcely enough money to buy champagne for breakfast. I wish I had been born a snob, on my soul I do!"

"Stuff and nonsense, my Lord," said the Marquis. "And now which of you titled chaps are game for the Gardens?"

There was a shout of laughter, and the young aristocrats, leaving BLACK'S, threw themselves into Victorias (each harnessed to three horses arranged tandem-wise), and drove to KREMORNE.

Within five minutes all the young Lords were talking and chaffing with pleasant companions.

LORD BROMPTON soon forgot his love in shooting for nuts, and, when the time for the fireworks had arrived, was quite heart whole.

He was on the eve of following the crowd to a distant part of the gardens, when the Marquis arrived, bringing with him a friend, clothed in rather gorgeous garments.

"My Lord!" cried the Marquis, "let me introduce MR. SNOOKS to you. Snooks, this is my brother!"

The Gentlemen and the Nobleman bowed to one another.

"I am trying to persuade him to come home with us," continued the Marquis, "as I want to introduce him to our brother and the Marchioness, and their Ladyships, our SISTERS FANNY, FLORENCE, SUSANNA, and GWENDOLINE."

"Who is he, my Lord?" whispered LORD BROMPTON.

"The Lion Comique," replied the Marquis. "I tell you what, my Lord, he is no end of a stunning cove!"

And then the two Noblemen and the Comic Singer returned together to Grosvenor Square.

## THE LAST WORDS OF DIPLOMACY.

*France.*—"A neutral tint is the present Paris fashion, my dear friends."

*Greece.*—"Ready, aye ready."

*Germany.*—"All's well that ends well."

*Persia.*—"Your money or your life."

*Russia.*—"So very sorry."

*Turkey.*—"Kismet!"

*England.*—"Are you quite sure you would not like another Congress, or a few more pamphlets, or a debate or two, or a brand new Protocol, or anything else in the waste-paper line?"

*The Rest of the Civilised World.*—"Curse you, my children!"

*Curtain.*

BLOOD RELATIONS.—The news of the next few months.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ND has it come to this! So completely has the Asses' Bridge broken down, that it cannot even support a night's talk in the Lords. On Monday, April 16, LORD GRANVILLE was booked to call attention to the Protocol, but, as in the case of *Glendower's* call of spirits from the vasty deep, *Punch* must ask, like *Hotspur*, "will it come?" It would seem not; for the audience of the Upper House, not the densest—*Punch* begs pardon, not the most crowded—as a rule, hardly rose beyond the average to hear what LORD GRANVILLE had to say against, and LORD DERBY for the extinguisher that has taken—or is taking—fire.

*De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a rule for Lords as for Commons. The Protocol is dead. As nothing good can be said of the deceased diplomatic abortion, the only alternative is to say nothing. LORD DERBY said nothing, at consist-

derable length. The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE and the EARL OF DUDLEY said their dittos to LORD GRANVILLE. The Protocol having received its fitting "finis" from four flat speeches, the conversation collapsed; and the Protocol, with its declarations, passes away into the large limbo of Diplomatic Fizzles.

(Commons.)—MR. BOURKE has received a partial return of arrests, sentences, and executions of sentences on account of the Bulgarian uprising, and is ready to table them whenever MR. GLADSTONE will move. A partial return, no doubt, it must be, omitting, as it does, the name of every Moslem of rank or note who took the lead in the atrocities. While ACHMET, SHEFKET, and TOOSOON, so far from being punished for their share in the Bulgarian horrors, have been promoted, MR. BOURKE may as well put the Turkish returns in his pipe, and smoke them, as lay them on the table of the House. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* ("I make no returns") might be the Turks' motto for massacres and massacred alike. "Why should I, when I neither retrace my steps nor punish my offenders?"

The Pera Correspondent of the *Times*, the other day, reported the bastinadoing to death of one NASIM, a student in the military school at Constantinople, who had ventured to draw up a memorial demanding the recall of MIDHAT. MUSURUS PASHA has categorically denied the fact. That is MUSURUS PASHA's business. MR. JOCELYN now repeats the denial, and so does the *Telegraph* Correspondent. The last declares he has seen and identified NASIM. That is evidence or would be if the identification is clear.

Let us hope the story is not true, and that its falsehood is disprovable by something more trustworthy than Turkish official denials. A lively debate on the Mutiny Bills, Army and Navy, with lots of amendments moved. This is a novelty. PARNELL, POWER, and SULLIVAN, to say nothing of PETER TAYLOR, all busy in moving reductions of punishment, from solitary confinement to the Cat upwards. MR. PARNELL was rude enough to ask MR. WARD HUNT how he would like, if he unfortunately fell asleep on his post, to incur the punishment of penal servitude, death, or imprisonment with hard labour. Really, that is rather too personal, MR. PARNELL. Besides, you forget the First Lord's excuse if he should fall asleep on the Treasury Bench (which we presume is his Parliamentary





## MUSICAL EGOTISM.

*Herr Maestro (who has been indulging the Company with two Masses, three Symphonies, a dozen Impromptus, and a few other little things of his own). "WILL YOU NOT NOW ZING ZOMZING, MISS ANGHELICA?"*

*Miss Angelica (with diffidence, pulling off her gloves). "H'M!—H'M!—I'M AFRAID I'M A LITTLE HOARSE TO-DAY; BUT IF——"*

*Herr Maestro (with alacrity). "ACH SÖH! IN ZAT CASE I VILL NOT BRESS YOU. I HAF GOMBÖSET A ZONATA IN F MOLL—SHALL I BLAY IT FOR YOU? YES!"* [*Proceeds to do so.*]

post), that he has been obliged to listen to a PARNELL and a BIGGAR. If the Soldier, the Sailor, and the Marine have to dread the Cat, has not the House its Irish Obstructives, with their more than nine tails of blue-books, and their knotted and leaded yards? MR. WARD-HUNT succeeded in getting the Cat into the Mutiny Act. Henceforth the Statute will specify that the Cat is to be of a pattern approved by the Admiralty. Fancy my Lords at their Cat Inspection—to approve the Admiralty pattern! We recommend a Naval Cat Show—as a *succursale* to the feline display at the Crystal Palace—with a Naval Lord in attendance, to explain the points of the Cat approved of by the Admiralty!

*Tuesday.*—As dull as ditch-water in Parliament, in both Lords and Commons. My Lords were on Legal Education. The Inns of Court don't like my LORD SELBORNE'S Bill. Legal Education is the Benchers' business, not my LORD SELBORNE'S. Who is he, that he should set up to overhaul the Benchers, and educate the Bar? LORD CAIRNS is the Benchers' organ, and grinds their favourite tune of *Auld Lang Syne*. The pious PALMER will not reach his legal Holy Land this pilgrimage.

*(Commons.)*—MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN could move the abolition of the Railway Passenger Duty, but could not move the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to give up the £600,000 it produces, nor the non-Directorial element of the House to see any sufficient reason why he should. Though potent, the Railway Directors do not yet direct the House of Commons. MR. K.-H., as the clever author of some capital fairy tales, should publish one with a transformation beyond all the wonders of fairy-land, and as yet adventured in no published volume of fairy tales or Christmas transformation-scene—the transformation of Railway Passengers' duties into the duties of Railway Directors'. And if, after setting forth the latter, he could get the Directors to do it! As for the £600,000, there is a prevailing impression that if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER were to give it up, it would be to find its way not into passenger pockets, but shareholders'. The passengers prefer, for the present, to take

out their share in the shape of duty. When they find Directors showing an amiable concern for passengers in other matters, they will be ready, perhaps, to give them credit for paternal anxiety to save their pockets in the matter of the Railway Duty.

EARL PERCY moved the rejection of the Motion, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER declined to give up the money. So MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN withdrew his Motion, and the Earl his Amendment.

But the fun to-night was out of the House in the great Donkey Demonstration, which *Punch* has immortalised in another part of his columns. It was a touching sight to see WHALLEY conducting DE MORGAN and the Rump of the heroic ten who managed to reach the Lobby, to the Tea-Room, and there treating them to the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." Such was the worst rioting that came of the great Tichborne Demonstration. As Tea to Old Tom, so is WHALLEY to LORD GEORGE GORDON.

As for DE MORGAN—"who leads great asses should himself be ass." And he seems perfectly to possess the qualification.

There was a DE MORGAN—mighty in mathematics and pitiless protractor of paradoxes. We can imagine the Q.E.D. he would have arrived at over his namesake. A good deal like *Punch's*, elsewhere.

With WHALLEY and KENEALY in the House, and DE MORGAN out of it, the Unfortunate Nobleman in Dartmoor is even more unfortunate than his worst friends have painted him.

*Wednesday.*—When the foreign steamer *Franconia* smashed the *Strathclyde*, within two miles of Dover, no law could be enforced against the foreign offenders, the Court of Appeal holding, by seven men to six, that our Courts had no jurisdiction.

MR. GORST now seeks to stretch the grasp of the law over foreigners within a three-mile range of the coast. Something will have to be done; but it was agreed, after a legal talk—SIR G. BOWYER, STAVELY HILL, WHEELHOUSE, and FORSYTH against the Bill, and SIR W. HARCOURT and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL not exactly for it, but



*discriminando*—that the Government should do it. So GORST made way for CROSS—in due time.

MR. ANDERSON wants to assimilate the law of Scotland as to Married Women's Property to the law of England. And what for no? Unless it be, that your canny wedded Scot's grip of the siller—his wife's as well as his ain—is too strong to be loosened even by law, if he can help it.

MONTGOMERIE against, McLAREN and MR. EWING for the Bill. SIR G. CAMPBELL pathetic on the horror of converting wedlock into "chumming," and degrading the Scottish marriage tie to the Mahometan. This a new view of Moslem marriage. *Punch* had always thought the objection to that was from the point of polygamy, not property. But what SIR GEORGE objects to is not that the Turkish law allows too many wives, but that it makes all the wives independent in money matters. In fact, it would seem, according to SIR GEORGE, that the most Terrible Turk, in wedded life, is the one in petticoats. Thence, perhaps, the usage, among the Turkish ladies of wearing trousers—however baggy, still unmistakably of the unmentionable order.

The Bill was read a Second Time, but with a distinct intimation from the Lord Advocate, that Scottish women should not have an inch more right over their own than English.

*Thursday (Lords).*—LORD ENFIELD called attention, not before it is wanted, to the unsanitary condition of the Public Offices, old and new—the newest, to the shame of somebody—suppose we say BRITANNIA?—about the worst. Is it irony of the powers that watch over official undertakings, that the basement of the Office, which keeps such central eye and hand as are kept over the drainage of town and country, has been fairly flooded with liquid sewage, like the lover of HORACE's *Pyrrha*, "*Liquidis perfusus odoribus*," though not exactly, "*Grato sub antro*," but in a stinking cellar. Or is it the Board's offences of omission in sewerage matters that are being brought home to its own doors, in the form of liquid sewage?

LORD BEACONSFIELD promises a speedy cleansing of the Augean stables of Whitehall and Pall Mall by that rather shaky Hercules, the Board of Works.

LORD STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL showed at once his simple-mindedness and oddity by another last word for the Treaty of Paris, 1856. Let this be written on his Lordship's tombstone—may it be long before it is erected!—"He believed to the last in the Treaty of Paris, 1856."

LORD ROSEBURY did show how we might be put in an awkward fix under the Tripartite Treaty of the same year, if either Austria or France appealed to its obligations. But, as LORD DREBY took comfort in pointing out to the House, they haven't, and are not likely to. So the Tripartite may go, with its predecessor, "Where de old Treaties go."

His Lordship should issue a new treatise. "On Treaties and their Obligations," *Punch* offers him some mottoes:—

"*De non existentibus et non apparentibus, eadem est ratio.*"

"A Treaty that the signatories don't insist on is no Treaty."

"Circumstances alter cases."

"Sufficient for the time being is the Treaty thereof."

"No bother, no bond."

(*Commons*).—Much miscellaneous talk, including a conversation on a department with the objectionable name of the Petty Bag Office. *Punch* is sorry to learn that petty-bagging has rather increased than diminished under the Judicature Act, so that MR. W. H. SMITH finds it impossible to abolish the office that works the petty bag business. *Punch* had flattered himself all these official petty-bagging had been done away with.

On report of the Mutiny Act, repetitions of the lively debates and divisions on Second Reading by PARNELL, BIGGAR, POWER, and their followers of the Irish Obstructive Brigade. They are evidently going in to curry favour with the Forces, as the "poor" soldiers' and sailors' friends. GENERAL SHUTE said the one thing worth recording in the night's talk—that "want of discipline was the failing of the age. There was a want of discipline in the Church, and at the Bar. He might even say he believed there was a want of discipline in that House." I believe you, *Mon Général!*

Another talk on the incidence of Imperial Taxation. MR. GOSCHEN doubted the Budget calculations, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stands by them. He pointed out that if new taxation had been needed, there is always the Income-Tax. And the Inexhaustible Bottle, SIR STAFFORD. As SIR WILFRID might say,—"Don't pass the Bottle."

*Friday (Lords).*—LORD CAMPERDOWN raised the ugly question why, after CAPTAIN HOBART, R.N., was dismissed our Service in 1868 for accepting service with the Turk without leave of the Admiralty, HOBART PASHA was in 1874 restored to our Service, whence he is now drawing £400 a year half-pay. LORD DREBY could only admit the fact, with a feeble attempt at explanation, which explained nothing.

We are still at peace with Turkey and Russia. But they may any day be at war with each other. Would not Russia have some-

thing to say, and with reason, to an English Rear-Admiral commanding the Turkish Iron-clads? A question to be asked, and not to be answered except in one way—by striking CAPTAIN HOBART off the Navy List—(on which, with all his unwillingness to hit a British sailor, *Punch* must say the Captain ought never to have been replaced while he wore Turkish uniform)—from the date of the declaration of war between Russ and Turk.

(*Commons*).—The House thrilled to-night with a common pulse, as the country thrilled next morning, at the news of the rescue of the five Welsh miners from their ten days' living burial in the Troedyrhiw mine. God bless the brave fellows who risked their lives to rescue their brethren! It is something to have set thirty-two million hearts beating to one tune. It is something to be one of these thirty-two million hearts, and to feel one's heart beat the throbbing link between oneself and thirty-one millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine.

And then, to take down its excitement, the House went in, as if it really meant it, on MR. HANBURY TRACT's waggish suggestion of an official staff of Reporters, to give verbatim reports of the Parliamentary talk! Talk of BIGGAR and PARNELL! Had he been serious? Think of the House weekly or monthly confronted with its own verbiage! "*Litera scripta manet*," too. "The evil that men do, lives after them;" for that we have SHAKESPEARE's warrant. But that the rot they talk should live after them as well!—*Deus avertat!*

The House dabbled with the appalling idea, as seeming-reckless men might play with a loaded shell, knowing—the rogues—all the time there wasn't a light within a league of them.

No. Parliament is safe enough from verbatim reports, till a BIGGAR and a PARNELL—twin obstructives risen to con- and destructive—are set loose to work their wicked wills upon the Saxon speechmaker.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

NEW VERSION.

(Penning by W. E. G. in Arcadia.)



OME live with me and  
be my love;  
And we will all the  
pleasures prove  
That, in these days,  
Arcadia yields  
To one who seeks its  
peaceful fields.

We'll sit beside our  
letter-box,  
Seeing the missives  
come in flocks;  
Big piles of post-cards,  
destined all  
For answering ques-  
tions great and  
small.

And I will pen you  
pamphlets long,  
And essays on Ho-  
meric song;  
Or spice my lectures  
sage and solemn,  
With brave orations  
by the column.

I'll show thee how a Wolff to keep  
From harrying Arcadian sheep;  
And how to counter, "fib," and "plant,"  
And play the Shepherd-militant.

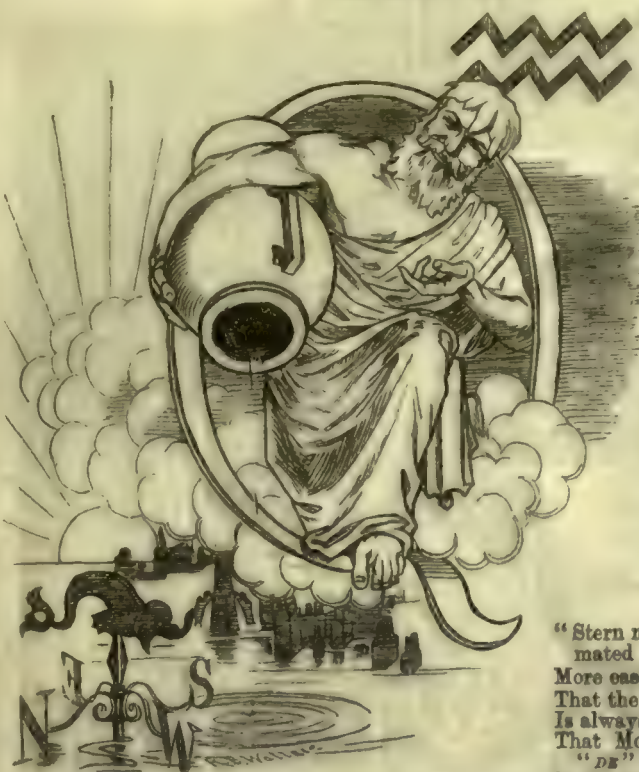
I'll teach thee how to ply an axe,  
And mind and muscle jointly tax;  
Or quit the pastoral pipe and crook,  
For wordy bout and big Blue-Book.

The Daily papers,—morning treat  
To lend a relish to our meat,—  
Shall on our breakfast-table be  
Piled up each day for thee and me.

The lazier Swains may dance and sing,  
We'll toil and fight like anything.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me, and be my love!



## A DEMONSTRATION.



VERY—meant to demonstrate what? That "patriots" are a seedy lot; That spouters of seditious rant, With tongue alone are militant, And, spite of bellicose pretences, Don't "disregard the consequences"; That swaggerers, who Police defy Of Jupiter Pluvius fight shy, Whose water-pot has proved a damper To many a loud potential trumper; That heroes game to spill their blood Will funk chill wind and clinging mud, Oblivious of valorous vows; and That those defiant hundred thousand

"Stern men and true" got decimated

More easily than congregated; That the arithmetic of bluster Is always falsified at muster; That MORGAN of the knightly "DE"

Is not the pink of chivalry;

That ROWLAND TYLER is not WAT; That muffs who swear they'd rather rot In dungeon than as recreants live, Would funk what Beak might haply give; That martyrdom is not their walk, When "rot" is mainly all their talk; That 'tis an anti-climax rather When fools who in their thousands gather, Have to depute ten leading "gabs" To charge the foe in four-wheeled cabs!

That geese will stray when given free room, And that the House of Commons tea-room With counsel and applause from WHALLEY, Forms fittest finish to such folly; That loud DE MORGAN can but bray Like other "mokes," and lose his way; That blatant TYLER and crass SKIPWORTH Are scarcely serious Satire's whip worth; In fine, that the egregious three Are utter donkeys—Q. E. D.!

## FOR THE MASTER OF THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

THE following Regulations have been issued by the Police for the maintenance of order and the satisfaction of the Great Composer on the occasion of the Wagner performances at the Albert Hall:—

The Public will be admitted to the Albert Hall on presentation of vouchers signed by HERR WAGNER or HERR DANNREUTHER, and on production of a certificate from any two Professors of Aesthetics in any University at home or abroad.

No person who has ever been heard to scoff at the Music of the Future, or is known to prefer MOZART's, BEETHOVEN's, or MENDELSSOHN's works to the Recitatives in *Lohengrin* and the *Ring der Nibelungen*, or who has ever confessed to having derived pleasure from the Operas of AUBER or ROSSINI, BELLINI or DONIZETTI, or who has at any time degraded himself so far as to listen to the garbage of OFFENBACH, HERVÉ, LECOCQ, or STRAUSS, will on any account be admitted to the honour of assisting in this audition.

Any one of the audience assembled who shall blow any one's trumpet but that of RICHARD WAGNER (always excepting the ninety-nine trombones in the orchestra), or who shall sneeze, cough, or blow his own nose, or any one else's, during the ceremony, or who shall show any sign of disapproval or weariness, either by audible word, gesture, exclamation, or whisper, shall, on detection, be removed by the police agents at the first pause in the programme.

Only specified admirers will be permitted to bring up to the dais on which the august WAGNER will be enthroned crowns, wreaths, or bouquets for his acceptance.

All crowns must be of gold or silver-gilt. Wreaths and bouquets to be composed of the costliest exotics.

The Police have special orders to prevent the audience in their enthusiasm carrying HERR WAGNER round the Galleries, or crowding to kiss his hand, so as to impede his respiration, or otherwise interfere with his personal comfort.

A powerful, lime-light will throw a halo round the head of the Professor during the performance.

Three of the most noted aurists of Savile Row will be in attendance at the Hall for the reparation of defective drums.

Sal-volatile and chloric æther, for the use of persons of exceptionally fine-strung nerves,

may be had in the basement of the Hall, on application to the Chemist of the Medicines of the Future, who will have his laboratory on the premises, with every description of restorative appliance and apparatus.

Special trains will run from the Kensington High Street Station to Colney Hatch, Hanwell, and Earlswood after each concert.

## OUT OF RANGE.

WE rejoice to hear that the British Army already possesses an excellent range-finder, and has only to bring it into use and train men to work it in all branches of the Service. This is very encouraging, and all would be well did but the British Army possess also the following useful articles:—

A Commander-in-Chief who did not disapprove of his own General Orders.

A Field-Marshal who did not rest his claims to distinction upon his years rather than his laurels.

A Mobilisation Scheme that did not exist only on paper.

A War-Office which did not quarrel with the Indian Department.

An Indian Department which did not, whenever possible, snub and ignore the Horse-Guards.

A Reserve able to fill up ugly gaps in the event of our Army being called on for serious operations.

And, lastly, a few more horses, a good many more guns, and, if it could be managed without quite breaking the back of BRITANNIA, a great many more stalwart men in her Line and our Reserve.

## STANZAS ON A SHOWER.

Yon Butcher's ruby face is gleaming  
With copious moisture, like the rain,  
Whose big drops, fast and frequent streaming,  
Run races down the window-pane.

From pores cutaneous such effusion  
In heat of business oft appears.  
That thought were now a fond illusion;  
For ah, those cheeks are bathed in tears!

News of the last great importation  
Of Yankee meat hath caught his eyes:  
O'erwhelmed with grief and consternation  
So now the blue-frocked Bobus cries.

## From Commoners to Cads.

MR. PUNCH, if infallible, is yet not omniscient. Knowing that MR. JOHN DE MORGAN had headed commoners in the destruction of illegal enclosures on commons, he did not know at the time that MR. DE MORGAN was capable of heading cads in an Orton demonstration of tagrag and bobtail. But Mr. Punch never pronounced MR. DE MORGAN, *ex cathedra*, to be a wise and sensible man, or declared him, authoritatively, actuated by any sentiment superior to the enthusiasm of a demagogue inflamed with a passion for notoriety.

## That Terrible Turk.

AN assertion commonly passing current is the saying that "the Turk is a Conservative." This however should be taken with grains of salt fully amounting to a scruple. In Bulgaria and elsewhere the Turk has abundantly shown that, when his monkey is up, he can be an out-and-out Destructive. But, Conservative or Destructive, as the occasion of a threatened European war, confound his politics!

SUITED TO A TEA.—"MISTER" DE MORGAN in the House of Commons.





### A PARAGON.

*Lady's-Maid (enumerating her Qualifications for the Place). "I MAY LIKEWISE HADD, MEM, THAT I HALWAYS MANAGES TO MARRY MY YOUNG LADIES MOST SATISFACTORY!"*

### "TAKING THE LEAD."

"For the last few months England has been taking the lead."—MR. WARD-HUNT, at Portsmouth.

"What was it we promised in that paragraph of the Protocol, which some people have urged, but I think with signal ill-success, involves or implies the idea of coercion? It was this: that if certain things were not done by the Turkish Government—we being the judges of whether they were done or not—then, at some future time, which was not fixed—we being the judges as to when that time had arrived—we should consider with certain other Powers, and say what we should then do."—LORD DERBY, in the House of Lords.

TAKING the lead? Well, it's flattering, very,  
To picture JOHN BULL in that masterful rôle.  
But, perhaps, ere we make too much haste to be merry,  
'Twere well of that lead to consider the goal.  
Blind leaders have been, and we know where they guide to.  
A *dux* such as DERBY should better succeed.  
Let him point out the fair winning-post we're to ride to,  
And show the result of our taking the lead.

Peace? No, not precisely, for war-cries are rumbling,  
And baffled diplomacy comes to a halt.  
Treaty-rights? Those old bulwarks appear to be tumbling,  
By gradual sap, if not daring assault.  
Amelioration of down-trodden masses?  
Our help to that end has been trifling indeed.  
What else? Well, the wreck of that poor Bridge of Asses  
Remains as result of our—taking the lead.

And that? A. hits B. "Now," says B., "I must mention,  
My friend, that your manners are scarcely urbane,  
And, if you evince any obvious intention—  
That is, in my judgment—of punching again,  
I fear I must really, at some time or other,—  
I won't fix the date to a decade or two,—  
Take measures to—well, my annoyance to smother,—  
And consult as to what 'twere well, some day, to do."

That's Protocol policy! "Safe?" Some may think so;  
JOHN BULL has his doubts whether making it plain  
That his pluck may at pinch from the sticking-place shrink so  
Is certain to issue in ultimate gain.  
At least, if his goal is this queer congregation  
Of "ifs," that as peacemakers do not succeed,  
He fails to perceive any special temptation  
To jubilant bounce about—"Taking the Lead."

### THE CLOTH AND ERMINE.

GREAT and grievous disappointment was caused in the City by the discontinuance of the custom wont hitherto from old time to be annually and religiously observed by the Judges and Serjeants of the Law on the first Sunday in Easter Term of going in state, arrayed in full-bottomed wigs and ermine, to St. Paul's, "where," as the *Echo* says, "the LORD MAYOR, the LADY MAYORESS, the Sheriffs, and the proper City officials, with sword and mace, and Aldermen and Common Councillors, in fur and mazarine gowns, each with a bouquet in his hand, waited patiently for the Judges and Serjeants who did not come."—Ostensible excuses were made for this portentous dereliction. But what if, considering the attitude assumed by certain ecclesiastics towards the Public Worship Act and the Court of Arches, the Sages of the Law thought proper to absent themselves from Church in order to signify what they think of certain dignitaries of the Church defying the Law?

### A New Torture.

WE are informed (though we make this announcement *sous toutes les réserves*) that one of the sufferings endured by the Unhappy Nobleman pining in Dartmoor arises from the shoals of letters addressed to him, through an erroneous interpretation of the following words in the form to be used by the large number of persons desiring abatement of Income-Tax—"All the blanks in the Notice must be filled up, and the Notice must be signed by, the Claimant."





## THE EXTINGUISHER ON FIRE!

LORD D. "CON-FOUND THE THING!—IT'S ALL A-BLAZE!!"

LORD B. "AH, MY DEAR D., PAPER *WILL* BURN, YOU KNOW!!"





THE END OF THE WORLD



## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(CONTINUED.)

(Forwarded to us through a Friend by Private Wire\*.)



He day after the one last mentioned.—Met sixteen wolves to-day all wrapped up in sheep's clothing to keep themselves warm. Tried MR. GLADSTONE's name on them with excellent effect. Haven't seen them again. Pig getting very clever. Met a

fair Circassian coming home. She was quite the 'Circassian *crème de la crème*. In fact as I said to her, "You're so much the cream as to be quite the cheese!" She blushed and replied, "O son of thrice noble parents"—they are uncommonly polite these Circassians—"O well-fed and much-caressed one"—she must have meant the Pig, not me—"O funny little fat father"—she must have been thinking of some one else when she said this—"I am afraid that your words are *chaffinski*"—(a Circassian expression for not meaning what you say)—but I assured her she was mistaken. "O beautiful one! O unhappy one!" I replied, my memory furnishing me with appropriate expressions from the translations of the Italian *libretti* to which we are accustomed at the Opera, "how strangely thou art mistaken! Ah Heaven! my divine enchantress (*divina incantatrice*), my words are the voice of truth!" Then I spread out the Alphabet before her, and the Pig grunted at each letter which made up her lover's name. She parted with two roubles, and left us much pleased with the entertainment.

Wednesday.—Came up to Fort Number One. Found GENERAL KAUFFMANN here taking care of Number One. Gave KAUFFMANN some lozenges for his voice. "Kauff, man, no more," said I, pleasantly, and he went into fits. I asked him if we should be stopped before we got to Khiva. He answered with considerable caution, and put his finger to his nose. The last thing I saw of the old General was his left eye, as he winked at us through a loophole in Fort Number One. Thermometer going down to twenty degrees below nothing. Never was so cold. I have a warm sack with a hot-air apparatus in which I live the greater part of the day, and ride side-saddleways like a lady. As in this climate one dare not show one's eyes, or nose, or hands, I have ingeniously contrived holes through which the reins pass, and so I manage to guide my animal. If this cold increases, I must do in Russian Tartary as the Russian Tartars do, and, when riding, get inside and pull the blinds down. But I'm a Cosmopolitan, and can live anywhere. I find the piano a great comfort. It affords considerable amusement by day, and forms an admirable sleeping place at night. This evening played two games of Double Dummy with the Pig. He won the last rubber. If he repeats this, I shall watch his play closely. The Sleigh-driver backed the Pig. I begin to suspect collusion. How will this end?

Day after.—Came across a *Vodki*, which is a sort of Russian Punch-show, only without Toby. It was being carried by its spirited proprietor, who complained bitterly of the decay of the drama. The *Vodki*-man admired the Pig and made an offer. Refused it, but played the *Vodki*-man at *écarté*, with which he was not previously acquainted—at least, so he said; but, for a novice, I never saw a man cut the king so often. Fortunately, as I explained to him after he had won a dozen games, we were only playing for amusement—not for money

\* To prevent mistakes, we think it as well to state, that the "Private Wire" in question is not a soldier—at least we suppose not. We merely print the words as written at the head of the MS. left at our Office by one of Our Representative's many friends.—Ed.

—or I should have lost considerably. Row with the *Vodki*-man. Appeal to the Sleigh-driver. Sleigh-driver sided with *Vodki*. I offered him an I.O.U. They both said that in the middle of a snow desert this was of no use to them. Obligated to pay in roubles. *Vodki*-man wished me to bear no malice, and offered me a glass of native *wickski*. Not liking to offend him, took it.

Next Morning.—Everything disappeared, and everybody—*Vodki*-man, Sleigh-driver, Piano, and Pig. All gone. I am alone in the Great Snow Desert—houseless, friendless, unprotected. Policeman only makes his rounds here once in three months, and then finds it dull, as there are no arrearings, cooks, or cold mutton within fifty miles. Please send me a cheque at once (by Private Wire\*), or I shall not be able to get on to Khiva—not even on foot.

You wouldn't like to hear of Your Representative perishing of cold and starvation in the Great Snow Desert. The British Government would take up the subject warmly; but the subject would be precious cold before the British Government stirred itself, and even then two or three years might elapse before an Honourable Member would call for the papers, relating to the mysterious disappearance of a British subject somewhere in the snow between St. Petersburg and Khiva, to be laid before the House. Send the cheque per my friend, whom you can thoroughly trust, and who knows all about it. Do not delay. If you've any misgiving,† just look up the people whose names are down on my Subscription List, and who haven't paid up. If my hands are not too frozen to write or to wire, I will send you my diary as usual. But should the wolves get hungry \*\*\*\*\*

Next Day (Diary continued by Private Wire).—Luckiest chance in the world! Found a *mhoka* (a Tartar donkey) and a boy going to Khiva. Boy says he knows the way. No saddle or bridle. Only a *Jode* (a small sum equal to about fourpence of our money) by the hour. Away! upon my bare-backed steed.

Day after.—Hooray! (This again is by Private Wire.) The Pig has come back safe and sound. He had a squeak for his life. The *Vodki*-man had religious objections to eating him, and the Pig fortunately getting hold of the letters of the Alphabet which he carries with him round his neck, spelt out the words, "I'm a Christian."

The *Vodki*-man instantly released him, as, being a Turk, and not a Tartar, he never tortures Christians. In fact they never do out here. That's all a mistake. The Pig is as happy as possible, and has already made great friends with the Donkey and the Boy.

1 P.M.—Luncheon time. At this point I came on CAPTAIN BURNABY's track.‡ He

\* We are struck by the mention of this name again in connection with sending a cheque. Can Private Wire be really a soldier, and not a telegraphic apparatus? We have told our Confidential Boy in the front office to make inquiries.—Ed.

† We have. But still if our Representative is really, through no fault of his own, in such a pitiable condition, something ought to be done. To be on the safe side, we shall consult a Solicitor. We have had no information as yet concerning this "Private Wire."—Ed.

‡ In warmly congratulating CAPTAIN BURNABY on his safe return from his recent tour in Asia Minor, we also congratulate ourselves on the opportunity now afforded us of testing the correctness—by which expression we show ourselves far from impugning the veracity—of our Special Representative's statements. Be-





### OUR ARMY RESERVE.

*Sergeant of Pensioners (marching party of the Army Reserve into Camp—approaching the Guard). "Now, my men, pull yourselves together! You're not so drunk as you think!"*

has left his footprint in the snow. I telegraph over this news at once, as I know the publishers are all rushing *en masse* to buy his works, and I want to know what they'll give for one of his foot-prints? The print is a proof—of his having been here; and I'll swear to it—for a consideration. My friend at the livery stables will receive tenders and forward them to yours truly by Private Wire. On we go again to Khiva.

sides, if our Riding Representative has gone wrong, we are sure that the gallant officer above mentioned will be only too delighted to telegraph to him all such necessary directions as "Go ahead!" "First turning to the right!" "Halt!" and so forth. . . . Since writing the above, a map of the country, drawn by our Representative, exhibiting its strong and weak points, and showing the route he is now taking, has been delivered by his agent, the Livery-Stable Keeper. We were out at the time, but our Confidential Boy in the front office took it in, and gave the man five shillings on account. It will be on his own—the Confidential Boy's—account if the map is not both genuine and authentic. The Boy quite forgot to ask about Private Wire, but he says that the man who generally brings the M.S. has a "millingerry hair." Still—the Boy is to blame.

*Latest Intelligence.*—Boy in tears. His mother has arrived. The five shillings belonged to her. Further complications. Result in our next, as we must go out (by the back door) and call on CAPTAIN BURNABY. We are most anxious to see the horse that he has ridden so much on. It must be his hobby.—ED.

### Erin's Three Graces.

*(New version of a well-known Epigram.)*

THREE Members in three different counties born,  
Dundalk and Meath and Cavan did adorn:  
The first in rude vulgarity surpassed;  
The next in stubbornness; in both the last.  
Force of obstructiveness no more could do—  
To make the third, she joined the other two.

THE LATEST FORM OF LUNACY.—Faith in the Crescent.

### THEN AND NOW.

THINGS are not what they used to be in days not distant far—Old fogies were no striplings then, when NICHOLAS was Czar. And people dreamt—how came so strange a fancy to extend?—That Russian rule was tyranny, and conquest Russia's end.

"Atrocities" in Poland, deeds of bigotry and ire,  
Were told, and even credited, of ALEXANDER's sire!  
The "Nuns of Minsk" a by-word were that passed beyond a doubt.  
JOHN BULL believed the story of the Sisters and the Knout.

The Cross against the Crescent when good NICHOLAS unfurled,  
The bombs of France and England on Sebastopol were hurled.  
Against him, with the Ottoman the Western Powers took part,  
And thwarted him, and baffled him, and broke his gentle heart.

The Turks were then our trusty friends, our true and good allies.  
We all thought Turkey in the scale of Nations on the rise.  
Alas, these good opinions Britons backed with British gold:  
Investors lent the moneys which they'll ne'er again behold.

But now in vain may Turkey to BRITANNIA look for aid.  
The Muscovites the Porte's domain can unopposed invade,  
So they assail our interests not, for anything we care,  
'Tis almost a Party question if we should not help "the Bear."

Bulgarian horrors were the cause which, sole and simple, wrought  
On the Oriental Question all this change of British thought.  
Mere righteous indignation bids us throw the Moslem o'er,  
Bleed not e'er a drop to save them; lend them ne'er a penny more.

### A POKE THROUGH A PARCHMENT.

It is said that the "Tripartite Treaty" of 1856 gives the parties to it "no loophole." True; but there appears to be a hole in it through which another party will be able to fire.



VERS NONSENSIQUES À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUËRE.)



UN Ténor ambulant (de Bruxelles)  
Fasciné par les bières si belles  
Qu'on fabrique à Burton,  
Entonna la chanson :  
"Que je (hic) voudrais avoir vos ailes !"



À POTSDAM, les totaux absteineurs,  
Comme tant d'autres titotailleurs,  
Sont gloutons, omnivores,  
Nasorubicolores,  
Grands manchons, et terribles duffeurs.



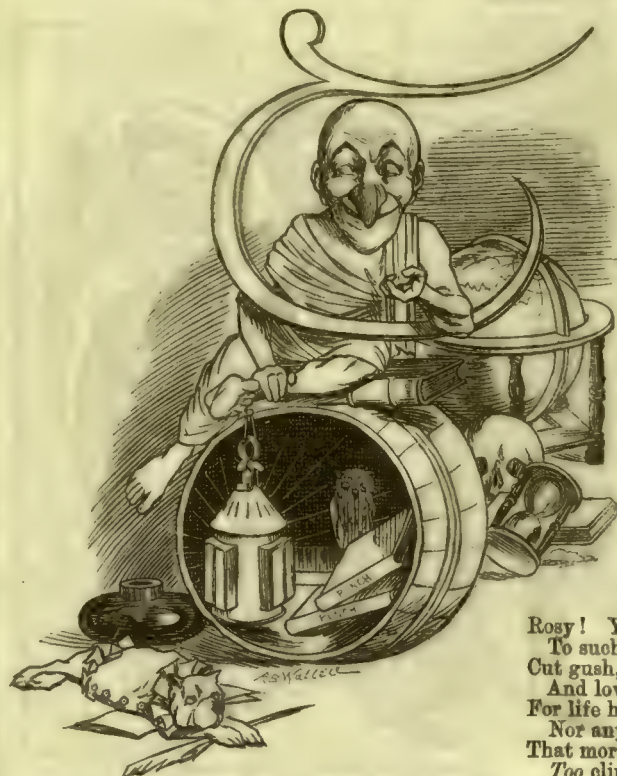
SMITH voudrait avoir assez de joue  
Pour parler à cet homme à la rone,  
Et pour oser, en cas  
Qu'il ne réponde pas,  
L'appeler—"Vieux bâton-dans-la-boue !"



PAUVRE ÉDOUIN ! ANGÉLINA t'aimait !  
Mais un jour qu'ANGÉLINA chantait,  
Tu fis une grimace  
Qu'elle vit dans la glace. . . .  
Dès ce jour, Pauvre ÉDOUIN, c'en est fait !



## THE LAY OF THE LATTER-DAY CYNIC.



HE CYNIC! Ay; but *à la mode*,  
Not as per ancient sample.  
'Tis not the modern *Timon's* code  
On luxury to trample.  
DIOGENES was but a dunce  
Who scorned the choice and cosy,  
We moderns know that life's at once  
Ridiculous—and rosy.  
Ridiculous! Most men are fools,  
Most women food for mocking.  
But Cynics of the ancient schools  
Were coarse, ill-clad, and shocking.  
We dress, and dine, and dance, and wine,  
Smart scoffers, gay and airy;  
For dirt and dulness don't define  
The new *Nil Admirari*.

Rosy! Yes, life is rosy, too,  
To such as take it rightly;  
Cut gush, eschew the sourly true,  
And love and labour lightly.  
For life has no abiding sting,  
Nor any binding snare for  
That mortal who no mortal thing  
Too clingly will care for.

Since life's a jest, he fares the best  
Who makes a trade of jesting;  
And only zanies spoil its zest  
By seriously contesting.

'Tis fun to watch the squabbling Schools,  
Creeds, Councils, Crowns, and Mitres.  
The wise look on, and only fools  
Are found among the fighters.

Fight? Who would stoop to sweat and dust,  
Or handle hilt or trigger,  
When he might watch War's cut and thrust,  
And, snug in safety, snigger?  
Hot dolts may join the strenuous close—  
No choice could well be queerer—  
I cock a cool contemptuous nose,  
And read the *Sixpenny Sneerer*.

The dread *régime* of gush and rush,  
To restless GLADSTONE owing,  
Thank Heaven, is o'er. With sleepy hush  
Our stream of life is flowing.

And if there's that beneath which makes  
Sour zealots hold their noses,  
The course is smooth, and Mirth awakes  
To strew the stream with roses.

We've shut the door on Sentiment,  
A guest who gave us trouble;  
For glory!—fools may be content  
To chase that flying bubble.  
Your Cynic-epicure will try  
A pleasanter employment,  
Combining general mockery  
With personal enjoyment.

Not mine DIOGENES's rules—  
Roots and tubs may suit Vandals;  
Give me my *trous plats*, togs from POOLE'S,  
And last new frois in scandals,—  
These are my joys. Down, dullard Care!  
Out, Zeal, thou Simple Simon!  
My cane! my weed! I take the air—  
The fashionable *Timon*!

## STRANGE FOOD IN THE STABLE.

## PREUX CHEVALIER PUNCH.

ALTHOUGH a Vegetarian—yet not a Teetotaler—for when thirsty and fatigued, I can drink my pot of strong beer off at a pull, let me implore you to exert your great influence amongst the Equestrian Order for keeping the regulation of provender in their stables strictly and steadily up to the mark of good old English fare. As beef, mutton, and veal hold their place in the banqueting-hall, so let hay, beans, and corn in the manger. This sentiment must commend itself to every stable mind.

But, esteemed Sir, there has appeared in several of your contemporaries a statement, representing a certain French gentleman—so to call him—a M. LE BIAN, to have invented a substitute for oats. It seems to have answered so well in France, that innovators propose to introduce it into this country. The fodder designed to supersede oats is—what do you imagine? Parsnips?

Parsnips of all subjects of the Vegetable Kingdom! Roots! What next! Turnips, I suppose—Swedes, mangold-wurzel, kohlrabi, food for cattle, including THORLEY'S, perhaps, or oil-cake even, who knows?—materials for the growth of meat. It is easy to see what all this points to. No doubt, parsnips are highly nutritive in their way. Everybody knows that they contain a large quantity of sugar, wherewithal they served your great-grandmothers to make parsnip-wine. But sugar is carbonaceous food, simply fattening. It will not support the condition requisite for the hunting-field, or the turf. It

will only qualify a creature for the stall. Such as the stalled ox is, such will it render the superior quadruped—degrading it to a stalled horse. Parsnips are recommended in lieu of oats, mainly because they are cheaper—four times as cheap as oats. They are means by which horses can be fattened at small expense, like pigs. Presently, perhaps, horses also will be supplied with wash; and education on parsnips, comprising an excursion upon acorns, will conclude with a brief course of barley-meal.

The plain fact is, *Mr. Punch*, that if given to horses, instead of their proper food, parsnips will be the thin end of the wedge. In France the wedge has been driven home. Hippophagy has long prevailed there; as, no doubt, anthropophagy will very soon. Parsnips for British horses will be the beginning of the end; and that end will be the butcher's shop. In the meanwhile you will have Horse Shows, wherein the horses will be shown as fat cattle. You will see horses, ere long, near Christmas, exhibited amongst the rest of the beasts at the Smithfield Club Cattle Show, and graziers and meat-salesmen coming and punching their sides. From the knuckles of all such connoisseurs defend—with your cudgel—the ribs of your humble servant to command in any work according to his capacity,

HOUGHNNHM.

*Broddingnag Mews, April 25, 1877.*

## TAXES IN RESERVE.

PUNCH hears that the following suggestions for new taxation were struck out of the Budget at the last moment. He would suggest the substitution of them for the Income-tax in a future year.

A Tax on three-volume novels written by women.

A Poll-tax on rinkers.

A Poll-tax on bachelors over thirty.

A Tax on the sixpenny journals of society, which retail scandal and call it news.

A Tax on false hair.

A Tax on photographs.

A Tax on high heels.

And, finally,—a source of large addition to the revenue of the country,—a Tax on all the imbecility in the shape of correspondence which *Punch* has daily to sift in the forlorn hope of finding the one grain in the measureless bushels of chaff.

To Sir Henry Hawkins.

(By a Bothered Barrister.)

TWINKLE, twinkle Legal star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the Court so high:  
Please enlighten us! Do try!

“Nor owns the Flattering Falsehood of the Brush.”

HERE is a curious, and, so far as *Punch* knows, a new offence charged against a butcher who contracts for the meat supply of a Metropolitan Union; viz., that of “painting the head of a sheep, to give it the semblance of a South Down.”

Till now we had thought the painting up of sheepish heads, so as to give them the appearance of better blood and breeding than rightfully belonged to them, was the work of the portrait-painter, not the butcher. The accused butcher, it is only fair to say, repels with indignation the aesthetic impeachment.





## AN INDUCEMENT.

Pip. "YOU SHOULD ALWAYS DO WHAT MAMMA TELLS YOU, SIBYL. IF YOU ALWAYS  
HAD, YOU'D HAVE BEEN IN HEAVEN LONG AGO!"

## BEAUTIFICATION FOR BARNES COMMON.

THERE are actually those who deprecate Railway extension on Barnes Common! Still more, *Mr. Punch*, will they object to the improvement designed for that pleasant place by other and even more tasteful parties than London and South-Western Railway Directors.

Going towards Richmond by way of Hammersmith Bridge Road, turn down the lane thence diverging at the "Red Lion" Pub. It takes you out on the Common. You pass between meadows on the right and left. The meadow close on the right has in it a rookery among tall elm-trees. On the left the meadows are besprinkled and bespangled with daisies and buttercups and marsh-marigold and cuckoo-flower; and as the season advances, and when haymaking is at hand, the grass will have grown up luxuriantly, crested and tinted with red sorrel.

On this side, just where the lane opens on the Common, nigh to your elbow stands a pole, displaying a red flag. A series of like poles and flags, a few yards apart, extends all the way up to the Cemetery. In the midst of them is hoisted a black board, exhibiting, in white letters, the enlivening legend, "Site of the Proposed Sewage-Manure Works." Danger-signals these, apparently, hung out by absurdly alarmed Conservators.

The site of the proposed Sewage-Manure Works is at present occupied by nothing prettier than furze richly out in bright yellow bloom. On a hot sunny day, to be sure, blooming furze exhales a delightful odour. Fancy that of the Works!

A background to the site of the proposed Sewage-Manure Works is formed of mere rows of trees coming out in leaf. Would not *DR. JOHNSON* have been right in saying that a grove of chimneys in a place like that was better than any grove of trees? Particularly such chimneys as the chimneys of Sewage-Manure Works.

I am informed by enemies of the parties who propose to embellish Barnes Common with Sewage-Manure Works that they are prin-

## WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

(With the kind Permission of the Authorities.)

**SMITH PASHA** (a Captain in the 30th Hussars, Prince Leopold's Own) is marching northwards with a large Turkish army. He is likely to be opposed, on reaching Russian soil, by **GENERAL COUNT SNOOKSKI**, another English officer on half-pay.

**BROWN EFFENDI** (of Her Majesty's Tin Tax Office) has accepted the post of Director of War Telegraphs to the Turkish Government. He will leave England immediately (on long leave) to undertake the duties of his new post.

**M. THOMPSONOFF** (of the British Foreign Office) has been intrusted with the mission of stirring up an insurrection on the borders of the Danube by the Russian Government.

**JONES EFFENDI** (a Captain in the Royal Navy) is in command of four Turkish Iron-clads. He has been ordered to bombard Odessa. He has received no instructions to spare British property in that port.

**CAPTAIN BROWNOFF** (of the Royal Engineers, Chatham) has accepted temporary service in the Russian Army. He will be intrusted with the construction of a road from Khiva to British India. It will be remembered that **CAPTAIN BROWNOFF** has recently returned from service with his company in the North-West Provinces.

**ROBINSON BEY** (of the English Treasury) has accepted a contract from the Turkish Government to set the Suez Canal on fire with torpedoes, powder, and patent wood.

Members of the Indian Civil Service have been engaged by the Russian Government to furnish confidential reports of the state of native feeling in the Presidencies of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras.

## In Re Beetle-Crusher.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As it seems we are doomed to dance Polkas this season, and as the old "Stamp Galop" has gone out of fashion, do, like a dear old man, suggest to **MR. GODFREY** to give us a "Please don't Stamp Polka." The name might convey a gentle hint, not before it is wanted, to some over-heavy-footed partners.

I am, &c.,

CAMILLA SWANSDOWN.

pally certain parochial pigs of the *Bumble* description steyed a Mortlake, where they have close by them an almost unfrequented and quite out-of-the-way common in their immediate neighbourhood, between the road and Richmond Park, to build upon if they must build Sewage-Manure Works upon a common rather than expend enough money to have their sewers connected with a system of main drainage.

Their foes also affirm that the project for the invasion and defilement of Barnes Common, as they call it, is opposed by the people of Barnes and Putney, and even by those of remote Kensington, very naturally, they say; for, should it be executed, the next step in sanitary progress may be expected to be the erection of Sewage Manure Works in Kensington Gardens. And why not?

I was greatly surprised, as no doubt you will be, to hear that the Barnes Common Improvement and Odourisation Scheme is likewise opposed by the Metropolitan Board of Works. But its worthy promoters are said to have prevailed so far as to have got a Government Inspector appointed to report on the merits of their lovely design.

Sound the alarm, *Mr. Punch*, summon all the right-minded Members of Parliament, and arouse the Society for the Preservation of Open Spaces with your most raucous *roo-too-too!* for a trumpet-call to aid public benefactors in the attempt to enrich Barnes Common with a delight to the eye, and a pleasure to the organ which duly appreciates

A NOSEGAY.

## Most Questionable Recommendation.

HERE is about the worst recommendation from a man's last place we ever heard of:—

**V**ENTILATION, DRAINAGE, and WARMING thoroughly effected at the least expense. Sixteen years' experience in the War-Office. —Address, &c.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ARK! (Lords, Monday, April 3), LORD DERBY (as Call-Boy): "War Overture on, my Lords!" MR. LAYARD reports the flitting of the Russ *corps diplomatique* from Stamboul; COLONEL MANSFIELD, the arrival of the first Russian detachments at Bucharest. Exeunt words. Enter swords.

The EARL OF CARNARVON, most laborious, well-meaning, and clear-headed of Colonial Ministers, introduced his skeleton South African Confederation Bill. It

is the mere framework of a permissive measure, under whose dead ribs the Colonial Legislatures may, if they will, breathe a soul, by turning the Bill's "mays" into "shalls." The problem before the Colonial Office is not an easy one—how to combine into a harmonious, well-guarded, and well-governed whole, the motley mixture of Dutch Settlements, English Colonies, and Native States now dividing South Africa, in more senses than one. At present Dutch Boer, English Settler, Malay Coolie, Tottie, Bechuana, Griqua, and Zulu, only agree to differ. The Bill provides how, if they can but agree to try to agree, they are to go about it, all the ticklish points being left open for local discussion and settlement. No doubt this is the best way of managing a most difficult job. If LORD CARNARVON had sent out a ready-made constitutional suit it would never have fitted. As it is, he empowers the Colonial tailors to take their own measures, and cut their own coat of many colours according to their own cloth and the wearer's figure.

(Commons).—A nice go in at the House's favourite game of question and answer. More outbreaks of Cattle Plague, worse luck, in big suburban herds, too, at Willesden, Kensal Green, and Notting Hill. Nothing for it but stamping out. "That's the sort of plague I am!" Budget talk; CHILDERS and MUNDELLA croaking, W. H. SMITH sanguine, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER cheerful.

SCLATER-BOOTH asked for a credit of Four Millions for Local Loans. CHAMBERLAIN congratulated the country on the increasing indebtedness of local authorities. It meant expenditure on remunerative and much-needed works of drainage, gas, water, and street improvement. Bar jobs and blunders, MR. CHAMBERLAIN—a biggish bar too. But it is the Local Government Board's business to knock that bar down and keep it down. If only the Board could contrive to use a little less red-tape in the process!

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD DERBY announced the crossing of the Roumanian frontier by 17,000 Russians at Bolgrad and Jassy.

LORD GREY wanted to know whether what is called the *D. T. Draft Protocol* (in which Turkey undertakes to do all that the Conference asked, and to allow the Ambassadors to overlook their doing it, if Russia will only take the armed hand off her throat), was ever considered while the Asses' Bridge was building. LORD DERBY said no doubt the *D. T. Draft* might represent the SULTAN's idea, but it was never before the Asses'-Bridge-builders; and if it had been, he really did not believe it would have altered matters.





## THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

*Fare (out of patience at the fourth "jib" in a Mile). "Hi, this won't do! I shall get out!"*

*Cabby (through the trap, in a whisper). "Ah thin, sor, niver mind her! Sit still! Don't give her the satisfaction av knowin' she's got rid av ye!!"*

The row was to be, and nothing anybody could have said or done would have prevented it. What a wonderfully useful business Diplomacy appears to be, as represented by LORD DERRY! In fact, his Lordship seems to design BRITANNIA, very much as *Punch* might, as a Dame Partington, armed with the Diplomatic Mop, trying to sweep back the sea of Russ aggression. If that is a right view of the matter, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"—what business had LORD SALISBURY at the Conference, or LORD DERRY at the laboriously useless building of the Asses' Bridge?

(*Commons.*)—MR. SHAW moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the nature, extent, and grounds of the demand made by a large proportion of the Irish people for the uncoupling of the Keltic cat from the Saxon bull-dog. The night's division proved, as a fact, what the mover began by admitting as a statement, that the concession of Home-Rule is out of the pale of practical politics.

MR. KING - HARMAN seconded the Motion; MESSRS. BUTT, BLENNERHASSETT, O'SHAUGHNESSY, SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN, and SIR W. LAWSON, supported it; MR. C. LEWIS, MR. W. JOHNSON, and MR. BRUEN, for Irish constituencies, protested against it; the Right Honble. W. E. FORSTER knocked it out of time; PROFESSOR FAWCETT danced over it; LORD HARTINGTON gave it a parting kick, and finally the House administered the *coup de grâce* to it by a division of 417 to 67, of whom thirteen only were English Members. In fact there was no need of a *coup de grâce*. The Motion was still-born. MR. O'DONNELL, the Secretary of the Home-Rule Confederation, had killed it in embryo by his letter to the *Times*, proclaiming that the Irish vote, in English constituencies, would be given "solid," to the highest bidder, and that the Liberals must choose between supporting Home-Rule and exclusion from Office "till the crack of doom."

As MESSRS. FORSTER and FAWCETT both gave the Home-Rulers clearly to understand, the Liberal party would a thousand times rather take their chance of exclusion for ever from the Government of a United Kingdom, than their chance of a share in the government of a divided one, by aid of the Home-Rule vote. In a word, the Parliament of the United Kingdom will not help the agents of Irish disaffection to take the muzzle from the Kilkenny cats, and set those

vicious and vindictive animals worrying each other in the ring of a Palace Green Parliament-House, to the delight of cynics and the shame of intelligent and civilised men.

If Home-Rule means merely Local Self-Government, it can be given under that name. If it means Repeal of the Union—as it does mean in the minds of its sincerest supporters—it cannot be given at all. The sooner Ireland puts that into her *dudeen*, and smokes it, the better for her.

Tuesday's debate was chiefly valuable for the emphasis with which it records that determination. We may thank MR. O'DONNELL's letter for bringing the Home-Rule imposthume (our printer had printed "imposthure") to a head. To-night's talk quite discharged it. Time and prosperity must be left to cure the ill-humours in the Irish body politic of which the itch for Home-Rule is a symptom.

SIR M. HICKS-BEACH flung a little-needed new apple of discord into the debate by charging MR. GLADSTONE with having written to recommend MR. KAY to the Liberal constituency of Salford, after, and although, he had taken the Home-Rule shilling. SIR MICHAEL was out in his dates. MR. GLADSTONE showed that his letter had been written in MR. CAWLEY's lifetime, long before MR. KAY was a candidate for Salford even, much more before he had made friends of the solid Irish of that highly-Hibernianised constituency.

Wednesday.—MR. HORWOOD moved the Second Reading of a Summary Proceedings Bill, dealing with the subject-matter of a Government Bill already before the House. Why cross CROSS? So the House settled Horwood by 228 to 164.

Scotch Bill for doing away with Hypothes floored for the time being by a quarter of an hour's severe operation of GREGORY's Mixture of hard fact and hard law.

Thursday.—Seven hours in the Lords over the DUKE OF RICHMOND's Burials Bill—for aggravating the Dissenters' grievance, under the show of removing it. They want equality in the parish churchyard. The Bill gives them toleration. They want their own services over their dead. It gives them "silence." Silence does not imply Non-conformist consent—or content either; and LORD GRANVILLE became the mouth-piece of their non-content, in his Amendment that in this matter no measure would be satisfactory which did



not leave friends and relatives free to use at burials in parish churchyards such Christian and orderly observances as to them might seem fit.

To this complexion it must come; but bigotry and exclusiveness die as hard as ever; and on Thursday they had a field-night; though it is to be noted as a cheering sign of the times, and a proof that the harvest-time of common sense and Christian charity are nigh, that both Archbishops, in principle, and the BISHOP OF OXFORD by his vote, supported LORD GRANVILLE'S Resolution. There was a great crowd. The Bishops overflowed their benches. There were old ladies, besides those who were present *virtute officii*, young ladies, intelligent foreigners (including the Christian Greek and the Hea-then Chinese), a large muster of the Commons, and many eldest sons of Peers—supporting, as is their right and duty, the Throne on the steps thereof.

It was as much a matter of course that the Resolution should be lost (141 to 102 was a small majority against it for the Peers) as it is that it will be carried in due time. Do not the BISHOP OF LINCOLN and the EARL OF DARTMOUTH oppose it? Do not the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY and the Archbishops pray a settlement, ere an offer of worse terms come with worse,—i.e., better,—times? But the Conservative Tarquin will not listen to the Sibyl; so her booklets are withdrawn from sale, to reappear in due season, at the inevitable higher figure which will have to be paid at last. The question is not one to be laid at rest by a "silent burial."

(Commons.)—HOBART PASHA will cease to be HOBART PASHA, R.N., from the outbreak of the War. There is no rupture of Diplomatic relations between Russia and Great Britain.

In Committee on the University Bill, LORD FRANCIS HERVEY moved the wrath of GRANT DUFF and SIR JOHN LUBBOCK by protesting against Professors, and backing College education by Tutors against University education by Lecturers. The Member for the Border Burghs seconded him. Between LORD HERVEY, TREVELYAN and LOWE on the Fellows' side, and GRANT DUFF and LUBBOCK on the Professors', SIR W. HARCOURT took the mediatorial line, and Jove-like weighed in equal scales the fates of Scholarship and Science, Colleges and Universities, Fellows and Professors, Endowment of Research, and Research of Endowments. At last the Bill got into Committee, and there was a fight over the names of the Commissioners, PROFESSOR PRICE, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, DR. BATESON, and DR. HOOKER being in turn set up as Aunt Salleys, to be knocked down by majorities varying from 10 to 32.

The House adjourned at a quarter past one, much delighted with its little game of three scientific sticks a penny.

Friday (Lords).—A Railway Accidents Commission has lately reported, recommending measures for enforcing on the Companies punctuality and safe speed of trains, reasonable hours of service, and an effective block and brake system.

LORD BURY moved a Resolution pledging my Lords not to do anything to carry out these recommendations. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! The House is not going to. It was hardly necessary for LORD BEACONSFIELD to say as much. This is the merry month of May, not must. A Government that won't join in coercing Turks has no *locus standi* for coercing Directors. So far from its being necessary for LORD BURY to raise the subject, my Lords are quite ready to burke it first and bury it afterwards—with a "silent burial," of course; so the less said the better. Leave the Companies to provide blocks and brakes, as they do now, in all senses of the words, on the principle of undivided responsibility—tempered with damages.

(Commons.)—A talk to be taken into consideration by owners of ships trading to Odessa, still more of sailors shipping on board thereof. The Russians have given notice that if such ships get among the torpedoes the crews are "to go below." Nothing more likely. It hardly needed a Russian notice to tell us that.

The House declines, by 189 to 65, to accede to the O'DONOGHUE'S Motion, first for a Resolution pledging the House to take further steps to turn the Irish tenant into a fixture, and the Landlord into a rent-charger, and if the House won't grant that, for a Royal Commission to inquire into the matter. The House declines to follow the Home-Rulers rule, of fooling Irish tenants to the top of their bent. Parliament does not mean to grant fixity of tenure any more than Home-Rule, and prefers to say so in plain majorities, let BUTT pipe never so persuasively.

#### BLOWING (OUT OF) GREAT GUNS.

MR. ROBERTSON, the active Manager of the Aquarium, suggests to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and the HOME SECRETARY that, if they have any doubt as to not only the perfect safety but even the pleasurable-ness of ZAZEL's sensational performances, they had better come and try being blown from the mouth of the gun themselves. The courteous MARQUIS OF HERTFORD has replied:—

DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

It is my business to blow up Managers, not to be blown up

by them. If ZAZEL finds it as pleasant to be blown up by her machinist as Managers assure me they find it to be blown up by me, I am delighted to learn the fact, for the young lady's sake as well as that of your business. But I see no sufficient reason for my making the experiment, as you kindly suggest. Modestly as I may think of myself, for the credit of my Office I cannot allow that a Lord Chamberlain is a "*corpus vile*."

Yours faithfully,

HERTFORD.

MR. CROSS is terser, but as much to the point:—

DEAR MR. ROBERTSON,

I AM accustomed to being blown up by (if not blown out of) great guns in the House of Commons, and can't see I have ever found it hurt me. I suppose ZAZEL's machinery is on the Parliamentary pattern, and may be warranted not to do any harm. So fire away.

Yours,

R. A. CROSS.

#### THEN AND NOW.

"I can especially call to mind a remark which was made to me years and years ago by MR. DISRAELI, when we were sitting in Opposition, in the presence of a very eloquent and distinguished leader of the Ministry, who, MR. DISRAELI may have thought, was, perhaps, too much given to the exercise of his remarkable powers of speech. MR. DISRAELI, on that occasion, said to me, 'I have always considered that one of the principal qualifications for a leader of the House of Commons is, I will not say an inability, but an unwillingness to speak.'"—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, at the Banquet of the Middlesex Conservative Registration Association.

WHAT DIZZY in the Commons held a grace,  
He puts in practice in "another place."  
(Some hint his silence does not please the Lords.)  
But was he *always* chary of his words?  
His speech was once ornate, and arabesque,  
Frequent and fluent as Don-Juanesque;  
Then, being young, and prone to mount the stilt on,  
He vowed to give my Lords a taste of MILTON;  
Now, old, and over friends and foes victorious,  
Our MILTON's mainly mute—if not inglorious.  
A golden silence? So his friends proclaim.  
His foes say *brazen*. Well, what's in a name?  
At worst he proves, in times with talk abounding,  
There are some kinds of brass that are not "sounding."

#### A HINT TO THE JAPS.



OO-SO, the first iron-clad frigate built in this country for the Japanese Government, was launched on Saturday from the works of MESSRS. SAMUDA BROTHERS, at Poplar."—*Daily Paper*.

As the Japanese have thus introduced one of the many blessings of modern Western civilisation into their country, *Punch* calls their Ambassador's attention to the following items which we could well spare, and which the Japanese perhaps might appreciate—

The Great Eastern Railway.

All the four-wheeled Cabs of the Metropolis.

A good many street and square Statues.

The Editor of the *Englishman*.

The Rector of St. James's, Hatcham.

The Golden Image from the Albert Memorial.

The Claimant.

Three-fourths of the Music-Halls and Gin Palaces.

The Comic Singer of the Period.

The Man-Woman of Ditto, with her "movements," fashionable, political, and social.

FROM ANGELINA (DURING THE HONEYMOON).

THE Heroine EDWIN always invokes before meals—"Grace Darling," of course!



## OPINIONS ABOUT THE WAR.



*HE Butcher.* Terrible thing, indeed! How the poor Russians and Turks are to get proper food, I am sure I don't know. Still, I can't do any harm by raising the price of meat two-pence a pound.

*The Editor.* A disgrace to civilisation! Infamous that diplomacy should have allowed nations to drift into war. Still, it will certainly give us plenty of leading lines for the Contents' Bills, and capital subjects for leaders.

*The Newspaper Proprietor.* Horrible! It's merely butchery by thousands and thousands. It is very hard not to call it murder. Still, I have no doubt that our circulation will be considerably increased.

*The Special Correspondent.* I was quite upset when I heard the news. Remembering, as I do, the terrible scenes of 1866 and 1871, to say nothing of '54 and '55, I am more sorry than I can say. Still, I expect my letters from the seat of war will create a great sensation.

*The Gun Manufacturer.* Fearful! The worst of it is, no one can say where

it will all end. It will be so very difficult to localise the war. Still, I am glad to say that everywhere gun-manufacture is looking up, and we have more orders on hand than we can get through with.

*The Shipowner.* Almost too painful to think about. It will be a dreadful blow to commerce in every part of the world. Still, it is only fair to admit that it may give freights a fillip, and that neutral bottoms are likely to be in demand.

*The Doctor.* Sad, very sad! The amount of misery that will be caused by the war will be immense. Gun-shot wounds and disease of every kind will carry off both the combatants and the non-combatants with the greatest certainty. Still, we ought to learn something out of it all.

*Mr. Punch.* Dreadful, horrible, terrible, and lamentable! Still, my dear friends, none of you seem inclined to forget that "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

## A Brand-New Song.

After GOLDSMITH.

(On the SPEAKER having his pocket picked of his watch at the Folly Theatre.)

WHEN a grave Speaker stoops to Folly,  
And finds with tickers roughs make 'way,  
What charm can soothe his melancholy—  
Can *Laughing Gas* his loss repay?

The only way to hide vexation,  
To shield himself from pungent chaff,  
Save dignity of House and nation,  
And keep his temper, is—to laugh.

## A PROBLEM.

GIVEN the amount of *Kurds* in the Turkish army in Asia Minor, required its *Cream*.

## A REIN PAST BEARING.

Our valuable contemporary the *British Medical Journal* has lately uttered a seasonable reminder to its professional readers (to which *Punch* is glad to give publicity beyond the professional pale) of the cruelty of bearing-reins. *Punch's* protests against which, from FLOWER, have, *Punch* is glad to see, borne already abundant fruit—and will yet bear more. *Punch* quotes from the journal in question:—

"We are reminded, by the recommencement of the season in London, to say a few words by way of directing attention afresh to the powerful and humane pleas of Mr. FLOWER against the cruel practice of driving horses with bearing-reins. It is a pleasure to notice that by far the larger number of the leading medical practitioners in London have discontinued altogether the use of bearing-reins; and we hope that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to point to the equipage of every medical practitioner in the country as a practical protest against the use of this most unnecessary, painful, and mischievous appendage to driving-reins. Physiology protests against the strained and artificial attitude which the horse is compelled to assume, and which must certainly lessen his power of drawing weights. Humanity and common sense protest against the infliction of this constant gagging strain upon the sensitive mouth of an animal whose mouth is used by the driver as the principal means of guiding and directing him. Nor can any one who has any real knowledge of or pleasure in the study of animal forms feel otherwise than gratified at the free and unconstrained attitude of a horse driven without bearing-reins. Their use is a mere matter of senseless fashion. No good coachman uses bearing-reins for a horse from which he desires to get the full amount of work, or which he desires to leave at ease. Their employment is, indeed, merely a senseless fashion, which has absolutely nothing to recommend it; and in favour of abolition there are reasons so many and decided that we hope that not many years will pass before they are not only disused but forgotten. The members of the medical profession owe much to horses, and they can so well appreciate the reasons for disusing bearing-reins, that we may fairly look to them to set an universal good example in this matter. And now that London is filling with fashionable people, whose horses are much disfigured by this cruel instrument of torture, we hope that before the season is over we may be able, in directing attention to this subject, to say no medical man in London uses bearing-reins for the horses which he drives."

Can it be true, by the way, as *Punch* has heard, that BARONESS BURDETT COURTS allows the use of bearing-reins on her carriage-horses? If it be, let our sweet ANGELA, in her character of the animals' friend, just trouble herself to investigate the matter. Let the Angel take counsel of the Flower—and we will answer for her

abolishing the gag forthwith—not *coûte qui coûte*—for it will cost nothing to do it away, though it costs poor horses more suffering than her kind heart knows, to bear it.

And can another strange story *Punch* hears be true—that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has shrunk from any manifesto against bearing-reins, through fear of annoying wealthy and fashionable subscribers who like to see their horses hold their heads up?

## LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

AN ancient aphorism, sage and true,  
(Though it will scarce to Protocols apply,)  
So HICKS-BEACH thought, and searched his pockets through,  
For written proof to poke in GLADSTONE'S eye.  
But when at last SIR MICHAEL found his letter—  
Official pockets should be ordered better—  
He found his demonstration missed the mark  
Wide as DE MORGAN'S.  
Undated history leaves one in the dark,  
Though set to music of "the Party's" organs:  
And so SIR MICHAEL learnt, midst general laughter,  
Proofs before letters may not be proofs after.

## A Chancery Basher.

A HEALTH to MR. FRY, Q.C., on his appointment to be a Judge of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice! In an account of his professional career, and literary and scientific achievements, we are informed that—

"Since he became Queen's Counsel in 1869, the Court selected by Mr. FRY to practise in has been that of VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON."

BACON first, and now FRY? Is not this rather likely to suggest to suitors unpleasant associations with the frying-pan and the fire.

WHAT DR. KENEALY GIVES THE HOUSE, WHEN HE APOLOGISES TO THE SPEAKER.—Its due, instead of his dew-drops.

CONTEMPT OF COURT.—Objecting to allow that SIR HENRY HAWKINS has any right to "Justice."





### NOT TO BE BEATEN.

"MY DOLL CAN OPEN HER EYES!"

"MY DOLL NEVER SHUTS HERS!"

### TRIAL BY BATTLE.

PEACE, with her olive-branch dust-stained and torn,  
In sad and hopeless silence sat forlorn.  
Storm raged around, but on each wind there came  
Tumultuous invocation of her name.  
"Peace! Peace!" the echoes answered. Peace upraised  
Her sad, sweet eyes. The maddening tumult 'mazed  
Their clear regard. Red Murder, with his hand  
Clenched in fierce strain upon a blood-dyed brand,  
Howled for her aid; Ambition, with his hordes  
Massed in dense myriads for the feast of swords,  
Uplifted solemn eyes, as who should love  
The Lady of the Olive-branch and Dove;  
Hypocrisy, the Cross clasped to her breast,  
And armies at her heels, with unctuous zest  
Lipped the loved name; and sleek Diplomacy  
Even in Peace's name gave Peace the lie.  
Grey wolfish rancours of race, creed, and hate,  
Eager to cool in blood their hot debate,  
Drew over their wolves' backs the sheep's disguise,  
And masked their wrath with fair philanthropies.  
Poor Peace! Perturbed, perplexed, she fain would ask  
Why all invoke *her* help, and to what task  
They'd call her hands. She looked around. The skies  
Suddenly darkened. Ere those crossing cries  
Had died upon the wind, War's naked blade  
Flashed lightning-like athwart the deepening shade.  
Diplomacy, its formal protests hushed,  
Skulked from the scene, with torn waste-papers crushed  
In shaking hands; and, panoplied in pride—  
The wolf revealed, sheep's clothing cast aside—  
Two champions stood forth, stern face to face,  
Hot for the red arbitrament; the Mace,  
Poised menacing, the Scimitar, at guard;  
Strong sinews strung, against wrist quick to ward,  
Bear-crested, broad, the stark mace-wielder towered;  
Lean, lissom as the pard, with brow that lowered,

And eye that quailed not, crouched his Moslem foe.  
Trial by battle! Who the end may know?  
Who tell what warriors more may join the fray?  
Or who the spreading strife can hope to stay?  
Peace pressed her fluttered dove to her pale breast,  
And with one wistful look towards the West,  
One low-breathed prayer of "Heaven defend the right!"  
Athwart the deepening darkness took her flight.

### Destination of Donkeys.

THERE are persons who must have seen many dead Donkeys. They reside in the country, where they carry on a manufacture. At an inquiry held the other day under the Artisans' Dwellings Act, a MR. HAYWARD, a young costermonger, was examined. Incidentally—

"He said:—'We deal in the provision line, bacon and cheese. We sell our donkeys in the winter at the Cattle Market. We don't know what they do with them.' He assented to MR. RODWELL's insidious suggestion that at that time sausages come up from the country."

Perhaps it is rather the case that the Donkeys go down to the country at that time, and the sausages come up soon after.

### Slaughter on Railways.

A CITY Article in the *Times* contains the remarkable, not to say startling, announcement that "the 19th number has just been published of MR. MIHILL SLAUGHTER's *Railway Intelligence*." A great part of Railway Intelligence in general might be said to consist of Slaughter's autobiography, if one could imagine Slaughter personified, and writing a Life consisting of Railway reminiscences. There are, however, SLAUGHTER and Slaughter connected with Railways. Would that the only Railway Slaughters that could be named were MIHILL and Nihil!

NEW PLAY (by the Author of "Pink Dominos").—*Black Draughts*.





“TRIAL BY BATTLE.”









### "BENEATH THE LOWEST DEEP."

*Swell.* "AH, PORT-AR, IS THIS TWAIN—AH—COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF SECOND-CLASS CAWVIAGES?!"

*Glasgow Porter.* "NA, NA, MAN, THERE'S A WHEN THIRD-CLASS ANES FURTHER FORRIT THERE!!"

### DE PROFUNDIS.

(In the Rhondha Valley.)

Ten days, far down, those five drew painful breath,  
And heard, at last, their strokes that hewed a way  
Through the black wall: a race 'twixt strength and death:  
Hunger and Water waiting for their prey.

Ten days, above, that valley poured its life,  
Men, women, children, round that sudden grave,  
To watch, with heart-sick hope, the stubborn strife  
Betwixt men's power to bear, men's power to save.

Ten days, wide England through, the nation's heart  
Hung on the struggle, with one pulse, one breath,  
Answering the wires, which told the yards that part  
The savers from the sufferers—life from death.

Great strife in little space was theirs to wage:  
That black wall their least foe; with poisonous flame,  
Pent air let loose, and prisoned water's rage,  
Still rising, as salvation nearer came.

One side that wall, the life that ebb'd away,  
As inch by inch the cruel waters crept;  
The other side, strong arms the pick that sway  
In face of many deaths—till forth there leapt

The shout of victory, for life and strength  
Had been too much for death; the five were won  
From famine, water, fire, and clasped, at length,  
Their savers' helping hands—the fight was done!

And England's heart from common sympathy  
Broke forth in common burst of thankful prayer;

### "CURSED BE HE WHO MOVES MY BONES."

THE Bunhill Fields' Burial Ground, in which are laid the bodies of GEORGE FOX and JOHN BUNYAN, has lately been the cause of much controversy. MISS OCTAVIA HILL has offered to the Committee of Friends, in whose hands the matter lies, almost any sum for the possession of the land, that it might be made into a garden for the wretched and over-crowded population of the district. The Committee of Friends, however, prefer to sell the land for building sites, caring little that for that purpose the bodies of thousands have to be removed. An eye-witness of the *modus operandi* says:—

"Under the direction of a 'careful undertaker' (who, however, was not present at the time), the remains of some 5,000 of the dead were being disinterred."

Those who had lain side by side for two centuries were now separated, and the bones of the young and old were placed together in coarse deal boxes, and reinterred in a large hole at the other end of the ground. Many of them, whilst awaiting this fresh burial, were piled in a rude heap in a corner, and the fumes of the carbolic acid which had been poured over them testified to the care extended to the living by the disturbers of the dead. The bones were only separated by severe ill-usage and the ribald language of the workmen who undertook the task, when added to the method of the work, was such as to justify the term, "Raised in Dishonour."

*Facit indignatio versum.*

In old times for scorn's sake and spite's,  
Our Foes plucked up our Dead;  
Now to bring pelf as building sites,  
Our Friends do it instead.

ADVANCES made on LAND in Europe and Asia, without Interest.—Apply at the Russian Arms.

A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT LINE FOR THE AQUARIUM.

(A Present from Punch to Mr. ROBERTSON.)

"SEEKING the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth."—ZAZEL.

PROOF POSITIVE.—Russia can't contemplate a naval war, or why has she sent for her Pacific Fleet?

And from the cottage to the throne, one cry  
Went up, "Well done!" as England had been there.

And she *was* there: the Lady of the Land  
Had with her people watched that ten days' fight;  
Her eager voice of question crossed the band  
That bore those wasted sufferers back to light.

Oh! well for them that suffered, them that saved,  
Her that rewarded with a rich reward;  
The medal till now for sea-savers graced  
Is theirs who fought that battle long and hard,

Nor ever hated hope, or heart, or hand,  
But showed how deep, in that Black Country's core,  
Courage and brothers' love un-noted stand,  
Ready to do their duty—and do more,

"In the Black Country"—when we see that name  
Before some ignorant deed of wrath or wrong,  
Let us remember the brave eight that came  
With life in hand, one eight out of a throng—

But of a throng that more such eights had found,  
Had these been stricken down. God bless them all!  
Such proofs of brotherhood may not abound,  
But, when need comes, long may such proofs befall!

And long may England feel the trust in Heaven  
That nerved those sufferers' hearts, those savers' hands;  
Trust that to England's millions was given,  
To prompt the thanksgiving that faith commands.

QUESTION FOR THE CLERGY.—What objection can you possibly have to a *decent* Burial Bill?



## VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



Il était un Hébreu de Hambourg,  
Qui creva d'un mauvais calembourg,  
Qu'il eut l'audace extrême  
De commettre en carême,  
Un Dimanche, au milieu d'Edimbourg.



Cinq fois veuf, il a cinq belle-mères,  
Dont il fait les délices si chères  
Qu'elles vivent chez lui  
Pour charmer son ennui . . . .  
Ses regrets n'en sont pas moins sincères.



Je me suis demandé bien souvent  
Ce que c'est qu'un "Breton Bretonnant" !  
N'en déplaît à personne,  
Quand un Breton "bretonne",  
Par où "bretonne"-t-il ! . . . Et comment !



CHACQUE époque a ses grands noms sonores ;  
Or, de tous ces défunts cocklores,  
Le moral FÉNÉLON,  
MICHEL ANGE, et JOHNSON  
(Le Docteur), sont les plus awfuls bores !



## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Continued by Private Wire\* as before.)



**NEXT Day.**—Up all night with Pig, teaching him something new. MASKELYNE AND COOKE would do good business out here with Psycho and a sleigh. Many a snow-farmer in these regions would be glad of Psycho for an evening's amusement, and would pay high for the entertainment. Piggy nearly as good as Psycho, *only not so dependable*. The advantage of my Pig over Psycho is that *no machinery is required*. This is a hint to MESSRS. M. AND C. But I won't say another word if—Need I add a condition to men of such business-like habits as MESSRS. M. AND C. *If I know the secret of Psycho, what am I worth?* I am sure that my friends, M. AND C., at a distance, will, after this intimation, at once add their honoured and valuable names to the list of subscribers by whose assistance I am to be kept out here. When I return, I shall, with my Pig, my Horse, my merry Tartar

Boy, my Mechanical Piano, and perhaps a Fair Circassian or two (something like the lady with long hair on MRS. ALLEN's wall advertisement—only much more so), have such a Show for the Egyptian Hall as will astonish all London. My Entertainment will be announced as "My Ride to Khiva, illustrated with a Pig! a Piano!! a Panorama!!!" *Note.*—Crossed a river to-day. The Oxus, I believe.

**Same Afternoon.**—The Donkey is an ass. He won't stir a step. Fortunately, my horse has thrown the Vodka-man who returned him to-day with a note, saying that, as he couldn't ride, and as he should probably be sued by me for eighteenpence an hour (as he infallibly would have been for my own sake, and that of my friend the Livery-stable keeper in town), he thought he had better return him with *thankski* (i.e. Tartar expression of gratitude). The horse will be of the greatest use to me. *Note.*—Crossed another river, or the same. The Oxus, I fancy.

**Same Night.**—I am in luck! A discovery! I had just finished practising the Pig at *écarté* (he won four games out of five to-night, so I shall begin to teach him something else, because my sleigh-driver and his boy always back

the Pig now, and I lost more than a rouble and a half—odd!), when, accidentally, I whistled the favourite movement from the Overture to the *Cheval de Bronze*. In a second, my steed had broken from its moorings, and was cantering round and round in *exact time to the tune*. Struck with the coincidence, I put on the steam, and went *presto*—so did the animal,—*prestissimo*—so did the animal; while the Pig sat up on his tail, which doubled under him, and grinned from ear to ear (just as you've seen the mouth of the boar's head at Christmas time with an apple, or a lemon, in it), and the Sleigh-driver and Boy applauded violently. *Prestissimo-issimo*—"again he urges on his wild career;" and as I repeated this most happily applicable line to myself, a thought—a happy thought—if I may be permitted to use the expression—struck me. "Am I not in the very region of the Scenes of the Circle? Am I not in the country of *Maseppa*?" Then the idea formulated itself into poetry, and, like an inspired *Vates* of old, I exclaimed—

"'Tis the spot for bold *Maseppa*,  
There the Steppes, and here the Stepper!"

And then I stopped; inspiration had reached its limits, and why should I force inspiration by suggesting to inspiration that the next line ought to end with "Pepper," and that "Leper" wouldn't be a bad termination for line four? Ah! if poets only knew when to halt, how many halting lines should we be annually spared! Why pump at a dry well? Why bring up the muddy water? Why not, in fact, leave the Pierian well alone? "O Inspiration!" as the Poet has feelingly sung—"O Inspiration! what crimes have not been committed in thy name!" But to go into the subject of what crimes have *not* been committed, would be to wander away from my present fixed intention, which is to write a Diary of my Ride to Khiva, and not a disquisition on Inspiration, the Divine Afflatus, and burning the bellows.

**Next Day.**—Crossed the Oxus again. Slept well. Up early. Horse out. Whistled Overture, and then tried fresh music on Mechanical Piano, while the Pig turned the handle. Another of his increasingly numerous accomplishments. Horse up to a great deal more than was ever suspected in the philosophy of my noble friend the Livery-Stable Keeper, or I shouldn't have got him for one-and-sixpence an hour. I find that he (the Horse) has been accustomed to sup with the Clown; that he can fire off a pistol; that he can dance a waltz, a polka, and march in quick or slow time. I aimed at him with my umbrella (or somebody's which came with me from England), and he fell down, pretending (with much spontaneous humour) to be dead. We try to lift him. "No good pulling at a dead horse," I exclaimed (this will be part of my dialogue for my Entertainment—registered already), and then, after asking him to get up to see his mother, then to have his dinner, and other facetious suggestions, I cried out, "Here's a Policeman coming!" whereupon he jumped up on to his all-fours, pulled himself together, the Pig turned the handle of the Mechanical Piano, which at once struck up the *Bronze Horse, prestissimo et fortissimo*, and away went the gallant steed round and round, with me clicking the whip, and singing "Hi! hi! Hoopla! tehk!" while the Sleigh-driver and the Boy applauded to the echo. Fortune is before us.

**Midday.**—Pig sulky, in consequence of Horse's success. What jealousy there always is among *artistes*! Now the difficulties of an *entrepreneur* commence. I wish we could get to Khiva. *Note.*—River again. Crossed the Oxus for the fourth time. How it

\* We hope soon to be able to say something definite about this "Private Wire;" the question being, is he a soldier or a telegraphic communicator? We have our doubts—but who hasn't?—ED.









## NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Parson. "BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT, I FANCY, BOY!"

Boy. "EES, I BE; 'OOS I FEEDS MYSELF, AND YOU TEACHES ME!"

## ZAZEL.

(With MR. PUNCH'S Compliments.)

POLICEMEN! I have lost my heart  
Here in the Westminster Aquarium,  
Since first I saw her rapid dart  
Across the diaper'd Velarium.  
A form, that PHIDIAS might confess  
As graceful as a young gazelle,  
With raven hair, and ruby dress,  
And winsome eyes, make up ZAZEL!

Now, far above me, pretty dear,  
She treads the air with daring feet;  
Now wires all along "No fear!"—  
A message wond'ring crowds repeat.  
Now diving from the high trapèze  
(Not LÉONARD osait comme elle),  
Two fairy wings one's fancy sees  
Sprout from the shoulders of ZAZEL!

Like swallow swiftly starting South,  
She safely skimmed the air, and yet  
'Twas then my heart into my mouth  
Would jump, as she did in the net.  
But see, she rises like a partridge—  
And now becomes a true live shell,  
Or shall we say, a living cartridge?—  
I wish you were my charge, ZAZEL!

Discharge you! Blow you up! Not I—  
I could not do it, if I tried.  
But let me off: you'll see me fly,  
To fall in your net—at your side!  
A poet's loftiest flights come short  
Of praising your High Art, *ma belle*,  
Your aim's as good as your report:  
You've hit the gold—and me, ZAZEL!

TRAP AND CATCH NOT.—Medical and other correspondents of newspapers touching sanitary matters, have taken to describe defective drains and sewers in communication with dwelling-houses as "fever traps." But is not a fever trap, properly so called, rather the person who catches the fever? He catches it, generally, mark you, not in, nor by, but for want of a trap.

## DIARY OF A TURKISH SAILOR.

**Monday.**—Read the London papers. Drilled my men at the Armstrong gun. Went to lunch whilst they were praying to the Prophet, and spent the rest of the day in writing a long letter (upon "Turkish Wrongs"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

**Tuesday.**—Put on my Pasha's dress, and ordered some "Bass" to be sent on board immediately. Communicated with the Admiralty, Whitehall. Granted permission to my First Lieutenant to visit his harem, and employed the rest of my time in composing a letter (upon "Russian Atrocities"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

**Wednesday.**—Wore my Admiral's uniform. Hoisted the Turkish flag at the mizen, and returned shots with forty Russian forts. In the intervals of the actions thought out a letter (upon "The Honour of Turkey"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

**Thursday.**—Read the *Life of Nelson*. Took breakfast whilst my crew were at their devotions, and then blazed away at the Russians until all was blue. After dark, wrote by the light of the exploding shells a letter (upon "The Disgrace of Russia"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

**Friday.**—Fired a salute in honour of the SULTAN, put on a new fez and a pair of English shooting-boots. Smoked a few cigarettes through my favourite hookah. In the evening gave chase to the Russian Fleet, and jotted down a few notes (upon "Turkish Prosperity and Industry, with Lives of the Turkish Saints"), intended for insertion in the *Times*.

**Saturday.**—Put on my shooting-jacket and Scotch cap; sang "Rule Britannia" and a Turkish song of my own composition; read *Punch*, and blew the Russian fleet to atoms. Made a speech to my gallant crew about "shivering timbers" and "behaving like true British Tars," and substituted grog for sherbet. In the evening wrote a long letter (upon "The Turco-Russian War and the neutrality of English Naval Officers"), intended for insertion in the *Times*. Went to bed, and dreamed that although by some means or other my head was Turkish, my heart still remained English. As I woke up I had just lost my way in trying to find Westminster Abbey in Constantinople. Wrote an account of my nightmare, not intended for insertion in the *Times*.

## PHYSIOLOGY FROM EDINBURGH!

To the names of men illustrious for their attainments in medical science, and connected with Edinburgh, will probably soon be added the name of Auld Reekie's present representative, Mr. M'LAREN. In his place, on his legs, advocating the Cruelty to Animals Bill, the Hon. Gentleman is reported to have augmented Collective Wisdom by the information that

"It was said that if Vivisection were stopped, scientific growth would be stopped; but the fact was that nothing remained to be discovered by Vivisection; everything had been discovered long ago, and experiments were now made upon living animals, not for the purpose of discovery, but for the purpose of proving to students that certain things which they had been taught were true."

All this will be news to the medical profession. The most advanced of known Physiologists will perhaps be the most surprised to learn that nothing remains to be discovered by Vivisection, and that everything has been discovered long ago; which latter statement must also astonish some anti-Vivisectionists who declare that no discovery has been ever made by Vivisection at all. The more that known Physiologists know of the science they cultivate, the more clearly they think they see how much remains to be known, and the extent of their own ignorance. But the Hon. Member for Edinburgh is at present an unknown Physiologist; though, from the declaration above-quoted touching Physiology, he appears to be in possession of all the knowledge it is possible to acquire on that subject, which he will perhaps be so good as shortly to impart to the world in a volume which must shelve all the works of DR. CARPENTER.

## Horticulture of Holy Russia.

We are told, by telegram, that the Russians are planting torpedoes in the Danube. This Russian gardening resembles, on a large scale, that practised by our forefathers when they planted steel-traps and spring-guns in their gardens. It is making the Danube a bear-garden, which the bears insist on keeping all to themselves.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER for the Government gave notice that the usual Declaration of Neutrality would be published at once, like a declaration of insolvency—in the *Gazette*.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—The DUKE OF SOMERSET wants to know why the Cattle Plague Inquiry cannot be taken in the Lords, as their Lordships have too little to do, while there is a block of business in the Commons. The Duke was long enough in the House of Commons to have known that the business of that house is conducted—like the Metropolitan Railway traffic—on the block system. So all is as it ought to be.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON rapped his brother Duke over the knuckles for his restless activity. "*Surtout, point de zèle*" should be the motto of that Upper House—

Where they lie beside their Woolsack, and the Bills are hurled  
Far below them in the Commons—and their thumbs are twirled,  
As an Upper House's should be, that does no work in the world.

LORD DERBY informed LORD GRANVILLE that the answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF's Circular had been drawn up and approved by the QUEEN, and would be laid on the table as soon as it had been received by the Russian Government.

*Punch* hears that F. O. is mighty proud of its *riposte*, flatters itself that it is a "stunner"—"the ablest State-paper-Thunderbolt that has been launched for years." Ah, if Paper-bolts could but frighten diplomacy into directness, or strike dumb the brazen mouths of war!

HOUGH scotched not killed, sound sense and Christian toleration again found a voice in LORD GRANVILLE (*Lords, Monday, April 30*), who gave notice of an Amendment of the Burials Bill, embodying the defeated Resolution of last week. He pointed out that the Committee on the Bill had been fixed for Ascension Day, when their Lordships usually rise, and do not sit, and wanted to know if this was a piece of fun, meant to relieve the grave character of the subject.

LORD CAERNARVON said it was a mistake, not a joke—their Lordships were incapable of a joke.

(*Commons.*)—MR. GLADSTONE, three months too late, flung down his glove, challenging the Government to Parliamentary combat *à outrance* on the Eastern Question. When trial by battle has begun, the time for trial by talk has past. The rival champions stand face to face in other than division lists.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK will move the Previous Question. It is something to know there is a previous question. At times, dazed with talk of the one topic, *Punch* begins to think there never was a question before the Eastern one, and is never going to be another. The Liberal Party, it is said, as far as there is a Liberal Party (it seems just now to be party per pale—of humanity), will go with SIR JOHN. He is an experimentalist on bees, but does not wish at present to disturb the hornets' nest that lurks in W. E. G.'s Resolutions. Evidently a good many on the Liberal side think with him. Whatever *Punch* may think of W. E. G.'s tactics, he cannot but admire the pluck of the House's *Hal o' the Wynd*, who "fights for his own hand," and his own conscience. But he repeats, if this battle *was* to have been fought in the House, as it ought to have been, it should have been fought in the first week of the Session. In so far as England is chargeable with responsibility in respect of this war, Her Majesty's Opposition has a right to share it with Her Majesty's Government. "*Inter arma silent lingue*"—as well as "*leges*."

MR. BOURKE gave such information as he could on the state of the Danube and Black Sea regulations touching blockade and neutral rights. The Turkish lights are put out in the Straits. The Turks have an unfortunate way in all their straits of putting their lights out, and sailing at random, in the dark, under a full-head of steam, right on to the No-money Shoals, the Too-late Reefs, and the Corruption Sands.

(*Commons.*)—SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE did not think CAPTAIN PRIM's inquiry about the strength and movements of the Russian Fleet in the neighbourhood of San Francisco and New York should be answered. It is so easy to pop off a question. But who knows where an answer may hit—unless it be one with Parliamentary blank cartridge—an answer that tells nothing. It is evident the Russophobists are doing their best, in and out of the House, to get up a scare. The British Lion declines to be poked up for the present; absolutely refuses to rise on provocation even of "mighty pens," till satisfied there is occasion. For the present, however aggravating to the D. T. and the P. M., he won't see that there is occasion for him to join in their little game of "Bait the Bear."

MR. NEWDEGATE gave notice of a Motion to consider the "conduct" of public business in the House of Commons.

MR. BIGGAR proceeded to illustrate the "conduct" of Members, by reading in an inaudible voice an interminable string of unintelligible Motions, till even the mild wisdom of the SPEAKER was roused to wrath. But the Member for Cavan had his will for all that, and justified the conclusion that however big the biggest recorded Parliamentary bore, there is now a BIGGAR!

By the way, if MR. BIGGAR wants a motto, what does he think of one slightly altered from SHAKESPEARE's *Measure for Measure*:—

"To lie in cold obstruction and talk rot."

It was cool of MR. SULLIVAN, on the heels of this little scene, to complain that out of 118 divisions on Irish subjects, Irish opinion,





### "THE LAST STRAW!"

*Polite Stranger (to Smorlt, as he is removing his rejected Picture from the Cellars of Burlington House). "PRAY, SIR, CAN YOU KINDLY INFORM ME WHEN THE—AH—ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF PICTURES OPENS TO THE PUBLIC!!!"*

as shown by Irish majorities, had been overruled in 108, and to ask if Her Majesty's Government meant to encourage this policy of obstruction! *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*

MR. MCARTHUR brought up the awkward question of the Ceylon Church Endowment—in which sweet little isle of our own, we tax some two million and a half Buddhists and miscellaneous heathens, to the tune of some £14,000 a-year, towards the support of a Church of England Bishop and Clergy for the few hundred Anglicans in the island.

Ceylon, it is well known, is a pre-eminently spicy island; but this is a spicier state of things, we should think, for Liberationists wanting a good fat grievance against the Establishment, than for the true friends of the Church as by law established. The sooner it is the Church by law disestablished in Ceylon, the better. And so the House evidently thought when, in the teeth of MR. LOWTHER'S *plea ad misericordiam*, it divided 147 for Church and *Status quo*, to 121 for things as they ought to be.

The Irish Land Act of 1870 contained provisions to facilitate the purchase of their holdings by tenants. MR. SHAW-LEFEBVRE says these clauses have been a dead letter, and proposes a Select Committee to sit on the corpse—to "wake" it, in fact, as a decent Irish corpse should be, if it can be, waked; and if not, to bury it "clane out."

MR. BUTT ingenuously confessed that Irish tenants, as a rule, preferred fixity of tenure to purchase of their farms. Sure, don't they know when they're well off? D'ye think they'd be fools enough to be steppin' into landlords' brogues, when tinants' is such a dale asier walkin'?

MR. CROSS moved a Bill to authorise four new bishoprics to be carved—Liverpool, out of Chester; Halifax or Wakefield, out of Ripon; Derby or Nottingham, out of Lincoln and Lichfield; and Northumberland, out of Durham. Methinks *Punch* has a vision of the Church as *Juliet*, with her portly Episcopate for her *Romeo*, invoking Cross to "Take him and out him into little sees!" What does MR. HOLT say to this act of Vivisection on an alarming scale, —this cutting little Bishops out of big ones? What pious pilgrims will walk the new *Via Crucis*? They will only have to provide £3,500 per Bishop—£3,500 and a palace—dirt-cheap! Now's your

time, my pious founders of the period! Step forward! step forward!

MR. WHALLEY, who had a Motion in favour of hearing DE MORGAN at the bar—of the House, missed his tip through not being in his place for once. He just arrived in time to be too late, to the great relief of the House.

A tremendous Irish row over the appointment of the Select Committee on Cattle Plague and the importation of live stock. It was proposed to add three Irish Members—MR. FRENCH, MR. MOORE, and MR. KING-HARMAN. The Home-Rulers wanted BIGGAR, and the House decidedly objecting, the Major "tuk the flure," and the ruction was kept up till two in the morning, the Scotch and Welsh Members joining in at last, till the discussion wound up with a general trailing of coats and a flourishing of shillelaghs. In fact, it strikes *Punch* as very like what may be expected as the realisation of Irish ideas, if ever there is a Home-Rule Parliament to the fore.

*Wednesday*.—MR. HOLT moved his Bill for Absolute Prohibition of Vivisection. The House—whose common sense recognises the need of Vivisection, as well as the need of regulating it—showed its appreciation of the falsehood of extremes by rejecting the Bill by 222 to 83.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN buried his Burials Bill, with the intention however, of a resurrection of its principle—the right of Nonconformists to bury their dead in the parish churchyard by their own Ministers, and with their own services—in the DUX OF RICHMOND'S Bill.

*Thursday*.—MR. O'CLERY gave notice of a *tu quoque* Amendment on the Gladstone Resolutions, telling Russia she's another; and LORD ELCHO of an Amendment condemning coercion of the Turk, and suggesting war on the Russian. The one silly, the other suicidal.

The Government means to protect the Suez Canal—I believe you, my boy!—but in answer to anxious inquiries from Sunderland, declines to ask the belligerents for fuller definition of contraband of war—lest that elastic word should be made not only to "carry coals," like Gregory in *Romeo and Juliet*, but no one knows what articles besides. In fact what may not be plausibly construed contraband of war now-a-days, from cotton-twist to saw-dust?



In Committee, the Universities Bill improved by adoption of LORD E. FITZMAURICE'S Amendment, empowering the University to pay for work done by its officers beyond its pale, as in the Local Examinations now extending fast and far. Determined, but unavailing, attempts to extend the scope of the Bill by MR. LOWE, who wants *Alma Mater* to fix the Standard of Matriculation, instead of more indulgent *Alma Domus*; by SIR CHARLES DILKE, who wishes to alter the Constitutions of Congregation and Convocation; and by MR. COURTNEY, who, chivalrous as a COURTNEY should be, seeks to open the door of Honours to the Ladies. "The sweet Girl-Graduates with their golden hair" must, for the present, remain a dream of the Poet's—and Undergraduates—better world!

*Friday (Lords).*—More assurances from LORD DERBY that we mean to keep our eyes, and the Suez Canal, open, by use, at need, of more effectual means of neutralisation than treaties now-a-days—Iron-clads.

(*Commons.*)—On the Gladstonian Resolutions, all other previous questions are to be absorbed in SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S. Government does not mean to move a vote of confidence. As they have no need to demonstrate the compact union of their forces and the strength of Her Majesty's Government's majority, they will give themselves the pleasure of showing up the disunion and weakness of Her Majesty's Opposition, by leaving their opponents to fight it out among themselves over the Gladstonian Resolutions. Small merit to them for not taking "a direct issue." As if there were "a direct issue" out of the *impasse* Government, Opposition, and Public Opinion have all got into on this Eastern Question! But the country, *Punch* is glad to see, is waking to the importance at this crisis of showing that it is with MR. GLADSTONE, not with LORD BEACONFIELD, as the *Daily Telegraph* and *Pall Mall Gazette* do vainly assert.

The House sat as the Great Court of Appeal and Inquiry in small matters as great ones, on a long and heated investigation of the cutting of two dogs' throats by a hasty Ulster Magistrate, and the deportation from Jersey of a troublesome French newspaper editor and ex-Communist. MR. CROSS hinted that he would be very glad of any handle for a *reductio ad rationale* of the absurd old Norman laws of that obstinate little Channel Island.

### THE PICK OF THE PICTURES;

OR, OUR OWN HANDY GUIDE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY



THE great and thoroughly-deserved success that attended MR. HENRY BLACKBURN'S most useful *Academy Notes*, illustrated with sketches of the principal pictures in the exhibition, decided me, being of an original turn of mind, on publishing, weekly, during the present season, a Handy Guide to the Academy, of which stupendous mental effort this is the first outcome. Visitors to the Academy scarcely need reminding that a better artistic *cicerone* cannot be obtained, than one who has qualified himself for

the special service by the degree of B.A., Bachelor of Arts—for I am not yet M.A., or Married Artist (that is, tied and bound to one particular Art), though I own to being deeply attached to a young lady with uncertain-coloured hair, short waist, long skirt, pale-grey eyes, a washed-out complexion, mulberry-tinged lips, and an arch expression about the bridge of the nose, who is the guardian angel of a second-hand furniture shop, not a hundred miles from Vinegar Yard, Drury Lane. The entire figure of this pre-Raphaelitish, or pre-Israelitish damsel, might serve as a model for a BOUGHTON in colour, while the graceful curve of her nose suggests a HOOK. O BECKY MOTHER, how I love thee! For me I know thou wouldst quit thy tribe and onions, and leave even thy old grandfather, who has lost all his front teeth, and can no longer play upon the national instrument—but I am not here to write sonnets to "Lady Mine," having undertaken this as a matter of business,—"bishness ish bishness!" as she would say, bless her! A few more words by way of preface, and I have done.

First, then, although, through the courtesy of the Academical Authorities, I have been enabled to avail myself of the "Private View" of the pictures, yet I do not wish to force my private view on the general public.

Secondly, I have to tender my thanks for the facilities which were *not* afforded me by the distinguished Artists of seeing their works while still on the easel. I *did* see them, but *how*, no one will be more surprised to learn than the distinguished Artists themselves. Nothing but the indomitable pluck and untiring energy of myself and the young man who accompanied me as etcher, could have triumphed over the apparently insuperable obstacles.

Studio after studio I visited, only to be met with the chilling reply, "Not at home," or "Master's out," or "Master's in, but he won't see you," while on several occasions I was left outside on the doorstep, and if admitted to the front hall, was watched by one sharp servant-girl who kept her eye on the coats, hats, and umbrellas, while the other took my card to her master. I partly attributed this conduct to the peculiar taste in dress displayed by my friend and—etcher, who, being of a sporting turn, would come dressed in a white hat with a black band and a narrow brim, a bottle-green out-away coat with brass buttons, a bird's-eye yellow tie with a horse-shoe pin, buff waistcoat, tight cords, straps, spurs, no gloves, and a wisp of straw in his mouth. The etching-book he carried looked like a "six-to-four bar one" kind of betting-book, and when I remonstrated with him on his personal appearance, he went away, and I didn't see him for a fortnight. I have, by my own careful observation been able to supply him with the materials for his sketches.

It will interest the public to be told how I contrived this, seeing that on no single occasion was I admitted to an Artist's *sanctum*, except once—and that was when the talented individual was going to give a dinner-party, and his maid showed me into the studio under the impression that I was the Greengrocer's young man come to make arrangements for waiting at table in the evening. The great Artist in question likes things done well, and he wanted to have a look at the person who was to appear that evening as the Butler, just to see if I was the sort of model he required for the impersonation. Our interview was short, but decisive. I left—but I *had* seen his picture. And this gave me my grand idea. I determined to visit all the studios, or as many as I could, professionally as a model. I *did* so, in various disguises. And in this way I have availed myself of my opportunities. The public will



see me, wholly and in parts, reproduced and idealised on canvas. I have been a cavalier, a brigand, the head and shoulders of a warrior in bed, a beggar, a Venetian nobleman (kit-cat size), a satyr at play, a fisherman on the Welsh coast, an athlete (back view), a miser, an old pensioner, a monk, "The Philosopher—a Study" (head only); I am behind a tree in No. 22; my friends will recognise me at once in Mr. PETTIE'S "Hunted Down" (No. 28); while Mr. GOW'S "Tumult in the House of Commons" would be literally nothing without me. There I am, in the right-hand corner, fresh as paint. No. 58 is a study of me for one eye only; and in Mr. LONG'S great work (No. 83) anybody acquainted with my features will at once detect me, in spite of my Egyptian costume. I am, in fact, reproduced over and over again; and in more than one instance friends at a distance will recognise my legs as completing the full-length "Portrait of a Gentleman" (a testimonial picture, price £1000), when the weak, ill-conditioned supports of the original shrunk from the public gaze.

This, then, is how I did it—and, as may be inferred, "alone I did it"—after being deserted by my faithless friend and etcher, who had, I have no doubt, his own designs, which will now appear as *tableaux* to music, that is, as pictures accompanied by notes. Now—Just a-goin' to begin! Umbrellas and sticks left in the hall. Walk up, pay your money at the turnstile, don't speak to the man at the wheel, and follow your leader!

First. Before going in for slashing, we must draw our hangers. Our five sharp hangers are, MESSRS. A. ELMORE, J. C. HOOK, G. D. LESLIE, H. J. POYNTER, and SIR JOHN GILBERT. Their separate functions, it may interest the Public to know, are indicated by their names, which guided the choice of the Academy Council. SIR JOHN GILBERT—well, his name alone is good enough for anything, and has only to be mentioned to be received with acclamation. He will excuse us if we treat him as he has so often and so admirably treated others, that is "cavalierly," and, oddish, leave the doughty knight, and so pass on.

MR. POYNTER'S office is evidently that of Indicator, to the Hangers, of what pictures should be placed.

MR. G. D. LESLIE represents fair play—for where there is the more truth and honesty, there must be the *less-lie*.

MR. A. ELMORE is the champion of space. He would give each Artist plenty of room. Give him an inch, and he asks for an *ellmore*.

MR. J. C. HOOK—*cela va sans dire*—there can be no hanging without a Hook.

There are in the Academy several Artists who richly deserve hanging, while among "the Great Unhung" there are many who have narrowly escaped the fate which their works had justly merited. Most of the unhung ones are considerably disappointed, or rather, disap-poynted.

Now for my picked men of pictures.



J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. (No. 52.) "The Beefeater;" or, the fatal consequences of eating underdone and overpaid-for Beef. Observe his colour. He is thinking of the comparative prices in the American and English market. He wears the prize oxen medals of past Cattle-Shows. The subtle design of the Artist, it is said, is to represent the type of a well-red man. Observe the face, the coat, the hat, the roses, the gold lace—*Serviens ad regem, not ad legem*. He'll soon be extinct, like his legal brother, of the Queen's Blackguards—the Serjeant of the Law! Why not put an extinct Serjeant of the Law, in his rich black silk, beside this Serjeant of the Guard, in his

laced scarlet, and call the pair *Rouge et Noir*? I make a present of the hint to my illustrious and irrepressible friend MILLAIS.

### Design and Benevolence.

THE names of supreme and subordinate benevolence appear oddly associated in the following extract from American business news:—

"It has been ascertained that Turkey has received over 300,000 stand of arms from the Providence Tool Company within the past two years, under a contract made with that Company to furnish 500,000 Peabody guns—a breech-loading rifle similar to the Martini-Henry."

In connection with the manufacture and sale of such instruments for the welfare and happiness of mankind as stands of arms and



F. LEIGHTON, R.A. (No. 209.) "A Screw Loose Somewhere," as it ought to be called, instead of "The Music Lesson." The effect is decidedly harmonious. The principle of the composition is sound—not fury—signifying not nothing, but a great deal, from a hand as light on the canvas as these sweet Ladies' on the strings.

W. P. FRITH, R.A. "Drawing a Blank:" or, Nothing Venture, Nothing Win. Intended as a companion to his great picture "The Gaming Table at Homburg." The subject is in itself absolutely nothing, but in the hands of a master like MR. FRITH, we are compelled to admit that in the whole collection there is nothing like it, for it is like nothing that we can call to mind. There is in the work an utter absence of



all mannerism. MR. FRITH can manage a crowd on canvas as well as a police-sergeant can in the streets; and yet here, where there was such a temptation to sacrifice the general effect to some startling individualities, we search in vain to detect any straining at obtaining a temporary success by some theatrical *coup de main*. Considered as a rare attempt at dealing with nothing, we are bound in justice to pronounce the picture as beyond all doubt thoroughly good, that is, for nothing. Had it been the production of a Nobody, we should have congratulated the Committee on a future Academician. As it is, this year, MR. FRITH is conspicuous by his absence (and absence makes the Art grow fonder), and so we take leave of MR. W. P. FRITH, and thank him—for nothing.

(To be continued.)

### Sound an Alarm!

THE partisans of Holy Russia, Mr. Punch, pretend that her invasion of Turkey is a holy war—the war of the Cross against the Crescent. So it is, indeed; and what do you expect to be the end of this nineteenth century Crusade? Sir, a whisper in your ear—he who attacks the Crescent attacks the Moon! Mind that; and tell the maniacs who require to be told, to be wise in time for the safety of England's lunar possessions. Do not these constitute the greater part of that Empire on which the Sun never sets? Let you and I—let us all strike in time for the protection of our interests in our Satellite. Sir, I am a victim of persecution—the tortured and confined

Colney Hatch Observatory, May 9, 1877.

GALILEO.

breech-loading rifles, how pretty to find the names of Providence and Peabody!

### De Mortuis.

THE ground referred to in the paragraph in our last, signed, "An Indignant Eye-Witness," is not the Bunhill Fields Burial Ground, the Campo Santo of the Nonconformists, where sleep—carefully guarded by an Act of Parliament and a Preservation Committee—the honoured bones of BUNYAN, DE FOX, ISAAC WATTS, and scores of the ejected ministers of 1666, but the small God's Acre on the west of Bunhill Row, now called the "Friends' Burial Ground."





## VERY LIKELY!

Adonis. "HERE!—HI!—BOY!—JUST WUN AND FETCH MY HAT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLAH!"

Boy. "O YES—I DESSAY. AND YOU'LL WALK OFF WITH MY BARRER!"

## ON THE WAR-PATH.

(A Bellicose Blast from BETSY PRIG.)

"We must treat the matter in a business-like fashion; we must provide against the worst—the only safe course in war—determine that Russia shall not have the Straits, and settle, as speedily as may be, the naval and military plans calculated effectively to secure the execution of our will. These are the resolutions which it becomes England to take; and when peace shall again bless the world, we shall have ample time to think and talk about reforms in the name of justice and humanity."—*Daily Telegraph*.

JUSTICE! Humanity! Untimely bosh!

Don't try to gammon me with such stale lingo.

Just now, thanks be! that lofty fudge won't wash.

Let me turn on my tap—the real stingo.

Tip us my penny trumpet: Rootletoot!

That is a blast that's bound to rouse each Briton,  
And scare that Rooshian Bear, the greedy brute,  
From the bage burglar's business he has hit on.

War's awful wicked! Yes, when it's invoked  
By fools whose bragging cry is "perish Ingy!"

A-hearing which with rage I well nigh choked,

And well they knows of scoldings wasn't stingy.

But war to whop that thievish Muscovite,

O, bless you! that's a werry different matter;

And on that pint I own old SAIREY'S right,

Much as I hates the upstart creature, drat her!

Which lately I've been preaching peace like fun

To cruel Christians as would turn Crusaders,

And spread the horrid Gospel of the Gun

To help Bulgarian swineherds 'gainst invaders.

But now that 'tis the British right o' way,

And not Bulgarian homes and hearts, may suffer,

I holds that party who for peace would pray,

To be a wile unpatriotic duffer.

BETSY is patriot *quand même*, and hates

The traitorous chatters who would dare suggestion

About the rights and wrongs of other States,  
When our Imperial Interests are in question.

And as to noisy rant about Reform,

Raised in the name of Justice and Humanity,

When Britons ought to rise and ride the storm—

It's reg'lar right-down, staring, stark insanity.

GLADSTONE'S a—well, perhaps it won't quite do

To call him nasty names—that is, directly;—

'Tis best, when one is rearing idols new,

To burn the old ones very circumspectly.

But when a Leader goes and takes a whim

To raise no end of sentimental racket

At awkward times, the proper coat for him,

I holds, is a political strait-jacket.

There never was before a black bad lot

So bad and black as that there Northern Bruin;

Which all he says is simply lying rot,

And all he does designs our utter ruin:

His piety is all a sly pretence—

How unlike ours!—his talk of lies a tissue;

His interests,—hang the creature's impudence,

To mention them when England's are at issue!

We must maintain *our* rights at any cost;

Our self-regard must know no party schism,

Though truth be trampled on and honour lost—

Ah! that's what BETSY calls true patriotism!

Justice, Humanity, may take their turn,

When Peace comes back again and conflict closes.

Meanwhile for battle all brave patriots burn,

And valorous BETSY as Bellona poses.

## Look always on the Surrey Side.

*Tom and Jerry*. The dish now being served up to the public at about 9'15 every evening, with *sauce hollandaise* at the Surrey Theatre, is well worth the public attention, if only as a curiosity. The old Temple Bar "set," and the "set-to" in TOM CRIBB'S parlour will well repay a visit. *Tom and Jerry* was our Grandfathers' *Our Boys*.





“WIDE AWAKE!”

(BUT DECLINES TO BE “POKED UP.”)

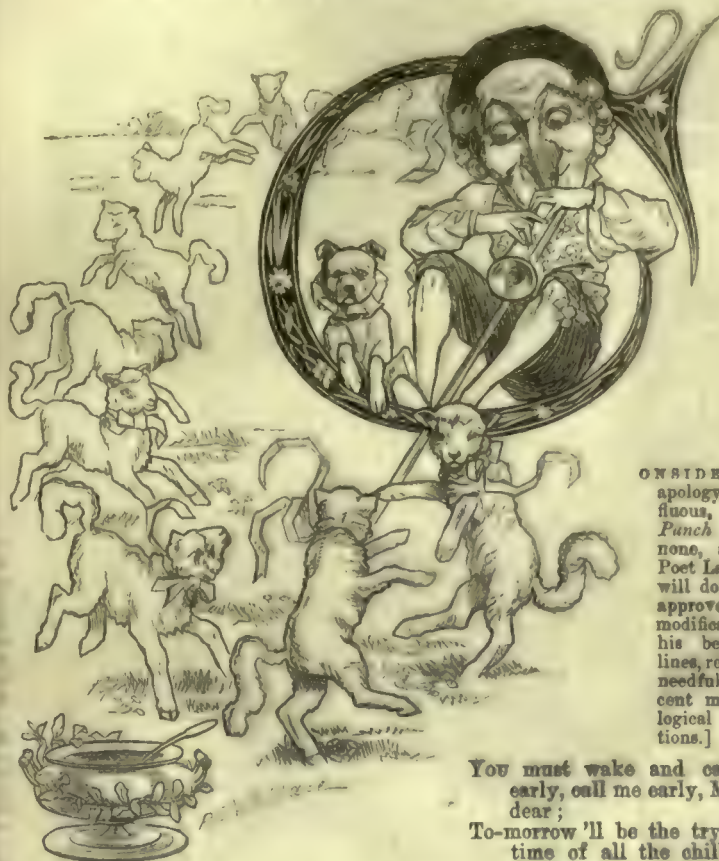






## THE MAY QUEEN.

(New Version, adapted to existing Climatic Conditions.)



CONSIDERING  
apology super-  
fluous, Mr.  
Punch offers  
none, as the  
Poet Laureate  
will doubtless  
approve the  
modification of  
his beautiful  
lines, rendered  
needful by re-  
cent meteorolo-  
gical condi-  
tions.]

You must wake and call me  
early, call me early, Mother  
dear;

To-morrow 'll be the tryingest  
time of all the chill New  
Year—

Of all the chill New Year, Mother, the dreariest, dreadfulest day;  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There 'll be many a red, red nose, no doubt, but none so red as mine;  
For the wind is still in the East, Mother, and makes one peak and pine;  
And we're going to have six weeks of it, or so the prophets say.  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, Mother, I'm sure I shall never wake,  
So you'd better call me loud, Mother, and perhaps you'll have to shake:  
I shall want some coffee hot and strong, before I'm called away  
To shiver as Queen o' the May, Mother, to shiver as Queen o' the May.

As I was coming home to-night whom think you I should see  
But DOCTOR SQUILLS! And he saw that my nose was as red as red could be;  
And he said the weather was cruel sharp, that I'd better stay away,—  
But I must be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm bound to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch is white with sleety showers,  
And, though they call it the month of May, the hawthorn has no flowers;  
And the ice in patches may yet be found in swamps and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The East wind blows and blows, Mother, on my nose, I follow suit,  
For my influenza's so very bad, and I've got a cough to boot;  
Perhaps it will rain and sleet, Mother, the whole of the livelong day,  
Yet I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother; I must be Queen o' the May.

I've not the slightest doubt, Mother, I shall come home very ill,  
And then there'll be bed for a week or more, and a long, long doctor's bill;  
And with prices up and wages down however will father pay?  
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother—oh bother the Queen o' the May!

So please wake and call me early, call me early, Mother dear.  
That I may look out some winter wraps, fit for the spring this year.  
To-morrow of this bitter "snap" I'm sure 'll be the bitterest day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

RUSSIAN PRONUNCIATION.—The Admiral-in-Chief of the Turkish Fleet is  
always alluded to in St. Petersburg as "HOBART P'SHAH!"

## MAY-DAY AT THE GOG-MAGOGS.

WE have learnt from the ubiquitous Reporter how May-Day was spent at Oxford, but, somehow or other, the ceremonies connected with that Spring festivity at Cambridge have not been recorded by a prying Press. Mr. Punch would not like one University to be a-head of the other, after the dead-heat his own prophecies brought about on the river. He has therefore much pleasure in assuring the public that the May-morning rites of Cam were this year not a bit behind those of Isis.

The Squire Bedells woke the Undergrads at 4:30 by sound of trumpet accompanied by the clang of their silver pokers and the barking of their bulldogs. Amid the suppressed anathemas of the Dons, who preferred snoozing to spooning, the sons of Trinity issued forth attired in various-coloured paper and tinsel, adorned with leaves and flowers, and preceded by their honoured Master, who, though disguised in a large green extinguisher surmounted by a crown of roses (best paper), was easily recognised by his classical capers and inaudible quotations from HORACE. After making the tour of the town, collecting additions to their procession, and an abundant harvest of halfpence for their decayed Fellows, the mummers repaired to the foot of the Gogmagog Hills, where the fair Students from Girton were assembled to select a Queen from among their number.

After a most amusing lecture on Vivisection, painlessly illustrated, with the aid of chloroform, on the lambs which formed a chief feature of the procession, an elegant divertissement was performed by the gyps who had accompanied their Masters, to an *obligato* accompaniment of marrowbones and cleavers.

Having seen term divide, a repetition of which favourite entertainment is allowed on this day only, the happy Mayers, preceded by their Queen, proceeded to five o'clock tea at Girton, and the day's delights terminated with a classical contest in the capping of Latin verses by the champions of the Undergraduates and the Ladies of the May. All the Lady Students were dressed in costumes of the date of QUEEN ANNE, advanced aesthetics being the order of the day.

## THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

(From Our Own Wagnerite who went to Bayreuth.)

HERR WAGNER has arrived. That's all I can say at present. He has come for the Music of the Future (I am writing this on Saturday, and next Monday is his commencement—of which more anon) in London. The great Art-Music-Poet says there's one fiddler short I don't mean one short fiddler—it's not a question of height) in his orchestra. I have volunteered, and the Master Musical-Mind has accepted. My fiddle is a dummy—but what matters? There must be two hundred in the orchestra, and I am the two hundredth. On Monday I shall be in my place, and expect from me a clear, learned, and concise report of the proceedings of my old and much esteemed friend (albeit he's what they call in the Low Hanoverian dialect a *Sleibootz*), the Wobbling WAGNER.

Need I sign myself, yours truly,

ALBERT HALL.

\*.\* Any friends of yours wishing to be present without paying, need only mention my name at the door. That will be quite enough.

## PECCAVI!

PUNCH has sinned! He has done grievous wrong to one he honours more than any woman in the world—after the QUEEN and his own Judy—the BARONESS BURDET-COUTTS. He accused her of tolerating "bearing-reins" on her carriage-horses. Since he penned the paragraph he has learnt that she refused longer to tolerate bearing-reins some two years ago, and parted with a stubborn though otherwise valuable coachman, who refused, with a not uncommon prejudice of his class, to drive her horses without them. He learns, too, that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is now again, as energetically as it can, taking up the cruelty of the bearing-rein. Punch, misinformed in the case of both the Baroness and the Society, hereby offers an apology to both.





WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!

OR, THE R.A. COCK OF THE WALK AND THE BOND STREET BIRD OF (ART) PARADISE.



## VERS NONSENSIQUES À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LUSIGNÉ.)



Il existe une Espinstère à Tours,  
Un peu vite, et qui porte toujours  
Un ulsteur peau-de-phoque,  
Un chapeau bilicoque,  
Et des nîreboqueurs en velours.



"Tu m'as rôti de gigot, ma Lucie,  
À trois heures soit prêt, je te prie :  
Qu'il soit tendre, fumant,  
Et d'un jus abondant,  
Et quel meilleur plat—h'm—can there be !"



Un Spondée, envieux d'un Dactyle,  
Son voisin dans un vers de VIRGILE,  
Blaguait à tout propos  
Ses trois pieds inégaux,  
L'astiquait, et lui chauffait la bile.



Il était un brignol de la Drouille,  
Dont l'esbroc turlupait la frambouille,  
Et qui rocolbochait  
Son splénét, et borglait  
En Binchois : "Rampognons !... je dégrouille !!"





## TENACITY!

*First North Briton (on the Oban boat, in a rolling sea and dirty weather).  
"THROW IT UP, MAN, AND YE'LL FEEL A' THE BETTER!"*  
*Second ditto (keeping it down). "HECH, MON, IT'S WHUSKEY!"*

## MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

## No. I.—ON DRAWING-ROOM DECORATIONS.

MR. FERNANDO F. EMINATE examined.

**Q.** I believe that you are perfectly mad upon the subject of drawing-room decorations?

**A.** I am perfectly mad upon the subject, and my insanity extends to dining-rooms, libraries, and sitting-rooms generally.

**Q.** How, in your opinion, ought a drawing-room to be decorated?

**A.** On æsthetic principles.

**Q.** What do you mean by æsthetic principles?

**A.** It is a wide term, but I think I may say that the outcome of æstheticism is a mixture of antique quaintness, dingy and washed-out colour, and oddity combined with discomfort.

**Q.** I believe you are in favour of latticed windows glazed with opaque glass?

**A.** I am. The kind of windows you mention were abolished years and years ago, to make room for more modern improvements. The opaque glass is conducive to darkness, a great desideratum in nineteenth century drawing-rooms.

**Q.** I understand that you are in favour of curtains with hideous patterns and black furniture?

**A.** I am. It is very necessary that a feeling of melancholy should be produced in a modern sitting-room, and I know of no better means to create this mood than those to which you have alluded. Moreover, it is proper to add, that the chairs should be of the most uncomfortable character possible, cumbered with cushions warranted to slip down on the floor on the smallest provocation.

**Q.** I think you do not recommend carpets?

**A.** Certainly not. Carpets are suggestive of comfort, and there you are at once in contradiction with æsthetic principles. I much prefer straw matting, which is bitterly cold in winter and horribly stuffy in summer.

**Q.** Would you permit rugs in the drawing-room?

**A.** Certainly. But I should insist upon their being of the most

## THE WIND AND THE WAR.

WHAT is that white on yonder trees?  
Pear-blossom. Ugh! It might be snow;  
So bitter, hard the Eastern breeze;  
And the thermometer so low.  
I see white petals of the pear,  
But apple-trees of pink are bare.

Late apple, due in early May,  
And lilacs shrink from coming out.  
A haze bedims the orb of day,  
And influenza flies about.  
And not one JACK, in wonted green,  
On this bleak May-Day has been seen.

Bees keep their hives, too wise to hum  
In such hard times from flower to flower;  
Cuckoo and Nightingale are mum.  
In holes and crannies Swallows cower,  
Wondering where spring-time can have fled,  
Till cruel May-frost nips them dead.

May, more than commonly severe.  
Too well this woful East wind suits.  
That comes the opening leaves to sear,  
And shrivel up the swelling fruits.  
Two bitter things—nigh on a par—  
Are Eastern wind and Eastern war.

## A VOLLEY FOR ZAZEL.

WHAT she says to FARINI, when she creeps into the gun,—“Far in I go.”

Her aim in life—The upshot of her existence.

A husband for her—The Engineer who was hoisted with his own petard.

A new title for this Star—The Sun of a Gun.

Her favourite post—Howitt, Sir.

Her favourite political subject—Debt o' nations.

What men say of her—“She's a stunner!”

What women say of her—“She's going off!”

N.B.—Mr. Punch trusts this will stall off the correspondents who inundate him with weakly deluges of poor puns on ZAZEL, as on all popular or unpopular subjects.

ancient date. Rugs in tatters are very excellent things to spread over matting, as they tear at nearly every footstep.

**Q.** I think you do not like pictures?

**A.** I confess I am not very partial to them. Instead of pictures, I would have plates stuck against the walls.

**Q.** In fact, you would decorate the walls of a drawing-room as if you were dealing with a kitchen?

**A.** Certainly; except that I would have more plates in the drawing-room than are usually found in a kitchen.

**Q.** Would you permit tables in the room?

**A.** One. It should, however, have only three legs, and should be encouraged (by its construction) to topple over on every conceivable opportunity.

**Q.** You have said nothing about the walls.

**A.** The lower part, or dado, should be covered with matting, and the upper part be papered with a paper of sombre or sickly ground, and spidery pattern.

**Q.** If you had a recess, what would you do with it?

**A.** I would fill it with delf and blue china.

**Q.** What is delf?

**A.** The coarsest and ugliest sort of pottery. My ambition would be to obtain the coarsest and ugliest specimens of this pottery attainable. Failing this, I would fall back upon kitchen plates of the last century.

**Q.** You have said nothing about the comfort of the room.

**A.** As I have had the honour already to explain, I know nothing about comfort. It is radically opposed to æsthetic principles.

**Q.** To sum up the matter—Is it your opinion that, given a little straw and a good many plates, a cell in Newgate might easily be converted into an excellent drawing-room furnished in the modern fashion?

**A.** Certainly—with a few neutral distemper colours and a sten-cilling apparatus.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

THE BEST SCHOOL OF NEEDLEWORK.—A Husband's wardrobe.



## THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Being our own Handy-Book to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy.)



ANY of the Pictures appearing to me to be misnamed, I have ventured either to re-christen them, or to comment, very briefly, on the ideas suggested by them, without reference to the Official Catalogue. Let the Visitor take this guide first, and then let him refer to the Catalogue. Now to business.

No. 44. Man and horse in a morass. More ass he for being there. Clearly a good subject for Mr. HORSE-LEY, JUN. The man is evidently crying out for help, and probably shouting hoarsely. Brayvo, Mr. HORSELEY, JUN.!

No. 62. Another by the same rising young Artist. Coloured Gentlemen at

prayer on board ship, with the ship's Chaplain (a Canon) in the midst of them. Perhaps CANON LINDON, or the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, might bid for this picture.

No. 28. The Hunted Highlander. By J. PETTIE, R.A. There's only one name for this, —it ought to be "Half-Kill!"

No. 67. The old Pump-Room, Bath. By G. A. STOREY, A. With views of the old Pumps of both sexes. This tells its own Storey.

No. 33. An Egyptian Feast. By E. LONG, A. The Mummy at the feast reminds the revellers of their certain fate. The motto clearly should have been, "*Ars Longa, vita brevis.*" And a very fine specimen of the *ars Longa*, too.

No. 126. By J. C. HOOK, R.A. It illustrates the dialogue in the old story. "Gin I thinks," "Whiskey I hopes," "Sea-water, by Jingo!" It should have been called "*The Bottle*," and dedicated to SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

No. 132. By same Artist. "*The Boy at the Nore.*"

No. 208. By R. ANSDALL, R.A. "*Cave canes.*" An incident in the Isle of Dogs, with the canine inhabitants upsetting the Lady of the Island.

No. 282. By A. ELMORE, R.A. Without reference to the Catalogue you can see at once that this is MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS (here we are again!) tickling somebody's (probably DARNLEY's) little finger. And he doesn't seem to like it. Title, "*A Ticklish Situation.*"

No. 210. By J. C. HORSELEY, R.A. Kensington Gardens before the notice was up to the effect that "No dogs are allowed unless led with a string."

No. 216. By F. GOODALL, R.A. Preparing for the Baby Show.

No. 380. By J. C. HOOK, R.A. Without referring to Catalogue, this appears to be a dog coming out of a barley-field. On referring to Catalogue, I find that this is not the idea intended to be conveyed. How could I have made such a mistake!

No. 321. By LIONEL SMYTHE. Probably a view of some sequestered spot in the grounds of Colney Hatch. Foolish young person in foreground, damp grass, and fine prospect of rheumatism in the back.

No. 931. By JAMES ARCHER. Painful position of a Scotch Gentleman sitting for his portrait in the open air. For the remainder of his life must he always sit in this dress, in this position, and in this identical spot for so many hours a day, or else will no one ever recognise him? Appalling thought!

No. 1263. By T. O. BARLOW, A. "His Grace the DUKE OF WESTMINSTER, K.G.—after J. E. MILLAIS, R.A." Is he? I hope His Grace, K.G. will overtake J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., who must have had time to get out of sight while the Duke was putting the top-boots on, as he is not in the picture.

No. 276. By the same. "Gloria." After JOHN PHILLIP. And glory to T. O. BARLOW, says Punch, for this noble engraving of his lamented friend's stirring picture of a Spanish Wake.

No. 1363. By D. W. WYNFIELD. Without reference to Catalogue, I should imagine

that this is some one in the Past listening to the Music of the Future, and much irritated by it. A solo on the Jews' harp.

No. 1466. Striking Sculpture. By F. LEIGHTON, R.A. May represent morning exercise for a muscular person after tub-time. Legend—"See what I found in my bath this morning!"

Now take a stroll back again, and, before leaving for the day, look at—

No. 197. By E. M. WARD, R.A. "What has he got in his head?" But this wasn't what the Artist had in his head when he painted this picture. Refer to Catalogue.

No. 508. Also by E. M. WARD, R.A. After-dinner spasm. The momentous question, "Was it the Cucumber?" Poor dear creature!

No. 409. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. Gentleman going away with his portmanteau. On the point of departure his mind misgives him, and he sternly asks his wife, "Are you quite sure you packed up my sponge?" She replies, with intense conviction, "Yes." And the picture is rightly called "Yes."

## TRY AGAIN.

"DRURY LANE GARDEN.—A correspondent writes:—"Last week it was announced in *The Times* that a burial-ground long since disused in Drury Lane had been formally opened as a garden by the Vicar and Churchwardens of the parish of St. Giles, for the use of the surrounding inhabitants. However, on the evening after the opening, the 2nd instant, the Churchwardens went down to see how the garden was appreciated, when they witnessed such a scene of disorder, wanton trampling on the ornamental grounds, and in some instances tearing up of plants and shrubs, that they gave immediate orders to have the garden cleared and the gates closed until further notice."

—*The Times*.

[Punch is glad, for the sake of the Drury Lane population, to learn, by a letter from Miss OCTAVIA HILL, that the damage was neither so serious nor so wanton as is here stated.]

DISCOURAGING, that Drury's hordes unshriven

'Gainst Eden's influence their hearts should harden.

Sad to see beds trod down, and shrubs up-riven,

In this, the first "God's-acre" ever given  
The back-slums' brood for garden!

Disheartening! Yet let us not lose heart:

We all know "*C'est le premier pas qui coûte.*"

Foiled by one back-cast? 'Twere a braver part

To plant again, for growths that yet may start

E'en from least hopeful root.

If crushed beds, trampled plants, seem poor return

For Vicar's and Churchwardens' well-meant guerdon,

Time must be given for pariahs to learn  
The brotherhood with which kind natures

yearn

To ease their sordid burden.

Shall children's Godsend by roughs' fault be marred?

Shame to let pity to mistrust so harden!

Be not kind purpose by first failure barred,  
And e'en roughs yet may learn to love and guard

God's-acre turned to garden.

SUBJECT FOR ALMA TADEMA.

*Ancient Philanthropist (to Collector for Classical Charity).—"Write me down an as!"*



## VERS NONSENSIQUES, À L'USAGE DES FAMILLES ANGLAISES.

(Par ANATOLE DE LESTER-SCOUÈRE.)



L'ANDALOUSE (Marquise et Lionne),  
Qui naguère habitait Barcelone,  
Et démoralisait  
Tant le Sieur de Musset,  
Vient d'ouvrir une auberge à Bayonne.



"O jument de la nuit, ombre sombre !  
D'où viens-tu ?—de ces radis sans nombre ?—  
Ou viens-tu cette fois  
De ce lapin gallois ?—  
Ou viens-tu—de ce maudit concombre ?"



"Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous,  
O mer, sur vos froids gris cailloux !"  
Ainsi traduisait LAURE  
Au profit d'ISIDORE  
(Bon jeune homme, et son futur époux).



"I am gu. I am poet. I dvell  
Rupert Street, at the fifth. I am svell.  
And I sing tralala,  
And I love my mamma,  
And the English, I speaks him qvite vell !"



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



*RECTORIA præterita est.* The Boerish Republic is no more. So LORD CARNARVON (*Lords, Monday, May 7*) reads off the wires. SHEPSTONE has cut the knot, not by edge of sword, but by a short, sharp, and decisive instrument of Incorporation of the Transvaal with British South Africa. Let us hope we have not taken the territory of the Boer at a Trans-valuation. But there seems to have been nothing else for it.

"Who dreamed of pirates loose—  
Though none were there?  
Would have us cook their goose?  
Robin Adair!"

LORD WAVENEY, who seems to have piracy on the brain, moved an Address praying the QUEEN to invite the co-operation of her allies to maintain the security of commerce in the Mediterranean, which, so far as LORD DERBY knows, is in no way threatened. As if we hadn't scares enough loose already!

(*Commons.*)—The fullest House of the Session. Strangers as thick as thieves, or bees at swarming-time, in the Speaker's gallery. A ballot among some four hundred for some eighty places—worse than claimants on the Treasury in Coalition-time. Peers in every place that Peers could be poked into—as in the Ministry. Members wherever Members could sit or stand. Both galleries brimming over; and M.P.'s seated on the steps below the gangway. An overflow, in fact, of uninformed in- and out-siders to see the Opposition Acton worried by his own pack; of those who were behind the scenes, to see W. E. G., turned tactician, split his differences and his Resolutions, in order to re-cement Her Majesty's Opposition.

Let *Punch* remind the readers of the substance of these four now famous Resolutions. The first censured the Porte for not punishing the authors of the Bulgarian atrocities at LORD DERBY's bidding. The second declared that Turkey had forfeited all claims on the moral and material support of England, until she mended her ways. The third pledged us to the cause of self-government in the Turkish provinces. The fourth committed us to the principle of a European concert to enforce Europe's will on Turkey, by coercion, if need be.

Rather than support the two latter, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK had given notice to extinguish all four under "the previous question." The debate on this would have brought into strong relief the antagonism between the more advanced Liberals of the Opposition, who were prepared to support all four Resolutions, and the more moderate majority, who would have voted with SIR JOHN, and so shelved the Resolutions, without directly negating them. One question between the sections of Opposition in the House, and out of it, hangs on the policy of coercion. Another, and more important at this moment, lies between a policy of strict neutrality and one of, or at least tending to, war.

*Punch* has always kept one line on the coercion question. Unless England meant to join in coercing Turkey into compliance with the conclusions of a Conference, she should never have taken part in one that, without coercion, was sure to end in smoke. Let those who may wish to consult our record, turn back to the 'Cartoon, in which, immediately on the conclusion of the Conference, *Punch* put to the British Lion the crucial question, "If you didn't mean to back up LORD SALISBURY, why did you send him?"

From the moment that Her Majesty's Government proclaimed their policy of non-coercion, the way was clear for Her Majesty's Opposition to have proclaimed theirs of coercion, if they dared. They did not dare. Their ranks were from that moment divided into a more cautious wing, under LORD HARTINGTON, a more thorough-going and daring wing, under MR. GLADSTONE and the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The spectacle which the Majority promised themselves on Monday was the internecine combat of these two wings—the duel of the Hartingtonati and the Gladstoneati. They were disappointed. MR. GLADSTONE, rather than give the House this gladiatorial exhibition, consented to throw over the third and fourth Resolutions, on which the wings were at odds, and to modify Resolutions one and



two, so that the Opposition might fight shoulder to shoulder in their support.

*Punch* won't say if this was a wise or unwise, a brave or cowardly, policy. He would, as a rule, rather see quarrels fought out than stifled. This is a quarrel sooner or later to be fought out. But whether it should be fought out by Her Majesty's Opposition for the amusement of H. M. Government is another matter.

Naturally, the Majority considered themselves very ill-used in being thus robbed of their anticipated entertainment.

The bolder spirits, who were willing to face this fight, in the strength of their manly principle, "thorough," found voice by CHAMBERLAIN and COURTNEY to express their regret at the compromise. But if their Leader consented to waive a vote on his third and fourth Resolutions, he did not, happily for England and the House, waive his speech in their support.

Thanks to them, we have heard the boldest, most logical, and, as *Punch* believes, in the long run, wisest and most clear-sighted English policy on the Eastern Question propounded and maintained in one of the most spirit-stirring speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons. Never, on any question were parties, in or out of the House, so divided as on this. *Punch*, finding all his hopes for the future, all his convictions of duty in the present, all his conclusions from history in the past, reflected in MR. GLADSTONE's noble words, does not hesitate to avow himself—so far as he has a personality—at one with the Member for Greenwich, and those who go along with him, in this crisis. He believes, if those views had been boldly and consistently maintained by the Government from the first, war might have been averted, and the oppressed Rayahs would have learnt ere this that they had as staunch and stout a friend in the Lion as in the Bear, not to say a safer and more magnanimous defender.

But the opportunity has been allowed to pass. Another influence (a veiled force that has been working from the first) has been allowed to prevail; an influence in all points tending to condonation of Turkey and to distrust of Russia; an influence that seems to have for its object to set the Lion and Bear by the ears, and to exaggerate the danger to English interests in Asia and Europe from Russia's hostilities with Turkey; an influence that has been allowing the Ship of State to drift, if not piloting her, nearer and nearer the Maelström of War—of war, if not avowedly for Turkey, at least against Russia as the enemy of Turkey, and in the name of English interests, remotely and obscurely involved in any probable event, and, for the present, not implicated at all. All consciousness of such a drift, not to say all co-operation with it, Government in the first night of this debate disavowed in the manly and straightforward speech of the HOME SECRETARY. What he says he stands by. His worst enemy can never charge him with fighting a Cross. Henceforth our Government is pledged, as positively as a Government can be, to neutrality in this unhappy but inevitable war—inevitable mainly, as *Punch* is sorry to believe, through the timidity, shilly-shallying, and half-heartedness of our Rulers, of Her Majesty's Opposition, as well as Her Majesty's Government.

MR. CROSS's distinct avowal of neutrality at this crisis, when the dogs of war are yelping their loudest, the country owes to MR. GLADSTONE and his Resolutions—and, as things are, even this is a great gain.

Through Monday and Tuesday, Thursday and Friday nights, the speaking went on, with much vehement recrimination; and, after the two great guns of the week were fired—MR. GLADSTONE's in defence of what might have been, MR. CROSS's in re-assurance as to what is—with little increase either of sweetness or light in the House, whatever may have been the enlightening effect out of it. *Punch* waives the task of reiterating the iterations of the speakers night after night; only noting that, for the Turk, and against the Russ, MR. CHAPLIN, SIR ROBERT PEEL, and LORD ELCHO talked most wild and whirlingly; while, on the other side, MR. COURTNEY was an exception to the general rule of repetition. He boldly avowed his regret at the watering down of the Resolutions, his readiness to have supported the strongest of them, and his entire adherence to a policy of coercion applied to Turkey.

Thus, all the week has been taken up in a sharper defining of parties and policies on this Eastern quarrel, and, above all, in making it clear that England stands pledged not to strike on behalf of the effete and unimprovable Turk—or, if she strike in at all, to do so only on behalf of grave national interests, when those interests are visibly menaced. When they are, it is quite certain that all parties will be agreed that the time has indeed come for the British Lion to show his teeth. It is just as certain that that time is not yet.

Chaff at such a moment, and on such a subject, is impertinence. *Punch* has felt a call to be serious, and to speak as he feels, without even putting the thin mask of irony over his seriousness.

*Friday (Lords).*—The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS had to withdraw his Bill for limiting the hours of Railway Servants. For reasons good, no doubt, the Bill may have been pronounced crude and impracticable; but the Companies will have to set their lines in order, and treat their Servants with more decent consideration than they have done, both as regards hours, rules, and protection of life and limb,

or it will be warmer than ever for them when they are delivered over to the hands of the Juries, whose verdicts now rudely embody retribution for corporations that have happily a pocket to be dipped into, if not a soul to be lost, or a body to be kicked.

(*Commons.*)—The debate on the Resolutions was adjourned again till Monday; and if it is finished then, it will be less because all have said their say, than from SIR STAFFORD's threat, that if the House do not give the Government Tuesday night, it shall have its Whitsun holidays docketed. The truth is, that though the Resolutions may mean little, the discussion means a great deal, for the country, even more than the House of Commons. England is making up its mind, and will soon be ready to cast the weight of the national will unmistakably into—which scale, that of Turkey and BEACONSFIELD, or that of Neutrality and CROSS? D. T. and P. M. say the former. *Punch* says the latter. Which can feel the national pulse best?

## THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.



HAVING been a considerable time accustomed to play the Trilogy, with one finger on the Accordion, I was naturally anxious to hear the same work of art performed by a Band of two hundred, at the Albert Hall.

HERR RICHARD WAGNER wrote to me in his best low Bavarian:—

"Ich bin gleich nach gekommen London mit der Trompeten und Drummen, der brassen, der Winden und der Fiddelstückeren. Du bist ein Musik-Kritiker. Wie viel? Leben Sie wohl.—R. W."

Then—

"Postscriptum. Inklözen ist ein Postoffische Ordern für ein Thaler. Herren Hodge und Essex wollen Sie Trinkmönische geben. Wenn beide der Herren are at home, Sie

der whole somm all-at-vonce pill poketen!! Stecken Sie es in Ihre Tasche! Ich trinke to our Nex-merre-meeting! Hoch!"

To which I replied (in Saxon-Bavarian, which we both understood)—

"O mein intimer Freund, Ich zee zou blown vüsst! Votz ein Thaler? Gettout!! Woran denken Sie? Das ist nicht genug. Ich weiss wie viel Uhre es ist! Ich take nicht der trink-mönische Ekseption wenn Ich bin Drei. Wenn Drei, trinke. Kumprenny? Lieben Sie wohl mein Herr Von Thaler—nicht Von Thaler, aber Zwei, Drei und az many moren Thaleren az zu liken-to-standen! Hoch."

Why, I couldn't even get up a Torchlight Procession in Orme Square with one thaler. It wouldn't run to one torch and a cab fare. So that all my schemes for worthily celebrating the grand occasion fell to the ground. I had composed a Festival Hymn to be sung to an air of BELLINI's under VAGNER's vinder in Orme Square (where he is stopping, with HERR TOOLE, who "always comes home to tea"), which ran (or would have run, if it had once got a fair start) like this,—

"Orme! Orme! Orme! sweet Orme!

No clever HERR WAGNER, there's no place like Orme!"

This was set to a bed-chamber-kandelstückeren "motive," and would have been simply a master-piece; but, no matter, there's the master-piece still on my chimney-piece. The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

Being a trifle near-sighted, and a little uncertain about Wagnerian waggeries generally (I haven't seen him for years—and the idea of offering me a Thaler!), I requested a friend of mine who has the reputation of being a very well-informed man, to ask me (in your interest) to dinner. He mistook my meaning, and came and dined with me. We were Wagnerites both—Wagneriserites. My Well-Informed Man said he would tell me everything. Down to the Hall we went in a Hansom. Then we got out, and, amid the cheers of the Monday Populace and the courteous salutes of the A Division (Wagnerites to a man), bowing left and right, entered the *salle*.

"Der Walkuren!" exclaimed the crowd directly they saw us. We intimated to HERREN HODGE and ESSEX that we wished to be alone. They replied that with nearly eight thousand people in the





## A SET-DOWN.

*Mistress.* "LOOK, BRIDGET, THERE'S THE MARK OF YOUR THUMB ON THIS PLATE! DON'T YOU SEE IT?"

*Biddy.* "MUSHA, THIN, HOW PARTICULAR YEE ARE! AND SORRA THE QUALITY THAT'S IN IT, NEITHER!"

Hall this would be almost impossible. "But," they politely added, "'after the Opera is over' you can have it entirely to yourself."

"Now," I said to my Well-Informed Man (engaged, mind, on purpose, just as a Q.C. has a Solicitor below him to give him his facts), "Tell me all you know."

Oh, Sir! Oh, my dear Sir! never again with you, Robin—I mean, never again with my Well-Informed Friend. A humbug, Sir, a humbug!—but, to proceed.

Two Ladies walked on to the platform. Immense applause. "Whom are they applauding?" I asked of Well-Informed Friend. Did he reply at once, Sir? No. He referred to his programme. Why, I could have done as much. At this moment a buzz went round the house, and from box to box was mysteriously telegraphed the words "FRAU MATERNA." "Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend suddenly, "that's FRAU MATERNA! She was at Bayreuth."

"Which is FRAU MATERNA?" I asked, sternly, for there were two. "Is it the magnificent lady in a brilliant dress, or is it the retiring young damsel in blue?"

"Well," replied my Well-Informed Friend, deliberately, "well—it's either the stouter of the two—or the other."

And I had asked this friend to accompany me on the strength of knowing all about it! Why, Sir, I had imagined that this person had been your Correspondent at Bayreuth last year.

Suddenly, a burst of enthusiastic applause. I could not see whom they were applauding. I appealed to my Well-Informed Friend. "Is it WAGNER?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "I fancy it must be WAGNER."

"Is he there?" I asked, authoritatively, for you see I had treated this man, and treated him well, on the strength of his being Your Own Well-Informed Correspondent at Bayreuth.

"Well," he began, "I rather think he—" But before the egregious humbug could commit himself to an assertion, a mysterious whisper passed round—"It is WILHELM!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend, suddenly waking up, "that's WILHELM!"

I frowned; he cowered. So we sat, I frowning, he cowering, until an enthusiastic greeting announced the appearance of HERR WAGNER.

A Lady near me gave a great start.

"Is that WAGNER?" she exclaimed; and then added, in a tone of considerable

disappointment, "Why he is quite a respectable-looking, quiet, elderly man!" And so he is—now.

My Well-Informed Man, while pretending to read the German portion of the *Tannhäuser* (the humbug!), kept losing his place (I watched him), and was always looking over other people's shoulders to see when they turned over, and what page they were at.

Still I clung to him. I had heard him talk so much of WAGNER. In your interests, Sir, I clung to him. I still hoped that he might be the gifted creature I had supposed.

Between the parts I took my Well-Informed Man into the Lobby, pulled out my note-book, and said, "Now tell me all about it. First, I suppose you knew all these singers to speak to at Bayreuth?"

My Well-Informed Man paused for a moment, trembled, turned pale, then throwing himself on his knees, while the perspiration streamed off his agonised face, he cried, "Spare me! Oh spare me! I never was at Bayreuth!"

I suppress the rest of this painful scene. I pity that man's family. He was at once confided to the care of Policeman B flat (a great Wagnerite), and I saw no more of him.

A sadder and a wiser man I returned for the *Rheingold*—that overpoweringly wonderful work. The Music-Hall of the Future is evidently paved with good motives. I recognised the genius of the idea, and fell into the spirit of it cordially. Before it was a quarter over didn't I feel an irrepressible "drink-motive"? Later on, wasn't I powerfully moved by a "more-drink-motive"? Then by "go-away-before-the-crowden-motive"? Were not the Linkmen both actuated by a "threepenny-bit-motive" when they dashed wildly off in search of a cab for yours truly? And wasn't I (still Wagnerian) impelled by a "save-my-two-and-sixpence-motive" when I didn't stop for the cab, but set off to walk? Didn't the "drink-motive" recur strongly again and oftentimes during the remainder of the evening, not to mention the "supper-motive" and the "cigar-motive," uniting together to form one irresistible "stop-at-the-Club-till-three-in-the-morning-motive."

Before retiring to rest, I dropped a line to my old friend,—"*Mein Intimer Freund*, your Rhine-gold has the ring (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*) of the true Genius-metal. But with such a stock of Rhine-gold, why offer me a Thaler? No matter. Success to you, *Mein Herr*! The "sleep-motive" overcomes yours ever,

THE HOOKY WALKYRIE.

## THE GREAT OBSTRUCTIVES.

A new Irish Melody: (Air "Let Erin Remember.")

LET Erin rejoice in a BIGGAR bold,  
And a PARNELL that ne'er betrayed her,  
Who have both spurned Office, and Smiles, and Gold,  
At the hand of the base invader.

Obstruction's flag bould BIGGAR unfurled,  
By PARNELL bravely mated,  
And wid Blue-Book aither Blue-Book hurled  
The heads of the Saxons slated!

On the benches green in the Saxon's hall  
These heroes took their station,  
Obstruction to fling in the way of all  
The Saxons' legislation.

"Divide, divide!" the Saxons cried,  
And crowed, like cocks, in chorus,  
But BIGGAR and PARNELL the gang defied,  
And but waxed more obstreperous.

"Is't dividin' you're aither? If that's the talk,  
You shall have it—we give you warnin';"  
And thirteen times they made 'em walk  
"Twixt lobby and sates ere mornin'."  
Since ould NOLL ordered the mace away,  
On the Commons' coat-tails threading,  
Was never beheld such blank dismay  
Over Saxon faces spreading.

Then may Erin keep for her PARNELL's name,  
And her PARNELL's iligant figure,  
The biggest niche in her Temple of Fame,  
And for Cavan's Member a bigger.  
While in pathriot records of deeds sublime  
The tale shall be told for iver,  
How BIGGAR and PARNELL talked agin time,  
And bate time into fits, so oliver.





## DISAFFECTION!

Adjutant. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DRUM-MAJOR?"

Drum-Major. "PLEASE, SIR, THE DRUMS IS IN A STATE OF MUTINY, AND THESE ARE THE RINGLEADERS!!"

## TOO HARD-A-PORTE.

"MR. GLADSTONE may not succeed in carrying the House, or re-uniting his Party, or even winning the solid support of the British people for the present, but his work will stand and bear fruit if he has disabused England of her old Turkish prepossessions, and delivered her soul from one of its most evil, most unprofitable, and most dishonourable illusions."—*The Times*.

Lo! the Man at the Wheel, all mysterious and mute,  
At the helm of the good ship *Britannia* he stands,  
A nautical Sphinx, dumb as death, cold and 'cute;  
Hard-a-Porte he would steer, were her course in his hands.  
'Twould go hard with the ship, if with dangers around,  
Whate'er the crew fear, or whatever they feel,  
None a question dared raise, while the rule all propound,  
'Tis high treason to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

We would fain know the course our dark pilot is steering,  
For the water it shoals and the rocks loom ahead:  
There be those who believe that the breakers he's nearing,  
But yet to "go aft" in a body they dread.  
For they know that a clamorous part of the watch  
Would as mutiny punish alarm or appeal—  
And they think, come what may, no disaster could match  
Such an act as to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

But a stout able-seaman, one W. E. G.,  
Has long had an eye on the chart and the course;  
He the skipper distrusts now *Britannia's* at sea,  
And declines to take silence for BULL's best resource.  
So he ups and says he, "Howsomever it be,  
You're steering too much on the Porte tack, a deal.  
The rest of the crew may be dumb, but for me,  
I'm a-going to speak to the Man at the Wheel."

And then comes a chorus of warning and threat—  
Fierce charges of mutiny rain on his head;  
His messmates fall off in alarm, or in pet,  
For irons some call, or strait-waistcoat instead.

But that sturdy A.B. is not daunted, not he;  
Funk or flare-up who will, true and trenchant as steel,  
Come foe or fail friend, there is W. E. G.,  
Determined to speak to the Man at the Wheel.

Says WILLIAM, "Belay! This here Porte tack, I say,  
Isn't safe for the ship—with the chart doesn't square;  
The war-rock you should clear lies full in your way,  
And the sands and the shoals that you funk are not there.  
All your bearings are wrong: you must try t'other tack.  
For discipline's sake one can stand a good deal.  
But ere on the rocks the *Britannia's* run smack,  
'Tis time some one spoke to the Man at the Wheel."

Says the Man at the Wheel, 'mid a volley of cheers,  
"If this isn't mutiny, my coat ain't blue:  
To question the course your ship's officer steers!  
You deserve to be clapped in the bilboes, you do!  
But the poor men you've gammoned your leading discard,  
They'd rather we steered her than you, by a deal.  
You deserve in a rope's-end to swing at a yard,  
For daring to speak to the Man at the Wheel."

But "Belay, there! belay!" sings out ADMIRAL BULL.  
"Whether WILLIAM is right in the course he would steer  
Is a question, perhaps; but by running rap-full  
On this Porte-tack the reefs you have brought the ship near.  
With breakers ahead, and more minds, too, than one  
In the ward-room about the ship's handling, I feel,—  
Howe'er etiquette or Queen's Articles run,—  
It is time we both spoke to the Man at the Wheel."

## ALL FOR HER AND HER FRIENDS.

SEVERAL Ladies propose the formation of a Club exclusively for the promotion of feminine pleasures and pastimes, to be called, in contradistinction to the Orleans, the All She 'Uns Club.





## TOO "HARD A-PORT(E)"!

MR. BUTT. "QUITE RIGHT, WILLIAM! IT WAS A CASE FOR SPEAKING TO THE 'MAN AT THE WHEEL'!"







## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Continued and Forwarded by Private Wire.)



O-DAY.—Have been unwell for a day or two on the road to Khiva, but am now quite re-khiva'd. (Fun duly patented and registered as a newspaper for transmission abroad.) Just met a Roumaniac coming from Roumania. They are all Roumaniacs in Roumania. Asked him if he had heard any war reports. He replied, "O son of many distinguished parents, O very much overfed and polished one, I haven't." He went on to add

that only the reports he had heard were of guns in the distance.

Met several people going the other way, all dressed in different costumes, some with beards, some with no beards, some with moustachios, some with no moustachios, some with bald heads, some with full flowing wigs, some with long noses and green spectacles, others with short noses and blue spectacles, and so on. Soon found out (on their removing their false noses, beards, &c.) that they were Russian Spies in disguise. They went through a short gymnastic entertainment and left early. If MR. CHATTERTON wants some *Vokeski* amusements for his next Christmas Pantomime, he'd better give me *carte blanche* to engage this Band of Russian Spies. It would be a highly spies'd entertainment. (Fun patented and protected by Vic. V. cap. 6.)

Day after.—Met a Fair Circassian. Addressed her with "Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" in her own native tongue. Struck me—the idea struck me, not the Fair Circassian—that she would do for the Princess Olenska in *Mazeppa*. Engaged her. The only question is now, can I play *Mazeppa* with my present lot? And do I want a licence? What will the LORD CHAMBERLAIN say? My corps consists of self (as *Mazeppa*), Sleigh-driver, and his Boy. Fair Circassian, and the Circus Horse. The Donkey could be got up as a Wolf, and could be taught to pursue me. The Pig is a difficulty; but being already so remarkably clever, I fancy that with a very little more arithmetical training with tickets and passes, he might become an invaluable check-taker, or better still, an acting-manager for the front of the house; and this would not only save a salary, but also be an attraction if properly announced in the bills, thus, "Money taken at the doors by the Learned Pig. All applications on business connected with the management must be made to the Pig!" And in these times when anything from the East creates an excitement, I could advertise him as, "Hog, the Ex-King of Basan!" But these are day-dreams. On to Khiva! Haven't seen the Oxus lately, from which circumstance I gather that the Sleigh-driver has got the Circus Horse to go straight for once.

Next day.—Met a few small Boys. Engaged them. New idea—advertise myself and company as "DR. LARX and His Little Men!" Agent in advance much wanted. Pig no good. If he went on alone he might get into difficulties with the wolves. He'd be safe from the nomad tribes *en route*, as their religious tenets are generally anti-pig, and on this one point they are a Pig-culinar, but not a Pig-culinary people. This is what I say when I'm *cracking* a joke with a friend. The Sleigh-driver has begun to learn English. How will this end? Wish I had a book of *Mazeppa*. Quite forgot to bring one with me. Shall have to make it up from memory. I remember the funny man in it—*Drolinski*. Weather cold. My frigidometer down to Zero-under-line. Very low note this. I write this before going to bed. Think I hear wolves. No! . . . Only the Pig snoring. Wish I could think of a good name for the Pig in the handbills. A German name always looks

artistic, and HERR VON GRUNTZ wouldn't be bad. I'll ask him when he wakes, and get him to spell it out on the Alphabet. If he doesn't like it, he shan't have it. What a pet this Pig is! I'm spoiling him, I'm afraid. Off on a stilly night, when his head is aching after his day's mental strain of the performance—for he is a litter-ary Pig, bless him!—I sit by his little couch, and sing him to sleep, the Sleigh-driver playing on the *banjosti* (a Tartar instrument with one string and a half and two screws at the top, played with the thumb of the left hand), with the air, "Hush-a-bye, Bacon!" from my exquisite Russian adaptation of the celebrated *Triumviretta*, which will be published (shortly) at St. Petersburg under the title of "*Cozus and Bocus on the Oxus*." So runs the world away! Good night! . . . Jumped out of bed again just to jot down this idea. Shall call my Sleigh-driver, HERR WAG'NER. Perhaps it will frighten the wolves.

To-morrow.—Thought it would never come. Am writing, while driving in the sleigh-caravan, the first Act of *Mazeppa*. Pig hard at his studies. Stopped for *lunchki* with Fair Circassian at *Kissenuff*. She has got an appetite. Played three games at Cribbage with Pig. Pig backed by Fair Circassian (who said I cheated) and Sleigh-driver. Lost twenty roubles. Fair Circassian insisted on being paid on the spot. Row. No more Cribbage. Pig ungrateful, and knows too much. Sleigh-driver's Boy sharp, though. I was just on the point of handing over the coin, for one cannot keep a Lady waiting, when the Boy rushes in, his hair standing on end, his face pale, his dress disordered, crying out "Wolves!"

In a second I was master of the situation. My purse went back again into my pocket. Horse harnessed. Donkey put on tandem fashion. Circassian jumped in. Pig anywhere. Little Boys stowed under the apron. Sleigh-driver (a very nervous man wrapped up in thick capes), on to his box. Crack goes the whip. Sleigh-driver's Boy up behind. Bells jingle. Away! Away! Wolves after us in full cry!! Imagine the horror of the situation!! More in my next, if I live to tell the tale!! The next halting-place is *Gladitzorg*. Wish we were there. Again we are urging on our wild career. There must be at least a thousand wolves behind us. I telegraph this to you—perhaps for the last time. Please send out cheque by messenger, it may keep the wolf from the carriage-door. Snow falling, wolves howling, thunder, lightning, lights down, hats off in front, music!! . . . Ha! they come!!

(To be continued by Private Wire in my next, if possible.)

Notes by the Editor.—How the Diary is sent to us week after week is really wonderful. Our Confidential Boy in the front office takes it in regularly, and says that the messenger who delivers it is above suspicion. We begin to suspect the Confidential Boy. In the interests of the public we have hired a detective to watch the Confidential Boy. No collusion. We will know the truth. Of course if our Riding Representative is in danger, there may be yet time to send out assistance.

## Important Correction.

THE Woman's Rights Association requests that the following correction may be made in the next number of *Punch*:—

For—

An Act to enable a Man to marry his Deceased Wife's Sister.

Read—

An Act to enable a Woman to marry her Deceased Sister's Husband.

A RISING ARTISTE.—GAY, R.A.



## THE METALLIC CURE.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago DR. BURCK, of Paris, made a discovery. It is only at the present moment that the world—medical and other—is penetrated with its importance. A Paris daily calls it "a new physiological law." It is more, inasmuch as it does not supplement, but contradicts, received axioms. This is "*Metallo-therapia*," or treatment of diseases by metallic applications, varying according to the temperaments of the subject operated on.

In all the pathies the choice of the remedy is ruled chiefly by the malady, little by the patient. In *Metallo-therapia* it is found to be different. Not only will external applications of metallic disks restore, in a few minutes, sensation to a subject completely insensible to the knife or the needle; not only will a copper stewpan pressed on the forehead cure the most violent headache; but what these gold pieces, this copper pan have done for you, mayhap they will not do for me. Not only hysteria, anaesthesia, St. Vitus's Dance, &c., own this new law, but it is even hoped that it may be found to extend to paralysis itself.

Each human being has his metal *par excellence*, and if you want to see him at his best you must put him on his metal. Let us consider briefly a few of the social changes that may spring from this new knowledge:—

1. Pleadings will be modified. The conveyancer of a gold watch, of a lot of silver plate, will be defended as having, by his constitution, an irresistible need of this or that metal.

2. When the sovereign metal for each child has been discovered, as the child grows up, the fact may be registered like birth, vaccination, or the fourth standard.

3. The metal may even be added, by choice or by law, before the surname. This would be useful for distinguishing homonyms. "JOHN GOLD SMITH," and "JOHN CADMIUM SMITH," for instance. To avoid confusion, one would write "JOHN AURUM SMITH," no doubt.

4. Marriages will be influenced by consideration of the alloyability of the contracting parties' metals. When a *ménage* has come to grief, friends will say, "What could one expect? Each

required gold indispensably!" or "My dear, who on earth could fancy tin and palladium would run well together!"

5. We shall not make any obvious remarks about the well-known effect of gold as a medicine, or hint that the doctor who, suspecting a tightness in his patient's chest, wrote, "*Prenez chez mon banquier 50,000 francs*," was the true discoverer of the system.

6. Once a man's metal is discovered, its name may be tattooed upon him. (The chemical symbols for the metals would afford suggestions for abbreviation: thus iron would be Fe., gold Au., &c.)

7. In noble families, the successive inheritors of the honours may be distinguished in the Archives by their metals. Thus we may not only see an Iron Duke in a new sense, but read of the "Bismuth Earl," the "Manganese Marquis," &c.

(*En passant*—Can manganese be the cure for humour? Oats take up iron as they grow, and manganese. But where oats grow there is generally no manganese, save in Scotland; and it is said that Scots have this manganese in their blood. This may account for certain Scottish differences.)

Everybody takes iron for the blood; but everybody does not thrive upon it.

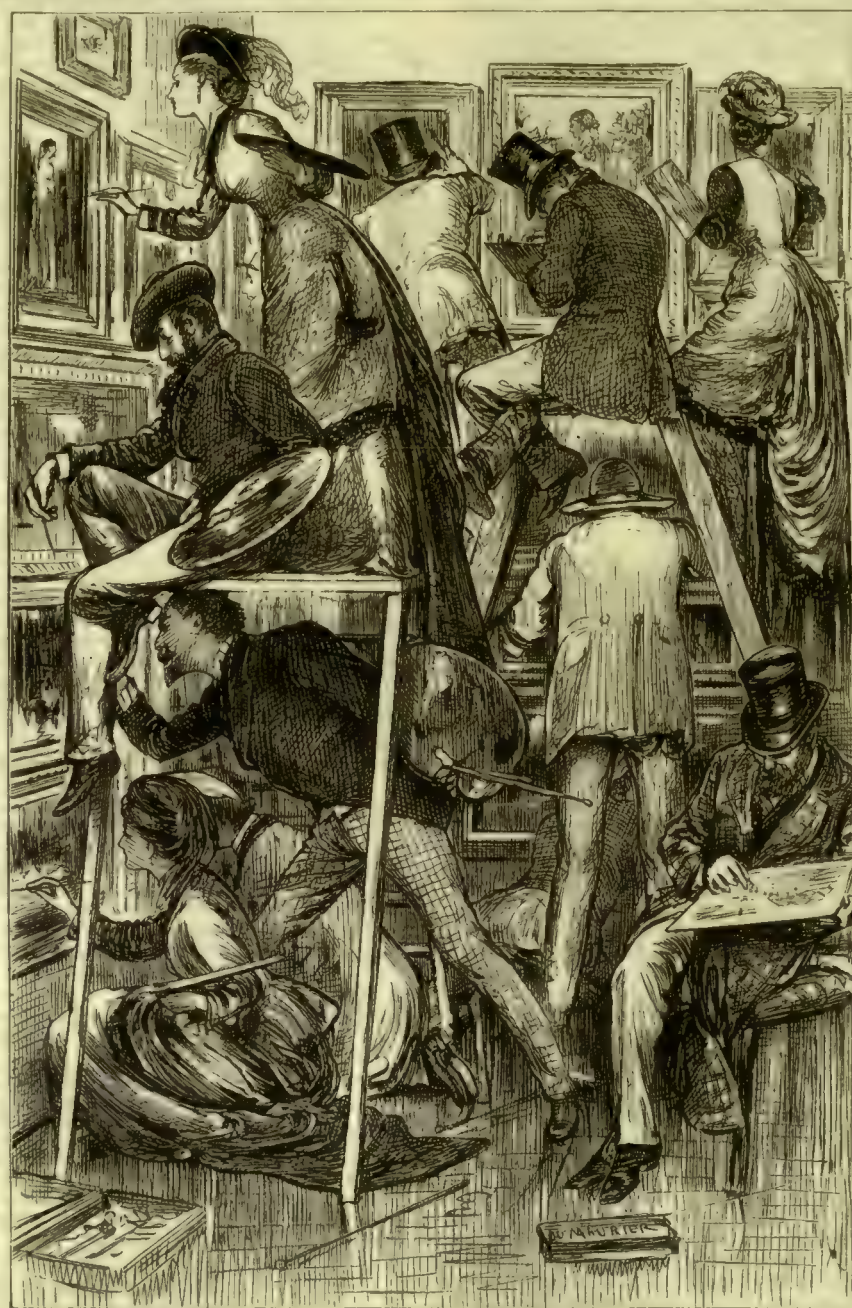
DR. BURCK declares that where iron fails, he has found copper, silver, or gold work like a charm.

PARACELSUS cured toothache by plates of magnetised iron applied to the head. It is suggested that the plates and bracelets worn by the ancients had a similar object. Perhaps the nose-rings of savages may be a dim and darkling effort at the cure of influenza—a survival of ancient knowledge.

Exact correlation between the metals and the temperaments is suspected. It is difficult to see how this can be, since the number of

the metals is very much more than double that of the temperaments, even when crossed and compounded.

If all these flowers fruit, we shall be laughed at now—which, after all, is our vocation—but perhaps held as a prophet in another quarter of a century, for saying that there would be nothing strange in finding a Perfect Cure, which would put effectual extinguishers on all the wicked moulds of Mania, in its seven chief branches, of Homicidal, Suicidal, Erotic, Klepto, Biblo, Dipso—which spring from the central stem, Mono-Mania.



VARNISHING DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.





## LUCUS A NONI LUCENDO.

"I SAY, COUSIN CONSTANCE, I'VE FOUND OUT WHY YOU ALWAYS CALL YOUR MAMMA 'MATER.'"

"WHY, GUY?"

"BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS TRYING TO FIND A MATE FOR YOU GIRLS."

## CHEAP CURE FOR CATTLE-PLAGUE.

MR. PUNCH—ONNERD SIR,

THERE'S some parties as olds the best way to Cure the Cattle-Plague is for to take all the Cattle in danger of Catchin of it and kill em for to save their lives as the sayin is, and partidier slorterin of all Forrin Beests imported as soon as ever they Lands. Sith was the coarse perposed at a meetin eld on Wensday nite last weak in St. Jas's Awl, MR. C. S. REED, M.P., in the Chare, to discuss the kevestion of "Free Trade in Meat and the Abolition of Live Stock Imports." Arter a lot of Gammon from PROFESSOR GAMGEE, the Wet, about the Crewelty to Hanimels in importin of em aboard Ship, and drivin of em from the Countery up to Town and the want of wot e called the "abbatoir or public slaughter-house system," all which in course it stands to reason must throw sitch Eaps of meat upon the Market as to bring Prices down ruinus—my lord EARL FORTESCUE he ups and moves this ear harbitry resolushun:—

"That this Meeting recognises the fact that the high price of meat is, in a great measure, due to contagious cattle diseases transmitted by live stock imports, and is of opinion that the importation of live animals for slaughter should be wholly prohibited."

And this ear I spose is wot LORD FORTESCUE calls a Land of Liberty and St. James's Liberty All. Yaa! You'll be Sorry to ear Mr. Punch this Shameful Resolution was Cary'd, but there was sum present of sounder vues, i shud say the Libberal Opposition, witch En-lighten'd Individial present:—

"MR. JEWIN, from the body of the Hall, said he would move the Motion should be rejected. (Laughter.)"

Wot was there to larf at? Spose the noble Gentelman got a Blue Frock hon—wot then? Besides im:—

"Another speaker in the Hall, who had also a large following in the gallery, said that the last part of the Resolution was not practicable, for the meat brought from abroad killed would be like American meat, which he declared was not fit for the dogs, as he could show the audience if they came to his place in the Meat Market. To slaughter the cattle abroad would be to deprive the people of the 'offal' upon which many depended for their food."

Them 's jest my sentiments. My Art bledes at the Idee of the pore Peple depriv'd of their Aweful witch they now gets Dog-chepe and It is fit for the Dogs. Has to the American meat wot Ian't so and my Bruther Chip invited the Meetin to Cum and see at his place of Bisanis, in course it were unnessessarey for Im to Explain as e Kep it on Sale there honly to supply manifa-cturers of Animle Charcole, and not by no means chepe and Nasty Slapbang Shopps and Sorsidge Mills, wich i remane, onnerd Sir, your Begler perchaser and Umbel Servent to command, S. SWEETBREAD.

## THE WAR SCARE.

(Denials at the Service of Mr. Punch's respected Contemporaries.)

It is not true that the Band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) are to be sent at once to Kars under the command of the Assistant Surgeon.

THE Corps of Commissionnaires are not to be permanently embodied and despatched to the West Coast of Africa, at the rate of one shilling per Private per hour.

THERE is not the smallest foundation for the report that all the Cab-horses of London (not already used for the purpose) have been purchased for mounting the Adjutants of the Militia.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is not learning Russian.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE is not taking lessons in Turkish.

THE Thames round Chiswick Eyot is not being planted with Torpedoes.

RUSSIAN vessels have not been warned to leave Margate Jetty within twenty-four hours.

THE Bagpipers of the Scots-Guards (new style) have not been called upon to defend Constantinople at the mouths of their own chanters.

AND, lastly, it is the purest fabrication to declare that Mr. Punch has either sent his *carte de visite* to the SULTAN or has challenged the EMPEROR ALEXANDER to single combat.

## A PUZZLER.

A PROBLEM England finds to do,  
That surely may appal her  
And her Collective Wisdom too—  
"How to make BIGGAR smaller?"

## PERCYPLAGE.

THE Author of the last failure at the *Globe* complains of Press percyption. As Prince Henry said of Percy—(Mr. Punch quotes SHAKESPEARE for its Author's benefit)—

"Ill-wear'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!"



## MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. II.—ON ENTERTAINING.

MRS. TINSSEL WALLFLOWER examined.



I BELIEVE you are passionately fond of entertaining?

A. It is my chief, and indeed I may say my only occupation.

Q. What meaning do you attach to the word "entertaining"?

A. By entertaining, I mean collecting an indefinite number of friends and acquaintances together, under the pretence of affording them amusement.

Q. Are there many kinds of entertainments?

A. Certainly. First, there are dinners; secondly, afternoon crushes; and, thirdly, amateur theatricals.

Q. Do you not occasionally give a dance?

A. Yes, or, to be more accurate, an "at home." At my "dances," however, I do not expect my guests to dance. I therefore crowd into a room capable of containing twenty people with comfort about ten times the number. I provide a band, consisting of a piano, a violin, and a cornet, and this band plays some thirty waltzes.

Q. In your experience, have you known persons who have attended your "at homes" attempting a dance?

A. Frequently; but the attempts have invariably ended in disaster. The Gentleman has had to apologise for treading upon some one else's toes, and the Lady has found her dress torn to atoms.

Q. Have you no other place for your guests besides the drawing-room?

A. The staircase. On their arrival, my friends are kept for half an hour on the staircase, whilst they are slowly making their way to the floor above.

Q. Describe their introduction.

A. They are expected to give their name to the page in the hall, who passes it on (inaccurately) to the footman on the first flight, who shouts it out to the greengrocer on the first landing. The greengrocer then calls out what he pleases to me, and I smile, shake hands, and leave my guests to be comfortably crushed in the so-called dancing-room.

Q. Do you provide any refreshments for your guests?

A. Certainly. Weak tea, lukewarm ices, and dry biscuits. Later in the evening I expect them to partake of supper—a meal in which tough fowls and liquid jellies play important parts.

Q. Describe one of your dinner parties.

A. I ask a number of people with various pursuits and tastes to dine with me on a fixed date, and then provide them with a feast composed of indifferent home-made soup, and nasty dishes with imposing names, obtained from the shop of a neighbouring pastry-cook.

Q. Do you not think that it would be better to provide your guests with honest, homely fare, such as a fried sole and a joint of meat, rather than the motley and messy meal you have just described?

A. Certainly not. If I did, my guests would consider me vulgar. More than this, they would believe my husband was cutting down his expenses to save himself from an appearance in the Court of Bankruptcy.

Q. What do you mean by an "afternoon crush"?

A. It differs very little from an "at home," except that in the place of a band and a dance-programme I substitute a concert by amateurs of first-rate conceit and ninth-rate talent.

Q. I suppose that at these "afternoon crushes" the refreshments are scarcely on the same elaborate scale as that you adopt for your more pretentious entertainments?

A. They are not. My "crushes" are held in the afternoon, and, consequently, I supply my friends with appropriate refreshments in the shape of cold coffee and weak tea. I may add that an "afternoon crush" is the most economical entertainment that can be given.

Q. You said something about amateur theatricals?

A. Yes. If you have two small drawing-rooms you can convert one of them into a stage and the other into an auditorium. Amateur theatricals are decidedly advantageous if you have any daughters to marry. Rehearsals are conducive to mild flirtation; and by carefully selecting the period of your pieces you can dress your children in the most becoming costumes.

Q. Do you think it advisable to ask any other young ladies to join your daughters in the performances?

A. Certainly; but you should be careful to select those only who are not likely to shine either by their beauty or their talent.

Q. Do you not think that this is treating your guests rather harshly?

A. No. When your friends accept an invitation to be present at private theatricals they should be prepared for the worst.

Q. Will you kindly tell me why you entertain?

A. Because I wish to be entertained in return. I expect every card I issue to produce a pack.

Q. From your own showing entertaining is not conducive to much enjoyment. Under these circumstances, will you kindly say why you like entertainments?

A. I presume for the same reason that one likes other things—because they are the fashion.

[The Witness then withdrew]

## A STATUE AT LAST.

(JOHN BULL sings.)

I HAVE Artists, more than one,  
Able, each, to paint like fun,  
Yes, and turn a decent picture off his easel;  
Many Brothers of the Brush,  
Who for bays may make a rush;  
But scarce ever had a topper at the Chisel,—  
One to cut out competition with the Chisel,—  
Scarce a master hand at moulding-tool and Chisel,  
Whom you'd quote, beyond a doubt,  
As a Sculptor out-and-out—  
A first-chop, out-and-outer, at the Chisel!

But at last I've got one, who,  
Whilst a Painter, models too,  
In a manner the Laocœon to match you.  
For solid proof, no Myth, on  
LEIGHTON'S "Athlete against Python,"  
I can come, to show JOHN BULL can make a Statue;  
Because now LEIGHTON has made a Statue;  
So he and I can both point to a Statue,  
Saying, "Look you there, and see,  
There's a Statue made by me;  
Yes, at last, by Jove, I can make a Statue!"

## THEMES FOR WHISTLERS.

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in offering to MR. WHISTLER, and any one who may be following his musical lead, the following suggestions for tone-pictures to come.

1. An Arrangement (with Creditors) in Blue (3d. in the pound).
2. A ditto in *Couleur de rose* (10s. 6d. in the pound).
3. A Nudity in primitive colours.
4. An Imposture in chalk-and-water (suggested sign for a milkman).
5. An Optical Illusion in Invisible Green.
6. A Nightmare in Dapple Grey.
7. An Impropriety in dirty Drab.
8. A Depravity in Scarlet.
9. An Impertinence in any colour.
10. A Plain Truth in Black and White.

## THE REPROACH OF IACHIMO.

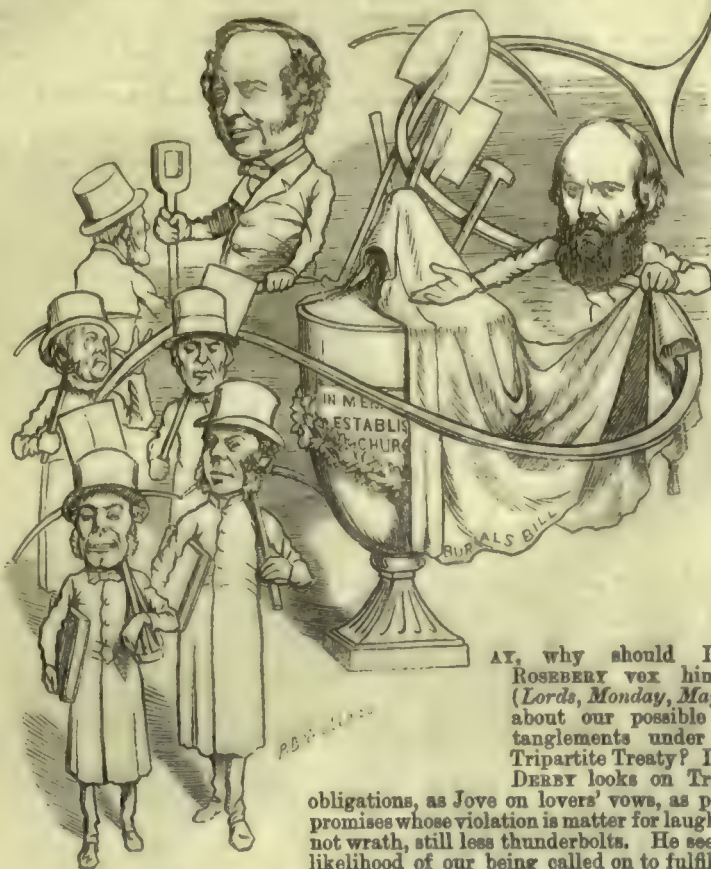
"The country will sadly say of him (MR. GLADSTONE) what *Imogen* says in *Oymbeline*, 'My Lord, I fear, has forgot Britain,' while history will add, as *Iachimo* does, 'And himself.'"—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Has forgot Britain?" Blatant bunkum shapes  
A Britain generous Britons would disown—  
A mock-BRITANNIA, whose stage ermine drapes  
A sham of frothy selfishness up-blown.  
The truest lover of his land is not  
The tap-room patriot of the pipe and pot.

"Forgot himself?" Aye, in a nobler sort  
Than sordid self-regard can understand.  
What? Brave the loud reproach, the foul report,  
The taunt of treason to his native land!  
Bah! how should base *Iachimo* do less  
Than scoff at such fine self-forgetfulness?



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AY, why should LORD ROSEBERRY vox himself (Lords, Monday, May 14) about our possible entanglements under the Tripartite Treaty? LORD DERBY looks on Treaty

obligations, as Jove on lovers' vows, as paper promises whose violation is matter for laughter, not wrath, still less thunderbolts. He sees no likelihood of our being called on to fulfil our Tripartite undertakings. But to propose to

Austria and France a mutual release from them might "create unpleasantness." LORD DERBY hates unpleasantness, except on paper; and there he is rather a master of it, as witness his answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. For pluck in giving a paper-slap in the face, or meekness in taking one, commend us to LORD DERBY. As an example of the one, take his answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF; as an example of the other, his submission to the Turkish treatment of his Atrocity Dispatch. Judging by the last year's annals, this has hitherto been the highest of LORD DERBY's qualifications for the Foreign Office. But now another looms upon us. Where among diplomatic cobblers is his equal for making a tight Treaty sit easy? If he had the shaping of diplomatic "understandings," there wouldn't be an international corn to tread on.

(Commons).—Close of the Eastern Debate. Among the *dramatis personæ* of the evening were SIR W. V. HARCOURT, MR. FAWCETT, LORD HARTINGTON, THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, MR. GLADSTONE, MR. E. JENKINS, CHEVALIER O'CLERY, and MAJOR O'GORMAN. The question has clearly run the gamut of the Collective Wisdom.

Let us note a memorable utterance of the Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition. It touches the line of argument taken by our warlike contemporaries, the *D. T.* and the *P. M.* "If," said LORD HARTINGTON, "for the security of our Indian Empire, it be necessary that we should fight against the forces of nature, and the laws of human progress, then, I say, we have undertaken a task too great. I say there is no power which can restore the sap and vigour of a lifeless trunk; and there is no power which can check the growth of the living, although struggling, tree. The Turkish dominion is the lifeless trunk; the subject nationalities are the living tree: and to-night the House is asked to assert that with them, and not with the remnants of a sad and shameful past, the destinies of our Empire shall be associated." LORD HARTINGTON sat down with these pregnant words. *Punch* says Ditto to LORD HARTINGTON.

SIR STAFFORD took a leaf, not out of *Punch*, but out of *Punch's* waste-paper basket, in the shape of a poor parody on WORDSWORTH'S "*We are Seven*"; but he may yet find that the third and fourth of GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, though dead in the House of a compact Tory majority, yet live in the heart of England, to take shape in the policy of the nation.

MR. GLADSTONE'S reply did justice to the only new point that has arisen since this debate began—LORD DERBY'S answer to PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF. He showed how, if the Neutral Head of the Government Janus had spoken from the Exchequer and the Home Office, the other, or Non-Neutral Head, had uttered itself through that impolitic and insulting paper—which quite deserves what hitherto has been its sole reward—the thanks of the Turkish Parliament.

At twenty-five minutes past two the House divided.  
For MR. GLADSTONE'S First Resolution . . . 223  
Against . . . . . 354

Majority . . . 131

The mighty Major had the last twenty-five minutes of the talk to himself, and managed to make the House laugh, in spite of its weariness and eagerness for the division, at his dissertation on the nationality of the Bashki-Bazouks, whom the Major made out, with that Milesian logic of which he alone commands "the blend," to be Russian. So, *Senatus locutus est!* But *Bos locutus est*, too. How do your utterances tally? And which is likely to be weightiest in the long run?

Tuesday (Lords).—LORD CARNARVON added to his South African Bill a clause empowering HER MAJESTY in Council to add to Cape Colony or Natal any British territory in South Africa; through which clause one sees the claws of Great Britain clutching the Transvaal.

In the matter of that most unwilling incorporation (on both sides) the Boer seems to be behaving less boorishly than was anticipated. LORD CARNARVON explained that it was a sheer case of self-preservation. BOER-BAAS would set the Zulu kraals on fire, and Natal House was next door to the Zulu kraals—nay, had some of them in its very back-yard; so we have been obliged to take the matches out of BOER-BAAS'S hand, and to tell BOER-BAAS that in future he will not be allowed to fling fire about so near JOHN BULL'S South-African dry-wood store and powder-magazine.

(Commons).—MR. BOURKE was able to ease the anxious mind of MR. B. DENISON. Neither Foreign Office nor Indian Office has heard anything of Russian armaments for invading India, from Tashkend, *via* the Pamir Steppe—nor, *Punch* is happy to add for MR. DENISON'S comfort, *via* the Mountains of the Moon either. My dear MR. DENISON, do study your map—STIELER'S *Hand-Atlas* will do—and our Russophobes will say is the very one to consult on a point of Russian aggression, and you will see that the Pamir Steppe is a step beyond the stride of even seven-leagued Russia-leather boots.

After many protests from private Members, who don't like their private Motions shunted to make way for the Government Parliamentary goods train, but who can't be allowed to stand in the way of the Whitsun holidays, the Universities Bill was got into Committee, and kept the House busy for the rest of the evening. The most burning question likely to rise out of it—that of Clerical Fellowships—is to be postponed till the last.

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow"

has often been ironically quoted against the old order of celibate and clerical *socii*. Let us hope that, in the good time coming, the worth of the Fellow will rise as his shackles of celibacy and clerical orders fall.

(Wednesday).—Two Bills of CAPTAIN BEDFORD PIM; one for establishment of County Naval Training Ships and Schools (which the local authorities have power to establish already), and the other for Compulsory Mercantile Marine Hospitals. The House seemed to class both proposals under the Silly-Billy category, when it divided, 83 to 17 against the first, and 212 to 11 against the second.

Thursday (Lords).—The fight of Church and Chapel on this side the grave is happily at an end. Their Lordships divided 102 to 102 on LORD HARROWBY'S clause—identical with LORD GRANVILLE'S—allowing burials with such Christian, orderly, and religious service as the relatives of the dead think fit, or without any service at all, with due provisions for notice to the incumbent, and so forth. In the House of Lords a tie counts for Non-content. Out of their House this tie will count for Content; in other words, everybody will be satisfied with this end of a most miserable, and in all senses, mischievous squabble—but no thanks to a Government that has shown itself less liberal in this matter than its own Bench of Bishops. We assume that the clause will be inserted in the Commons, and that the Government will grin and bear it. Besides this end of Nonconformist strife, the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY carried a clause authorising the Clergy, with licence of the Bishop, to use a special service, for special cases, in substitution for the Church burial-service.

The Government opposed this too. They won't agree to provide a plaster either for the Nonconformist's raw



or the Churchman's kibe, though a Tory Lord prepare the one, and two Archbishops spread the other! Wonderful Government! "For this relief much thanks"—to both the Archbishops and some of the Bishops, but *not* to DR. MAGEE, who showed as much of Irish Protestant narrowness as of Irish wit and eloquence in the way he opposed both Harrowby clause and Archiepiscopal concession. If it is for the interest of the State that there should be an end of strife—as one of the most respectable of copy-heads teaches us—how much more is it for the interest of the Church?

Of course the Government will accept the Harrowby clause, and say nothing more about it. Let us rejoice that, after all, the most

Mr. HUNT did condescend to say that *he* had never *seen or heard* of any other Report, and that the only Admiralty *letter* about this Report was one of thanks to the Committee for the pains they had taken. *Mr. Punch* has too much respect for Mr. HUNT's intelligence to feel it necessary to do more than hint to him, that the terms of his answer are perfectly compatible with a state of facts which would rather justify MR. MITCHELL HENRY's question, than MR. WARD HUNT's way of *not* replying to it. MR. HENRY means to turn his question into a Motion.

After disposing of a long list of unconsidered trifles in the shape of question and answer, the House got into Committee on the Uni-



obnoxious portion of the DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill, as *Mr. Punch* anticipated, will have the honour of the one silent burial that will follow upon its introduction.

(*Commons.*)—MR. MITCHELL HENRY asked MR. WARD HUNT—whom the House cheered on seeing in his place again, as big and burly as ever—whether the Scurvy Report, published in the *Times* of the 16th, was the Report as made, or as modified under Admiralty or other official pressure?

On this MR. WARD HUNT flew into such a passion, and jumped so high up on his official dignity in his refusal to answer the question, that it is impossible not to think there must be something in the matter that made it one more proper to ask, than easy to answer. At last, under pressure of the milder wisdom of PLAYFAIR,

versities' Bill, but without burning its fingers with Clerical Fellowships, and finally, after another vain attempt to open the Schools to the Ladies, broke up thankfully for the Whitsuntide holidays at a quarter past two—till the end of this melancholy month of May.

#### War Echoes.

St. PETERSBURG is not in a hilly country, but still War Echoes have been lately heard there, as thus:—

La Prusse—"russe." L'Autriche—"triche." Paris—"rit." L'Angleterre—"taire." Le Grand Duc NICHOLAS—"la." Le Padischah—"ah!"





## THANKS TO THE EASTERN QUESTION.

*Sunday School Teacher.* "OF OUR MANY GHOSTLY ENEMIES, CAN ANY CHILD TELL ME WHICH IS THE GREATEST?"  
*Sharp Scholar.* "THE RUSSIANS, TEACHER!"

## THE SHOULDER-COLD ;

OR, THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS'S RING!

(As cleverly managed by MR. ALFRED FORMAN, and familiar by this time to all Wagnerites.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARIHANN	} The three Kitchenmaidens.
LISAJANE	
MYTILDA	
PLEESMANNEX (a Nibbeling).	
MASTER	} Belgravians.
MISSIS	

## ARGUMENT.

The idea is very simple. The three Kitchenmaidens guard the Shoulder-cold. They are taken unawares by PLEESMANNEX (a Nibbeling), who disappears with the Shoulder-cold. We will not anticipate the dénouement.

The Scene represents the interior of a House from the Cellar to the Drawing-rooms on the first-floor. The windows are at the back, looking out on the Squares of Belgravia.

The three Kitchenmaidens (MARIHANN, LISAJANE, and MYTILDA), with brooms and dusters, are seen gliding about on the Drawing-room floor, ascending ladders to clean the upper panes of the windows, descending to break the china ornaments on the tables, and mounting again on chairs and sofas to dust the Pictures, as with their crinolines they gracefully sweep the articles of vertu off the brackets.

MARIHANN has poised herself on the fifth rung of a light ladder which rests against the mantelpiece, where stands a magnificent Clock under a glass shade.

MARIHANN.

Waggala! Waggala!  
 Waggala dusta  
 Over the crockery.  
 Waggaladusta!  
 Waggala! Wiggala! Waya!

LISAJANE.

(Voice from the upper panes.)  
 Who's on the carpet, MYTILDA?

MYTILDA.

I off the ladder,  
 LISAJANE, falling  
 Chipping the china.  
 (The Three laugh.)  
 Ha! ha! ha!

LISAJANE dives down from the ladder, and laughingly attempts to catch MYTILDA, who throws over a writing-table, scattering the pens, ink, paper, and other articles on the carpet, and so evades her pursuer. The Three seek playfully to catch one another. This is musically illustrated by "the Crockery Motive" in the Orchestra.

MYTILDA

(Thumping the Grand Piano).

Waggala! Waggala!  
 Workingless Sisters.

MARIHANN

(Tumbling off the Ladder).  
 The Clock I have crushed,  
 Cracking the Clock-case,  
 To crumbling crystals!

LISAJANE.

Let us say 'twas the cat!

(The Three laugh.)  
 Ha! ha! ha!

With merry cries they run away from each other, upsetting everything. Meanwhile PLEESMANNEX appears gradually from the Cellar, and so into the Kitchen. This is musically illustrated by the "Cold-Mutton Motive."

PLEESMANNEX.

Ho there! you Noddies!  
 How neatly I nab you!



Am I not hungering?  
Come, Kitchenmaidens!  
[*At the sound of his voice they cease their play.*

MARIHANN.  
See there the Blue Man!  
LISAJANE.  
Our play will he join in?

MYTILDA.  
Bright blaze his buttons!  
ALL THREE.  
What wouldst thou, below?

PLEESMANNEX  
(*With an amorous glance in his eye.*)  
How sweet and how seducious!  
On you I have my eye!  
Come, and I'll kiss yer!

MARIHANN.  
Now I laugh at fear.  
The foe is in love!  
(*They laugh.*)  
Ha! ha! ha!

PLEESMANNEX, incited by their merriment, mounts the kitchen-table, and ascends through an open space in the ceiling left there by a gasman, and steps on to the Dining-room floor, thence, by similar means, he attempts to climb to the Drawing-room.

MARIHANN  
(*Tickling him with her broom, but keeping him at a distance.*)  
BOBBY, you bungler!  
Buss you the broomstick!  
[*He seizes the broom, and she escapes up a ladder.*

MYTILDA  
(*Stooping suddenly down, and leaning over the opening in the floor, so as to blind his eyes with a duster.*)

Ducky, I'm drooping  
Down to you drowsily,  
Blinding with blinkers.  
Ain't it golopshus?

[*He turns sharply, grasps the duster, but is taken with a violent fit of sneezing, and so MYTILDA escapes, mockingly.*

PLEESMANNEX.  
Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!  
How the dashed dry dust  
Nebulous Nothing  
Nettled my Nasal  
Nostrils, you Noodles!  
Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo!

LISAJANE  
(*Taking his hat off, and about to carry it away.*)  
Ah! now! thou hatless man!  
Catch me to kiss me?

[*He darts at her suddenly, and seizes her apron as she kneels over the aperture. She turns to fly; he clings to her apron, and so is dragged up into the Drawing-room. She undoes the strings; he falls heavily on the floor, but scrambles up on his hands and knees. The three Kitchenmaidens get up ladders, and behind chairs and sofas, mockingly.*

PLEESMANNEX  
(*With shrieking voice.*)

Woa, there! Woa!  
Woa! Pull up!  
You giggling, gabbling Girls there!  
Give over your goading and gambols!  
Gang of unmannerly maidens,  
Have ye no heart!  
Ye workingless Ideluns!  
Nimble Nid-Noddies!

ALL THREE  
(*Gracefully dancing round a settee together.*)  
Waggala! Waggala!  
Waggala dusta!

(*A bright light shines below, between the Kitchen and the Cellar. This is illustrated by the "Bull's-Eye Motive."*)

LISAJANE  
(*Pointing below to where suddenly the bright light has discovered the Larder-door.*)

Skirting the Scullery,  
I see cold mutton-minced

Left leg or shrunk shoulder  
Sent from the table  
Of Master and Missis.

PLEESMANNEX.  
Mutton for My Mouth!  
Masterless Ideluns!  
Give me, ye scatterbrains,  
Shining cold shoulder!

MYTILDA.  
I, Underkitchen Maid,  
Put the cold mutton  
Into the larder.  
Where lies the key?

MARIHANN.  
I fill the Cooky's place,  
Plain, but particular.  
Guarding the mutton.  
I keep the key.

PLEESMANNEX  
(*With his eyes fixed on the Larder-door, through which is now visible, by the aid of the bull's-eye light shining from PLEESMANNEX's belt, the cold Shoulder reposing in cold, still silence.*)

Ho! there, Shy Shufflers!  
Shelved is the Shoulder.  
I am the Ungerling,  
Unawares Nibbeling.  
(*Fearfully loud*)  
Laugh as you like,  
The Nibbelung is nearing to Nibble!

[*With a wild cry of intense appetite he dives down into the Kitchen, and with fearful force bangs open the Larder-door, seizes the cold shoulder, extinguishes his bull's-eye, and swiftly disappears into the darkness, and boldly ascends the "airey steps" to the pavement above. The light breaks suddenly in on all sides. Bells clang, knockers sound, wrangling of Cabman and Fare heard outside, Master and Missis have come back, unexpectedly, to sup on the cold shoulder of mutton.*

THE RING OF THE MASTER-AND-MISSIS IS HEARD!  
*Thunder—Lightning—Storm.*

THE KITCHENMAIDENS  
(*Flying in different directions, and screaming.*)

Waggala! Waggala!  
Workingless Ideluns!  
What will the Missis say?  
What will the Master say?  
"Take a month's notice,  
Wageless ones, Ideluns!"  
Woe! Woe!  
Woe! Woe!

[*They descend and ascend in confusion. From the very farthest end of the Square is heard the sound of PLEESMANNEX laughing, with his mouth full. The Master and Missis appear; their faces are filled with black looks, and the Kitchenmaidens tremble before them in the passage, and then go downwards. Presently, the Master and Missis ascend, illustrated by "Lullaby Motive." Dark night sets in, and all is quiet.*

## LIONS AT HOME.

(*A Dialogue in a Den.*)

SCENE—*The Lions' Den at the Zoo. TIME—The Evening after the first trial of the enlarged Cages for the Carnivora.*

Lioness No. 1. Well, LEO dear. Still sulky, eh?

Lion (*majestically*). Your sex never can distinguish between dignity and ill-temper, or tell sorrow from sulks.

Lioness No. 2. Well, as the effects are very much alike, and equally unpleasant, perhaps the mistake is not so very wonderful.

Lion. Look here, LEONIE! You are going in for satire. Drop it! That's a male prerogative, remember. We will have no Woman's Rights' nonsense in Liondom, if you please!

Lioness No. 2. Or, rather, if you don't please. But LEO, dear, why wouldn't you try the new cage? I assure you it's awfully jolly.

Lion (*turning up his eyes*). Idiotic slang, too! You learn that from the silly she-creatures who come and stare at us. This is the result of association, however involuntary, with one's inferiors. You are fast losing all sense of the traditional dignity of our species. There was never but one man—DR. JOHNSON—whose diction a respectable lion might adopt without degradation. What would he



have said to such an imbecile and illogical locution as "awfully jolly" ? Bah !!!

*Lioness No. 1 (aside).* He is really very trying, my dear.

*Lioness No. 2 (ditto).* Very. But we must coax him over, or we shall have such a life!

*Lion (suspiciously).* What are you muttering there?

*Lioness No. 2 (blundly).* I was just saying what a treat it is to be able to stretch one's limbs a little!

*Lion (scornfully).* Pooh! A poor fifty feet by thirty! Call that a stretch? For a mouse, perhaps. Besides, I'm sick of being made a spectacle of—a sight for the Cockney, a model for the artist, a zoological study for the *savant*. They are now, forsooth, to "have a chance of seeing such savage life in something like its natural expansiveness." Something like? If they'd give my "natural expansiveness" fair play for ten minutes, I'd show them something worth seeing. Only, they wouldn't report it to the penny papers, I'm thinking. Ha! ha! ha! "Proof against all temptations to escape our bondage?" They take care not to give us the chance.

*Lioness No. 1.* Well, LEO, dear, but after all, half a bullock is better than no beef.

*Lioness No. 2.* Talking of that, I should have liked five minutes personal discussion with that impudent Indian bull-calf in the cage opposite, which these greedy tigers were impotently licking their lips at.

*Lioness No. 1.* Don't mention the stuck-up creatures, my dear. They give themselves airs because, forsooth, they were introduced—to prison—by a Prince! Why LEO is a King, in his own right. Nasty striped nobodies!

*Lioness No. 2.* But LEO, a little open-air exercise would be good for you, I feel sure, and it is rather kind of our captors, I mean our—guardsians.

*Lion (scornfully).* Kind? How purblind, how credulous, how frivolous is your sex. Kind? They trot us out for their own delectation—good leonine word that.

*Lioness No. 2.* But "trot out" has just a savour of slang, has it not, LEO?

*Lion.* Don't interrupt. Slang is like modesty; what is so in one sex is not so in the other. I say they want to trot us out. You may like to be stared at. All shea do. I don't desire to tumble in public to feast the eyes of the zanies of the "Zoo."

"The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I  
Serve crass Society's curious phantasy."

*Lioness No. 1 (aside).* Poetry, eh? Then he's melting. Sulks, like broken hearts, never burst into song until they are mending.

*Lioness No. 2.* Exactly so, LEO. But what if they attribute your—ahem!—reserve to funk—I mean fear?

*Lion.* Funk? Fear? And this to FELIX LEO, the King of Beasts, and emblem, even among men, of stern dauntlessness? They dare not so malign me and stultify themselves. [Roars.]

*Lioness No. 2.* H'm! Reports, I hear, have lately been current among them—all along of those ubiquitous Paul Prys, the travellers—which seem to cast doubts upon the traditional courage and magnanimity of the Lion.

*Lion.* What! of the terror of the jungle, the friend of ANDROCLES, the symbol of British supremacy?

*Lioness No. 2.* Even so. Great shame, is it not?

*Lion (grandly).* At least I have never given grounds for such base insinuations.

*Lioness No. 2.* W-e-ll—the manner in which you—ahem!—sulked to-day, at sight of the whip, you know—

*Lion.* Pooh! As I said before, that was dignity, not sulks or—perish the thought!—fear.

*Lioness No. 2.* Of course. Only perhaps it would be as well not to give them a chance of mistaking dignity for—well, to put it mildly, as that *Telegraph* man did—"mistrust of the superior animal."

*Lion.* Superior animal, indeed! Give me ten minutes in the open with a dozen of them, and I'll soon show which is the superior animal. Still, as I was saying, it would be well not to give them a chance of mistaking dignity for pusillanimity, and so—well, we shall see.

*Lioness No. 2 (aside).* We shall—some fun. How easily these male creatures are led by the nose.

*Lioness No. 1 (aside).* If you only know what rope to pull.

*Lioness No. 2 (aside).* Trust any she-creature, lioness, lamb, or lady for that.

"If the lion's skin should fail,  
Patch it with the fox's tail."

Both. Ha! ha! ha!

[Settle down for the night.]

### An Easy Riddle.

In the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons, LORD ELCHO inquired, "What could be more monstrous than the idea of Russia fighting for civil and religious liberty?" Why—"The idea of England fighting against it." Let LORD ELCHO ask another.

## ALARMING SACRIFICE IN PIMLICO.



AIR readers of the *Morning Post* may have been interested by a paragraph published the other day in that fashionable journal, respecting—

"ST. BARNABAS'S CHURCH, PIMLICO.—We are informed that the eucharistic vestments, duly provided by the churchwardens and parishioners of St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, were introduced and worn there on Ascension Day."

It was but for a very little while that the Clergy of St. Barnabas could enjoy the pleasure of wearing these vestments, and the congregation that of admiring the reverend gentlemen in their ornamental attire. Ascension Day fell on Thursday the 10th instant, and on the succeeding Saturday the LORD CHANCELLOR, delivering judgment in the RIBSDALE Appeal Case, pronounced "eucharistic vestments" illegal.

What a bitter mortification for both priests and people! How very disgusting! So now, unless the forbidden vestments continue to be worn at St. Barnabas's Church, Pimlico, in contempt of the Privy Council, by divines taking pattern from the Confessor of St. James's, Hatcham, they will remain on hand laid up in the vestry like so many dresses and stuffs gone out of fashion, at the end of the season, encumbering a draper's shop.

The draper is glad to get rid of his out-of-date stock for what it will fetch. So ought the Churchwardens of St. Barnabas likewise to be. This consideration will probably induce economical Ladies in Belgravia, if there are any, to inquire about the millinery now lying useless in the wardrobe under the care of those gentlemen, in order to ascertain what they would take for it; because, though interdicted to Clergymen, it might be appropriate to girls, and no doubt prove wholly or in part convertible into skirts, petticoats, and other articles of finery suitable to the softer sex.

## FROM THE RIGHT HAND, INTO THE RIGHT HANDS.

WHAT less large and liberal hand than that of England, embodied in England's Queen, should have been put forth to save the last living descendants of DANIEL DE FOE, now old, infirm, and penniless, from the choice between starvation and the Workhouse?

The QUEEN's help has been given in such a representative act of well-timed, as sore-needed, bounty, to these representatives of a famous writer, and a patriot as faithful as ill-rewarded, even as it was, a short time ago, to the Banff cobbler and Scottish naturalist, TAM EDWARD. DEFOE's great-great-granddaughters are henceforth secured from misery by pensions of £75 a-year each, in payment (if but of a poor instalment) of the debt due to the Author of *Robinson Crusoe* from all generations of English-speaking men of the two last centuries.

## Errors of the Press.

MR. FORSYTH is not usually chargeable with strong language; but we find this strong expression scored to him in the *Daily News*:—"The *Pall Mall Gazette* used to boast it was written by Gentlemen for Gentlemen. From its raving style lately, it seemed to be written by maniacs for fools." This must be an egregious error of the Press! What MR. FORSYTH did say, of course, was "by Statesmen for Patriots."

## A Probability and a Prayer.

A. TOOTH—in again  
His cell, Horsemonger Lane—  
A. TOOTH—out for good—  
Did Church of England as she should?

FAVOURITE SCOTTISH JESTER (to judge by Mr. Punch's correspondence from north of Tweed).—MR. AULDJO.

THE GREAT LOAN-LAND.—South America.





## MIGHT IS RIGHT;

OR, A FRIENDLY LEAD IN A CASE OF JIBBING PONIES.

## "WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE!"

Quoth BEACONSFIELD THE MYSTERIOUS.

Quoth WILLIAM THE WOODMAN—

"SPARE it?" Too long the sapless trunk has stood,  
 Blasted and bare, the spectre of the wood.  
 If once in stately strength it towered, and drew  
 From earth and air, noon sun, and morning dew,  
 Their liberal tribute to its swelling growth,  
 It gave but scant return. The axe is loth  
 To fell the forest pride, but if the blade  
 Of gallant SOBIESKI had been laid  
 Sheer to that root two hundred years ago,  
 Nor lopped limb only, but the trunk brought low,  
 Fairer had spread the forest, nobler trees  
 A fertile soil had fed, the eastern breeze,  
 Untainted by the Upas breath that blasts  
 Where'er this trunk its withering shadow casts,  
 Had been far fresher, and our Western ways  
 Had known serenest nights and brighter days.  
 Its shade was never shelter, its foul form  
 Brake not the hurricane, but drew the storm.  
 What budding slips of promise ever sprang  
 Within its range; what songsters ever sang  
 Faith's lay or Freedom's, where its umbrage spread  
 Thick gloom of night, and darkness of the dead?  
 Too slow it dies; its long decay is rife  
 With nought but loathsome forms of leprous life.  
 Why spare the blasted tree? That once again,  
 Fed by its native draught of War's red rain,  
 It may revive a moment, and prolong  
 A little while the rule of wrath and wrong?  
 Or is the plea perchance not pity's own,  
 But the appeal of "patriotism," grown  
 So impotent of mood as to invoke  
 The Upas' shadow to protect our Oak?  
 Shall we, the warrior-traders of the West,  
 Preserve the trunk whose presence genders pest,

In hope that its last leaves, though shrunk and sear,  
 Of the steppe-hurricane may ward the fear?  
 The tree must fall, whose branches only grow  
 Parasites of corruption. Lay it low!  
 Blood stains its bole, and none but gibbet-fruit  
 Hangs from its cankered boughs. From crown to root  
 'Tis rottenness. Were't mercy to withhold  
 The Woodman's trenchant steel? Be just, be bold!  
 Let in fresh air, give younger growths free space;  
 Forests may flourish in this blasted place,  
 Of vigorous spread, of timber straight and sound.—  
 But for *this* tree, why cumpers it the ground?

## EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF THE "MUSIC OF THE FUTURE."

A GENTLEMAN, well known as Musical Critic to one of our weekly periodicals, rushed out into the road, in front of the Albert Hall, and embracing an Italian Organ-grinder, shouted, in a passion of tears, "You, at least, have melody!"

The REV. IGNATIUS PANDOLF's wife was taken out in violent hysterics, and is now completely incapable of distinguishing a Gregorian chant from a boiler-explosion.

An Italian Tenor, of high standing, and higher salary, was heart-broken at finding his favourite curl had turned white during the performance, and though convinced that in the Wagnerian cataclysm the musical world had come to an end, kept on muttering to himself, "*E pur si muove!*"

A dear old Lady from the country assures us she was extremely disappointed; and wants to know whether that dreadful noise in the Albert Hall accounted for the deafness of the doorkeepers to all her demands for her money back, on the plea that though there was row enough for a whole battery of cannon, she never saw ZAZEL go off at all—and doesn't believe she was ever shot from her great gun all through the performance.





“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!”

JOHN BEACONSFIELD sings—

“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!  
I LOVE IT, EVERY BOUGH;

THE ASIAN MYSTERIE,  
THAT IT HAS LIVED TILL NOW!”







## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Some Account of the Amusements of the Season, chiefly Musical—Albert Hall, Covent Garden, Gaiety, and Alhambra—by Our Regular Representative (*bonâ fide*).)



THE Wagner Festival is over. After most festivals comes the inevitable headache: not after this. Many who went to scoff, remained to praise. The "*Rhine-Gold*" is a masterpiece. This is not a discovery of mine. To understand it, a thorough acquaintance with the stage-directions is absolutely necessary. From dicta of experienced Bayreuthians it seems to me that this dramatic Tone-Poem, this "Arrangement in String and Wind," as

MR. WHISTLER would call it, must inevitably be vulgarised by representation on the stage. For example, admirable as is, in general, the *mise-en-scène* at Covent Garden, how utterly destructive of the poetry of LÖHENGRIIN are the common-place, wandering-eyed "Chorus-Gentlemen," who appear as "Saxon and Thuringian Nobles!" how poor the effect of the narrow, marshy-looking river, the Scheldt, in the background, while only children could be interested in the Property Swan with an uneasy head, and the wobbling Pantomime Pigeon coming down a very evident wire. The spectacle of the first and last Acts is only tolerable from a MADAME TUSSEAUD point of view. But such a *mise-en-scène* as *The Nibelung's Ring* demands is impossible. The attempt to realise its sublime would most certainly result in achieving our ridiculous. From Wagner-libretto to Pantomime-opening is, scenically, but a step.

A propos of Covent Garden, ADELINA DINORAH PATTI was enthusiastically received by a most brilliant house on her *rentrée*, Tuesday, 15th May. That her voice exercised its magic charm over the crowded audience was proved by the determined encore of the "*Shadow Song*," and by her being recalled four times after that, by acclamation, and then thrice before the curtain. MR. GYE should be a happy man to have such a dish to set before his visitors as this delicious PATTI. MILE. ALBANI has taken the house by storm in the *Puritani* and *Rigoletto*, which last mentioned opera is admirably cast. This year SCALCHI, ALBANI, GAYARRE and PANDOLFINI, being the quartette. SIGNOR PANDOLFINI plays the Fool capitally—I mean in *Rigoletto*. In recent programmes MR. GYE has kindly consented to drop the accent over the "e" in SIGNOR GAYARRE's name, which is Spanish, and not to be pronounced as "Gay 'Arry." However, accents will happen in the best regulated families. Why are the *Entr'actes* so long? Better late than never—but still from 8'30 till half-past midnight is too much of the best thing. An Opera should now be announced as in three Acts and two long *Entr'actes*, the curtain to rise un-punctually at some time or other, the whole to conclude exactly when it is finished, and not one minute after.

From Italian to French. *Artful Cards* having gone with MR. TOOLE into the provinces, MR. HOLLINGSHEAD plays a fresh hand. Over the Gaiety for the next six weeks is to be written, "*J'ai on parle Français*"—not in farce, but in earnest. *L'Ami Fritz*—or, as Cockneydom will call it, "*Lummy Fritz*"—will be one of the trumps in the pack. MILE. CHAUMONT, returns with *La bonne Année*—which does not, when translated, mean the Nurserymaid ANNIE—though that might not be a bad subject for a Music-Hall ditty. This is something to look forward to.

*Orphée aux Enfers*, at the Alhambra, is well worth seeing. A little dialogue goes a long way in a grand spectacular *Opéra bouffe* at the Alhambra, and, therefore, a piece better adapted to the requirements of this particular place—though it is scarcely fair to accuse the Alhambra of being "particular"—could not have been selected than MR. H. S. LEIGH's version of the *Orphée*. A more charming representative of the coquette *Eurydice* than our handsome American *cantatrice*, MISS MUNROE, could not be found in London, though a *blâsé* Parisian might probably demand more

abandon in the thoroughly Offen-bacchanalian song which crowns the banquet *Aux Enfers*. But this objection applies to all *Pluto's* Olympian guests, whose after-supper conduct in Pandemonium is as decorous as that of a party of more modern Divines at a Lambeth Palace lawn-party.

Where all is so well done it may be invidious to single out any one *artiste* for special praise; but it is only fair to notice Miss L. RONSON's intelligent and spirited rendering of the rôle of *Public Opinion*,—a really original creation, by the way, of the French librettist, M. HECTOR CREMIEUX. But for this young lady's dramatic energy, the finish of the first Act would have been a tame affair. If the Poetic Librettist attended rehearsals, he must have given up in despair all attempts at getting the Gods and Goddesses to pronounce the classical names correctly. *Aristeus* on the Alhambra stage is generally called "*Aristeus*." *Actœon* is alluded to as "*Actœon*"; while everybody takes his or her own private view of *Orpheus*, who is sometimes "*Orphœus*," sometimes "*Orphœus*," and sometimes "*Offœus*." But only once did I hear the hero of the Opera called "*Orphœus*." MR. JACOB'S Orchestra is as good as ever; and if it were objected to as occasionally too loud for the voices, its astute and experienced Conductor would probably reply, "So much the better for the voices." I am not disposed to quarrel with him on this score—or on any other; "scores" being his *forte*. The *mise-en-scène* is excellent, the costumes superb and summery; while for spectacle and general effect no revival of this *Opéra bouffe*, on the Parisian or London Stage, can be placed on a par with *Orphée aux Enfers* as at present given at the Alhambra. These, Sir, are the sentiments of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(Our own Guide to the Academy. Visit No. 3.)



Before, visitors to the Academy are requested to take this list with them, and refer to the names here suggested before consulting the Catalogue. We have jotted down in these notes what the pictures *ought* to have been called. The following numbers will be found sufficient for one afternoon:—

No. 35. VAL. C. PRINSEP. "I can't make it out." Notice the expression. MR. PRINSEP is at present in India, engaged on a grand picture of an Indian Rubber, with Rajah revoking.  
No. 45. MRS. H. (E. M.) WARD. "She was werry good to me, she was."  
No. 70. BRITON RIVIERE. The Soft Roe.  
No. 130. BASIL BRADLEY. Sheepish.  
No. 101. G.D. LESLIE, R.A. "May-day—new stile." (Observe the new stile.)

No. 169. E. J. POYNTER, R.A. "What can't be cured must be endured," or rheumatism in the little finger of the left hand.

No. 181. J. CHARLES. The holiday task.

No. 194. ARTHUR HILL. "Shall I throw it at him?"

No. 273. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. The "sound of many waters"—Soda, Seltzer, Apollinaris, Tannin, &c., all effervescent, but all natural, and delightfully refreshing. It is as good as a *douche* to stand before the picture for half an hour—and after you leave it, you seem to hear its sound all over the room, calling "Come back!" About the most wonderful bit of real water colour ever painted in oil.

No. 301. T. ARMSTRONG. Above her work. "I am not accustomed to feed pigeons."

No. 464. HEYWOOD HARDY. Riding to Khiva. (The Artist's *shay-d'œuvre*.)

No. 452. GEO. H. BOUGHTON. The same subject as the foregoing, differently spelt and treated. Riding to Kiver with a friend.

No. 444. SIR F. GRANT, P.R.A. Most dramatic picture. Tells its own story at once. Evidently Sunday; time, 3.30 P.M. Respectable elderly Clergyman waking up suddenly after an early dinner, having dropped asleep over the *Quarterly Review*. He is horror-struck, and exclaims, "Bless my soul, 3'30! And I ought to have been at church half-an-hour ago!" View of church in the distance.





### "WHICH WILL WIN?"

MR. LEIGHTON'S GROUP ADMITS OF SO MANY APPLICATIONS. THIS IS PUNCH'S. (WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS TO THE SCULPTOR.)

No. 313. H. STACY MARKS, A. "An arrangement in black and white" with a money-lender. (With MR. MARKS's compliments to MR. WHISTLER.)

No. 520. WILFRID V. HERBERT. Naval Gentleman instructing Tailor (Tailor invisible), and saying, "I should like a nice summer waistcoat made out of *this*"—referring to some stuff on the table.

No. 413. KATE ALDHAM, "Opening her Chest."

No. 423. J. CHARLES, "Giving Herself Airs"—on the piano. Probably, "Charley is my Darling." HARRIET is ours.

No. 503. E. J. POYNTER, R.A., *A propos* of this picture, it is worth while to record a dialogue overheard in front of this painting. Let the reader study the figures carefully and then enjoy the dialogue:—

*Young Lady (from the country, making notes).* Aunt, dear, what's this? *Aunt (with Catalogue—carefully reading the wrong number).* That, dear—oh—that—(with consciousness of strict accuracy) is "Summer Evening at Ecclesbourne, Hastings."

(Her Niece says nothing, but clearly thinks that the Ladies of Ecclesbourne

are uncommonly cool people. No. 503 must be seen for the appreciation of this mistake.)

No. 566. G. F. WATTS, R.A. Originally intended for the "Magpie and Stump." Since altered to Dove and Dead tree.

No. 542. G. POPE. "Going to pot."

No. 589. BRITON RIVIERE. This, in schoolboy phrase, might be described as "Giving him a licking."

No. 597. L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A. "Stuff and nonsense." (The first part of the title represented by the Girl's dress, the second by the old Gentleman's observation on hearing that somebody has proposed for her.)

No. 962. LANCELOT J. POTT. A practical joke in the olden time.

No. 951. G. RICHMOND, R.A. Teaching the young idea to be up to the time of day.

\*\* We would impress on our readers the absolute necessity of taking the above Guide to the Academy, and comparing the descriptions here given with the Pictures themselves.





### GRACE BEFORE POWDERS (BUT NOT AFTER).

*Young Innocent (about to partake). "FOR ALL WE ARE GOIN' TO WECEIVE, MAY THE YORD MAKE US TOOLY FANKFUL!"*

### THE INTELLECTUAL "DIES NON."

VERY REVEREND MR. PUNCH,

In personally addressing you, I may appear an odd sort of person, being deemed a thing impersonal; however, I venture to take the liberty of personifying myself. Please to suppose that I have a self to personify. But an account of myself will render myselfhood self-evident. I am a Day. No relation to JOHN DAY, the famous jockey and trainer, whose name is borne by one of the principal horses now figuring in the racing news. I am not one of the Days of Danbury. I am a Day of the week, and have nothing whatever to do with horse-racing—that is, at home. They manage these things otherwise—I won't say better, in France. "The better the day the better the deed"—when the deed admits of the comparative, better; but betting is always positively bad, and better it can never be. Cavillers may object, if they like, that I have no business to be called a day, because in law I am no day, being a *dies non*, whereon no business can be transacted. That I do not mind; but what I don't like is being made a *dies non* not only for business purposes, but also for those of enjoyment, and above all, for that needful restorative from the toils of business—recreation.

That I ought not to be a *dies non* altogether is evident from the names I commonly go by, *Dies Solis* and *Dies Dominica*, both of which I acknowledge. But I am also denomi-

nated by an *alias* I disown. Certain parties call me *Dies Sabbati*. I am nothing of the kind, as Mr. Solomons will tell you. I am the first day of the week, and not the seventh; and, whilst a holy day, also a holiday. As such everybody should keep me, to make me the Institution I might be made. Church and Chapel occupy but some hours of me. What are people to do during my remainder-hours? They will do something, and Dr. Watts has mentioned what sort of occupation is found for idle hands, and by whom.

One such occupation is boozing in a public-house. Thither poor folks are driven by a stupid system of closing better places, which it is the object of a Society called after me to get opened during some of my hours. It met on Saturday last week at the Freemasons' Tavern; the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, its President, in the Chair. DEAN STANLEY was supported by most of the wisest men now in Town, including DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, PROFESSOR MORLEY, and PROFESSORS HUXLEY and TYNDALL, who would, but for an illness in the family of a noble Lady, have been reinforced by LADY BURDETT COUTTS. This Meeting unanimously voted resolutions soliciting the Government and Legislature to sanction, on the First Day of the Week (improperly called by ignorant pietists the Sabbath, and still more improperly by the Scotch part of them Sawbath), the opening of Museums, Picture Galleries, Libraries, and other places of rational entertainment, at which between the hours of religious service, it may be possible for the British Public to devote their leisure otherwise than to animal pleasure or degrading excess, and employ it in the cultivation of those attributes by which civilised mankind are principally distinguished from pigs. I hope, Very Reverend Sir, you will do me the kindness to assist the endeavour to obtain this right for the Working Classes especially, since the only day in all the week on which it is possible for them to benefit by national Exhibitions and Literary and Scientific Institutions is your obedient servant to command,

SUNDAY.

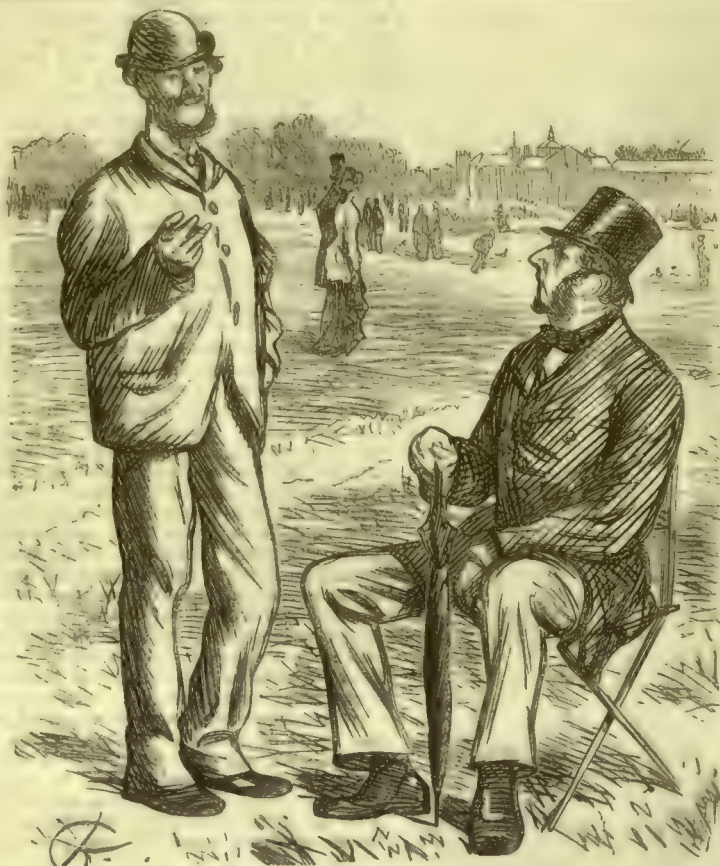
P.S.—No need to deprive attendants of Sunday's rest. A few extra policemen could supply their places. Besides, there is the above-named gentleman MR. SOLOMONS, and other members of his community, MESSRS. ABRAHAMS, ISAACS, JACOBS, MOSS, and LEWIS, to name but a few, who observe the original Sabbath upon Saturdays; many of whom would be glad to earn a shekel or so by relieving guard at public Institutions on Sundays.

### "Dissent and Desecration."

THE point of interment in churchyards having been conceded to Nonconformists, how superfluous it seems on the part of any of the Clergy and their representatives to insist upon "silent burial," as the alternative for the Church service. If the burial of the dead does not desecrate consecrated ground, still less can any appropriate utterance of the living. Dissent can only be aggravated by being forbidden to speak; for if the Nonconformist is compelled to be silent at the side of a grave, will he not, like the celebrated parrot of MR. JOSEPH MILLER, only think the more?

A SUBJECT FOR THE NEXT ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL.—F. LEIGHTON, R.A., carving his way to the Temple of Fame.





## AGAIN!

First Gent. "'EARD ABOUT THE SEA-SERPENT THEY'VE CAUGHT AT O'BAN?"

Second Ditto. "SEA-SERPENT CAUGHT IN 'OLBORN! 'MUST BE AN 'OAX!"

## THE SILVER (LACE) ROAD TO THE ARMY.

*Diary of a Training, by a Sub-Lieutenant of Militia.*

## FIRST WEEK.

*Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.*—Spent my time in watching the men exchanging their rags for ill-fitting uniforms, and assisted at a parade in which the Articles of War were read to apathetic veterans and alarmed recruits.

*Thursday, Friday and Saturday.*—Gazed upon the men as they sleepily learned the rudiments of squad drill. On Saturday, kit inspection; dull work and not particularly instructive.

## SECOND WEEK.

*Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.*—Devoted to musketry, position drill and target practice. At the first, the men (without targets) were taught to aim, theoretically, at something in particular. At the last, the men (with targets) learned, practically, to fire at nothing in particular. The markers at the ranges slept better than the scorers. General discomfort and discouragement of everybody concerned.

*Thursday, Friday and Saturday.*—Wet weather. Three days out of the twenty-seven spent in doing nothing.

## THIRD WEEK.

*Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.*—The men for the first time took part in battalion movements. Acted in a very subordinate position, to the great honour and glory of my captain.

*Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.*—Battalion drill continued. Captain away on leave, and thus had a first opportunity of learning something on my own account.

## FOURTH WEEK.

*Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.*—Great excitement in preparation for the Inspection Day. The regiment took violently to skirmishing, and attempted to get up in three days what Regulars would certainly have consumed six months in learning.

*Thursday.*—The inspection. Cocked hats, bands, feasts and friends.

*Friday and Saturday.*—Nothing to do. Pleased to think that I had got through one of the two trainings required by regulation as part of the requisite qualification (plus a Civil Service Examination) for a Lieutenant's Commission in the Line.

## IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET—

## "POTS!"

"Pots mean civilisation, and the history of pottery is the history of culture. . . . For what would man be without a pot of some sort? . . . The uniformity in human nature has always shown itself manifest in pottery."—*The "Daily News"* on MR. GLADSTONE'S *Address upon Pottery at the Cymro-dorian Society.*

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot,

I think a Sûfi pipkin—waxing hot—

"All this of Pot and Potter? Tell me then

"Who makes—who sells—who buys—who is the Pot?"

OMAR KHAYYÂM.

POTLESS Humanity! A pregnant thought

With much suggestion fraught,  
Which Persian OMAR in the Potter's House,  
Surrounded by the ordered shapes of clay,  
Somehow missed marking in his distant day,  
For all his keen but pessimistic *nous*.  
Man the Pot-shaper! A new definition!

Oh, for an exhibition  
Of Pots from Egypt's earliest to—ah! What?  
That one ideal, final, transcendental,

Supreme Supernal Pot,  
Which, on this view, should mark the culmination,  
The highest tide-mark of Art-cultivation,  
To which our Earth hath got.

Oh, what a Pot were that! Will GLADSTONE's self  
Help us so far to soar in the ideal,  
As to adumbrate that most rare, if real,  
Result from centuries of clay and delf,  
That fictile ultimatum? Fancy faints  
At the prodigious prospect. Memory paints  
Pictures of recent raptures witnessed oft  
In eyes of Ladies, heard from lips less soft  
Of ardent greybeards, over bits of crockery  
Of such amazing immature monstrosity,  
Chaos chromatic, shapeless squat atrocity,

That it were surely mockery  
To fancy they comprised one genuine quality  
Of the great Pot-finality.

But if *these* wake such ecstasies, oh what  
Delirium of unspeakable delight,

Supreme and infinite,  
Should be the product of the Crowning Pot?

Yes, Pots mean progress! Thoughtful souls must feel  
The wheel of Fortune is a potter's wheel.  
KHAYYÂM drew doleful auguries from its twirl,  
But then he was a poet and a Persian,  
A sceptic too, at whom, with cold aversion,  
The British Philistine's fine lip will curl.  
Yet this new doctrine of the *Daily News*

Might fire a Western muse,  
Not such as she who sat at OMAR's suppers,  
But cool, correct, and orthodox as TUPPER's.  
If life's a *crux*, a labyrinth, a lottery,  
The clue, the key to it is found in Pottery.  
How pleasant 'twere, did time allow, to trace  
In pots and pans the progress of our race!  
Each page of time the potter leaves his print on,  
From Greek HYPERBIUS to HERBERT MINTON—

A longish stretch,  
Through which a compass critical to fetch—  
Displays in stereotype all human passions,  
Utilities and tastes, prides, follies, fashions.  
Thus, potted and preserved, lies record strange  
Of human progress, in ceramic change—  
(Or say *keramic*, since our classic day  
Is very sweet on the initial "k".)

The Epic of the Pot! Who'll write it? See,  
Oh, versatile and vehement W. G.  
When you have polished off such minor works  
As utter demolition of the Turks,

Here is a task for you!  
"*Pots, and the man I sing.*" Yes, that will do.  
Its title? *The Fictiliad*. 'Tis a theme  
To satisfy a Neo-Homer's dream.  
Wire in, my WILLIAM! show the world what's what  
In Epos. 'Twere a splendid consummation;  
A nobler, wider subject is there not,  
Since without Pots all Earth's Civilisation  
Must—go to Pot!







## A STRAIGHT TIP.

(Being an intercepted letter from The Old Obadiah to his nephew, The Young Obadiah, containing most important information on the event of the day.)



EAR NEVVY,—When you receive this letter you will exclaim, for I know you, "O, my prophetic soul! my Uncle!" and lucky for you to have such an Uncle on the turf and not under it yet, my boy. To-day is "the glad day of all the bright new year," as our sporting poet Laureate *Ten-to-one-ysen* says; never mind if I don't quote him exactly, for genius, my dear Young OBADIAH, is above rules, and my quotations, as you know—no one better—are mostly from the Latest Betting. Rely on your Uncle, OBADIAH, my boy, and your Uncle will pull you through. You want no information from a Tout while I am to the fore. As our sporting Frenchman says, "*Tout*" est là. There is not a better mover on the Downs than the horse I mentioned to you the other day. Keep it dark, OBADIAH, keep it dark. When you took 100 to 1 against that other one I told you of,





## HAPPY THOUGHT.

Nurse. "WELL, MASTER TOM, AND SO THE TWINS ARE GOING TO BE CHRISTENED TO-MORROW. WHAT SHALL WE CALL THEM?"

Tom (mindful of his Mother's fashionable proclivities). "IF WE WANT TO PLEASE MAMMA, WE'D BETTER CALL THEM MARSHALL AND SNELGROVE!"

you did well. Follow my advice, and lay it off at evens on the third on my list, which, if I am any judge of form and quality, will show a clean pair of heels to a few of the level-made heavily-backed ones.

There was a private trial the other morning. Your old Uncle got on the muscular colt (you know), but had to get off again. The colt has such a strong propelling power about the hind quarters, that anyone with his back turned to him, unconsciously, for five minutes, would be a probable starter in about two-twos if he didn't look out.

Don't be alarmed by any reports about a cough. I was standing near him, and coughed. They thought it was the horse. It affected the betting men deeply. They have tender hearts. The tanner you sent me I have invested for you, and it will be as satisfactory a tenner to you as MR. GYE's tenor, GAYARRIE, is to him. I know the ropes, and you can read between the lines. As for the Cracks—your old Uncle can see through them. Watch the race closely, and if, at the right moment, you judiciously, but boldly, put the pot on the horse that is in advance of the first three at the judge's chair (I myself will give you a wink at the exact second—so look out), you will be on velvet for the remainder of your days, and have no further need for any tips from your venerable Uncle who signs himself now and ever,

THE OLD OBADIAH.

P.S.—I told your Aunt I had important business in the City today, and couldn't be back till late. Will it spin, OBADIAH, will it spin?

### "The Wane of Glory, and the Wax of Fame."

MADAME TUSSAUD (or "TOOSORE," as the Million call her) has added to her Gallery in Baker Street likenesses of the CZAR and the SULTAN, MUKHTAR PASHA and GENERAL IGNATIEFF, in belligerent attitudes, ready to come to blows—at least in wax. It is to be hoped none of them will run in the hot weather; or, if they do, that it will be to melt in each other's arms—as a happy omen of peace in prospect.

## CELEBRITIES AT THE DERBY.

THE success, socially and financially, of two energetic literary gentlemen who last May impersonated wandering minstrels on the Hill at Epsom, has given rise to a multitude of imitators among our first intellects, who have made their arrangements to mystify the Million at this year's Derby.

As no noble sportsman or sportswoman is likely to abuse our confidence, we do not hesitate to indicate some of the disguises chosen for the occasion.

MR. W. E. G—E may possibly be discovered under a Russian cap and beard, selling Rahat-lakoum or Turkish Delight.

EARL B—D will be with difficulty recognised manipulating the three-card trick, and defying you to spot the Knave of Clubs.

SIR R. P—L has hired the turban and table of the King of Stone-breakers, and will be seen every ten minutes smashing rocks with his fist.

THE MARQUIS OF S—Y will most probably don the particoloured dress and hunch of Mr. Punch, and will conduct a favoured band of Eastern serenaders.

MR. WH—Y will disguise himself as a gipsy fortune-teller, and thus frustrate the designs of the Jesuits, who have an agent in every vehicle destined for the Hill.

MESSRS. B—R and P—L have serious thoughts of encasing their manly forms in fleshings, and appearing as the Baffling Brothers of St. Stephen's in their great obstructive entertainment.

MAJOR O'G—N will go in for diversion in the dress of the Irish gentleman who dances jigs with a shillelagh under his arm.

DOCTOR K—Y will exhibit the Fat Lady and the Living Skeleton, as illustrations of the change that has taken place in the form and features of "the unhappy Nobleman now, &c., &c."



## FOR PROPHET OR LOSS?



THERE is no Race but the Derby,  
and Punch is its Prophet!  
Here is his Tip—get all you can  
off it.

A FRENCH horse, by an English  
jockey ridden,  
The Turf's Blue Riband may  
bear off unchidden;

But back no horse whose jock is changed too late,  
For, favourite though he be, 'tis tempting fate.  
The "pot" put on to boil his peas, we see no  
Hard pilgrimage too hard for *Pellegrino*.  
*Rob Roy's* the good old rule, the simple plan—  
Take, all who have the power, and keep who can;  
On a dark horse if you would breathe the air,  
Seek one that bears the bell in *Beau-repaire*.  
If little *Atyre* no mishap befall,  
'Tis like enough the dwarf will yet tire all.  
*Hidalgo's* promises loom large but dim—  
Let who will put the Spanish upon him.  
And what if *Silvio's* name be shorn of *Pellico's*?  
Against his backers be not, therefore, bellicose.  
While the big stake stands tempting horse and mare,  
Your cry may well be "*Touchet*" if you dare!  
Upon *Jagellon* they who post the coal  
Back one who stands, by race, head of the Pole.  
Let *Plunger* plunge, and with him plunge who will.  
What grist may come from *Lady Miller's* Mill?  
For *HADJI BABA's* sake, I'd scarce be sorrier  
To lose my old, than gain a new "do," *Morier*.  
A cell 's their place who choose the *Grey Friar* weed;  
*Thunderstone* may mean bolts, or lightning's speed.  
Who says *Brown Prince's* backers are done brown,  
Or to *Masaniello* trusts a crown?  
Since his break-down among the *lazzaroni*,  
Those who'd brave risk may take him for a pony.  
You have my tips—you see Fate's book unsealed;  
The course is clear: forearm'd, you take the field.

## DERBY DRAGS FOR 1877.

*Lord Beaconsfield's*.—The fear that he won't be able to crown his career as a statesman with a sensational war.

*Lord Hartington's*.—The dread that MR. GLADSTONE's enthusiasm may outrun his discretion, to the embarrassment of the Liberal Party.

*Mr. Gladstone's*.—Anxiety lest the pens of a belligerent fraction of the Press may drown the voice of an impassioned and impulsive, but much in earnest orator.

*Mr. Cross's*.—Apprehension that the balance of Power in the Cabinet may be disturbed by the false weights of Disraelitish mystifications.

*Lord Derby's*.—Comparison of the aims and achievements of the last eighteen months' diplomacy.

*Mr. Whalley's*.—The belief that every second person on the Downs is a Jesuit, and every third a Cardinal in disguise.

*Sir Wilfrid Lawson's*.—The thought of the drinking for drunks that will wash down the revels of the Day.

*Major O'Gorman's*.—The regret that all this power of drink and diversion is wasted over the could-hearted Saxon on Epsom Downs instead of turned to profit of the real Irish at Punch's Town.

*The Upper Ten Thousand's*.—The depressing reflection that the Derby will have to be "done" again next year.

*The Lower Two Million's*.—The sad thought that the Derby outing comes like the "grotter," only once a year.

And, lastly, *Mr. Punch's*.—The certainty that no Derby Day will be considered complete without a perfectly novel *à propos* Cartoon.

## THE FRENCH CRACK AND HIS JOCKEYS.

*An à propos Apologue.*

A RACER's points he shows—the crack French horse,

Looks fit for any course,

Though best at a sharp spin or rattling spurt.

Page is his special glory, and indeed

Few nags have shown a finer turn of speed.

And though but late recovered from a hurt

That might have spoilt his running, all admit:

That the French Favourite's in first-rate fettle,

Improved in temper, easier on the bit,

And with new stamina to help old mettle.

The public in his later form confiding,

Though there 's a trick of temper in the stock,

Would freely back the big horse for big stakes,

One thing alone solicitude awakes—

The animal requires such careful riding,

And ought to be on good terms with his jock:

No boy can steer him, and the man who errs

In too much or too little whip or spurs,

Or strives to hold hard when the nag's for going,

Will find he courts a cropper. This well knowing,

One would suppose the Stable would take care

On no account to irritate the crack;

Would put their cleverest rider on his back,

And once safe in the saddle, keep him there:

But crass caprice of sense the eternal mock is,

And this French Favourite's trainers oft have shown

A most unlucky taste for changing jockeys,

Though rider after rider has been thrown,

Race after race been lost, and the brave horse,

In hands that took hard holding for good guiding,

Fretted to death, brought from bad form to worse,

By nothing but bad riding.

Still the unstable Stable courts disgrace

By changing jockeys just before the race,

And that, although the man that *had* the mount,

Was one on whom folks felt that they could count,

For good nerve, seat defying bolt or rearing,

Head enough for straight steering,

Hand firm, yet light, and knowledge of the course,

To get the best jock could out of the horse;

When lo, a sudden row—a secret bobbery!

Is 't stable jealousy, or baker's jobbery,

Touts' trick or tipsters' ? At the trainer's frown,

The lad that *was* up, must at once get down,—

While with a wicked eye, and levelled ear,

Half in rage, half in fear,

The horse waits his new jock—the Stable's pick

Is hardly of the best—

And once the brute takes to back-jump and kick,

He 's one to put the tightest seat to test.

'Tis ten to one the new man that the Stable

Puts up will prove to steer the horse unable,

And find dismounting easier than mounting,

Spite of the whip and spur on which he 's counting.

Yes—'tis long odds, thanks to this change, that France

Has missed another chance.

When will their Stable learn a wiser way,

And give the Favourite French horse fair play?





”

MR K OF JOCKS; AND, TO JUDGE BY HIS LOOKS, NO MORE DOES THE HORSE!!”







## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

An awful time of it with Wolves—A wonderful escape. (Communicated by Private Wire.)



BREATHE again. ("Let me Breathe Again!")

Words by Your Own R.R., music by DR. SUL-LIVAN. Shortly.) . . . Such a day we've been having! But safe at last, and I stop to telegraph the good news to you, which you will receive as usual by Private Wire. (By the way news arrived here that you've had a picture of me riding on a Pig to Khiva. No, Sir, I am not in the habit of riding piggy-back.)

In the following account, I have not trusted to my imagination, but have referred to my Diary, which, despite all difficulties and dangers inseparable to less hardy Norsemen than myself, I was able to keep, during the terrible hours of the past eventful Monday ("Black Monday"—Old Russian style—no connection with any other Kalendar.)

5.30 A.M.—Sleigh-driver wrapped up in thick capes—five of them—on the box. Sleigh-driver's Boy up behind with buns to feed the wolves. This was a happy idea of mine, based upon early reminiscences of what the animals at the Zoological Gardens used to like. I never yet knew

a wolf, or a bear, refuse a bun. Boy has orders to be economical with buns, and be sure to throw them to the Wolves. The hood being pulled over us in the carriage, I cannot keep my eye on the Boy. But, in so perilous a situation as this, I hope he is to be trusted. But buns will be buns, and boys will be boys. . . .

5.45.—Wolves heard in the distance. Roaring and hooting like one of HERR WAGNER's Walkyrie laughs. Fair Circassian in fits. Took out scissors, and cut her hair. Beat her hands. Asked her riddles. No answer. She is insensible! O Ciel! how will this end? . . . We are full inside, but not all right. Horse galloping. Donkey, harnessed tandem-fashion, galloping too. Sleigh-driver cracking his whip. Pig in the boot squeaking deliriously, and gasping for breath. What's in his mind now? . . . More howling from wolves. Five little Boys, engaged to do the acrobatic business, huddled up at the bottom of the carriage in a confused heap, so that I cannot distinguish one from another. All crying, and saying, in the Tartar dialect, that they'll tell their mother. What a fearful scene! . . .

6.—Thick fog. Snow everywhere. Frigidometer down to minus ten below double zero. My luxuriant moustaches and beard are all icicles!! I should be worth my weight in gold (wouldn't I feed up, and take no exercise to be weighed on such an occasion!) as a model for Old Father Christmas on a cake. Fair Circassian woke up. To cheer her, told her the story of Little Red Riding Hood, and the Wolf pretending to be her grandmother. Fair Circassian in hysterics. I communicate with Boy in the rumble through a small hole. "Are you throwing buns to the wolves?" Boy's answer inaudible. Question repeated. Answer again inaudible. On looking through the hole at him, I see that he is trying to speak with his mouth full.

6.15.—Fearful roaring. Wolves on our track. No BUNS!! Crossed a river. The Oxus, I fancy. Sleigh-driver says I hired this trap from his master at St. Petersburg for half-a-crown an hour, and a shilling for the driver (himself), and that I haven't given him anything yet. Fancy choosing such a moment to ask for payment! Promise him roubles, to any amount, when we get to Gladitzova—the nearest posting town. Three bells: served out rations of wickski all round. None to the Boy behind with the bun-box.

7.—For three-quarters of an hour we've been pursued. A lull at last. Donkey stopped. Fair Circassian wide awake. Says I haven't paid her for the last game of cribbage. Told her it was she who cheated: called her the Unfair Circassian. Wolves heard. Again we urge on our wild career.

8.—Everybody's hair turning white with fright. All except the Sleigh-driver, who has his hat on

• How could he have heard this? There is some mystery here. But we will fathom it or perish in the attempt.—ED.

The little boys will be old men before the day's out. The wolves nearing us. Nearer—nearer—nearer. . . .

Through the hole at the back I implore the Boy, "Haven't you got one bun left?" No! O Greediness, where are thy charms? He has eaten them all himself. Imagine the horror of the situation!

11.—Sun beginning to shine through mist. Just light enough to see a notice-board at the side of the road, "Beware of the Wolves!" Near it is a mile-stone with, I think, "To Khiva" on it. . . . Wolves nearer and nearer. Boys crying. Circassian delirious and kicking. Served out wickski to every one except the Sleigh-driver, the Boy with the bun-box, and the Unfair Circassian. Played an extract from the Götterdämmerung on the mechanical piano, accompanied with shrieks from the Pig in the boot. Through my telescope I see the effect on the wolves. For a few moments they are puzzled. Oh, if I only had a music-score of the entire work to throw out to them! The mechanical piano is out of order. Under pressure the chords snap. It falls in the snow. Onward! Speed onward, brave Sleigh-driver! We may yet escape!

One o'clock.—Time for lunchski. Preparations . . . Suddenly wolves appear within a mile of us. . . . No lunchski. . . . Horrid thought! One o'clock must be the hour of the wolves' lunchski. . . . Can the Horse do it? . . . The wolves! The wolves! . . . Send cheque at once . . . this is my last appeal. . . . forward it by my friend . . . if we can only give wolves a check. . . .

(Hurried Diary.)—Boy's hair, in rumble, quite white. Little Acrobat Boys twisted up in knots with sheer fear. Hair quite white. Unfair Circassian swears, despairingly, that she will never accuse me again of cheating at cribbage, and says it was the Sleigh-driver who put her up to it. I make her sign this declaration, in the belief that she is at her last gasp, on the back of an envelope. Wolves nearer—within half a mile. I dare use the telescope no longer, it brings the wolves too near. . . .

\* Very strange! Putting aside our doubts and misgivings, we must, in the name of humanity, see what we can do for him. There yet may be time (if he is in peril) to get up a subscription and save him.—ED.





## REACTION.

*Shortsighted Old Lady.* "Hi! OMLIBUS! Hi!"

*Hearse-Driver (unbending).* "ALL RIGHT, MUM! MOST 'APPY, MUM! DI-RECTLY, MUM!"

What shall be our next course? . . . Ha! . . . The old story occurs to me—the Russian father and mother who threw over their children to stay the wolves. . . . I've thrown over lots of people in my time, but never children. . . . But necessity is the mother of invention. . . . Wolves within a quarter of a mile. . . . They have stopped to eat the mechanical piano, which fell off some time ago. Through my telescope I see them tearing it to bits. There it goes—octaves, wires, key of G, chord of C. . . . Two wolves are fighting for the Overture of *Semiramide* (which was in a small barrel by itself, with little prickly nails sticking out all over it), and an old wolf is hard on to the mechanical drum-trumpet and cymbal accompaniment in the *finale* of Act Two of the *Huguenots*. . . . Throw out more boxes of tunes—the March from *Norma*, the awful "Guerra, Guerra!" chorus from the same, a box with two tunes, "Suoni la Tromba" and "La ci darem." . . . Then my big box of the Incantation Scene in *Der Freischütz*, with imitation of full orchestral accompaniment, including thunder, lightning, and the owl's hooting apparatus—also my Second Tenor box with *vox humana* contrivance for the voice part and chorus in the Rataplan of the *Huguenots*, and the March from the *Prophète*. . . . They have taken the tunes, but this gives us time! Besides, music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. If I only had something plaintive and melodious. . . . Where's my box with *Looking Back* in it? . . . We are gaining upon them. . . .

(To be continued.)

## SPECIMENS OF A "DERBY" DICTIONARY.

(Compiled by MR. PUNCH's own Misanthrope.)

**ABSENCE, leave of.** A holiday obtained by City clerks on plea of a low state of health, that can only be got up on the Downs.

**Brutality.** Another name for the "fun of the road."

**Custom.** An excuse for abandoning the most useful work for the most hurtful play.

**Drag.** Any vehicle on four wheels, from a bathing-machine to a mail-coach.

**Epsom.** The suburban resort of all the folly and rascality of the Metropolis.

**Favourite, The.** The bone of contention between two rival packs of knaves and fools.

**Gammon.** The nonsense talked about English love of "sport," and improvement of our breed of horses.

**Horses.** Counters in one of the Devil's favourite games.

**Idleness.** The brilliant example set by the British Parliament to the British People on the Derby Day.

**Jocularity.** Buying penny dolls, and drinking too much deleterious fizz under the name of champagne.

**Kicks.** Pleasantries of the crowd; more abundant than halfpence, at Epsom.

**Lark.** An early bird that catches no worms on the Derby Day.

**Mirth.** See *Jocularity*.

**Novelty.** Watching the unchanging brutalities of the Road, humours (?) of the Course, and momentary rush past of the Horses, for the twenty-fourth time.

**Pleasure.** Driving into town dead-beat, dust-choked, and done out of your money, between two rows of hooting idiots.

**Qualms of Conscience.** Next morning's reflections.

**Rough.** Something that cuts us out on the road to the course; and that we cut up when we get there.

**Society (on the Downs).** A mixture of roguery in rags, ditto in POOLE's best form, sin in satin and in sackcloth, innocent imbecility, and vacant vivacity.

**Treason.** Plain truth about the Derby.

**Usage.** See *Custom*.

**Vanity Fair.** The Downs on a Derby Day.

**Welsher.** The one Derby-frequenter who figures on the Downs in his true colours.

**Xylography.** A fine name for wood-engravings of impossible Races, made by anticipation in the illustrated papers.

**Youth.** A poor excuse for the folly of going to the Derby made by a great many old enough to know better.

**Zero.** The normal condition of spirits and pockets the day after the Derby.





### HOW TO TURN AN HONEST PENNY.

(A Suggestion for the Bathing Season about to begin.)

### THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

•• In continuing this Guide, it is necessary to remind our readers that it does not profess to describe or criticise the Pictures, but to give them such new titles as seem to us to be suggested by the Pictures themselves, after a careful study of the Exhibition—without reference to the Catalogue.

No. 1. LOUISE STARR. "Twinkle, twinkle, little STARR,  
How I wonder what you are—"

But evidently the subject is "two young Ladies puzzled by an acrostic."

No. 8. C. E. PERUGINI. This deals with powder, and requires no puff.

No. 9. EYRE CROWE, A. Extraordinary scene in a Ritualistic Church. A Lady turned out of her pew by Churchwardens.

No. 14. FRANK DICKSEE. It is called "Harmony." Judging from the subject, the old song of "Dixey's Land" evidently applies.

"On the second floor, for evermore  
I'd live and die with NANCY."

The young Lady at the organ is NANCY. The region of Harmony is clearly DICKSEE's Land.

No. 105. T. FAED, R.A. "This pig went to market, this stayed at home," &c. (This picture is a very great favourite with the Ladies, who seem to understand what "Little Cold Tooties" means, but at the same time expend a vast amount of sympathy on the buxom mother.)

No. 100. BOUVIERE GODDARD. Curious effect of the Music of the Future on the animals at the Zoo.

No. 118. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Turkish bath for female patients, Hanwell.

No. 119. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Torture-chamber. The Ordeal by Fire.

No. 120. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A. Chest-nuts four a penny.

No. 110. G. A. STOREY, A. "Living 'Apple-ly." (This subject ought to have been chosen by MR. ORCHARDSON.)

No. 129. EDGAR GIBORNE. The merit of this picture is that it *does* tell its own story. It represents a little girl, evidently saying to herself, "I hope that nasty insect won't get into my bowl of milk." It will surprise no one to learn that it is intended for "Little Miss Moffet" of the Nursery Rhymes.

No. 134. KATE PERUGINI. *Utile è dol-ce.* (N.B.—This is a deeply satirical work.)

No. 166. W. C. SYMONS. Two Belles at Sea.

No. 149. C. LANDSEER, R.A. Our Sub-urban Willa. "Lor' bless yer!" said JONES, "when yer 'ere, you might fancy yerself a 'underd miles away in the country."

No. 157. MARCUS STONE, A. Hesitation. "I really think I ought to put on something more before I go out walking."

No. 198. G. CHESTER. A Duck flying away in the time of peas.

No. 239. VICAT COLE, A. Pick-a-lilly.

No. 289. E. BENSON. The Last Conservative bowing before the Great Asian Mystery.

No. 297. J. H. DAVIES. "Coote's Home." Where's TINNEY?

No. 363. G. E. HICKS. Members of the talented Smith family.

No. 370. T. E. GAUNT. Another member of the Smith family. (N.B.—All "Portraits" unnamed in the Catalogue may be dismissed under this general head. Nos. 82, 146, 166, 276, 294, &c., are in this list.)

No. 366. SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

Dogs (in Council—a little uncertain). Is that the law?

Chief Clerk (showing him the "Justices' Manual" of the period). Thyself shall see the Act.

No. 375. F. G. COTMAN. "Keeping him quiet; or, our little boy is so fond of music!"

"And so his Papa  
Played him a tune on the gay guitar!"

Minstrel Boy, Act I., Sc. iii.

No. 614. F. GOODALL, R.A. The Water-Carriers: Egypt. View of the Nile—of course, or, *An ile* Painting.

No. 1059. LUKE FILDES. Ticklish times.

### THE SEA-LIONS' DREAM.

THE Brighton Aquarium's in arms! The foreign-bred Lady Sea-Lion

Has just brought into the world a genuine British-born scion.

And, true to his kin and his kind, the baby has ta'en his first header.

And come up with his eyes all the brighter, although, it may be, all the redder.

His father and mother are planning a glorious future for baby—

Though their dream of high-reaching ambition is clouded as yet with a may-be.

Is it true that the old British Lion is turned, as some say, a land-lubber,

To the grief of BRITANNIA's heart? Why not go, tell her no more to blubber,

And, phocine for feline, propose as her natural guardian to send her

This British-born whelp—a Sea-Lion, in place of the dry-land pretender?

ADVICE TO TOO MANY PEOPLE.—How to make Home happy—Leave it.





### A CREDIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT.

*Enterprising Butcher.* "IF YOU WOULD FAVOUR US WITH YOUR CUSTOM, SIR, IT WOULD ANSWER OUR PURPOSE TO SUPPLY YOU AT VERY REDUCED PRICES, SIR!"

### MARY ANNER ON HOLIDAYS.

DEAR SUSAN JANE,

You 'LL be serprised at seeing of this letter, Leastways a-looking at its date. As well one might do better Than pass Whit Monday evenin' thus a-scribblin' in the kitching, Which while I write with right down spite my fingers is a-twitching.

Drat her! (That's Missis.) I'd arranged, as well to you bekknown is, With my young man and LIZA ANN, the SMITHS, and the MALONEYS, And severil more, in all a score, to hire of that old CRAMPTON His werry smartest private wan, and drive to 'Appy 'Ampton. I do assure you, SUSAN JANE, the whole turn-out was proper, A holiday as promised fair to be a true tip-topper:

None of your paltry cotton-print and billycock collections, But all the height o' fashion and the werry fast connections. I'd bought the loveliest laylook silk, the sweetest primrose bonnet— But there! 'Twill drive me right down mad if I go brooding on it. Which jest at the last moment, when all things was adjusted, Missis goes and puts *her* foot in it—I thought I should a' busted! Accuse the metafore, SUSAN JANE, it's unpoetick, slightly, But when a party's right down riled 'tis hard to speak politely. Which riled I was, and all along of Missis's onreason As goes a-wisiting in Wales at *this* rediklus season. In course I know her little game. To settle that MISS CLARA She'd pass the height o' summer in the heart of the Great Sarah; \* Or winter in them Hark Tick Zones as MISTER NARES fought shy of. 'Tain't many things as goes on but *we* twigs the how and why of— But holidays *is* holidays to Ladies in our station; So I shall take the earliest chance to leave this situation. That Missis must be a bad lot, dear SUE, beyond all doubting, Who'd rob the British Servant of her favourite Whitsun outing. O SUE, that Wan! that nobby band!! them dapple greys!!! them streamers!!! I'll see 'em in my sleep to-night, which I'm the wust of dreamers.

\* MARY ANNER probably means the Great Sahara.

### GREAT AND LITTLE GAMES;

*Or, Betting and Blind Hokey.*

SEE, 'mongst the populace at Epsom's course,  
How strictly Bobbies moral laws enforce,  
Practitioners of thimble-rig pursue,  
Card-sharpers chase, and rout the gambling crew.  
Behold where, bearing him with higher hand,  
ROBERTO proudly guards the Ring and Stand.  
Can Law, which no respect of person knows,  
Protect these gamblers and prohibit those?  
It can. From the two heads two currents spring.  
Betting from gambling is a different thing.  
Card-sharpers' customers are spurred by greed;  
None such moves him who backs the noble steed.  
So Cads are barred from playing pitch-and-toss;  
But Nobs may lay, *ad lib.* upon an "oss."  
No fraud can in a sporting wager lie,  
Nor the least likeness to a loaded die:  
The pure green Turf, 'tis known, abjures foul play;  
With man or beast ne'er tampers to betray.  
Dishonest Touts all betting-men disown:  
And by sound judgment make their "books" alone.

Down then, ye Bobbies, with your handy staves,  
Be down on outer gangs of gambling knaves.  
Drive such *profanum vulgus* from the shrine  
Where the Turf's "Upper Ten" hold rites divine.

### Late Hours in Hellas.

AN Occasional Correspondent of the *Times* in a recent "gush" over the PRINCESS OF WALES's visit to Athens, thus begins his description of her visit with the King to the Cathedral on St. George's Day—St. George being patron saint of Greece as of England:—

"It was a high day and a holyday. The sun which shone upon it received a royal salute on rising at noon, and again as it sank behind the mountains of the Morea."

No wonder Greece is behindhand in most things, if her sun in May only gets up at noon! Better the sun of Hellas should set for ever, than set such a bad example.

THE SPORTING MAN'S OWN PAPER.—The *Levant Herald*.

My 'ARRY, in his Sunday togs, a-tootling on his cornet!— Ah, there! if 'tadn't been for *him* I think I could a' borne it. But there's that BELL MALONEY, SUE, the artfullest minx in Brixton!—

Ah, well! I know my 'ARRY's heart a Certain *One* is fixed on; Yet still one can't quite picter all without an innard groaning,— Yes, SUE, that smudge means tears, not ink, and so I don't mind owning.

They laughs, SUE, at our Cockney ways and style of pleasure-taking, But hearts beneath a cotton print may happy be—or aching Like mine jest now. Best hold their row, or give us something better.

Which, SUSAN JANE, you 'll now perceive why I indites this letter. Just about now they're nearing home. Hark! That's their band a-playing!

And, yes—there's 'ARRY on the roof, to the brisk tune a-swaying! BELL's at his side!—oh, I'm a fool to go on in this manner;— But—well, no more at present from

Yours sadly,

MARY ANNER.

*Whitmonday Night.*

### A Safe Rule.

"The Hon. Member for Maldon (MR. SANDFORD) proposes on the re-assembling of Parliament after the Whitsuntide Recess to move for a Select Committee to inquire into the possibility of improving the present system of selecting Members to address the Chair."

"Who should speak first?" Let *Punch* reply,— His rule would cut down claims, 'tis clear.

"Let no one catch the SPEAKER's eye,— But who can hold the Hearer's ear."

### Suspicious.

"His Excellency MIDHAT PASHA has arrived in London."—*Times*.

MIDHAT in London! Who doth not smell rats? Suspicion gathers round that fez—mid hats.





## PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

Smart Tailor (to dissatisfied Customer). "I MUST ASK YOU JUST TO BEAR IN MIND, SIR, THAT TAILORING HAS NOT YET BEEN BROUGHT DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF ONE OF THE EXACT SCIENCES!"

## GLORIA IN GROCERIBUS.

THERE'S an erudite man,  
Whom 't would be a good plan  
For the City to render its Freeman.  
Who his fortune has made,  
By the grocery trade,  
That distinguished explorer, HERR  
SCHLEIMANN!

In the Grocer's guild Hall,  
As he told the guests all—  
With his hosts to knit sympathy closer—  
In the speech made to thank,  
His health when they drank,  
He had twenty-eight years been a Grocer!

He at Mecklenburgh had,  
As a young 'prentice lad—  
What a boast for explorer to utter—  
Sold red-herrings, retail,  
And, at hap'orths to sale  
Put up rum, sugar, coffee, and butter.

Thence had risen by degrees,  
But, whilst dealing in teas,  
And attentive to that occupation,  
Had with business combined  
Steady culture of mind,  
And assiduous self-education.

'Twas his habits of trade,  
Speculation well-weighed,  
Tact and system in sale and in purchase,  
That bore such rich fruit  
In his later pursuit  
Of ancient Homeric researches.

Else he never had found  
Such things underground:  
Unless he a Grocer had been he,  
Troy had ne'er disinterred,  
Or revealed all we've heard  
Of the treasures and tombs at Mycenæ.

Then for Grocers hooray!  
Was not that a proud day,  
When, to Grocery's glorification,  
SCHLEIMANN made such a treat,  
Brother Grocers to greet  
In the Hall of their great Corporation!

WHAT THE UPAS TREE KEEPS DEEPEST  
HOLD BY.—Its Tap-root.

## LITTLE TOMMY'S FIRST BOOK OF MODERN HISTORY.

(A Prophetic Edition for the Year 1887. By Punch's own Alarmist.)

Q. How is Russia bounded?

A. On the North by the Arctic Ocean, on the South by the Mediterranean Sea, on the West by a part of Ireland, and on the East by China.

Q. Who is the present Premier of Russia?

A. The RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Q. What are his principal duties?

A. To write pamphlets in defence of his Master, the CZAR, and to superintend the transfer of the few still surviving English patriots from Westminster to Siberia.

Q. What do you know about BISMARCK?

A. That he created United Germany, and, shortly before its annexation by Russia to which he so materially contributed, became Emperor of his native land.

Q. Who was LORD BEACONSFIELD?

A. The last British Premier, who perished in his almost single-handed opposition to the absorption of England by Russia.

Q. What was the last portion of England to be absorbed?

A. The Isle of Wight.

Q. Where were British interests ultimately centred?

A. In the Scilly Islands.

Q. How did the Russian Army strike the decisive blow which annihilated British resistance in India?

A. By marching a thousand miles in a thousand hours without halting, under the conduct of FIELD-MARSHAL LIEUTENANTS O'LEARY and GENERAL PAYSON WESTON.

Q. Why did the natives receive the invaders with open arms, and hail them as their deliverers?

A. Because the Governor-General for the time being (ROBERT, LORD LYTON) had published a portion of his Poems in Hindustani, and had threatened to publish the remainder.

Q. How did the Russians finally establish their authority in Great Britain?

A. By suppressing the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Daily Telegraph*, and making special arrangements with the British Army, the British Fleet, and all the English Railway Companies.

Q. What became of the British Colonies in 1878?

A. By advice of the Colonial Office they annexed one another.

Q. What was the position of France, Austria, and Germany at this conjuncture?

A. They had been successively absorbed by Russia.

Q. What was at this time the position of Italy?

A. She had sunk to the rank of a Russian dependency, after first establishing the CZAR as Russian Pope at the Vatican.

Q. You have described in outline the marvellous advancement of Russia. Of course this cost money. How was this money raised?

A. By Foreign Loans.

Q. How did Russia pay off these Loans?

A. By composition with her creditors.

Q. At what rate?

A. Something less than a farthing in the pound.

Q. How did these wonderful feats come to be practicable?

A. Because JOHN BULL, BRITANNIA, the British Lion, all the *Corps Diplomatiques*, the World generally and the nations of Europe in particular, the whole of the Weasel Family, including the ever-wakeful *Mr. Punch*, happened, unluckily, all to be caught fast asleep at the same time.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HERE we are again!—with the merry month of June,—M.P.'s at Westminster, the seat of Her Majesty's Government, and W. E. G. at Birmingham, the head-quarters, for the moment, of Her Majesty's Opposition.

From the elected to the electors is an appeal known to the Constitution—though the regular way of making it is by the head of the Government, and not the head of the Opposition, “going to the country.”

Those who don't like this sort of appeal call it “stumping.” The *Pall-Mall* goes further, and calls it “stumping down” to the folly and froth of the masses; the *Daily News* and *Punch* call it “stumping up” from interest to principle, from the lower terrors of the Upper Tens to the loftier convictions of the Lower Millions.

All depends on the point of view. If, as the *D. T.* and the *P. M.* keep on asserting with as much iteration as if they felt the need of reassuring themselves, as well as their readers, the majority of the nation is with LORDS BEACONSFIELD and DERRBY, and against W. E. G. and the DUKE OF ARGYLL on this question, why don't they send the biggest of their big wigs on the stump too, and try to raise London or Edinburgh, Glasgow or Liverpool, Manchester or Leeds, Bradford or Birmingham, to a declaration in favour of the Russophile and Turcophil view of the matter, as enthusiastic, whole-hearted, and unequivocal, as this of Birmingham and the Local Liberal Associations represented in Bingley

Hall, in favour of the view taken by GLADSTONE and those who think as he does—that the Government have come hopelessly and helplessly to grief between the two stools of intervention and non-intervention; that they have gone just far enough in intermeddling to estop them from using their own sole plea of the independence of the Turk; that by their paltry, petty, peddling policy of words without weight, remonstrances without earnestness, and representations with no determined purpose behind the varnished mask of their diplomacy, they have encouraged the Turk in his obstinacy, roused and justified the distrust, and incurred the contempt of Austria and Germany, Italy and France, thrown the game into the hands of Russia, and after forcing her into a war which a bolder and a braver policy would have rendered unnecessary, put her in the best position for dictating the terms of peace when that war shall come to an end—given her the credit of having done, dared, and sacrificed all that has been done, dared, and sacrificed, in the cause of the misgoverned Christian subjects of the Turk; that, in a word, they have done everything they ought not to have done, and left undone all that they ought to have done: while so far from Russia showing as yet any disposition to attack or interfere with British interests, she has shown the most cautious determination to respect them in the widest construction of which the words are capable.

That is about the sum and substance of the Gladstonian indictment, and on that W. E. G. has arraigned the Government, in St. Stephen's first, and at Bingley Hall afterwards. The case has been heard, *tant bien que mal*, at Westminster, and has ended in a verdict for the Government. But there is an appeal from the Lower Court of Westminster to a Higher Court of Appeal—that of Public Opinion,





## DILAPIDATIONS.

*Architect (who has come down about the "Restoration").* "GOOD DEAL OF DRY-ROT ABOUT HERE!"  
*Garrulous Pew-Opener.* "OH, SIR, IT AIN'T NOTHINK TO WHAT THERE IS IN THE PULPIT!!"

in which court so much of the judgment as has been as yet delivered has been against that of the Lower Court of St. Stephen's.

But let us return to our muttons of Panurge—the sheep of the Parliamentary Pen.

MR. SANFORD began by getting rid of the speech he would have spoken had he caught the SPEAKER's eye during the debate on the Regulations.

MR. BOURKE answered in a solemn sounding string of "words—words—words"—with no more kernel of meaning than can be got out of the assurance that when it came to settling the terms of peace he presumed we should have a voice in them. It is to be hoped so. At any rate we may trust to LORD DERBY, in any such deliberations, to represent England bravely—upon paper.

Then LORD ELCHO proceeded to air his apprehensions of war, and our unpreparedness for it, but was called to order for irrelevancy, *proh pudor!* by the O'DONOGHUE. LORD ELCHO being by the SPEAKER pronounced irrelevant, sat silent—if not corrected—through a discussion—raised by MR. DILLWYN—on the national importance of telegraphic communication between Lundy Island and the adjacent island of Great Britain. Can the price of granite and guillemots' eggs be matters of much national moment? Or is it of the approach of hostile fleets and invading armies that Lundy Island is to whisper to Great Britain in lightning—if not in thunder?

That matter disposed of, LORD ELCHO got up to cleanse his stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon his heart, touching England's unpreparedness for war, and said his say, till even MR. HARDY told him he had better have held his tongue. To have been rebuked for too much out-spokenness by the out-spoken Secretary for War is a distinction LORD ELCHO ought to value.

MR. HARDY said, that with the fullest sense of his responsibility, he had kept our forces on the peace footing, but not without looking to the possible contingency—not, he believed, a probable one—of war. (But who can say what may happen with such a peace-loving, war-hating, non-committal Foreign Secretary as LORD DERBY!)

Then the House went into Supply on the Civil Service Estimates, and the cheese-parers—RYLANDS, MELLOR, and SIR GEORGE BALFOUR as lively as Mother Carey's Chickens on a dirty night—went in at

everything, from the salary of the Lord Privy Seal to the costs of Inspectors, of all sorts and sizes—Mining, Factory, Poor-Law, Sanitary, Vaccination—till, at last, PARNELL brought things to a *reductio ad absurdum* by moving to reduce by £10,000 the vote for the expenses of Vaccination, and had the pleasure of dividing—2 (himself and the faithful BIGGAR) to 115.

If Economy is to be made contemptible, commend us to its most prominent advocates in the present House of Commons. MR. DONSON ought to know better than allow his respectable name to figure in such company.

MR. MELLOR brought the cheese-paring and candle-end business to a climax of contemptibility by moving to strike off £530 (for coals, oils and candles supplied to certain offices) out of the £37,895 asked for the Office of Works.

MR. PARNELL stopped the desultory discussion at half-past twelve, on the £24,000 wanted for Secret Service Money. Ah, my worthy pair of obstructives, there is one appropriation from the amount asked under that name that would not be grudged—but perhaps it would want a bigger vote to do it, so *Punch* will not work out the suggestion.

The House then scuffled half-a-dozen Bills through various stages—one of them, the Bill for securing some State superintendence for the wretched Women and Children of our Canal-boat savages (for which they may bless MR. GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville first, and MR. CROSS, after him)—and finally broke up, with the happy consciousness of a first of June well begun, at half-past one.

*Friday.*—Till the Government has made up its mind how deep it will dip into JOHN BULL's pocket to pay for Harbour-making, and when it has raised the money where it will spend it, it is little use for LORD C. HAMILTON or MR. BRASSEY to press the claims of Filey to have a Million spent on turning it into a Harbour of Refuge; or for MR. PEASE to show that if a Million is to be spent on Harbour-making, Tees-Bay is the place; or for MR. FRESHFIELD to urge the same claim for Dover. Every Member is bound, of course, to speak up for the rights of his own constituency to the Lion's share of any public money or public works that may be going—all the more, as Members know very well they are not likely to get it, and so may



win cheap credit for zeal on behalf of their boroughs, without any cost to the country.

Both SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out that a great deal of money was being spent under the Harbours and Passing Tolls Act, and that there was more where that came from, viz., in the till of the Public Works Commissioners and the pockets of those who would reap most profit from the work. LORD CLAUD had no right to expect more than 28 to 99 on his Motion.

COLONEL KINGSCOTE was Counted Out in a vain attempt to set forth the wretched state of the poorer population of the Forest of Dean, where, under the noses of wealthy private mine-owners, and the Crown, the biggest mine- and land-owner of all, a race of uncared-for savages seems to be growing up in dirt, disease and ignorance, on ever-accumulating cinder-heaps. But what cares the Collective Wisdom? Let the Local Wisdom look to it. Shall the Crown submit to be crowed over? Office of Woods forbid!

## FROM THE OLD OBADIAH TO THE YOUNG OBADIAH.



CONTAINING some valuable Instruction for Youth.)

MY DEAR YOUNG OBADIAH,

It gives me, as your Uncle and adviser, great pleasure to think that you have netted a considerable sum by acting upon the strong recommendation conveyed to you in my last letter. *Silvio* was my tip in private to you, as you well remember; and I cannot yet believe that you should have allowed almost a week to pass by

without acknowledging your gratitude to one who dandled you as a babe on his knee, and who has been more than a parent to you since you were left, by circumstances over which no one seemed to have any control, on my hands. Your father, my brother-in-law, may return in a few years' time, or he may not. Facts are stubborn things, and his attempt to set up a resemblance between himself and me—which, however, signally failed, as I was in court at the time, and in a position to personally instruct the prosecution—was unworthy of his undoubted but generally misdirected genius.

Send a P.O. order, my dear boy (*not cheque, distinctly not cheque*), to your old Uncle, in his retirement, and never forget that a blessing awaits those who are kind and charitable to their aged relations. Recollect it was through me that you won your money. I trust to hear from you by return. My address is legibly written at the top of this letter. And now, my dearest Nephew, let me make a few general remarks. You are commencing your career, and will benefit by my experience.

That you should have been offered a seat on LORD NEWDELL'S coach, gratified me extremely: though, at the time, you were unaware that I was of the party. It was your first appearance as a Noble Sportsman, and, I am glad to say, you did credit to our family name and ancient reputation. Your white hat and white overcoat were nearly faultless; but my fortunate discovery that Noses's ticket (marked "30s.") was still adhering to the skirt, was a bit of foresight on my part worth a fifty-pun' note to you on such a day, and in such company.

But, correct as you were, and even imposing as was your appear-

ance (at some distance), yet I regret to say that, to the practised eye of an old bay-window observer like myself, you gradually fell off towards the boots, which, like the gaiters and the trousers, were evidently relics of a bygone and unsporting age. My boy, *don't half do anything*. Be dressed up to the "nines" exactly, but not merely up to the four-and-a-halves or even the fives. Also, not a fraction over the nines. Your hat, your coat (*when buttoned, mind*), your tie, and your gloves were all *de rigueur* for the Derby. But you were only attired for sitting down with your legs hidden, and had not reckoned on walking about the Course, or on being pilloried on the box of the drag, or on a corner seat at the back.

*Verbum sat.*

I was pleased to notice that if you have not a fund of entertaining conversation at command, yet you are possessed of an inexhaustible store of good-humour, and have much control over your facial expression, as was proved by the really amiable smile you assumed immediately after being struck sharply, and unexpectedly, in the left eye by a well-directed pea, just as you were ogling, in a most significant but inoffensive manner, a beautiful creature in lemon gloves and a blue feather, reclining in the barouche at our side. By the way, if you *must* ogle, you should practise it before a looking-glass. To ogle as a well-bred gentleman should ogle, is an art you have yet to acquire. At present, my dear boy, you only leer, and it is not a pleasant sight. I will send you a little book on the subject, entitled *The Modest Ogler*. Your jokes, if not absolutely brilliant, were quite equal to those of your companions, and were intelligible to the meanest capacity. As, for instance, when, on reaching the "Cook," young DICK SQUIFFIE (do not forget that though he is only DICK SQUIFFIE now, he *will* be one of the greatest swells in these British Isles) asked you, "Is this Sutton?" and you quickly replied, "Why, yes, *Sutton-ly*!" It was a very fair specimen of the kind of humour to which I have already alluded. It rather lost on repetition, but will, if kept in reserve, come out once again quite fresh for next year's Derby. For my part, I hate jokes and detest puns; but on a Derby Day, when politics are out of the question, and you've got your money on, why *dulce est dissipere in joco*.

Your subsequent performance on a fog-horn, and your playing with squeaking dolls, which you had purchased on the race-course, were not, perhaps, in the best possible taste; but you had had quite enough lobster-salad and champagne, and the sun had been, I admit, uncommonly strong. Besides, your companions—as many of them, at least, as still remained on the drag—were not in such a state as would have given weight to their observations, even when intelligible.

The last thing I saw of you was that you were engaged in kissing your hand to a bevy of elderly damsels in a van, before you succumbed to drowsiness, when you reclined on the roof, and slept with your head in a hamper. As the grooms were looking after you, I retired quietly to the interior of the coach, and meditated on the events of the day.

Take these remarks in good part, my dear boy, as I am anxious for you in your new career. It isn't often that a nephew has an Uncle who not only *knows the ropes*, but knows where to *draw the line*; and every line I send you is worth its weight in bullion. *A propos* of bullion, do not forget P.O. order for per-centage on the *Silvio* tip, for which you have to thank

Your ever affectionate Uncle,

THE OLD OBADIAH.

P.S.—Not a word to your Aunt. I respect her scruples.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*Reports to the Editor, after visiting the Lyceum, the Gaiety, and the Opera.*

SIR,—There is a portent in the theatrical world. MR. CHARLES READE, author of *The Wandering Heir* and *The Scuttled Ship*, has given us an exciting melodrama whose sole fault, in the eyes of an appreciative public, is—its brevity!

The *Lyons Mail*, as the new version is called, is, in some respects, an improvement on the former one written by MR. READE for the Princess's in CHARLES KEAN'S time. For instance, much more in this present piece is made of *Julie*, *Lesurques'* daughter, of *Jeannette*, *Dubosc's* wife, and of *Jerome*, *Lesurques'* father, than in the former adaptation. But these characters, it seems to me, have been strengthened somewhat at the expense of the dual parts of *Lesurques* and *Dubosc*, both forcibly played by MR. IRVING. MR. READE, however, has given us an additional scene between *Jerome* and his son, which is at once the most powerfully written and most admirably acted scene of the play; and here, while the weight of the dialogue is borne by MR. T. MEAD (whose performance of old *Jerome* is excellent throughout), the force of the acting, of varying emotions increasing in painful intensity at every moment, is entirely in the hands of MR. IRVING, and, to my mind, this "bit" is the best thing he has



ever done. Those who have seen his bye-play in *Richard the Third* while listening to *Margaret's* curse, can form some idea of how this artist would develop his part in such a situation as this, where, innocent of crime, he is accused by his own father of murder and of attempted parricide, and, finally, is upbraided by him as a coward, because he refuses to commit suicide, in order to save the family name from the ignominy of the scaffold.

The change from *Lesurques* to *Dubosc* is startling. MR. IRVING'S *Dubosc* might bear a little toning down—a slight graduating where the outlines of *Dubosc* and *Lesurques* touch, so that there should be more blending of the *physique* of the two characters. Sharp little boy *Joliquet*, at the Inn, would, probably, have distinguished between the amiable, smiling traveller and the rough, gruff, scowling brute who addresses him within two minutes after the first has left. True that the wife, *Jeannette*, has been deceived by the close resemblance of *Lesurques* to *Dubosc*, but then she alludes to what she supposes to be his disguise in "fine clothes" at his house on the Boulevard Montmartre. *Joliquet*, the boy, has not had time, or opportunity, to consider this, and I think a point has certainly been lost by MR. IRVING in not making in this scene, at all events, some more marked, but purely accidental, resemblance in dress and in arrangement of hair, between *Dubosc* and *Lesurques*; such, I mean, as would naturally induce not only *Joliquet's* mistake, but also that of *Jerome, Lesurques' father*.

MISS ISABEL BATEMAN has never been seen to greater advantage than as *Jeannette*, the wife of *Dubosc*; and as for MISS VIRGINIA, she was a perfect picture of the fashion under the Directory.

I cannot dismiss this without recurring to an admirably studied point in MR. IRVING'S *Dubosc*. In his dealings with the gang the Actor never loses sight of his being "the Captain." He arranges the plan of the robbery of the mail, he disposes his forces with as much decision as *Richard* showed on the eve of Bosworth. Then on the spot *Dubosc* is cool and collected. His enormous draughts of brandy have had no effect on his head or his hand. He takes up his vantage-ground as if it were a quiet corner in a *battue*, and quietly has a pot-shot at the guard and driver. As he has arranged it, so he carries it out. The other robbers fumble and fuss. He becomes impatient with their mode of doing business; his idea clearly is that, after all, collaboration in such a crime is almost useless, and that, if you really want a thing well done, you had better by far do it yourself. The only accomplice at all necessary to him is *Durochat*, the traveller in the mail, played by a gentleman appropriately named MR. HELPS—and this Mister helps considerably. In the last Act, where it is all *Dubosc—Dubosc* drunk, mad, delirious with savage joy at the prospect of seeing the innocent suffer for the guilty, fiendish as *Quilp*, brutal as *Macaire* to *Jacques Strop* (who finds a parallel in *Fouinard*, carefully played by MR. J. ARCHER), and, finally, *Dubosc*, like some wild animal at bay, desperately struggling for existence—MR. IRVING gives such a picture as will never be effaced from the spectator's memory. The brutality of this scene is so appalling that I do not wonder at the hearty cheer which arose from the house at the re-appearance of MR. IRVING as the noble, honest, gentle *Lesurques*, to replace the wretch whom they had seen, but a few seconds before, hide behind the door, prepared to sell his life dearly. That *The Lyons Mail* is a real success goes without saying.

Across the road to the Gaiety is but a step. Here the French company was, last week, playing *L'Ami Fritz*, and, once again, though the *artistes*, headed by M. FREDERIC FEBVRE and MLLÉ. ALICE LODY, come from the Comédie Française, from the Ambigu, the Porte St. Martin, the Châtelet, the Gymnase, the Odéon, and the Gaité, yet the *ensemble* of the performance was as perfect as if they had been all playing together for the last fifty nights. That *L'Ami Fritz* lacks incident and action, everyone interested in the French Stage knows by this time. But, though to my mind there is too much harping on one string, it is a refreshing piece, with an air of the country breathing about it, and its success in Paris afforded pleasant and not needless proof that thoroughly good acting, an intelligent choice and unvulgar treatment of even small and unexciting incidents, and natural dialogue, will carry a simple and pure story to a triumphant issue. The speeches are perhaps occasionally too lengthy, but then these occur invariably in the Rabbi's part, who is professionally a preacher. MLLÉ. ALICE LODY, as sweet *Suzel*, like too many French *ingénues*, is just a thought too ingenuous; she has a way of "priming" up her lips, a little too suggestive of "prunes" and "prism." The thought will intrude that she is not altogether too innocent to have conceived the idea of trapping *Friend Fritz*, and the thought naturally follows, how long will it be before he repents of his matrimonial plunge, and justifies the ridicule of his old bachelor chums?

M. FREDERIC FEBVRE as *Friend Fritz* was inimitable; while MADAME MAES, as the old housekeeper *Catherine*, and MADAME GODIN, in *Lisbet* the maid, small as the parts may be, are the very thing represented, and help out the completeness of the performance most materially.

M. FEBVRE'S *Marcel*—in the piece which we have had Englished in

at least two forms—is a wonderfully pathetic and powerful presentation of a mind shattered by a great sorrow, and the acting throughout was in startling contrast with what we have seen in the English adaptations of the little drama.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD gives us a long list of French plays in prospect, with first-rate *artistes* to act in them.

Before this letter appears, *Thérèse* will have made her bow to the audience on the 4th of June (the great Etonian holiday), and is to remain with us till the 18th, when comes ever-welcome CHAUMONT with things new and old.

At Covent Garden, *Patti's Zerlina*, in *Don Giovanni*, was, as usual, a triumph. On the *Tannhäuser* night, RICHARD WAGNER and MADAME MATERNA were in the house, but RICHARD (who seemed quite himself again) left after the Second Act. ALBANI was charming. Of course we are all longing to hear that MLLÉ. TITENS is out of danger. It was but the other evening I saw her in excellent health and spirits, apparently, at the Albert Hall listening to the Music of the Future. SIGNOR GAYARRE has got rid of his accent—I mean the accent that was placed on his "E"—and looks and sings as well as ever, at least, this is the opinion, *quantum valeat*, of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## FOUND AT EPSOM.



THE following articles picked up on the hill and near the Grand Stand after the Oaks may be had (on application by their owners) at 85, Fleet Street:—

A Letter of Thanks in Turkish, signed "ABDUL," and addressed "To the sweet singing Bulbul of the House of Lords."

A Pig-tail standing on end, apparently cut from its roots while the wearer was in a state of bewilderment; also a willow-pattern plate, the bottom of which has evidently been used as an extemporised note-book, being covered with hastily written remarks in the Chinese character on the English ditto. (Mr. *Punch's* own sergeant has served in the East, and understands the language of the Flowery Land.)

A Total Abstinence's Pledge unsigned, bound up, with a pocket edition of Joe Miller, in a handsome case, inscribed "from SIR W. L. to MAJOR O'G., M.P." and the quotation—

—"Si quid novisti rectius istis  
Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum."

A Large Bag full of grotesque masks and false noses, with a paper pinned to the bag, "I have collected these articles which I have but too much reason to believe are sold, bought and worn at Epsom Races by Jesuits, for purposes of disguise," signed "G. H. W., Peterborough."

A Box containing a set of house-breaking apparatus and several works of devotion, in a neat case, with the initials "A. T., Sacerdos," and the inscription, "for use at St. James's, Hatcham;" the books bear the Papal *imprimatur*, and are printed at Rome.

A Packet of General Orders signed "GEORGE," with marginal notes of objections to them, apparently raised by their author. Internal evidence would suggest that the owner is a high official at the Horse Guards.

A much thumbed copy of *The Young Navigator's Manual*, dealing with nautical matters in an elementary manner, with inscription on the fly-leaf "First L's room, Ad. Office, Whitehall."

Proof-sheets of a pamphlet upon Horse Racing from the *Earliest Times*, with some account of the latest Epsom Atrocities, initialed "W. E. G."

A MS., with the title *Notes on Shakspeare: No. 18. On the character of Juliet's Nurse's husband—showing that his merriment was but the mask of a deep seriousness*. And another, marked No. 19, *Inquiries into the Allitude of a Chopine*. (See Hamlet's speech to the Players.) Addressed to the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century*.





### WORLDLY WISE.

*First Mother of Daughters.* "HAVE YOU CALLED ON THE CHOLMONDELEY JONESES YET!"

*Second Ditto.* "YES, I HEARD THEY WERE GOING TO GIVE A BALL, AND SO I CALLED LAST SATURDAY."

*First Ditto (in a tone of superiority).* "AH! I HEARD THAT THE BALL WAS NOT COMING OFF, AND SO I DIDN'T!"

### "QUIS TULERIT GRACCHOS DE SEDITIONE QUERENTES?"

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is astonished that *Punch* should have quoted MR. FORSYTH's attribution of the description of the *P. M. G.*,—"a journal written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—to those who started the paper, and not to THACKERAY, the author of both name and description. No doubt MR. FORSYTH thought, as *Punch* did, that when the projectors of the *Gazette* took its name from THACKERAY, they wished to be understood as taking also the character he had coupled with it. It is true they have done their best of late to remove this impression by the rabidness of their attacks on those who differ with them about the Eastern Question, and the recklessness with which they ascribe motives, and attach abusive epithets to their opponents. They have in fact made their disclaimer of THACKERAY's description superfluous.

But the funniest thing is to find these flingers of hard names and harsh imputations complaining, in a late number, of "the essential want of generosity of that party who, not content with adhering to their own narrow view of a great question, refuse even to admit the possibility that the view of their opponents may be the true one, and to judge fairly of their conduct by the light of that consideration."

When has the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in dealing with this question, set an example of this generous appreciation of the policy, motives, or conduct of those who in this matter would rather be wrong, if wrong they must be, with MR. GLADSTONE, than right, if right they can be, with the *Pall Mall Gazette*?

### A League of Separation.

(*A propos of the last new Union for the Separation of Church and State, set on foot by the REV. MR. MACKONCHIE and his friends.*)

BRED of priestly impatience with law and its tether,  
This Ritual move leaves plain sense in the lurch.  
Leagues till now have been formed to keep Churches together;  
But this is a League for dividing the Church!

### "HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF."

WITH the revival of the Old Coaching Days (we are becoming a trifle tired of steam) highway robberies are once more coming into fashion.

There have been two or three lately, but the Knights of the Road do not, evidently, as yet know their business. The Highway-men were, we regret to say, *on foot*! These degenerate successors of the eminent CLAUDE DU VAL and the gallant CAPTAIN MACHREATHS of a later period wore masks, which was very considerate of them, but there was no gold embroidery on their coats, no long boots and buckskin breeches, and, in fact, they had omitted to go previously to MR. MAX, the theatrical costumier, to consult him on the correct costume. And they were so stupidly practical and so vulgarly unromantic! In one instance there were two ladies in a carriage with an elderly gentleman (the servants are not mentioned), but there was no *coranto* or *minuet de la cour* danced on the heath! No; they simply presented pistols, offered the choice of "money or life," and decamped with all they could get. Another set stopped an Auctioneer. Why, here was a chance for some fun! They might have made him value his own watch and chain, and have bid among themselves! With just one redeeming spark of humour, they knocked the Auctioneer down—the Auctioneer having been previously accustomed to *knock down a lot*, was naturally surprised to find a *lot* knocking him down—and, at their bidding (another touch of humour) he gave up £260. But the ungentlemanly ruffians ill-treated him, and bound him hand and foot with ropes. The report in the newspaper adds that "his cries brought a policeman to his assistance about two hours afterwards." This happened near Keighley. Where were the Keighley Guardians? And where are the mounted constabulary?

SORS HORATIANA.

(*Campaign on the Danube.*)

"Russicus expectat dum defuit amnis."





“FIAT EXPERIMENTUM—!”

BRITANNIA. “ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE A YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST MADE HIS DÉBUT ON THE DANUBE, AND TO WHOM YOU AND I WILL, I RATHER THINK, HAVE A GOOD DEAL TO SAY.”







## VESTMENTS AND LAWN SLEEVES.



THE *Morning Post* reports an "important meeting of High Churchmen," in number above 300, "held, under CANON CARTER'S presidency," on the Derby Day, in the Westminster Palace Hotel, whereat:—

"A resolution pledging the meeting to resist absolutely the secular judgments of the new Lambeth Court and the Court of Final Appeal, is said to have been carried with remarkable enthusiasm and unanticipated unanimity. The meeting, after three hours' session, closed with the episcopal benediction."

Who gave it? No Bishop appears to have been present. Surely CANON CARTER could not have undertaken to play the part of one. How then could these rebels against episcopacy have possibly got an "episcopal benediction." The Ritualists are supposed not to have a Bishop to bless themselves.

## AT THE SERVICE OF ULYSSES.

(On his Travels.)

EX-PRESIDENT GRANT a few days since, in returning thanks for his health at a Manchester banquet, admitted that he liked his speeches like his drinks—short and strong, but that he hated the work of talking, even under these conditions.

Mr. *Punch*, always anxious to serve an illustrious visitor, begs to present the General with a few outline orations that may be useful to him. He trusts he will appreciate the spice of local colour he has tried to throw in, to take off the air of preparation, and give an extempore and offhand style to the General's utterances.

## Reply to a Corporation Address.

Gentlemen,—It is the custom to lasso royal personages and other less distinguished visitors with a string of platitudes and pomposities, drawn up by the Town Clerk, or Recorder where there is one, and flung at the head of the object of Corporate civility. I can't escape, and I don't complain. When in Rome do as Rome does. I have. You have slobbered me down. I have stood quiet to be slobbered down. Thanks—now you can get out of your red gowns and big talk, and re-enter the region of rational remark, and the coat, vest, and pants of private life.

## Speech on Receipt of the Freedom of the City of London.

My Lord Mayor and Gentlemen,—I know you like this big place of yours to be called "the first city of the world." According to usage, I beg to declare London some pumpkins in the way of bigness, business, and bunkum. You have given me a lot of rights which I don't understand, and which I guess you never expect me to exercise. You mean it civilly, and I thank you. And now, Gentlemen, (with my Lord Mayor's permission), we will turn to for a big dinner and a big drink in genuine Mansion House style, though I guess you can't out out DELMONICO'S.

## Speech after a Visit to the Crystal Palace.

Mr. Chairman and Directors,—You have shown me an almighty big greenhouse, some considerable plaster casts, and an all-fired, handsome garden, and I don't know which I conclude to like best, your waterworks or firework fixings. On the other hand, I have shown myself on your account to a big crowd of the shilling public. I trust (as I understand on all hands that your establishment is deserving of more support than it gets), that the money taken at the doors on this interesting occasion will more than defray expenses, and that the result of this, and similar national and patriotic ovations, may be sensibly felt in your dividends.

## Reply to Deputations of several Societies.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—You have come to see me with the view of trotting out your various hobbies. I am used to that sort of thing at home. I guess you'd rather talk yourselves than listen to me. I'm quite agreeable. So fire away, and I trust your orations will be reported to your entire satisfaction in to-morrow's papers.

## Reply to the Leo-Hunters.

My pushing Friends,—You are most anxious to have the showing of this child among the Lions of the Season. I should have supposed the Zoological Gardens the rightest place for an exhibition of

the animal in question. However, as "living celebrities" are a step in advance of "old china," in the way of rational interest, I have concluded to come and be stared at in as many drawing-rooms as I can find time and temper for. Only don't crowd a feller out of all elbow-room when the hot weather comes—if there's any on the road—or I shall think it's White House over again.

## Speech at a City Banquet.

Gentlemen,—It has given me great pleasure to assist at your almighty big feed. I hear that it has been proposed to ask Parliament to look into the way you spend your revenues. All I can say is, that if you are as spry on your duties as on your dinners, I think it will be hard to make out a case against you.

## Reply to several Deputations of Rival Home-Rulers.

Representatives of a down-trodden Race,—You have done me the honour to bullyrag JOHN BULL for the glorification of UNCLE SAM. Since I came I have watched your conduct in the British House of Commons, and I should think from what I've seen of the Home-Rulers in that location that the Irish House will be a lively school of oratory, and an almighty smart place of business, when you get it. In our country we know a thing or two about the worth of the Irish Agitator and the weight of the Irish vote. However, I shall be happy to reciprocate—especially with the Major. My liquor is old Bourbon, but I've no objection to John Jamieson.

## Oration to the Citizens of London in General.

Good-natured Cusses,—You have shouted after me till you are hoarse, and crowded me up till I feel as limp as a Fourth of July Orator, or a Senator on the stump. But so you did that all-fired savage the SHAN; and so you would, I guess, any big bug that came among you. However, Irish Editors and Native Spread-Eaglers notwithstanding, it's a fact your right-down American cousins do kind of cotton to the British branch of the family, and I see no reason to doubt that you Britishers will really like us if you ever come to our real grit. And why shouldn't we like each other? We've one tongue, one past of famous men and glorious associations, one future of rational progress and law-abiding liberty. We're pretty much made to the same gauge, and of the same scantling.

So, on behalf of the Young Giant I represent, I beg to thank the Old Mother Country for my reception. I hope you are as well pleased with your guest, as he has every reason to be with his entertainers, and that we shall neither of us be such darned fools as to quarrel on our own account, or such gonies as to let any set of mean cusses drag us into a row on theirs. That's about the whole of what I've got to say—except good-bye, and God bless you!

## GRAVE MISDEMEANOUR.

COINCIDENTLY with the "Penge Mystery," there appears to have occurred a similar "mystery" in the Isle of Wight, wherein the *Times* refers as follows to an alleged

"CASE OF STARVATION.—With regard to the case of alleged starvation in the Isle of Wight workhouse, about which a question was lately put in the House of Commons, the guardians yesterday received a letter from the Local Government Board, stating that the evidence before them confirmed the effect of the verdict at the coroner's inquest that deceased died from starvation. Two nurses are discharged, the master is censured, the medical officer requested to resign, and his deputy debarred from further employment in any similar capacity."

This is very severe. If, for the alleged starvation of a mere pauper, officials are actually censured and even sent about their business, no wonder that people accused of having starved a respectable person are committed to take their trial for murder.

## Imperfect Accoutrements.

A DAILY contemporary—not an Irish one—animadverting on the unreadiness of the British Army observes that:—

"For want of those pence, shillings, and pounds, in which England abounds more than any other country, we find our soldiers are few, that they have no gaiters and no buttons to them."

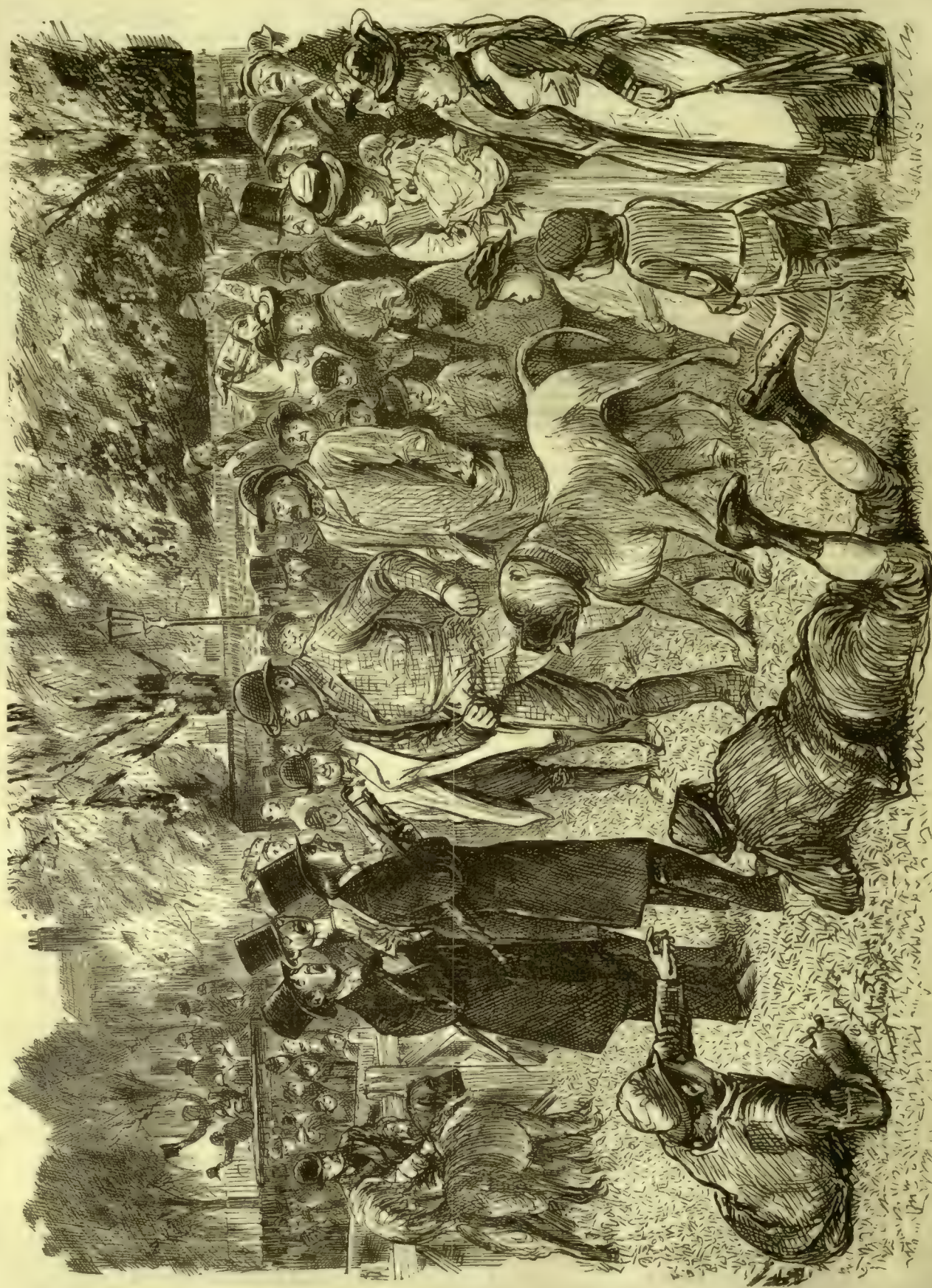
This is a little too hard upon the War Office. How could the troops possibly have any buttons to no gaiters?

## A Query from the Danube.

TORPEDO, of the future's naval task,  
Has won the Master's place. Should proof be needed,  
To whom but to a Master, *Punch* would ask,  
Is power to blow up Monitors conceded?

STUFF AND NONSENSE.—A City Banquet, and the speeches after it.





# WHITSUNTIDE HUMOURS.

*Holiday Maker (to Open-Air Preacher).* "I SAY, GUV'NOR, JUST KETCH 'OLD O' THIS YER DOG, WILL YER, WHILE ME AN' MY MATE GETS A DROP O' BEER? 'OLD HIM TIGHT, AN' IF HE TRIES TO FOLLER US, OR GETS UP ANY OF 'IS LARKS, 'IT 'IM ONE OVER THE 'ED WITH YER RUMFELLER. I WON'T BE MORE'N FIVE MINUTES!"



## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Forwarded as usual by Private Wire.)\*



3 P.M.—They are gaining on us! Their notes since their awful repast are quite changed. I can detect in their howls the notes of the various compositions they have swallowed. Above all, I hear the highest note (by two wolves in unison) of the "*Suoni la Tromba!*" . . . I shall write an Opera if I ever get out of this sleigh alive! . . . It will be *Mazeppa!* and in one Act a panorama of his wild career, with such orchestration for the wolves as the world has never heard. Early application from music-publishers necessary. . . . Cry from the Boy in the rumble. . . . "Oh!" It

is [a cry] of agony. . . . A wolf, in advance of the rest, has come up with him. The Boy, overful in the battery, Send startling messages to both of them. On they go by electricity! Steam surpassed!!! Saved! Saved!—for the present.

8.—Dinner-time. Still flying onwards. Wolves distanced. Ha! The towers of the old Cathedral of St. Vitus within four miles!!

8'15.—Horror! Wire broken connecting Horse and Donkey. Donkey drops down dead. On examination we find that he has been defunct for some hours past, but his muscular power has been kept in action by the electricity. We leave him for the wolves. On again! On further examination I ascertain, having been something of a Vet in my time, that the horse also has been dead some hours, but the electric current is still passing through the wire to him, and so the muscular action is kept up. This gives the lie to the old Russian proverb about "*no use trying to drive a dead horse.*" I am doing so, and we could win a Derby like this. What a subject for a legendary poem! The Flying Phantom on the Dead Horse! I must send it to WAGNER. He would have preferred it to the *Flying Dutchman*. (I make this note in my Diary with my hands frozen as we gallop onward in the moonlight.)

10.—Night. Moon shining. Battery getting weaker and weaker. Horse consequently more and more feeble. Wolves gaining on us. Now—how about throwing over the children as they did in the story? The Fair Circassian suggests giving the Pig to the wolves. I open the boot. The Pig has overheard us. He has the letters of the Alphabet before him and has spelt out "*No, please don't!*" Touching scene. Reminds me of *Arthur* and *Hubert* in the Tower. *Arthur* (by Learned Pig), *Hubert* (by Myself). This will be a good interlude when the Circus is once started. Would tell in the season at the Egyptian Hall. Music. "*Woodman spare that Pig!*" . . . Wolves on us. . . . The towers of *Gladitzova* in sight. . . . Electricity stopping. Horse dropping. . . . Children must be thrown over, or the Unfair Circassian. . . . Begin with Sleigh-driver's Boy. . . . Sleigh-driver's Boy suggests beginning with Sleigh-driver. . . . The wolves are within two hundred yards of us. . . . It must be done. . . . The Sleigh-driver has five capes, a thick fur coat, and a whip. . . . With the whip he can defend himself, and the wolves will be a long time before they get through his capes, his boots, and at him. . . . Wolves within one hundred

yards. . . . One wild cry. . . . A struggle. . . . 'Tis done!!! . . .

*Gladitzova* at last! At the gate of the town the electric battery bursts. The faithful Circus Horse drops. Alas! poor *Black Bess!* Thou wert a gay lass! Better mare was never foaled! Ah! what a chance I've lost in not being able to play *Dick Turpin's Ride to Khiva!* Well, well, thou wert eighteenthence an hour, and the contract was, distinctly, from London to Khiva. Thy master will lose his money, for thou, O gallant mare, hast broken the contract, and my heart! *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and I do not pay thine owner, my sweet *Black Bess!* Peace to thy manes!—I mean thy mane, for thou hadst but one.

And the Sleigh-driver! He was to have reported himself to the livery stable at *Gladitzova*—but he cannot do so now. Poor fellow! I was to have paid and discharged him at Khiva, and here we are at *Gladitzova*, only a few miles from our ultimate destination, and he has broken his agreement through being eaten by the wolves, and I have therefore no one to pay. Such is life! I explained all this to the livery stable-keeper here, who is in correspondence with my Sleigh-owner at St. Petersburg. We shall only stop here a night just to give one performance with the Learned Pig, the Hairless Circassian, and Our Boys, for the benefit of the Wanderers' Home. Then on to Khiva. We expect to be at Khiva early to-morrow.

My beard and moustache are still in icicles. On applying hot water to my face, it caused my head to swell out suddenly to the size of a pantomime mask. This will be useful in the Circus entertainment, but I can't go out till night time. However, it's good for business. The hair of Our Boys is quite white by now. They are premature old men. Ah me! a thing to shudder at, not to see. On to Khiva. Where's cheque?

I have just walked round the ramparts. In the distance I can see Khiva. It is within a walk. But I am bound to ride—not walk—to Khiva, and I am a man of my word.

## FOR OUR "TWO GENTLEMEN."

THE HORSE AND HIS OWNER.

(Slightly altered from SHAKESPEARE'S.)

Who is *Silvio*? What is he,  
That tips nor touts commend him?  
Flyer both and stayer he,  
And luck did ARCHER send him,  
That well-riden he might be!

Was he fit as he was fair,  
Whence the tipsters' blindness?  
*Blair Athol's* son by *Silverhair*  
Might have earned more kindness  
Than twelve to one, and backers  
rare!

Then to *Silvio* let us sing,  
The Derby field excelling:  
And LORD FALMOUTH, runner fair  
As in England's dwelling—  
To both their Blue Ribbon bring!

\* Next week we shall have something to say about Private Wire. At present we can only guardedly remark that we think a Private Wire is a Wonderful Invention.—Ed.





## SABBATH-BREAKING.

*Scotch Cook.* "WHIST! THERE'S MASTER WHUSTLIN' O' THE SAUBATH! LOSH SAVE US! AN' 'MAGGIE LAUDER,' TOO!"

## A VOICE FROM "GIB."

WE are, thank Heaven, familiar in these days with all sorts of kindly movements for all sorts of improvements in the lot of all sorts of people, from Cabmen and Costermongers upwards. But few classes have profited more by this kindness of the time than our Soldiers. In our home barracks reading and recreation-rooms, but lately altogether unknown, are now the rule rather than the exception. On Stations abroad, as such resorts for leisure hours are more needed than at home, *Punch* had supposed that they were quite as common as in British barracks. What was his surprise to learn, the other day, that there is no such thing as a soldiers' reading and recreation-room at Gibraltar, with its garrison of more than five thousand men, its oppressive climate, its temptations to vice and excess, and the exclusion of its garrison from most of the out-door amusements accessible to the soldier at home and in our more temperate colonies and dependencies!

There is a movement on foot for supplying this strange sin of omission, which *Punch* presumes has but to be known to be put an end to. A "Gib. cat" is a recognised symbol of melancholy, and a "Gib. soldier" is not the image a man would choose to convey the idea of joyousness. But though the *Rock* is not a "*quartiere allegro*," any more than the *Rock* is a joyous newspaper, under the best of circumstances, the out of its jib would be materially improved by an "Institute," (if that imposing word is the right one to use of a modest place of resort for the soldier when off duty,) with reading and recreation-rooms where he can join in unobjectionable games, and a coffee and refreshment-room where he can empty any number of the cups that cheer but not inebriate. For his own part, *Punch* sees no objection to the provision of wholesome beer or light wines as well. But probably the canteen-keepers have a vested monopoly in these, within barrack bounds, and would object to the granting of any licence for even the wholesomest form of tippie on which a man could get drunk even under the most insuperable difficulties.

*Punch* has only had to receive notice of such a want to give it the benefit of his world-wide *rooti-too-it*, and to add that donations may be sent to the Treasurer, CAPTAIN M. WILBRAHAM TAYLOR, Rifle Brigade, Gibraltar, or to the credit of the Soldiers' Institute, Gibraltar, at MESSRS. BARCLAY, BEVAN & CO., 54, Lombard Street, or MESSRS. RANSOM, BOUVERIE & CO., 1, Pall Mall East, S. W.

FORBIDDEN FRUITS.—Those of Philosophy à la BRADLAUGH.

## A POET ON SPELLING.

"I am not afraid of ridicule, and I have a strong opinion on the spelling question. I cannot be present at your meeting, but you are quite welcome to my opinion. There are, I am informed, thirty-nine sounds in the English language. There are twenty-four letters. I think that each letter should represent one sound, that fifteen new letters should be added, so that there be a letter for every sound, and that every one should write as he speaks.—*Mr. Lowe's Letter read at the Conference on Spelling Reform, held at the Society of Arts, Adelphi.*

RASH man, refrain! These are momentous times  
For poets. Muffs are meddling with our rhymes.  
Is 't not enough that measure 's set aside,  
And every ancient rule of rhythm defied,  
By that amorphous lunatic WALT WHITMAN,  
But that the likes of MR. ISAAC PITMAN  
Must make a raid on rhymes, and CADMUS-LOWE  
Add fifteen brand-new letters at a blow  
To our redundant alphabet? Thirty-nine!  
An ominous number. Ask a shrewd divine.  
'Twill tend to strife if the phonetic particles  
Are made co-numerous with the Church's Articles.  
The very prospect fills me with affright;  
I've now an inkling when my rhymes are right,  
But right from wrong I'm sure there'll be no telling,  
If PITMAN plays the mischief with our spelling;  
What pleasure would e'en MILTON's muse afford,  
His spells reshaped by an ARTEMUS WARD!  
Would gentle readers waste their sighs or shillings  
On BYRON, if phoneticised by BILLINGS?  
What bard would care to write of Love, if he  
Were bound to spell it with an l-u-v?  
Who'd pipe of ladies i's? Who'd not refuse  
To invoke a crabbéd creature called the Muz?  
And where's the amorous bard could be so stupid  
As chant the praises of a god named Qpid?  
Absurd! Methinks on poet's page I gaze,  
No fair trim garden, but a tangled maze  
Of typographic tongue-traps. And for what?  
To save young spellists trouble! Horrid rot!  
MÜLLER may mouth, and BIKKERS vaunt how much  
Our spelling falls below his crackjaw Dutch:  
PITMAN may swear "e-a" defies all law—  
(His favourite vocable should be "e-haw!");  
ELLIS may make his "Glossic" system known,  
And SWEET be very sweet upon his own;  
'Tis nice to know the rival hobbies clash—  
One hopes the tilt may end in general smash—  
It will not do. Bards must not have their lines  
Defaced by diacritic marks and signs,  
Or spoilt by comic spelling. Learned bores,  
Drive not the sickened Muses from our shores!  
They're put up with doubtful etymology,  
They do not care a fraction for philology,  
But they must leave Old England, with regret,  
If LOWE lays hands upon her Alphabet;  
And far from the Adelphi make their dwelling  
If PITMAN sets his spell upon her spelling.

THE HOMŒOPATHY OF WAR.—Treating a revolting tribe with revolting cruelty.

NAME OF THE DEFEATED DEBBY FAVOURITE (*adapted to English pronunciation, by a disgusted Backer*).—*Sham'un.*

## AN EXPLANATION.

THE Editor of *London* begs *Punch* to remove an impression which the Editor thinks may be left by a paragraph in a late "Essence of Parliament," that a parody on WORDSWORTH'S "*We are Seven*," quoted by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in the debate on MR. GLADSTONE'S Resolutions, had been actually sent to *Punch* and rejected by him. What *Punch* meant was not that the parody had been consigned to his waste-paper-basket, but that it was of the quality that usually finds its way to that well-filled receptacle. He thought when he wrote this that the lines were SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S own. Had he known they had actually appeared in *London*, he would have guarded himself more carefully against the misinterpretation which has been put on his very innocently meant bit of chaff.



## SUNDAY OUT.



Bound for an "outing," to the flowery plains  
South of the Thames, Barnes, Mortlake, Sheen, and Kew,  
Richmond, and Bushey Park, and Hampton Court,  
Where yet some hedgerows spring, and Commons spread  
Exempt from bricks-and-mortar. Happy thought  
How the fresh air invigorates their frames,

AY hath departed.  
June's long  
wished-for sun,  
Late owing to the  
Day that bears  
his name,  
Shines brightly as  
the Sun on Sun-  
day should.  
Now the suburban  
Lover of his Kind  
Delights to view  
the loaded omni-  
bus,  
The close-crammed  
boat, and over-  
crowded train,  
Conveying freights  
of London folk,  
released  
From desk, shop,  
warehouse, scene  
of week-day toil,

Whilst heavenly influence on their smoky souls  
Streams in from fields and flowers. And what if they,  
Mostly, from roll of leaf convolved, or bowl,  
Through root of briar or aluminous clay,  
Where'er they go Nicotian fumes exhale,  
And whiff graveolence on the balmy breeze?  
Fastidious Dandy, keep thy nose between  
Them and the Zephyr. Bless them! Pleasing sight  
The People, at each roadside hostelry  
Recruiting, *bonâ fide* travellers,  
Attested such by posies in their hands  
Of wild flowers newly gathered, branches green,  
And blooming hawthorn or horsechestnut boughs,  
Fresh rent from tree and hedge in park or lane.  
How nice and pretty, coming o'er the Bridge  
At eve to meet them, bringing bits of leaf  
And blossom back, to brighten their poor homes!  
Nipped they but bits and bunches, "Oh, how nice!"  
And "Oh, how pretty!" 'twere 'enow to say.  
But, in their thousands, stripping hedge and tree  
Of bough and branch, with pull succeeding pull,  
They'll soon go far to leave nor tree nor hedge  
In London's peopled suburbs. There's the thought  
That something checks the gush of sympathy,  
And taints its milk with gall. It pains the man  
Who loves his Kind, to see that Kind behave  
Only too like stray donkeys, or wild swine,  
That root and ravage, grub up, and tear down,  
Whate'er comes in their way. Such woful spoil,  
Such grievous havoc, urge e'en Freedom's friend  
To wish that ROBERT might patrol the vales,  
ROBERT in blue, with guardian truncheon armed,  
To fend them from deflowering Cockneydom!

## MORE INJURIOUS INSECTS.

LAST week a Conference was held, at the rooms of the Society of Arts, on Insects injurious to Agriculture. After much useful discussion, it was decided that the Privy Council should be requested to take the matter into serious consideration with a view to the suppression of the objectionable parasites. Mr. Punch ever ready to take a valuable hint likely to be of service to his fellows, suggests that a Conference should also be held on insects just as injurious to society as the *Phylloxera* to the vine, or the Colorado *Doryphorus* to the potato. He subjoins a few examples of the most noxious genera of these social insect-plagues.

*The Home Hornet* uses its very virulent venom in stinging all it comes in contact with. Its poison, of which the principle is the intensely acrid *Sarcasma malitiosum*, has been known to produce very serious effects on nervous and weakly temperaments. Luckily, it is as cowardly as it is offensive, and so may be easily frightened off for the moment, but only to resume its annoyance on the first opportunity.

*The Visiting Drone*. This creature is almost singular in creation, for no one has yet ascertained what useful purpose it serves in the scheme of the universe. So far as its habits have been studied, it seems to employ itself entirely in impeding the labours of others. With this object it is to be found infesting the rooms of authors, artists, actors, and other busy people, particularly the more easy-going and amusing businesses and crafts. When it has once been allowed to establish a *habitat*, it will be found most difficult to get rid of.

*The Friendly Locust*. This parasitic insect generally makes its appearance about meal-times. If not at once supplied with food, it will stay buzzing about the drawing-room, till it sees the family on the move for the dining-room, when it will attempt to follow them. Loaded wine and badly-cooked food will sometimes (but by no means always) relieve those who suffer from this obnoxious and persevering insect.

*The Money-Lending Spider*. This horrible creature's favourite habitat is in back-streets leading out of fashionable thoroughfares. It also haunts the advertisement columns of the newspapers. It feeds upon the softer genera of flies, whose blood it sucks with avidity, and in an incredibly short time. It can be easily detected by its sixty per cent.

*The Wearisome Worm*. This insect infests club-rooms, watering-places, parties, promenades, and indeed all crowded social gatherings. In such places it is very apt to settle on the arm, or even, in cases of the bolder species, the button-hole, of its incautious victim. It is difficult to shake off, but its sting is more irritating than really painful.

*The Garrulous Gnat*. This insect has many of the peculiarities of the Visiting Drone. During its erratic flight from place to place, it deposits eggs, which afterwards develop into swarms of winged *Scandala gossipiensis*, an ephemeral insect furnished with an

ingenious prehensile machinery, besides a peculiarly injurious poison, and a sharp sting. Altogether a creature more formidably equipped for mischief it would be difficult to find.

*The Libellous Flea*. This, again, is an insect of the Drone order: Variety, *vitiouissima*. It delights in hopping from place to place, leaving its characteristic drop of venom as it goes. It is difficult to catch, and harder to put down, but no opportunity should be lost of diminishing the breed of this ever-increasing plague.

And lastly, the *Would-be Comic Snail*. This creature is about the most irritating and irrepressible of all insects. Its favourite habitat seems to be Mr. Punch's waste-paper basket, which it fills with wonderful rapidity.

## Nuda Veritas.

THE leading Swiss hotel-keepers have formed a league to put down "vails" to servants. Their wages are to be doubled, and "service" is to disappear from the travellers' bills. But won't the tips to the *valetaille* continue to be expected by them all the same, and paid by the traveller, who will bleed by his own hand rather than put up with churlish service or chilling looks, and the humiliating sense that he is regarded as a "mean ous" by those who look for his parting *franc* without getting it. In this case the so-called "doing away with fees to servants," will be but a new form of extortion without vails, in other terms, barefaced extortion.

## A Note from Melos.

THE lovely members that were wanting to "make the Venus of Milo the most complete *chef-d'œuvre* of classic art, have been discovered (so they say) not thirty yards from the spot where the torso originally laid down her arms in the time of PHIDIAS. And yet she has been conquering without them, and in Paris, too, the great arena of female rivalry, ever since she was disinterred by an obscure French Vice-Consul! If thus irresistible unarmed, what will she be now she has once more taken up her arms—and not only her arms but the looking-glass which the right arm carries—the weapon *par excellence* of Venus, armed anew "for conquest of the world."

## NEW PATIENTS.

THE usual State Banquets were given on Her Majesty's Birthday. Seeing that SIR WILLIAM GULL and MR. CÉSAR HAWKINS were amongst the Noblemen and Gentlemen invited by the EARL OF BRADFORD, the Master of the Horse, the question cannot be thought irrelevant—have these eminent practitioners turned their attention to another branch of the profession, and become "Vets"?

JOHNSON FOR EVER!—No Phonetic Spelling!! Manifesto of Modern Barons: "*Nolumus Orthographiam Angliæ mutari.*"



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AFTER L. KNAUS. (SLIGHTLY ALTERED).

about the discomfort and danger of Railway Stations used by more than one Company.

(Commons).—LORD G. HAMILTON, with characteristic briskness, promises the Indian Budget in the course of the next fortnight. It will be followed by a request for leave to borrow at home what can't be got in India of the Five Millions the Madras and Bombay famine have cost us.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE having asked for Tuesday Morning Sitting, does not, for the present, mean to ask for more.

SIR GEORGE BOWYER asked, but was refused, leave to "heckle" MR. GLADSTONE on his share in the formation of the Birmingham National Confederation—in which SIR GEORGE seems to smell a Brummagem House of Commons.

The Clerical Fellow was, with difficulty, threshed through the Universities Bill Committee, but not out of the Universities, as at one moment seemed likely.

MR. GOSCHEN moved that the Commissioners should disconnect Headships and Fellowships from Holy Orders.

SIR C. DILKE, MR. OSBORNE MORGAN, MR. TREVELYAN, *pro.*; MR. MOWBRAY, and MR. BERESFORD HOPE, as in representative duty

bound, *con.* MR. HANBURY, though he thought Clerical Fellowships not only useless but injurious to the Church, would leave the Colleges with their clerical heads on.

MR. GLADSTONE liked to see a large clerical element in the teaching body, though he did not think Clerical Fellowships the right thing. His speech hazy, and scarce consistent with his vote.

MR. HARDY opposed the clause; LORD HARTINGTON supported it. Finally it was rejected by the narrow majority of 147 to 138.

In the present House such a division sounds the doom of Clerical Fellows. "No admission by orders" will soon be the rule in the Universities, as in the theatres when the house can be filled without being "papered."

After dinner, SIR C. DILKE revived the discussion of the same point on another Motion, when it was defeated by 173 to 151.

"No Clerical turnpike-tolls," will be the rule of the road that leads to snug College berths, for our grandsons, if not our sons.

"Another Church-bulwark sapped," exclaim those who look backward to the past. "Another source of Church weakness dried up," cry the Liberals who look forward. But it "has to be," as our American cousins say. Why should Dissenting wranglers and First-Class-men be so heavily handicapped in the Oxford and Cambridge three-year-old races?

Tuesday.—Their Lordships knocked off a few Bills at the usual pace, and were up, with clear consciences, let us hope, and appetites for more, by twenty minutes past five. They don't insist upon talking, *à tort et à travers*—and there are no LORDS BIGGAR and PARNELL. LORD REDESDALE is their worst obstructive.





### THE SKETCHING SEASON, 1877.

STODGE'S SKETCHING EQUIPAGE—(HE CAN'T WALK ACROSS COUNTRY SO WELL AS WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER)—COMBINING CELERITY WITH PRIVACY AND ECONOMY.

(Commons, Morning Sitting.)—MESSRS. WHALLEY and GOURLEY much exercised on LORD DERBY'S Suez Canal Despatch. That *enfant terrible*, E. JENKINS, in spite of the frown of the SPEAKER and the howl of the House, wanted explanations before the House had had time to read the papers, and MR. WHITBREAD, a great stickler for House of Commons decorums, rapped him over the knuckles.

MR. A. EGBERTON was instructed to deny the report of a mutiny aboard the *Alexandra*—the last ship in the Navy, to judge by her name, for Blue Jackets to mutiny in. To be sure, there *had* been some extra drill, some dissatisfaction between decks, some mess-traps and gun-sights thrown overboard, but no mutiny, bless you!—or if any, like the country girl's baby, "Such a little one!" "But where there's smoke there's fire"—and guns without sights might prove, on an emergency, as useless as Admirals without brains. So perhaps the Admiralty may find it desirable to look sharply into this little "flare up" aboard the *Alexandra*.

Consideration of Prisons Bill, as amended. MESSRS. O'CONNOR POWER, DR. WARD, MR. PARNELL, MR. WHALLEY, and DR. KENEALLY holding briefs for the convicts, and against the prison officers, as usual. "A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind." I shouldn't like to be a prison officer under a Home-Rule Parliament.

At the evening sitting MR. MITCHELL HENRY, to a bored House, aired his often-urged theory of the inequalities of English and Irish taxation.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE pointed out, for the twentieth time, that all the inequalities of taxation between the two countries are in favour of Ireland, except the spirit duties, and those the Irish might diminish for themselves.

Why was the Major silent? And why could MR. HENRY find no more than thirty-four Irish Members to support him on a division? No wonder he is savage with his Home-Rule associates, who will insist on premature rehearsals of the Kilkenny Cat business.

The House was Counted Out at one, while MR. WHALLEY was calling attention to MR. DE MORGAN'S petition to be heard at the bar, on the "unhappy nobleman's" case. Why should the House sit to hear MR. DE MORGAN at the bar, when it won't hear poor MR. WHALLEY from his bench?

Wednesday.—More "wanting to know" what is the exact mean-

ing of the Suez Canal Communications. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT gave notice of a question. (For the answer, see *Punch's* Cartoon. That is about the English of it. We have the key of the Canal, and we mean to keep it—and the locks belonging to it—open, and see that the water-way is kept for its proper purpose; transit, not fighting.)

The admission of Petticoats to polling-places was hotly discussed till a quarter to six, and then howled out, MR. COURTNEY keeping his legs against the storm with a courage worthy of the occasion, and saving the Bill from a crushing division. The political females' time is not yet. Will it ever come? *Cur. adv. vult.* Suppose we relegated the date of the Woman's Vote to that of the Parliament on Palace Green?

MIDHAT was in the House through the row, and from the Mussulman point of view of the stronger sex, must have been much edified.

JACOB BRIGHT was eloquent on Woman's Rights. MR. BUTT, on the other side, was powerful on the natural relations of the sexes, and did not want Woman converted from Lady into Lord of Man. Happy BUTT! if he has not already found Woman, even without a vote, more than a match for her master!

Thursday.—The Lords on the Scotch Game Laws Amendment Bill. The MACCALLUM MORE very wroth with the presumption of the Scotch tenant in attempting to reverse the presumption of the Scotch law that the right of killing game is in the lessor and not the lessee. His Amendment, putting the presumption the other way, was carried by 73 to 36.

It is long since we have seen their Lordships so lively. But this was a great constitutional question—in a House of (Land) Lords.

The LORD CHANCELLOR moved Second Reading of the Bar Education and Discipline Bill. It flows from that quadruple fountain of legal light, the Four Inns of Court, and provides a Council of Legal Education; twenty-four chosen by the Inns, and six by the Crown, with an income from the Inns, and power to sit on black sheep. LORD SELBORNE admitted it was the small end of the wedge, but deplored it was so small, and liked his own Bill better. But the Inns of Court didn't; so he would take what he could get, and hope for the good time coming.

Their Lordships, having thus rebuked the presumptions of Scotch tenants touching game, and provided for the education and discipline of the Bar, adjourned in less than two hours. *Punch*



calls that something like business! Lower Palaver House, go thou and do likewise.

(*Commons*).—Again much exercised about the Suez Canal. (See *ante*.) LORD DERBY has made known England's will in the matter to the effect that anything or everything may pass through the Canal, but nobody shall be allowed to stop the way to it, or fight in it, unless England knows the reason why. How about Turkey's rights in the matter? Pooh! The independence of the Porte is one thing, the independence of the Canal another.

SIR E. WATKIN having called attention to a *dictum* of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, in *Twycross v. Grant*, calling a spade a spade (i.e., pronouncing "rigging the market," to be but another phrase for "getting money on false pretences"), SIR ROBERT PEEL asked a question, in effect charging SIR E. WATKIN with having "rigged the market" in the case of the Humber Iron Works. SIR E. WATKIN replied with dignity and effect, pointing out how that case had, by his act, been fully investigated at law, and his own conduct in regard of it cleared of all evil imputation. SIR ROBERT should have known better, but he doesn't, and we presume—after all the schooling he has had against the bad habit of flinging dirt—never will.

Then the House, on the Prisons Bill, struggled for some hours against DR. KENEALY's, and some of his Irish friends', persistent attempts to turn the prison tables against the officers, and to make their treatment penal, instead of their prisoners'.

SEBASTIAN SIMON's more reasonable Motion for abolition of the tread-wheel, the crank, shot-drill, and flogging, was negatived by 229 to 72. These punishments are to be kept—if chiefly in *terrorem*.

The House and the country should be much obliged to MR. CROSS, not only for the framing, but for the fighting of the Prisons' Bill.

*Friday (Lords)*.—EARL DELAWARE (the appropriate Peer) moved for returns of the killed and wounded in that but too deadly warfare always going on above and underground with the powers of nature, aided by those formidable allies—ill-governed machinery and human carelessness. As an appendix, the DUKE OF SOMERSET asked the Board of Trade for information as to the progress of brake-power—not break-power—on the Railways. The DUKE of RICHMOND assured my Lords that the Companies are improving their system of brakeage—again note the spelling—and that the Government have their eye on them.

(*Commons*).—A vast deal of talk, including a "heckling" of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE by LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE and MR. WHALLEY, which roused even SIR STAFFORD's practised patience into protest, till, by the united efforts of the House and the SPEAKER, LORD ROBERT MONTAGUE was snuffed out, and MR. WHALLEY silenced.

Then came a miscellaneous rush of questions and answers on all sorts of subjects, crowned by MR. TAYLOR's defeat (by 229 to 87)—destined to be a victory some day, and the sooner the better, on a Motion for the Sunday opening of the National Museums and Galleries as rivals of the Public-house, now sole sharer of the leisure of that holy day with Church and Chapel.

LORD F. HERVEY, MR. LOCKE, and—MR. PUNCH is glad to note—the RIGHT HON. W. E. FORSTER, for the first time, *pro*: COLONEL BERSFORD, MR. MACARTHUR, and MR. W. H. SMITH for the Government, *con*. The Treasury has a natural weakness for the Licensed Victuallers—those roof-trees of the revenue. Still, Clerical majority at Sign House, Conservative Government and Gin-spinning interest to the contrary notwithstanding, *magnus est sensus communis et prevalebit*! So hold out, HANSARD (REV. SEPTIMUS)!

The rest of the night was consumed in a chat on the working of the Judicature Act, and a desperate struggle of MR. WHALLEY with the impatience of the House and the patience of the SPEAKER, to get a hearing for MR. DE MORGAN's petition, in the course of which the Member for Peterborough had the pleasure of calling MR. W. H. SMITH to order! Such a new sensation for him, poor dear!

### "Put out the Light, and then"—

FROM some provincial jottings we extract the following item of news:—

"BELFAST.—To-night the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland commenced its annual deliberations in Belfast, when a sermon was preached by the outgoing Moderator, the REV. JOHN McNEEL, Belfast."

"Outgoing Moderator"! It is to be hoped that he was speedily extinguished, as, if a moderator is allowed to go out by itself, the consequences are most unpleasant. But surely a moderator oughtn't to be permitted to go out. A moderator should be "turned down," like a collar, or an idle Eton boy.

### A SUPERFLUOUS SPIRIT-REVIVAL.

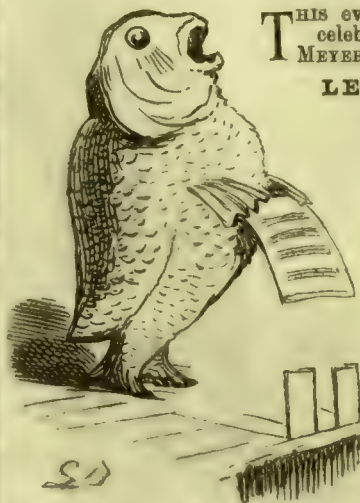
(A strain, and a great strain too, on the syllable for a new Beggar's Opera.)

WHAT! Highwaymen on Black-heath!  
They've rapped up CAPTAIN MAC-HEATH!

## OPERATIC STATISTICS.

A BILL OF THE REAL ITALIAN OPERA.

(Adapted to either House.)



THIS evening will be presented the celebrated Opera composed by HERR MEYERBEER, entitled

### LES HUGUENOTS.

Valentina . . . MME. PICCOLEZZA (real name, MISS DE QUINZÉ, native place, St. Helier's, Jersey).

Margherita di Valois (known in France, where the action of the Opera takes place, as *Marguerite de Valois*) . . . MME. GRASSEZZA (real name, MRS. SILAS FIXINGS, native place, Massachusetts, U.S.).

Urbano . . . MME. DITA DI PASTILANI (real name, FRAULEIN SCHMIDT, native place, Cologne).

Conte di San Bris . . . SIGNOR CAPOFFI (real name, MR. HATTON, native place, John Street, Adelphi).

Conte di Nevers . . . SIGNOR DOLORDI DENTI (real name, M. HAVITOUTSKI, native place, St. Petersburg).

Marcello . . . SIGNOR LO STERNUTO (real name, MUSTAPHA SNEZZEIN, birthplace, Constantinople).

Huguenot Soldier (known in French as *Le Soldat*, in Italian as *Il Soldato*) . . . SIGNOR MOSCHETTO (real name, VAN SCHUT, native place, Rotterdam).

AND

Raoul de Nangis . . . SIGNOR FOTO GRAFFO (real name, MR. PATRICK MURPHY, native place, Dublin).

Conductor . . . SIGNOR TEMPO FUGITTO (real name, PROFESSOR VYLD TYME, from Vienna).

And, to make it complete, the whole Entertainment should be under the sole management and direction of MR. McWHEESTLER, of Fife. But what's the odds? *Viva La Liberté!* and Italy for the Italians!

## A SPIRIT-LETTER.

(From MR. JOSEPH ADDISON to his friend, SIR RICHARD STEELE, from where BUTTON'S Coffee-house once stood.)

MY DEAR STEELE,

SINCE my return to Earth for a brief change of scene, I have seen many things which were not dreamed of in our more primitive philosophy, not even in the capacious brain of our great SIR ISAAC, to whom, in all humbleness and sincerity, I beg the favour to be remembered.

I have told you in a former letter that the present time prides itself on being a knowing age, in comparison with whose printed wisdom the lucubrations of our good ANNA's reign are but as the babblings of a child to the reflections of a philosopher. But one point I must mention, in which the present time and the past to which we belonged show an outward resemblance, which but make more apparent their inner unlikeness. With MR. DEFOE and DR. ARBUTHNOT, you will probably be, at first, pleased to hear that the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, the *Plain Dealer*, *Craftsman*, and *Examiner*, and all the rest of the countless brood of printed Ephemeræ, which sprang to life in our day, have yielded a numerous progeny—particularly in the shape of the many satirical weekly journals which have lately sprang or wriggled into being.

But although some of these papers have taken our names, and masquerade it in our clothes, there is but little resemblance between our clean, if narrow, sheets and their broad, but too often foul, ones. Still less can they boast any flavour of the fine humour which lent a relish to the lightest performances of my dear STEELE and the wits and fine gentlemen who, with him, lashed while they diverted the town. We strove to refine manners and elevate public taste. They are panders to the most witless excesses of the one, and active agents in the degradation of the other. They serve up the scandal of the stable and the servants' hall, or the gossip of the Club, to tickle the jaded palates of an idle and luxurious nobility, or a plutocracy which affects their vices without the transmitted habit which half excuses, or the hereditary grace which half redeems



them; or still worse, to feed the unwholesome appetites of the silly parvenus or grovelling parasites who, while they at once foster and ape the follies of their superiors, love nothing better than to point attention to the weaknesses, expose the inconsistencies, and declaim against the vices, which they imitate.

To stimulate the dull *papille* of such readers, plain truth, if it be ever served up, must be spiced and peppered, and fully in its essence be made appetising by a *sauce piquante*. Penners of smart paragraphs are engaged to circulate scandal in an epigram, and disguise impropriety in the intricacies of an acrostic or the garnish of a *double entendre*. What matter if stories be apocryphal and statements unfounded? They can be corrected, if need be, next week, and the very correction will help to give wider circulation to the falsehood. If not, they will but pass away to the large Limbo of Lies, to be forgotten after their nine days' lease of noxious life.

The projectors and conductors of these papers pride themselves on being what they call "men of the world." Having grown grey in London, they lay claim to a special knowledge of that mingled *microcosm*. They have experienced most of the failures and deceptions of life. They naturally delight to rail or sneer at a world which, as a rule, has treated them according to their deserts.

Their highest pride is to parade their intimacy with the frequenters of doubtful drawing-rooms, and their freedom of questionable clubs. Their acme of enjoyment is to be admitted to a back seat on the least exclusive four-in-hand of the Coaching Club, or the high privilege of a nod from the Guards' bow-window.

An itch to know the ways and means, the lives and manners of public personages—imported, I believe, from across the Atlantic—has of late become the mania alike of town and country. These papers are at much pains and cost to describe, with the most offensive and obtrusive familiarity, and in the pettiest particulars, the homes, haunts, and habits of all about whom the world can reasonably, or unreasonably, be supposed to feel curiosity. An effigy at MADAME TUSSEAU'S (a Wax-work of the town, as noted now as MRS. SALMON'S in our own time), and an article in the *Weekly Dust-Bin*, seem at present the chief *inignia* of the notoriety which passes for fame.

When such and so guarded are the avenues to popular reputation, it is hardly to be wondered at that charlatans should be applauded, and nobodies magnified into importance. When I reflect that these accounts of living personages are penned either by laudatory and self-seeking parasites, or by unscrupulous enemies, I find it as easy to account for the fulsome flattery of the one class of articles as for the malignant depreciation of the other. The objects of this adulation and oburgation were for a time usually, if not exclusively, of the male sex; but you will readily understand that a custom offering such gratifications of vanity should have, ere long, extended itself to the Ladies of the *beau monde*. As every Lady fosters a secret pride in some feature of her face, some trait of her character, or some peculiarity of her dress or manners, she readily yields herself an offering on the altar of cheap admiration. So that my LADY LISPEWELL'S portrait can now be bought for sixpence in the streets, or hung at the book-stalls for any puppy to gloat over or crack his low joke upon. 'Tis true the Ladies are limned in delicate colours, and with a flattering, if not idealising, touch. Time was when women of breeding and fashion boasted a pride, if not modesty, which would have shrunk from such public exhibition of themselves. But now they seem to sacrifice alike pride and modesty, so they can but attract attention.

But for the present I must take my leave of you. MR. DEFOE will be gratified to learn that the excellent QUEEN who now occupies the throne, and more than rivals our own ANNA in the loyal love of her subjects, has granted a life-pension to his three great-granddaughters, thus relieving them from a state of indigence from which the services of their ancestor, alike to the cause of our popular literature and our national liberties, had not availed to preserve them.

I remain, my dear STEELE,

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

JO. ADDISON.

June, 1877.

"In the Queen's name, I charge you all to drop  
Your swords and daggers."—*Critic*.

IN MACLISE'S Caxton-picture the printers wear swords, and though MR. BLADES, the great Caxtonian authority, asserts that this practice was never in vogue, it would seem that now-a-days the manipulators of type are expected to wear daggers, to judge by the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* :—

TO PRINTERS.—A quiet, able, and reliable Compositor can have regular 'stab EMPLOYMENT. Scale. Good references indispensable. —Address, &c.

Here a "quiet and reliable" man is offered "regular 'stab employment," and that not in Bulgaria, but in a peaceful, law-abiding country! But why, in the name of the Police, should good references be indispensable for such a calling?

## REASONS FOR GOING TO ASCOT.



THE DUCHESS OF BROMPTON'S.—Because it's an agreeable change after the dusty Park, and the over-heated ball-room. Because lunch on the lawn is rather pleasant than otherwise. Because one way of spending one's time is about as good as another way.

THE DUKE OF BROMPTON'S.—Because the Duchess wishes it.

LORD AND LADY MUDGOLD'S (*new creation*).—Because the dear Duke and the sweet Duchess are sure to be there.

MR. AND MRS. PLANTAGENET DE SNUKE'S (*née SNOOKS*).—Because the STUART DE JOYNSES (who ten years ago were called JONES) will have an opportunity of seeing LORD AND LADY MUDGOLD return our bows.

MR. PATER FAMILIAS'S.—Because my wife will lead me such a life if I don't.

MRS. FAMILIAS'S.—Because it is only right that the dear girls should see as much of their friends as possible. Because they will be so much amused with the scene. Because I don't mind making myself a martyr for their sakes.

THE MISSES FAMILIAS'S.—Because Mamma wants to go, and we suppose we must go with her. Because Tom has promised to bring some of his friends.

MR. FAMILIAS'S, JUN.—Because the Girls are going to ask ARAMINTA and BLANCHE to come with them. Because, if one gets bored, one can cut it all, and leave the family in the hands of the Pater.

DR. VIOLET DOSE'S.—Because I shall meet so many of my patients, and like to show them that I am not always the medical nihil.

MR. VAPID VAGUE'S.—Because some other fellow asked me to come. Because I am sure I don't know.

CAPTAIN ECARTÉ.—Because one can amuse oneself in the train with a little mild play. Because I am going to dine afterwards with young SCATTERCASE.

MR. PUNCH'S.—Because it's my pleasure to pick up good characters.

POLICEMAN X'S.—Because it's my duty to look up bad ones.

## EDUCATION AND EXTRAS.

THE concluding passage of the police report below-quoted may seem to suggest some misgiving as to the kind of education imparted at industrial schools. At Brentford the other day a youth named HENRY BAILEY was charged with a deplorable act of mischief; an assault inflicting remediless injury on a little boy named M'CARTHY, three years old. Prisoner called to the poor child, told him to "look him straight in the face," and when he did so shot him in his face with a catapult, knocking an eye completely out. Wherefore :—

"The Bench considering it a wilful and deliberate act, remanded the prisoner with the view of sending him to an industrial school, where, as the Chairman remarked, he would be taught something else besides knocking other boys' eyes out with a catapult."

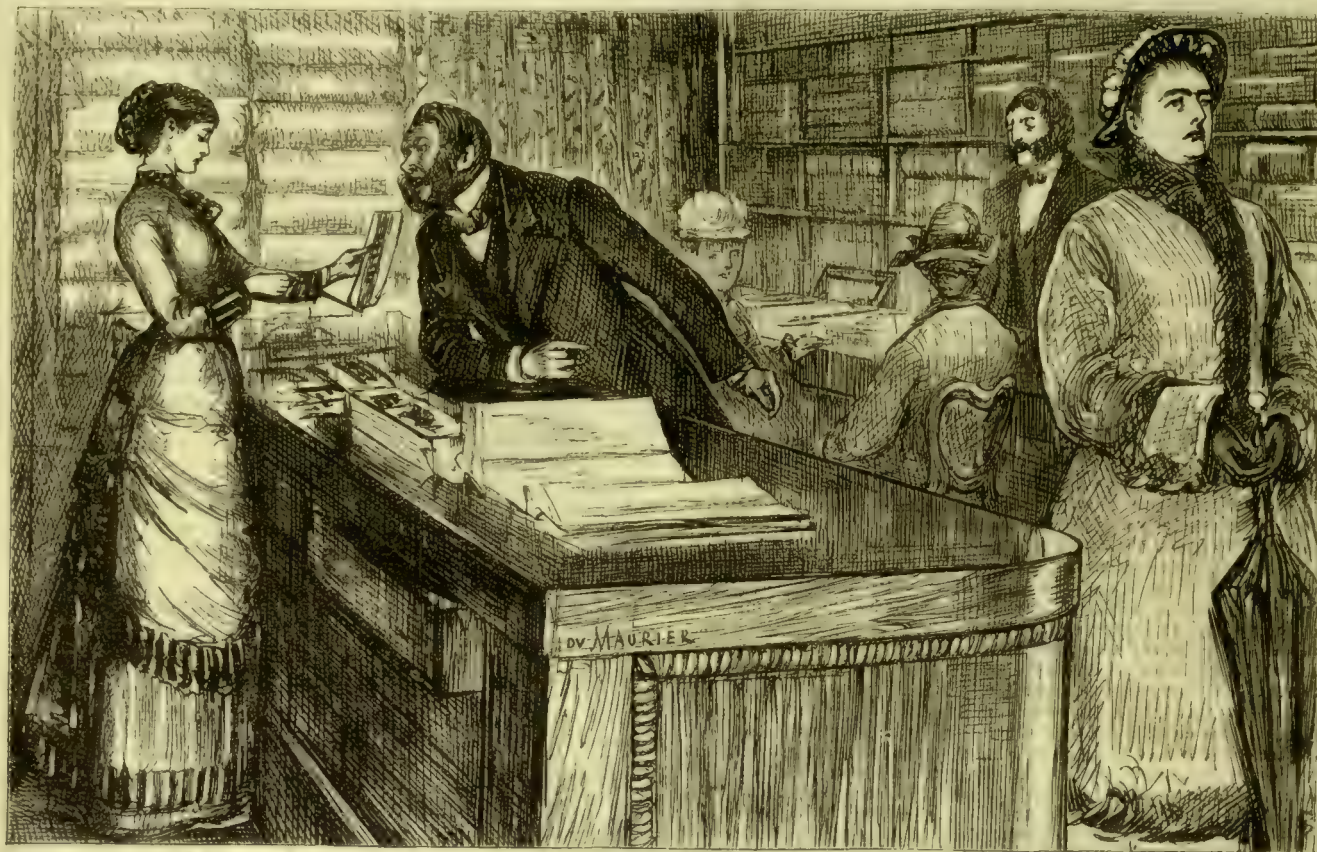
Is it not rather to be hoped that MASTER BAILEY will, on the contrary, be taught *not* to knock other boys' eyes out with a catapult, whilst also taught something, and several things, else besides being taught to relinquish that amusement?

## A Powerful Illustration.

(*North British Daily Mail*, 8th inst.)

At a recent dinner of the Irvine Farmers' Society, a Member, proposing "The Agricultural Interests," said of the Irvine Town Council, against which the Farmers' Society seems to cherish a grievance, "That if a louse was to die on the Irvine Mains Farm (which belongs to them), and you wanted its skin for bleaching, before you could bury its carcase you would require to write to the Council for liberty, and then the letter would require to lie a month on the table for consideration."





### ALL THE DIFFERENCE!

*Haberdasher (to Assistant who has had the "swoop").* "WHY HAS THAT LADY GONE WITHOUT BUYING?"

*Assistant.* "WE HAVEN'T GOT WHAT SHE WANTS."

*Haberdasher.* "I'LL SOON LET YOU KNOW, MISS, THAT I KEEP YOU TO SELL WHAT I'VE GOT, AND NOT WHAT PEOPLE WANT!"

### TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION.

It is not merely the experiments now in progress with torpedoes, and their employment in war, together with that of shells and other explosive missiles and machines, that render the present time peculiarly an age of "bangers." The "report" referred to in the subjoined telegram from a Newspaper Correspondent at Bucharest, may be deemed a specimen of many other reports exemplifying the kind of report to which the denomination "a banger" is applicable:—

"A rumour is current here to-day that Turkey has offered to pay five milliards as a war indemnity, and allow the Russians to retain the places captured in Asia. I merely mention this as a flying report."

So one would think. Turkish credit must have wonderfully revived, or Turkish cheek be enormous, if it be true that Turkey has offered to pay five milliards of money. Of course it is merely a flying report. Wild ducks fly. But to describe the report above, metaphorically called a "flying" one, in plain language, retrench the participle prefixed to it by a letter. Rescind the "f" from "flying."

"Which you please, my little Dears!"

(See Report of the late discussion at the Archaeological Institute.)

A KNOTTY question, but to prudes alarming,  
'Twixt MADAME SCHLIEMANN and grave GLADSTONE rose—  
Was it her clothes made Aphrodite charming,  
Or Aphrodite charming made her clothes?

### Two of a Trade.

A NEW work on the subject of Spiritualism has just been produced by MR. HOME, the Medium. It very largely consists in an exposure of the deceptions commonly practised by other Mediums. Nobody, therefore, can justly affirm that this publication of MR. HOME's is all Home-bug.

### A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

A MORE than commonly curious coincidence which occurred at Rome on the third instant was wired as follows:—

"To-day the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of PIUS THE NINTH, and the thirtieth of the promulgation of the Italian Constitution, has been celebrated with all possible solemnity both at the Quirinal and the Vatican."

Pity that such an opportunity was lost for the celebration of both anniversaries at once by the reconciliation of the Papacy with the Italian Kingdom. Church and State ought to have made it up. A Pontiff who has attained to the fiftieth year of his episcopate must have known how to live, and is surely well enough able to arrange a *modus vivendi*.

### Chanson for the French Chamber.

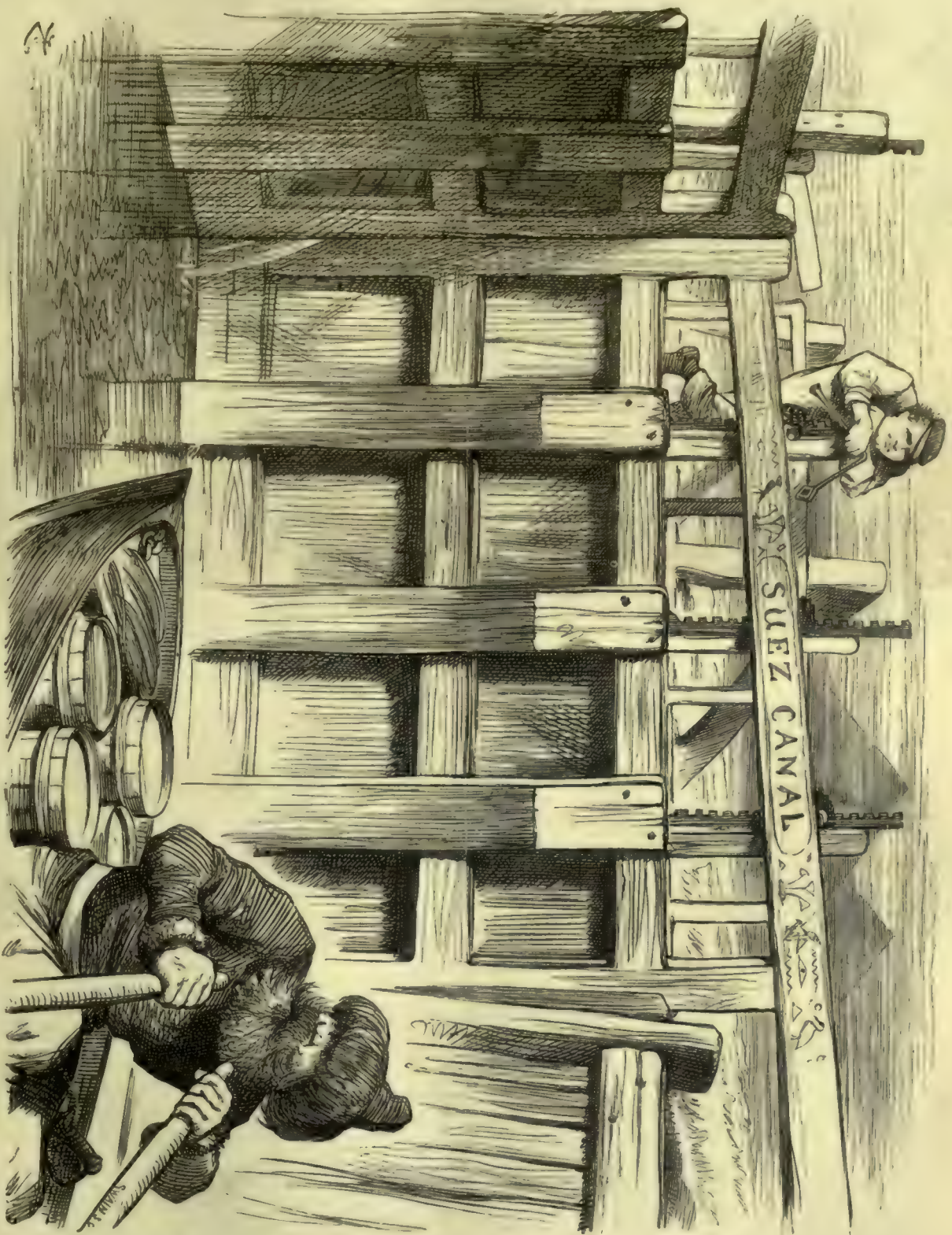
*By a Legitimist.*

YES, *Liberté, Egalité*,  
Are words enchanting in their way:  
But if the Left should dare show fight,  
Let but the Marshal's might make Right,  
The Right will soon show it makes Might!

### Lincoln's Inn Logic.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS, in an admirable speech at the United Law Clerks' Society, could not speak too highly of the integrity and honesty of this most invaluable body of men. SIR HENRY seemed inclined to frame the syllogism thus: "An honest man's the noblest work of God:" "A Law Clerk is, *par excellence*, an honest man:" *ergo*, "A Law Clerk is, *par excellence*, the noblest work of God." What must a Chancellor be!





## THE MAN IN POSSESSION.

RUSSIA, "LOCK, AHoy!"

LOCK-KEEPER, "LOCK IT IS! AND WE DON'T MEAN TO LET YOU, OR ANYBODY ELSE, MEDDLE WITH THE KEY!"







## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*A Visit to the Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall and to the Gaiety for Mlle. Thérèse.*



A WONDERFUL place the Agricultural Hall during the Horse Show. As Your Representative in Sporting Matters, I visited the Hall on the best day—that is, Thursday. It will be unnecessary for me to describe the “humours of the road” from Belgravia, through Bohemia, to “Merry Islington.” Any one acquainted with the racy character of omnibus and cab-drivers, and the solemnity of the tramway guides, knows all about it—*et cela va sans dire*; and, by the way, I “went without saying anything about it,” so as to prevent overcrowding. Nobody knew I was there, not even the gallant Mr. SIDNEY, mounted on a charger, and shouting to invisible people to “Come on!” as though he were challenging outsiders to a joust in the tented field. The Prince and Princess were there; they entered the building half-an-hour after I had taken my seat, which I obtained at some risk by stepping into a new patent cab exhibited as a model by the proprietor, who had, at the moment of my arrival, gone from labour to refreshment with a friend. A waiter saw me, but I “squared” him for sixpence—that is, I gave him a shilling, and asked him to bring me back the change. I saw that Waiter one again. We met: ’twas in a crowd, and I thought he would shun me. But he didn’t; he smiled. I reminded him that he owed me sixpence. He replied (with his hands full) that he was just going to get it. He disappeared. I never saw him again. However, he kept my secret, and did not tell the Exhibitor that I was comfortably seated in his new patent cab. If the Exhibitor had appeared, I was prepared with my answer. He would have found in me (for this occasion only) the Secretary of a New General Patent Cabbinit Company, proposing to try his invention. However, he did not turn up, and I remained the man in possession.

Were I Mr. SIDNEY, the Manager, I would not allow, on the occasion of a Horse Show, several specimens of new Sausage Machines to be exhibited at the door. *Verbum sap.*

I inspected Mr. SHANKS’s cab, which, of course, can only be drawn by one of SHANKS’s mares. It is a remarkable construction. You go one way, and look the other. The passenger, going forward, looks backwards, and I would suggest that the name of the vehicle should be “The Lot’s Wife Cab,” or it might be called, “The Arthur Sullivan,” both distinguished characters being associated in the popular mind with “Looking Back.”

They’ve a trifle muddled these exhibitions inside the Hall. Next to a suite of drawing-room furniture is a sheep being sheared by machinery. A young lady sells a remarkable glove-cleaner, called *Renova*, and not far off, an enthusiastic gentleman behind a counter, is ladling out patent soup, “all hot,” in a saucepan lid, and tempting the passers-by to taste and try before they buy. There’s a model horse (made of wood, like a towel-horse, or like the Trojan horse—the only one, by the way, where the direction to “get inside and pull the blinds down,” could have been literally observed) “warranted quiet,” and no expense to keep. There’s a family fire-engine, a family freezing machine (the family go from one into the other, and *vice versa*—but what a family!), and a Patient Grizzle of a horse (alive oh!), being clipped and groomed by machinery all day long, to the intense amusement of admiring crowds of Cookneys, who evidently thought it was some surgical operation generally performed previous to turning the animal over to the sausage machine outside.

A pervading smell of tan, and an atmosphere of small dust. In the circus—or rather the oval—the “judges are—a terrible show.” A distinguished Oriental, in green, was taken by the crowd, who looked on the whole affair from a circus point of view, for a new sort of Clown. This idea was favoured by the sudden appearance of a groom, with a white box and a pole stuck in it, of the same make as the machine generally used by the trick horse that sups with Mr. MERRIMAN, rings the bell, and fires the pistol. What this was ultimately used for, I do not know. There it remained during the entire performance, and nothing was done with it, at least, while I was looking.

After the Stallions had been trotted round (a performance encoired later in the day for the Prince), a terrific gong sounded, “All in to begin!” Evidently an Equestrian Pantomime to *Harlequin and the Forty Thieves*, magnificently mounted, was about to commence. I looked out anxiously for the large heads. No. Only some men, dressed in a style something between steamboat stewards and railway porters, ran in, and arranged the hurdles. *Place aux dames!* Probably a Ladies’ quadrille on horseback. No. They are going to leap those fences. Two first do it easily. Number Three thinks better of it, and sidles round without jumping. Clever horse this. This is the one that I should give the prize to, were I a judge. Number Four first rate. Over! Number Five is a vain fool—the horse, of course—it steps along with a sideways glance at itself, as though admiring its own movements in a shop window. Over! Six is the horse for my money. Six deserves the prize. “Six shall achieve, Seven deceive,” as *Zamuel* sang. Six—a very superior horse is Number Six—does not make the slightest attempt to jump, nor even to swerve and go round the obstacle. Bravo! That’s the horse for me!

The sort of horse I should hate is the horse that hesitates, *thinks* over it, and then suddenly *jumps* over it. Bravo, Ladies, now then, all together! Over! All over, and *exceunt omnes*. Much applause. Gong again. This time it must be the Pantomime. No. Show of Harness Horses. *Exceunt omnes*. Gong. Now for the Forty Thieves on horseback, and the Oriental Gentleman in the centre will assume the rôle of *Abdallah*, the Captain of the Forty, afterwards *Clown*. Now for the fun! No. Only more leaping—or rather, more attempts at leaping—for they nearly all of them knock down either the hurdle or the gate, so that at last my noble sportsman’s blood is up, and from my comfortable seat in the patent cab I cry out indignantly, “Yah!” The crowd take it up. We are all yahing. Opportunity for chorus: Air, “We’re All Nodding”—

We are all yahing,  
Yah, yah, yahing!  
Oh, we’re all yahing  
At th’ Agricultural Hall!

I stamp my feet. “Now, Sir!” I cry to a muf who can’t get his horse over the gate. “Now, Sir! Put him at it, Sir! Give him his head, Sir! Now then, O—*ver*!” He knocks down the gate, and all the crowd cry, “Yah!”

What a rage I should be in with the crowd! of *Yahers*, were I that unhappy man on the horse that won’t go. I pity him, but I “yah” at him. “Get inside, Sir! Take him home to tea, Sir!” I shouted loudly; when at that moment it struck me that the gallant veteran GENERAL SIDNEY had caught my eye. From his expression I thought it better to—refer to my watch, and finding that I had overstayed my time by two minutes, I stepped out of the cab, and gained the door as quickly as possible. Policeman A. 2 left immediately after me. So did the Prince and Princess. Whether they had been yahing too, I can’t say. But altogether it was a low performance without a Clown—and no brass band and drum!! Yah!

Talking of music, I went to hear *Thérèse* at the Gaiety. She is wonderful. Some people might add what Dr. JOHNSON said of the violoncello solo performance. She is *La Mère Angot*, Junior, suddenly inspired *à la Bacchante*. Her refrains mean as much as the *tol de rol lol* of the old form of comic song chorus. But there are more ways than one of singing *tol de rol lol*. As far as I have heard, “*Rien n’est sacré pour un Sapeur*” is her best song. On her entrance, in the *Chansons de Suzon* (a mere vehicle for her songs), *Thérèse* strikes you at once as the very model of one of GREVIN’s cleverly sketched, over-coloured frontispieces to the *Journal pour rire*. There’s the black patch for the hair, the two black dabs for the eyes, the over-rouged eyelids, the generally brilliant complexion, and the large mouth. Occasionally she astonishes by her pastoral sweetness, and the next instant she has startled you by her Seven-Dials harshness. She can oo like the turtle dove, she can shriek like the macaw. To like, or not to like, that is a question—of taste. At all events she is, as the great original of this style of thing, a celebrity to see.

Mlle. CHAUMONT appears on the 18th, with *Madame attend Monsieur*; and as a *Monsieur qui attend Madame*, I sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.





### ARBITER ELEGANTIARUM.

*Housemaid.* "OH, PLEASE, 'M, COULD I GO OUT THIS EVENING? 'CAUSE COOK NFX' DOOR'S GOT A 'LANG'AGE O' FLOWERS BEE, AND SHE'S REQUESTED ME TO BE ONE O' THE JUDGES!"

### WISDOM IN WIGS.

OH, MR. PEPPYS! If, Sir, you citizens of the invisible world take in and read our newspapers, how immensely you must have been delighted with a passage in a recent law report of sittings in the Queen's Bench Division at *Nisi Prius* before MR. JUSTICE FIELD! In case you may have missed it, Sir, here it is; something quite after your own heart:—

"That prevailing uncertainty which characterises the practice and procedure of the Supreme Court of Judicature has now extended to the question as to what clothes should be worn on red-letter days. His Lordship appeared this morning in those brilliant robes which learned judges wear on days which commemorate the birth of HER MAJESTY or the death of the Saints. On taking his seat, one of Her Majesty's Counsel proceeded to address him. But his Lordship drew attention to the fact that his wig was not of those dimensions which the solemnity of the day required."

Perhaps, Sir, you were almost as much gratified by this judicial animadversion on a Counsel's wig as you were vexed by a great man's culpable inattention to your own, in an interview at which you appeared in a new peruke—a piece of ill-breeding which naturally disgusted you.

As mightily, no doubt, were you edified by the Queen's Counsel's alacrity to apologise for the undesigned shortcoming of his wig, and his promptitude to repair that grave deficiency forthwith:—

"The learned Counsel in question stated that he had hoped it would not be supposed that he was capable of any want of respect either to HER MAJESTY or to the Court, and that he would without delay attire himself in the full-bottomed wig; he had, however, understood that the full-bottomed wig should not be worn at *Nisi Prius*."

Pretty, as you, MR. PEPPYS, might have noted, to see the importance of a wig so solemnly asserted and acknowledged, and the "wisdom in the wig" a mighty true saying. And, Lord, to think how wigs and robes do help on business, and to observe so great consequence attributed to vestments, not only in the Church, but in the Law as well.

GESLER OVER AGAIN.—How MARSHAL MACMAHON and his new Ministers make the Corporation of Paris do homage. By standing before them *unbonnetted*.

### THE SPHINX AND THE STATUES.

"It is much easier to keep a Conservative majority together in the House of Commons than a Liberal majority, and that for reasons which lie at the very root of the case. . . . If you examine the remains of Egyptian antiquity, you will find that the great principle which the Egyptian artist had in his mind was the representation of Repose. But if you examine the Greek school of Art, which is admitted on all hands to be the head of all schools, you will find that the predominating principle of the Greek representations is life and motion. . . . You will find, I think, that the predominating idea of Conservatism is the Egyptian principle of repose; but in our Liberal party we have got the Greek idea of life and motion. I need not tell you that when you have got a lot of statues arranged, it is not very difficult to keep them in order; but if all those Conservative statues were to become suddenly animated with the power and the wish to walk about the halls in which they were placed, no doubt the question of drill would become much more serious and more difficult."—MR. GLADSTONE at Birmingham.

*The Sphinx soliloquisseth—*

EGYPTIAN *versus* Greek! Sublime Repose,  
Cold Silence puzzling friends and baffling foes,  
Against unresting stir and hot pugnacity,  
Backed by a more than feminine loquacity:  
Agreed, my GLADSTONE! Gladly I accept  
The apt comparison. You're an adept  
In lore Hellenic: for myself, men say  
Semitic *nous* is more in my calm way.  
They say! What say they not? The mob must have  
Its *Mephistopheles*. Once LOUIS gave  
The quidnuncs quarry; BISMARCK now, and I—  
*Arcades ambo*—lead them in full cry,  
Though mostly on false scents. All fools believe  
The man whose heart is not upon his sleeve,  
A mine of mystery sinister and dark,  
Whose secrets they, and they alone, may mark.  
My craft is Asiatic? Be it so!  
The East's our *cruz*, and Eastern guile may go  
Some way to solving it, when Western wit  
As blatant as Boeotian, fails to hit.  
Greek statues, GLADSTONE? Then some frolic elf,  
Some mad Pygmalion—shall we say yourself?—  
Has quickened them to wild spasmodic life,  
And set them all at hot and aimless strife.  
Ajax defies Achilles; Nestor snubs  
Astute Ulysses, who severely drubs  
Fast-tongued Thersites. No, 'tis not "Repose."  
When Greek meets Greek, black eyes and broken nose  
Afford a sight that fills with boundless joy  
The calm spectators in the Tory Troy,  
Who have but little cause to dread a blow  
From statues who can't keep *in statu quo*.  
The placid Sphinx looks on, and blandly smiles,  
His stone-still squadrons proof against the wiles  
Of tempters who would break their serried ranks,  
And set them, like your own, at crack-brained pranks,  
Till, as with smashed antiques in learned shows,  
Nor arm mates leg, nor mouth will pair with nose.  
Hot friend, so prompt to pose for every part  
From Nestor to Achilles, all true Art  
Aims at Repose. Ask RUSKIN. There's *your* lack;  
When you are up with harness on your back,  
And blade in fist, against whatever odds,  
Your swashing blow's a spectacle for gods.  
I've felt it, and speak feelingly. But rest  
Is a soft blessing stranger to your breast,  
Nor can you shape its semblance, or display  
The surface-calm which covers inward fray,  
Like—well, like any Artist. Foes may tremble  
At your hot wrath, yet he who can't dissemble  
Is but half armed against the shocks of fate,  
Nor can he rightly war who cannot wait.  
My statues may seem stolid, but they *stand*;  
While yours at every stir but stumble. Grand  
Is Greek mobility, no doubt, but still  
Would you not like a slightly sterner drill,  
A little steadier discipline? You flush!  
For shrewd *finesse* you do not care a rush—  
No Greek in *that*, you trust to "life and motion,"  
Untiring zeal and patriot devotion.  
Extremely fine! But then your Statues stray.  
Good Sir, you cannot guide your Greeks *that* way,  
Save with short Rupert-rush to conquest brief,  
Whose end is broken host and banished chief.  
Stoop, stern-browed Mentor, to a pupil's part,  
And learn a little from Egyptian Art.





## EVE'S CURIOSITY.

Young Wife. "I WISH YOU'D LET ME GO WITH YOU TO THE CITY TO-MORROW, FRED!"

Young Husband. "WHY, MY LOVE?"

Young Wife. "BECAUSE I SHOULD SO LIKE, JUST FOR ONCE, TO TAKE A WALK THROUGH THE MONEY-MARKET!"

Repose is not *inertia*,—nothing less,—  
But placid strength disdaining restlessness.  
My Statues—well, I own they're dummies, half,  
Whose pose oft moves their mover to a laugh  
*Sub rosâ*. But I've some who tax my spell  
To keep them ranked and ranged so sweetly well.  
How done? Why half my lesson you would learn,  
The other half, as *infra dig.*, would spurn.  
Well, fine and fiery Greek, perhaps you're right,  
Did not your fuss so often lose the fight.

## PROPOSED NEW PRISON RULES.

(See Debate in the House of Commons, Thursday, June 7.)

No prisoner is in future to be exposed to the indignity of being conducted to his place of detention in the official van. If he possesses a conveyance of his own, he will be allowed to ride in it, accompanied by a policeman (*not* in uniform); otherwise, a cab will be supplied for his journey (the constable in plain clothes sitting outside), and the expense defrayed jointly out of the Rates and the Consolidated Fund.

Each prisoner on his arrival will be received by the Governor, and accommodated with a seat in the Governor's parlour until the apartment designed for his use is ready for his reception. In the case of females, the Governor's wife will also be in attendance. Refreshments will be provided.

A prisoner can refuse to occupy the apartment provided for him, if he has reason to suspect that the sheets of his bed have not been properly aired.

Prisoners will be allowed to wear their hair in whatever way they please, and, except at their own request, the official hair-dresser will not interfere with their *coiffure*.

After the 1st of January, 1878, all prison dresses (except those worn by the officials) will be abolished.

All degrading punishments will be discontinued, and only such inflicted as appeal to the best feelings of our common nature, and

cause no compromise of a prisoner's moral dignity. For instance, the Governor is empowered to deprive a prisoner of his daily paper, to stop (or certainly to dilute) his wine, beer, and spirits rations, to cut him off from the companionship of any cat, dog, caged bird, or other domesticated animal that may be cheering his solitary moments, and to prohibit the use, for any period not exceeding twelve hours, of his flute, accordion, concertina, &c.

Bowls, skittles, ninepins, Aunt Sallies, &c., will be provided in the Recreation Grounds for those prisoners whose conduct has been meritorious.

Prisoners can subscribe to a Circulating Library, on application to the Chaplain.

Female prisoners will be allowed the use of a piano, by permission of the Visiting Justices.

It will be the duty of the Visiting Justices to satisfy themselves, at their weekly inspection, that each apartment is as snug and cosy as the few simple and lenient rules which in future will be enforced, will permit. They must see that the Kamptulicon on the floor is in good condition, that the pattern of the wall-paper is cheerful and in nice taste, that the springs of the easy-chair are sound, and that the feather-bed is perfectly comfortable.

Prisoners may see their friends once a week, but no visitor will be allowed to remain more than two hours at a time, and no prisoner can receive more than three visits on the same day. The interviews will take place in the prisoner's own private apartment, and every precaution will be taken to guard himself and his friends from intrusion.

No restrictions will be placed upon prisoners' private correspondence. Stationery will be supplied, but *not* postage stamps.

When the thermometer reaches freezing point, female prisoners will be supplied with hot-water bottles at bed time.

A prisoner will have full liberty to send for his own family medical attendant, if he is not satisfied with the gaol surgeon; and if he has been accustomed to homœopathic treatment, he can demand to be visited by a practitioner of that school of medicine.

The prison diet will be such as is usually seen on the tables of the middle classes.

Smoking allowed after four o'clock.



## MEDICINA IN EXCELSIS.



THEY pulled up on the Heath—a select lot. The front seat of the four-in-hand, to the right of the Noble Driver, was occupied by the BISHOP OF ASCOT. EVELYN and CLARA sat behind them.

“From those letters in the *Lancet* and the *Times*, Doctor,” said the Chaplain, “the Homœopathists seem seeking to be reconciled to the Faculty.”

“Some of them,” replied DR. CLARA SYDENHAM.

“Do you consider Homœopathy all heresy?” inquired the young Churchman.

“Meaning,” answered the Medical Lady, “all humbug. By no means. Its name expresses a truth.”

“*Similia similibus?*”

“Yes; but a partial truth. They should say ‘*quædam similia*.’ The truth is true only in some cases.”

“Still, true in some?”

“Certainly—a truth as old as the hills, proverbial for ages. ‘A hair of the dog that bit you.’ For instance. In the last generation, you know, as a matter of history, young men at a symposium overnight, would sometimes imbibe more wine or grog than they found good for them next morning. Then a common remedy for their nervous disorder, in the slang of the period, termed, I think, ‘seediness,’ was a glass of bitter ale. So like cured like. Among the working classes, some men, even in the present day, from excess of drink, are occasionally subject to D. T.”

“What is that?”

“*Delirium tremens*. When it attacks a hospital patient, we have to exhibit alcoholic stimulants. Like curing like again.”

“But not in infinitesimal doses?”

“No, indeed. Infinitesimal doses of gin would, however, cure dipsomania—if the patient could bear to drink nothing else stronger than water—but, then he would be cured just as soon without them.”

“By the water cure, instead of homœopathy?”

“Just so. Infinitesimal doses are all heresy, if you like. But the homœopathists make another mistake.”

“Wherein?”

“In calling the regular practice of medicine ‘allopathy,’ as if it consisted wholly, or mainly, in prescribing allopathic as opposed to homœopathic remedies in the sense of specifics. Our real specifics, drugs which directly counteract diseases, are, whether allopathic or homœopathic, comparatively few. The great majority of complaints are curable, if not by diet and exercise alone, by exercise and diet, assisted by physis, which counteracts disease indirectly, in merely removing hindrances to naturally getting well; in particular, by causing torpid organs of elimination to do their duty. Our old friend, the black and blue reviver—”

“The what, DR. CLARA?”

“Don’t you know? Blue pill and black dose. Why, that is all the physis necessary to cure no end of diseases of different names—given due regimen as well as draught and pill. Regimen is not allopathic, neither are pill and draught, which simply promote the functions of the biliary and digestive organs. We are not Allopathists any more than Homœopathists, so let HAHNEMANN’s followers not call us names, and let them learn why they shouldn’t, and when they get to understand that, then, perhaps, we may agree with them to put our horses together.”

“Good,” said the BISHOP, who had overheard the chat between his Chaplain and DR. CLARA. “And so now for our little penny sweep, before lunch.” So saying, his Lordship sent round the shovel-hat, in which he had deposited the billets enclosing the names of the competitors for the “Cup.” The fortunate drawer was to hand over the stakes to the Pastoral Aid Society.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN POLITICS.—How can people, intent on Epsom and Ascot at home, possibly take any interest whatsoever in the Greek and Slavonic Races?

## THE MORAL OF THE “OAKS.”

(As read by four-legged Fillies to two-legged.)

Look, fussy, fretful fillies—you that fume  
And fight for Man’s rights by the name of Woman’s;  
And lash the Press and Public to a spume,  
In your fierce press to scale the House of Commons!  
And you, fast fillies in a different way,  
Who on the social mill make toil of pleasure,  
Life-sentenced to grind nothing, night and day,  
In the unending labour you call leisure!

And you, hysteric shriekers against pain,—  
Whether your own or other’s, alike nothing,—  
Whether of crumpled rose-leaves you complain,  
Or social, legal, grievance sets you frothing;  
Whether you go for pleasures, rights, or wrongs,  
My fussy fillies, shrieking, slaving, sighing,  
Take to your hearts, shrined in this song of songs,  
The precious moral of last Oaks, won flying.

’Twas not *Astræa*, daughter of the stars,  
Quickstep, *Mirobolante*, nor *Miss Golightly*—  
Names smacking of the “fastness” that scorns bars—  
Nor yet *Plaisante*, though christened all so brightly,  
Nor bright *Belphebe*, with her port of pride,  
Nor *Merrythought*, that cheers e’en toil of pleasure—  
’Twas none of these that to the front did glide,  
And to her owner proved herself a treasure.

But *Placida*, still calm of port and pace,  
For rights or wrongs unfretful and unfussy,  
That took her pleasure wisely, like her race,  
Serene, and at her ease, e’en when most busy,  
’Twas *she*, whose name speaks gentleness and calm,  
That won the Oaks—from first to last untackled;  
That took and kept the lead, “à la grande dame,”  
With sweep of strength that speaks in grace unshackled.

*Placida*, type of all her sex should be,  
Rather than are: the fillies’ fair ideal!  
In her let all her biped sisters see  
No fancy picture—*Placida* is real.  
’Tis calm and gentleness, control of pace,  
Of wind and limb, ambition, passion, pity,  
That make the winner of the fillies’ race,  
Biped or quadruped—so ends my ditty!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*\*\* Once for all we beg to inform our Correspondents, that, though we, of course, know everything, these questions ought to have been sent to the Editor of the Musical World.

A FIRM BELIEVER IN EVERYTHING YOU SAY.—You are an idiot. ONE WHO KNOWS.—Wrong again. He never was. Consult a Musical Solicitor.

A TIMID GAZELLE.—The Composer you allude to came of age at the same time. This did not, however, prevent him from attending to his usual business at the office.

PROFONDO.—PIATTI is not the first violoncello player. The first violoncello player must have lived a very long time ago.

A TENNER.—You will find the symphony in his early works. All his works were early, as he invariably wrote between three and six A.M. every morning. Compare Op. 6, *Symp.* 10, and count six to four bar one.

AN ACUTE EAR.—(1) Lift the dominant; (2) Yes; (3) A fine example of a Major in the Lancers; (4) Sometimes; (5) Try A flat—in Victoria Street.

HANDEL JUNIOR.—All nautical songs need not be written in C. But it is absolutely necessary that they should be within every mariner’s compass.

COUNT FAURE.—Poo! Knock him right into the big drum, and smash him on the head with the cymbals.

TWEEDLE DUMB.—If taken slowly, you will find it do you a lot of good. Two-four at a time.

WAGNER.—The overture to *Die Wälschweyheren* commences with fifteen bars of best yellow soap.

GREGORY says “he doesn’t like Church music, and asks us what he shall do?” Go to CHAPPELL.

DOLLY DOLCE asks “What time ought LINDSAY SLOPER’s *Nocturne* to be taken at?” Bed time, of course.

\*\*\* Being pressed for space below the line, we have forwarded the rest to our learned musical contemporary above-named.

## SOMETHING LIKE ENTHUSIASM.

WHEN DR. SCHLIEHMANN was a grocer’s shopman, such was his Homeric enthusiasm, that he used to serve out his groceries over the counter by Troy weight instead of Avoirdupois.





## SUNDAY AT HOME.

Mamma. "Now, JACK, THERE ARE TEN COMMANDMENTS YOU HAVE TO KEEP. IF YOU TOOK A THING THAT WASN'T YOURS, YOU'D BREAK A COMMANDMENT!"

Jack (remembering something about some little Niggers). "AND THEN THERE'D BE NINE!"

## EPITAPH ON AN UMBRELLA.

*A Dirge by S—Y G—P.*

HERE lies a weapon flourished oft  
In face of England's threatening foes;  
A glorious beacon held aloft  
When Rads would plot and Whigs oppose.  
It awed the gathering Russian host,  
It smote false GLADSTONE'S hip and thigh;  
The British patriot's pride and boast,  
Here let it lie!

Once sword and flag in one, alas!  
Its point is blunt, its ribs are burst.  
No foe to such a piteous pass  
Has brought it, but—oh! fate accurst!  
The friends it fain had served were those  
Who flouted it and thrust it by!  
So, terror once of shrinking foes,  
Here let it lie.

Ah, why did SALISBURY deride;  
Oh, how could DERBY thus desert  
The *Aegis* once your party's pride,  
Still spread to shield you from the dirt!  
How now shall British Interests fare?  
Who'll now invent 'em, guard 'em, sing 'em?  
All, all is lost, so lie you there  
Discarded Gingham!

## "GERMS" OF INFECTION.

DR. H. CHARLTON BASTIAN, in a letter on the controversy between himself and PROFESSOR TYNDALL about "Spontaneous Generation," quotes from one of the learned Professor's recent lectures on that subject, the statement that the air of the Royal Institution has been for some time "filled with a virulently infecting atmosphere." There scarcely needs a chemical philosopher, with his tests and instruments of nice analysis—detective of nasty impurities—to tell us that. It is too well known to frequenters of the Temple of Science in Albemarle Street, especially from experience in the Lecture Theatre on Friday evening meetings. So long ago as in FARADAY'S time, even when FARADAY was lecturing, its air, impure from ill ventilation, could send listeners to sleep. So now they may sometimes nod, although listening to TYNDALL. The only wonder is that the atmosphere of the Royal Institution, replete with putrifiable germs, does not infect everybody who ventures to breathe it with putrid fever from the Professor's various hay infusions. The question, "Do you boil your hay?" in suburban circles, where hay-fever is a favourite complaint about this time, will soon become as pertinent and as prominent as MRS. WEDLAKE'S "Do you bruise your oats?" used to be in the advertisement columns of the newspapers.

## GOLD-STICKS AND OLD STICKS—ALIAS FIELD-MARSHALS' BÂTONS.

MR. PUNCH assisted last week at one of the most instructive and imposing ceremonies it has ever been his good luck to witness. The much-coveted *bâton* of Field-Marshal was conferred, in his presence, upon GENERAL SIR C. NILE G.C.B., M.Y.I., &c., GENERAL SIR ST. JAMES GOLDSTICK, G.C.B., O.L.A., and GENERAL LORD MUDDLE, K.G., G.C.B., V.A.S., &c., &c.

The gallant and effete Generals arrived at one o'clock, for 12.15 P.M., at the Horse Guards (old style), in Bath chairs, provided by a Paternal Government with india-rubber cushions, rugs, and hot-water bottles. SIR C. NILE showed considerable agility in throwing his hot-water apparatus at the sentry, who gave the wrong salute, and an admiring public, consisting of two messengers and a commissionaire, and our office-boy, had plenty of opportunity to compare the youth and freshness of the gallant General's audible expletives, and the age of a venerable joke which he dropped on the steps as he was assisted up by an amiable Aide-de-Camp. He was supplied with a light luncheon of lamb and ground-rice pudding, washed down by a bottle of port.

SIR ST. JAMES GOLDSTICK had to be carried in by the united efforts of three Aides-de-Camp, as the dear old General persisted in a desire to draw cocked hats on the pavement with a stick of cosmetique, used to give a purple shade to his moustaches.

Mr. Punch regrets to add that his language, though nearly inaudible, was unfit for publication. He was, however, soon pacified by receiving a box of tin soldiers to play with.

GENERAL LORD MUDDLE was the last to arrive, owing to an accident. He had dropped a rattle in the road, which was carried off by a casual Joe, and only recovered after a five minutes' chase by an agile Policeman who had witnessed the young miscreant's daring act.

The old Gentleman, who had just purchased a drum in the Lowther Arcade, wished to try the culprit by drum-head court-martial, and was with difficulty dissuaded by his companions of the Bath-Chair.

After a light repast of panada and tops and bottoms, partaken of with apparent relish by the trio of gallant veterans, the impressive ceremony of investiture with the Field-Marshal's *bâton* was proceeded with. The venerable recipients of this symbol of military command showed some inclination to babble of green fields, hand-grenades, and wooden walls, and got quite hot at one moment over a discussion of the relative values of hair-powder and pipeclay; but as they had been accommodated with high chairs, with bars in front, to rest their arms on, the altercation, accompanied as it was at moments by considerable liveliness of gesticulation, never became really dangerous to the gallant old boys. Before they were wheeled off, SIR C. NILE was understood to have expressed himself as much disgusted that his *bâton* was not made of *sucre d'orge*, while GENERAL SIR ST. JAMES GOLDSTICK wept when he heard that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON was dead, and LORD MUDDLE expressed his anxiety to get back to dinner with NELSON and LORD BYRON. But the ceremony was, on the whole, got through with striking success; and nobody can doubt that the mantle of the Iron Duke, which under our military system, falls, sooner or later, on the right shoulders, has so fallen, though rather later than sooner, in this case.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



THE Lords (Monday, June 11).—"In the name of the Prophet—Figs!"

"In the name of England's Indian Empire—a Consul!"

Such, and so proportioned, peroration to demand, is LORD DE MAULEY's proposal. In the proposer's own terms, he wants a Consul "in some selected town of Central Asia, to watch over the commercial and territorial interests of British India," threatened by the insidious advance of Russia. (*Punch* knows the man for the place—MR. PARTINGTON—MRS. PARTINGTON's husband.) LORD DE MAULEY "prefers the human buffer to parry attack." The wild tribes are such a buffer. His lonely Consul, on his weary Central Asian watch, would be another—of whom we might say, at once with perfect truth and genuine sympathy, "poor buffer!" FATHER MURPHY, in the Irish Rebellion, proposed to stop the mouth of a twelve-pounder with his own wig. Since our great Asian mystery-man proposed to bar the Russian advance Indiawards with an





## TURNING THE TABLES.

"Young Person" (applicant for Housemaid's "Situation"). "MAY I ASK, SIR, IF YOU KEEP A BOY?"

Old Gent. "A BOY! NO. WHY?" Young Person. "OH, TO CLEAN BOOTS AND KNIVES, CARRY UP COALS AND——"

Old Gent. "AH, MAY I ASK—CAN YOU PLAY THE PIANO?" Young Person (dubiously). "N—NO, SIR——"

Old Gent. "AH, THEN, I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T—THAT IS, WE SHALL NOT SUIT YOU. I AND MY WIFE ALWAYS CARRY UP THE COALS, AND WASH THE DISHES, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING. ALL WE WANT IS SOME ONE TO PLAY THE PIANO!"

empty title, we have not had suggested so formidable a barrier against the Russian Bogey as LORD DE MAULEY'S Consul. It is true the suggestion savours of political homeopathy—"similia similibus"—a phantom sentinel against a nightmare foe! LORD DE MAULEY, too! The name smacks of the noble art of self-defence—as if a man should say "*Lord Fisticuff*." But if the Russian "rally" were really to be feared, what should we have to say of such a "counter"?

LORD SALISBURY was at pains to explain that a thousand miles of waterless desert and inaccessible mountain between English and Russian frontiers, and between the Russ and his base of supplies, were a more trustworthy barrier than LORD DE MAULEY'S "buffer," and that the look-out man for British territorial interests in that quarter is not a Consul for Central Asia but the Viceroy of British India. He put the same idea into more epigrammatic form at the Merchant Taylors' banquet the same night—thanks to their continence of speech, my Lords can do their debating and dining without clash—in a phrase in which *Punch* has found the germ of a Cartoon. "It has generally been acknowledged to be madness to go to war for an idea, but it is yet more unsatisfactory to go to war against a nightmare." Awful language for an Indian Secretary to use of India's peril from the Muscovite, and, more appalling still, LORD DERBY endorsed it, and even called it "admirable!" No wonder the Russophobe organs are grinding their gloomiest. "*Il est fort en colère, Le Père Duchesne!*" There is much howling and gnashing of teeth from our fussy friends, D. T. and P. M. G., and M. P.—meaning, of course, *Del. Trem., Past Grand Master, and Member of Parliament.*

LORD TRURO, recording his Blackheath experiences, dwelt on the coincidence—which he seemed to think curious, but which to *Punch* seems but natural—that though he had been in the habit of passing over the Heath at all hours of the day and night for ten years, he had never seen a bad character or a policeman. At the same time, his house in the neighbourhood had been robbed four or

five times! Evidently, *that was what the bad characters were about while my Lord was out walking over the Heath—*

"I went to TRURO's house,  
TRURO wasn't at home,  
TRURO he was on the Heath,  
So I his goods did bone!"

LORD TRURO wants to know if the district is to be protected against the recent "revivals" of Captain Macheath and Jerry Abershaw?

LORD BEAUCHAMP gave the requisite assurances; and the Conservative BARON REDESDALE gave a hint to LORD TRURO that if he had carried a revolver, he wouldn't have much to fear from the Blackheath branch of the Clan Macheath. The MITFORDS still smack of their Border stock, and evidently hold to the orthodox old Redesdale rule, "Let ilka man's haun' keep ilka man's heid."

(*Commons.*)—SIR G. BOWYER asked the ATTORNEY-GENERAL whether the Federation of Liberal Associations, lately hatched at Birmingham, did or did not come within the danger of the Statute passed in 1799 to put down the Corresponding Societies and other ugly growths of that fermenting time, so abundant in United Societies for the dissolution of everything?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN asked the same question, in relation to the "Federation of Conservative Associations."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, was happily, able to reassure BOWYER against CHAMBERLAIN, and CHAMBERLAIN against BOWYER. Neither Liberal nor Conservative Federation is so clearly within both spirit and letter of the Act of 1799 that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL can see his way to recommend indictment. But SIR GEORGE had better try it, if he see his way. Ditto CHAMBERLAIN.

Among the night's talkee-talkes on all imaginable subjects—Stock Exchange Frauds, Dean Forest, Belgravian Roads, Scotch Fisheries, Vaccination Prosecutions, Indian Civil Service Examinations, Black Sea Blockade, Administration of Irish Affairs, and



Teaching of Cookery,—came the old question about the release of the Fenian prisoners, and elicited the old answer. There are only six of them: two for murder, three soldiers, and one, sentenced after special consideration of his case, to fifteen years,—a term which may be shortened.

Of course PARNELL and BIGGAR were in the thick of it. The Major—more power to him!—pointed out that the great mistake made by these men was, that they did not succeed. He quoted the case of COUNT ANDRASSY, who once bore arms against the Emperor of Austria: "The man had been a political offender, but what was he to-day?—Prime Minister of Austria."

The Major should have quoted the case of GAVAN DUFFY: "The man had been a political offender against the British Government, but what had he become since?—Prime Minister of a great British Colony."

A fight in Supply over Queen's Plates—in which the Major came out in good "form,"—and Secret Service Money, a great chance for PARNELL and RYLANDS, who boasted, not without reason, that he had unearthed one indefensible appropriation of the fund to augmentation of the salary of the man who managed it. But what service could be more secret than spending secret-service money? After all, if you can't trust your Government to do its dirty work as cheaply as possible, what can you trust it to do?

*Tuesday (Lords).—*Nothing done, but no time spent in doing it. That is the distinctive beauty of the Upper House.

*(Commons, Morning Sitting).—*MR. BOURKE will see LORD ROBERT MONTAGU at the Holy Land before he'll tell him anything about where the July dividends on Egyptian Stocks are to come from. Such is the style in which Foreign Office insolence dares insult the laudable desire for information in private Members!

BIGGAR and PARNELL had such a morning of it on the Prisons Bill. They moved a great deal, but didn't carry anything. If these noble Arcadians had the ordering of prisons, what pleasant places of sojourn they would be—i.e., for prisoners! But wouldn't the Governors and Warders have a nice time of it!

MR. SHERIDAN's clause, providing that no prisoner should be kept in custody untried for longer than three months, was only lost by 135 to 165.

Let MR. CROSS see to it. He will have to fit our judicial arrangements to secure that. Long intervals between arrest and trial should ere this have been among things of the past.

*(Evening Sitting).—*SIR E. WILMOT moved for revision—MR. PEASE, for abolition—of the Punishment of Death. An interesting debate, marked by a speech from JOHN BRIGHT, prompted and uplifted by real feeling. The discussion has at least got lifted out of its old ruts. All agree now that it is impossible to maintain rationally that death punishments are beyond the right of Governments. The question is as to their policy—their effect in checking capital crime. On that authorities in and out of Parliament differ, and will apparently continue to differ. The statistics are untrustworthy. Cases that MR. PEASE quoted to show the non-deterrent effect of death punishments in the case of murder, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL appealed to to show their deterrent effect.

*Punch* cannot but believe that there is a class of ruffians who are only checked by fear of the gallows from carrying their brutality to those in their power beyond cruelty to deadly violence; that the gallows ought to be maintained mainly for these wretches, and that to abolish the terror of it would be to expose to new dangers a most helpless class of sufferers. But everyone of sense who has studied the subject is agreed that our law, which now lumps under the same name of Murder offences that range from the most venial to the most heinous forms of homicide, requires alteration: and it is much to the discredit of our law-givers that this foul blot has not long since been wiped away. But so long as JOHN BULL's jurists can be trusted to deal fairly and like men of sense and courage with any charge that carries death as its punishment, so as not, on the one hand, to see *circumstance attenuante* in the gallows, when there is no other; and, on the other, so as to distinguish as their reason bids them between "murder" and "manslaughter," even when the law and the judge fail to draw the distinction (as seems to have been the case in the instance of DOHERTY, quoted by JOHN BRIGHT), so long *Punch* cannot regret that the gallows is maintained as the *ultima ratio legum* for defence of insufficiently defended life against reckless ruffianism. For this, and this only, he would have the Tyburn Tree kept up, and in view of this danger—a real one, as he believes—he would feel less comfortable if it were cut down.

*Wednesday.—Mirabile dictu!* An Irish Bill for the Assimilation of Irish to English Parliamentary Registration read a Second Time. It is perhaps enough to say, in explanation of this phenomenon, that the Bill was moved by MR. MITCHELL HENRY, and neither supported nor obstructed by BIGGAR and PARNELL.

Cheques in practice pass like bank-notes. If good, no question is asked how the holder came by them. But "crossed cheques" are only payable through bankers. An Act last year provided that if

the drawer of a crossed cheque write "Not negotiable" across it, the banker who pays it does so at his peril. MR. HUBBARD wants to extend this to all crossed cheques. It is purely a question of mercantile convenience, and the House declined to disturb last year's Act by 175 to 66.

Ladies find cheque-law hard enough to understand as it is; but if the House kept on altering it, what would become of the unhappy females who enjoy the masculine right of keeping their own cheque-books?

*Thursday (Lords).—The Priest in Absolution, and The Priest at Prayer,* are manuals savouring, even in their titles, more of Popery than Protestantism. But when it comes to the reading of them, the savour becomes something that can only be described as a stink.

LORD REDESDALE called their Lordships' attention to these offensive, insidious, and indecent little shoves to sacerdotalism, before a House in which the Bench of Bishops was represented by five prelates, of whom the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and the BISHOP of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL joined in denunciation of these purulent and pernicious aids to impurity, and the Society of the Cross under whose auspices they are issued. *Punch* would like to catch one of the priestly handlers of these poisonous manuals on his premises!

MR. TOOTH, it seems, is Secretary to the Foreign Mission of this Society. A Mission so eminently foreign to the Church of England may well count the notorious *Dens* among its authorities. But if the Society and its Foreign Secretary will insist on laying and incubating the eggs of Popery, at least they should not be allowed snug English livings to hatch 'em in.

*(Commons).—*The Government declines to give MR. SMYTH a day for the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE suggested that SIR WILFRID LAWSON should give up the Wednesday he has been lucky enough to get for the trotting out of his own Permissive hobby. SIR WILFRID agreed, if Government would take up MR. SMYTH's Bill as a Government measure. It has all but bound itself to do as much.

The Prisons Bill, was got through Report in spite of all the obstructive activity of MR. PARNELL.

MR. WADDY and MR. GOSCHEN drew down rebuke from both Irish and English, by protesting against "kid-glove treatment of treason-felony." One can understand such an outburst on the part of those who may be supposed to look on the preaching of treason-felony as the business of a National pulpit. But that English Liberals should protest against treating treason-felons as criminals of a very mischievous kind, is less easy to explain.

When MR. COWEN invokes the right of insurrection he seems to forget that this is one of the rights which must have a wrong at the bottom of them. The right which is sacred when exerted against brute-force and oppression, becomes a wrong instead of a right when invoked against law-governed liberty. Treason-felons at this day in this country are unjustifiable disturbers of the peace; rebels not against oppression, but against order, progress, and law-regulated removal of abuses.

Universities Bill ordered for Third Reading on Monday.

Hurrah!—two of the Bills of the Session past the talking stage! Daylight at last!

*Friday (Lords).—*Of course the Foreign Office was glad to publish COLONEL MANSFIELD's dispatches, showing how Russia converts Greek Uniates by whipping and cell imprisonment, altogether very much as MANY converted Protestants to the true Church. Foreign Office takes a particular pleasure just now in slapping Russia in the face, and Society enjoys the slap. LORD HOUGHTON isn't surprised. It is only pretty Russia's way. That is why the Catholic Church, like the Jews, wishes God speed to the Turks. LORD STANLEY of ALDERLEY wants LORD GRANVILLE's answers to COLONEL MANSFIELD's dispatches. But this is too much for LORD DERBY. We may lecture Turks, though we mustn't coerce them. But we must not interfere with Russia's internal administration, though we may slap her in the face, and tell her she's a big, blustering, equivocating bully, whom we decline to believe on her oath.

It is not true (see the MARQUIS of SALISBURY's answer to the DUKE of ARGYLL) that we have quarrelled, or mean to quarrel—if we can help it—with the Ameer of Afghanistan, or that we are making preparations which savour of war on our North-western frontier. All such reports are, in fact, "shaves"—the growth of Indian gossip in private letters. Indian officials will gossip, but Government is trying to break them of the habit.

LORD LAWRENCE had no doubt all was right in Central Asia, but wished he could believe that the rumoured difficulties with the Ameer of Afghanistan were, as LORD SALISBURY seemed to think, a mere delusion.

*(Commons).—*Quite an Irish night's entertainment, what with PARNELL's notices of motion on Irish Church temporalities, Dublin Rate Collection, and the murder of SERGEANT BREIT; MR. GRAY on CONSTABLE MALONEY, and the Phoenix Park Canteen Fund; and CAPTAIN O'BRIEN on the state of the Ballinamore Canal, to begin with. Then—to balance this intolerable quantity of Irish sack—a



hap'orth of Scotch bread, in the shape of a wrangle over the Roads and Bridges Bill, but ending, *More Scottico*, with two steps in advance,—Second Reading, and Committee fixed for next Friday. MR. BIGGAR was then bowled over in an attempt to stop the Summary Jurisdiction Bill. And the night wound up with a vigorous, but unsuccessful attempt at equalising the Irish Borough Franchise with the English—defeated by 239 to 165.

### A BOOR AT A CITY BOARD.



Guardian of his lunch, should have been treated as he complains in his letter?—

"I have been excluded from all Committees, the resolutions against me being proposed or framed by and at the instigation of one particular member of one of the House Committees, MR. JOHN COX. Why, let me ask? I have not partaken of any of the soup, fish, flesh, fowl, jams, jellies, custards, desserts, &c., &c., furnished the Committee at the ratepayers' expense. I have not been a party to the splitting up of large bills into small ones, so as to pay them out of petty cash, and thus blind the Government Auditor.\* I was not aware of such a practice existing, until the matter came out in evidence before a Special Committee on which I was placed. I thereupon tried all I could to put a stop to such a state of things, by attending at the proper Committees, with the necessary suggestions for putting an end to the manipulations. I was defied, and the officers told not to answer my questions."

"Questions," indeed! Pretty questions! Objections to refreshment accounts and pastry-cooks' charges for entertainments to which Boor was never asked!

And serve Boor, and all such boorish kill-joys, right! "It's a poor heart that never rejoices" (according to the old saw), and not a Poor-Law Guardian's.

\* Clever dogs!

### "WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK, THEN COMES THE TUG OF WAR."

GREEK has met Greek with a vengeance! Four ex-Premiers, COMONDOROS, ZAMIS, DELIGEORGIS, and TRICOUPI, in one Administration, with CONSTANTINE CANARIS, the old Scioite fire-ship captain of the War of Independence, at their head!

We question if he then commanded a craft laden with more combustible and explosive materials than he is likely to find in this curious Cabinet of ex-ministerial *marginerie*.

Think of GLADSTONE and BEACONSFIELD side by side, and HARDY lying, or rather, sitting down on the same Treasury Bench with BOB LOWE!

What should we infer from such a Coalition but that the public had uttered "A plague on both your Houses!" in accents so decisive that Ins and Outs, Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Liberals, had been startled to the conclusion that those who said so meant it, and that "measures not men" must, for once, be the order of the day?

So it is said that this portentous Coalition Ministry in Greece means business for once—i.e., that Greece feels that a crisis is at hand, in which the fortunes of the kingdom, not of a Minister and his dependents, will have to be put to hazard. So Hellas has hoisted the National flag, in the good ship *Great Idea*, with this queer crew of Premiers and this gallant old fighting CAPTAIN

CANARIS. If he but show the same pluck in blowing up his four Ex-Premiers as he did, more than half a century ago, in blowing up Turkish men-of-war, he will have approved himself, in the evening of his political days, the right man in the right place, as clearly as he did off Scio in 1822!

### MORE OF MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES.

WHEN maydens blushe not to appearen dighte  
In robes made not to hide but brynge to lighte,  
Then schalle talk waxen loose, as cotes wax tyghte.

When plaies of Parys please ye baser sorte,  
Till tooles to clappe stoppe not of frenzie shorte,  
Then shall men's wives of wantonnesse make sporte.

When husbandes playe away the long daye's griste  
In nightes atte Pokyr, and in daies atte Whyste,  
Blame ladyes nought that wolde doe what they liste.

When Fyshe be trained to run straye off ye reele,  
And beren heades of death and tayles of steele,  
Then Englonde's iron-walles greate shoocke shall fele.

When men deigne ryde with lemans in the Parke,  
And talk thereof to maidens as a larken,  
Then shall loves waxen light, and firesydes darke.

### WHEN POPE MEETS PRESS.



Two things going in opposite directions on one road are bound to meet. This accounts for the clashing of two antagonistic anniversaries, the fiftieth of the Pope's Episcopal life, and the five hundredth of the English Printing Press. At the CAXTON celebration of Saturday, June 23, is shown, among other exhibits, an extract\* from LORD HERBERT's history of HENRY THE EIGHTH, in which the Pope and the Press are brought together by no less

a link than CARDINAL WOLSEY. LORD HERBERT there states the reasons urged by the Cardinal on POPE CLEMENT THE SEVENTH for "throwing down a few superfluous Monasteries in England":—

"That his Holiness could not be ignorant what diverse effects this new invention of printing had produc'd. For as it had brought in and restor'd books and learning, so together it hath been the occasion of those sects and schisms which daily appear'd in the world, but chiefly in Germany, where men began now to call in question the present faith and tenets of the Church, and to examine how far religion is departed from its primitive institution. And that, which particularly was to be lamented, they had exhorted lay and ordinary men to read the Scriptures, and to pray in their vulgar tongue. That, if this were suffer'd, besides all other dangers, the common people at last might come to believe that there was not so much use of the clergy. For if men were persuaded once they could make their own way to God, and that prayers in their native and ordinary language might pierce Heaven, as well as Latin, how much would the authority of the mass fall? How prejudicial might this prove unto all our ecclesiastical orders."

When read, let Ridsdalists and Ritualists make a note of.

\* Printed by BENJAMIN HARAX, Castle Works, Liverpool.

GOLD FOR BRASS.

At more than fair exchange Great Britain aims—  
Making a Civic GRANT for Alabama claims!

MATERNAL PARTIALITY.—The old Seal's impression (at the Brighton Aquarium) is that her cub is a Signet.





### FASHIONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

"GOING TO THE THROAT AND EAR BALL, LADY MARY?"

"NO—WE ARE ENGAGED TO THE INCURABLE IDIOTS."

"THEN PERHAPS I MAY MEET YOU AT THE EPILEPTIC DANCE ON SATURDAY?"

"OH, YES—WE ARE SURE TO BE THERE. THE EPILEPTIC STEWARDS ARE SO DELIGHTFUL!"

### THE THREE RAVENS.

(New Version.)

THERE were three Croakers lay in a bed.

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

They were off their feed and off their head:

(With a down!)

The three, ere they slept, had chorussed in fear,

"What will become of England. Oh dear!"

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

They drownded, and dreamed a gruesome dream.

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

A Bogey stood in night's pale gleam,

(With a down!)

An awful Bogey, dim and dread,

Which straddled all across their bed.

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

Its nose did glow, its eyes did glare:

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

It had a shock of matted hair.

(With a down!)

With seven-leagued boots it did bestride

A charger that a fiend might ride.

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

It swelled, that portent big and base,

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

Until it seemed to fill all space,

(With a down!)

Its stride could stretch from pole to pole,

Its maw might swallow nations whole.

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

These Croakers three they kicked and groaned,

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

They gurgled, grunted, sighed, and moaned,

(With a down!)

And, like tub-thumper o'er his book,

Each night-capped noddle swayed and shook.

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

They shouted "Fire!" they cried "Police!"

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

They shrieked at all who bade them cease.

(With a down!)

And they cursed for fools and traitors foul

All who would not at Bogey howl.

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

Till a Lord they blessed, and a Lord they curst,

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

Upon their slumbers rudely burst.

(With a down!)

"Wake up! No foe is here!" they cried,

"But Bogey his nightmare that doth bestride."

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

They rubbed their eyes, they wagged their heads,

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

They paced the floor with troubled treads,

(With a down!)

"Nightmare!" quoth one. "Oh don't tell me!"

"Dream!" said another. "Fiddle-de-dee!"

(With a down, derry, derry down!)

The third he cried, "This is too bad;

(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)

That Lord who woke us must be mad!

(With a down!)





## DISTURBED DREAMERS.

SALISBURY. "WAKE UP, WAKE UP, MY LITTLE MEN!—DON'T MAKE SUCH A HORRIBLE NOISE! IT'S ONLY THE NIGHTMARE!"  
"It has generally been acknowledged to be madness to go to war for an idea, but it is yet more unsatisfactory to go to war against a nightmare."—Lord Salisbury among the Merchant Taylors.







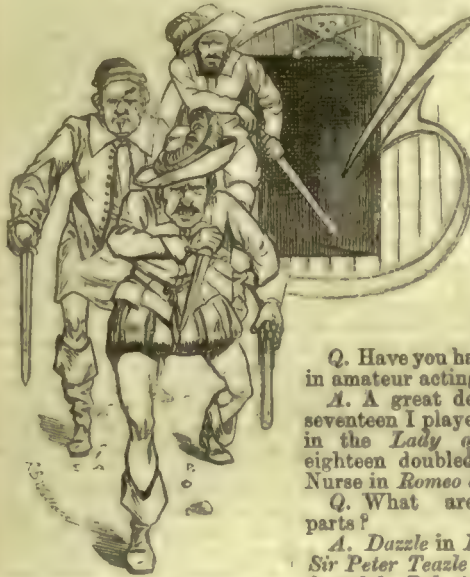
What can he mean, and does LORD D.  
Pretend to believe no more than he?"  
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

To dream-land they dropped off again,  
(Down, a down, a down, hey down!)  
Still keeping up the same old strain.  
(With a down!)

Now Heaven send, if they won't awake,  
Less row the three may learn to make.  
(With a down, derry, derry down!)

## MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. III.—ON AMATEUR ACTING.



GEORGE TENTER-  
FOUR examined.

Q. I believe your chief employment in life is amateur acting?

A. Yes. I am a clerk in a Government Office, but I devote most of the time not claimed by the Service to learning my various parts.

Q. Have you had much experience in amateur acting?

A. A great deal. When I was seventeen I played the First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons*, and at eighteen doubled *Romeo* and the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*.

Q. What are your favourite parts?

A. Dazzle in *London Assurance*, Sir Peter Teazle in *The School for Scandal*, Bob Acres in *She Stoops to Conquer*, Mr. Golightly in *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and

*Macbeth*.

Q. What is your idea of acting?

A. To learn my words, and to go to a theatre where the piece for which I am cast is being played constantly, with a view to copying every movement of the actor whose part I am afterwards to sustain.

Q. Do you not think that it would be better to think out your parts for yourself, instead of giving a weak imitation of an old original?

A. Certainly not. My First Officer in the *Lady of Lyons* was never a great success until I had seen it played by some one else.

Q. What are your objects in acting?

A. First, to show myself in various costumes to my friends and relatives, and, secondly, to benefit some obscure charity.

Q. Does the obscure charity benefit very largely by your exertions?

A. Not very frequently. After all expenses have been paid, a five-pound note is rather a handsome average for the surplus.

Q. Are you aware that amateur performances in the country frequently do great injury to professional actors?

A. So I have been told.

Q. Are you aware that many a provincial manager and his company have been reduced to penury by these entertainments?

A. I believe so.

Q. Would you be surprised if a manager were to offer you more than thirty shillings a week to become a member of his company?

A. I should be very much surprised indeed.

Q. Would you (and I appeal to you as a sensible man) play the part of audience at an amateur performance in which you had no personal interest—I mean no part to play?

A. Under no consideration whatever.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

## Freaks of Fashion.

How to be à la Mode.

THE Complexion—Undisguisedly disguised.  
Square Collar—Openly out to the heart.  
Bull-Dresses—Barely decent.  
Skirts—Tied back with effrontery.

## THREE ANNIVERSARIES.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, 1377. WILLIAM CAXTON, 1477. PIUS IX., 1877.

THREE dates; three links, unsevered though apart,  
On Time's long chain. It fills the brooding heart  
With thoughts that halt 'twixt hope and fear to mark  
This conflict of the Light against the Dark,  
Unchanging, and unending. WYCLIFFE's tongue  
And CAXTON's type; the fiery zeal that flung  
Truth's gage against all odds, the sober wit  
That gave the goddess wings, and bade her flit  
From cloister down to cottage, with the light  
Which, the more Popes would quench it, beamed more  
bright.

The selfsame light—whose permeating glow  
From Lutterworth five hundred years ago  
Startled Pope, Prince, and Prelate with its gleam,  
And just a century later with a beam  
Of broad diffusiveness was winged to fly  
Abroad from Westminster's old Almonry,—  
Still leads our Vanguard legions, while, with fear  
And wilful blindness smitten, in the rear  
The lovers of the Darkness crouch, and curse  
Those dauntless facers of the dawn. Perverse  
And purblind Priestdom, ever slow to learn,  
Why so persistently Light's blessing spurn?  
Why try your policy of Night again,  
Foolish as fruitless, puerile as vain?  
When did anathemas stay truth? As well  
Essay with scourge to check the Ocean's swell,  
Or hold the dawn in fetters. GREGORY failed;  
His fiery fulminations nought availed  
Against the beacon-fire that WYCLIFFE raised—  
From which a kindling brand soon brightly blazed  
On every hearth in England. But what hope,  
Born of the shadows, buoys our later Pope,  
The kindly age-worn man, whose Jubilee  
E'en stubborn foes could wish that they were free  
To celebrate in kindness? Yet o'er all  
WYCLIFFE illumed this Pope would spread the pall  
Of priestly obscuration! Freedom, faith  
That freedom well might nurse nor suffer scath,  
Popular learning, free thought, liberty  
To sacred books of winning access free,  
These WYCLIFFE stood for, these stout CAXTON's press  
Helped onward to a slow but sure success;  
These Pius and his guards e'en now would stay,  
Invoking night at the full noon of day,  
As did their predecessors at its dawn,  
And cursing Wisdom's seed as Evil's spawn.  
The Jester, sobered at the saddening sight,  
Sighs while he smiles, yet, loyal to the light,  
Checking awhile the jingle of his mirth,  
Before the sad-faced sage of Lutterworth—  
An earlier LUTHER, born of British blood,  
As keen as calmly wise, as brave as good—  
Puts by his *bâton* that stout soul to greet,  
And lays the laurel at JOHN WYCLIFFE's feet.

## Something Like Military Intelligence.

"The troopship *Assistance*, with the 104th Regiment on board, has arrived at Kingstown, from Jersey, and proceeded to the Curragh Camp for the drill season."

So says a recent item in the Military Intelligence of the *Irish Times*. Talk of "Horse Marines" contemptuously after this! Of course they dragged the ship.

## Submarine Fish-Frightening.

It seems that the West Country fishermen are inflicting grievous damage, and some alarm, on the shoals of sea-fish, by exploding charges of dynamite on the ground where they have hitherto been content to trawl for bass and brill, plaice and soles.

This is clearly an extension of the use of the fish-torpedo which MR. WHITEHEAD never bargained for.

## ECCLIASTICAL AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

*Great Match*.—The English Church Union Eleven against the Church Association.





## CANDID.

*Tam (very dry, at door of Country Inn, Sunday Morning). "AYE, MAN, YE MIGHT GIE ME A BIT GILL OOT IN A BOTTLE!"*

*Landlord (from within). "WEE, YE KEN, TAMMAS, I DAUENA SELL ONY-THING THE DAY. AND FORBYE YE GOT A HALF-MUTCHKIN AWA' WI' YE LAST NICH (AFTER HOORS TAE); IT CANNA BE A' DUNE YET!"*

*Tam. "DUNE! LOSH, MAN, D'YE THINK A' COULD SLEEP AN' WHUSKEY I' THE HOOSE?!"*

## OMINOUS OUTRAGE!

THE World of Fashion has been convulsed with a thrill of horror by an unprecedented outrage on Society, as represented by the dignified attendance of Aristocracy at the sports of Ascot. According to a dreadful police report, on Tuesday last—

"At Hammersmith, MAJOR ERLAN applied to Mr. BRIDGE for a summons for an assault. He stated that on Wednesday he was near Gunnersbury Station, with his two daughters, looking at the vehicles returning from Ascot Races, when a four-horse coach, driven by LORD LONDESBOROUGH, passed, and he was struck on the breast by a bag of sawdust thrown from it" (!)

True, indeed, is it that—

"Replying to the Magistrate, the Major said he did not know who threw the bag of sawdust."

And of course he was under a mistaken impression in the idea that it was thrown by anybody on LORD LONDESBOROUGH's drag. Nobody of LORD LONDESBOROUGH's party could possibly have thrown bags of sawdust on the return from Ascot at Ladies and Gentlemen, or, indeed, at anybody, or even have had such a thing as a bag of sawdust to throw. But the horrid fact is that a bag of sawdust was thrown by somebody or other from some passing vehicle on the road. Appalling event! What if this be the beginning of the end of the dignity and glory of Ascot; the first symptom of the decline of Ascot Races to the level of Epsom and Hampton? What next? Are we doomed hereafter to witness men and youths returning from the "Cup" with supplementary noses on, and dolls in their hat-bands? Will it be our sad fate to hear them blowing trumpets and tooting horns, and playing the *Two Obadias*, or the street-tune then popular, whatever it may be, on an accordion? Is the gathering on the Heath itself to be vulgarised by irrepressible Progress, and has its decadence been initiated by the bag of sawdust thrown at MAJOR ERLAN?

Of course Mr. BRIDGE could not grant a summons for the appearance of a catiff unknown. MAJOR ERLAN said he would write to LORD LONDESBOROUGH for that miscreant's name and address, but of course the noble Lord knows nothing of so impossible a companion. Though driving with his back to any cad who might have intruded, he would have immediately felt the presence of an offender, whose moral emanations, as sensible as the effluvia of the dead fly in the Apothecary's unguent, would have got him at once detected and expelled.

Too GOOD NEWS TO BE TRUE (*from a Sandwich Man*).—Charing Cross. Folly. Last Nights.

## RITUALISTS IN REBELLION.

THE Council of the Church Union, which boasts to have enrolled under its Ritualistic banner 2,586 clergy and 16,496 communicants, has at last thrown down the gauntlet to the Law. With a cool *petitio principii* it declares that the Ridsdale judgment has "rendered penal much of the ceremonial which the Church of England retained at the Reformation, and reconsidered and resettled in 1662."

Now, the very question for decision in the Ridsdale case was whether the practices the Reverend defendant had followed at Folkestone were such as the Church of England, at the Reformation and Post-revolutionary Resettlement had reconsidered and resettled? The Judges of the Privy Council have decided that they were not. The Council of the Church Union, flying in the face of the Judges, call on Convocation to do likewise, and advise the clerical members of the Union to treat the Ridsdale Judgment as the idle utterance of "a body recently appointed, and having no real authority."

At the same time that this document is adopted by the Church Union, the Church Association meets to express its satisfaction with the Ridsdale Judgment; its determination to do all in its power to see that the judgment is enforced; and its delight at the blow dealt thereby to the trade of the Church milliner, and the celebration of the sacrifice of the Mass by the Clergy of the Church of England.

So speak two months, both purporting to speak for one head, that of the Church of England.

It would be a very pretty quarrel as it stands, were it not that both Church Union and Church Association are in the main Clerical bodies, and their bone of contention nothing less than the foundations of the Established Church, and the claims of her Clergy.

"Hawks," says the proverb, "will not pike out hawks' een," but Clerical crows, it would seem, decline to follow their wise example, and are ready, under various names expressive of peace and concord, to fight to the death against each other, and one of them against the Law into the bargain.

Let JOHN BULL look to it. He may not be anxious to see a clean sweep made of his Church by Law Established; but when a large body within his Church by Law Established defies, disowns, and disobeys the Law, it has already disestablished itself.

There is only one duty for the Clergy who take this course; to shake off the yoke under which they refuse to bow their necks, and to cease to eat the bread of an Establishment whose laws they defy. "That's so," my Reverend Gents of the Church Union, and no two ways about it.

"*Paris vaut bien une messe*," said HENRI QUATRE. "*La messe vaut bien le presbytère*," should be the saying—followed up by doing—of the Church Union.

You will be easier where your opinions are already—out of our pale. A Protestant Establishment will be infinitely more comfortable out of yours.

## More Pernicious Literature.

A SACERDOTAL manual of auricular confession, privately printed, and circulating among an association of Anglican Clergymen styling themselves the "Society of the Holy Cross," which LORD REDSDALE the other evening denounced to the House of Lords, is not so happily named as perhaps it might be. Such is the character of this work, that, if sold openly, it would perhaps be subject to seizure under LORD CAMPBELL's Act. It is entitled *The Priest in Absolution*. An obvious analogy to another treatise, at present under prosecution, suggests as a better title for it—*Fruits of Theology*.



## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Diary continued, and forwarded by Private Wire.)



HE Saturday after last.—  
Gone wrong again.  
Got a new horse at  
Gladitzova (on sale or  
return), and a new boy,  
who said he knew the  
way. Discharged new  
boy at third mile-post.  
Met a man, who said  
that wasn't Khiva in  
the distance, but an-  
other place. Took  
first turning to the  
right. Thaw. Sum-  
mer beginning.

Mid-day, Saturday.—Came up with a private caravan, consisting of an aged Moldavian, an old Wallachian, a Merryvingian (such a funny fellow!), a couple of Kirghiz-men, and one Roumanian from Kolni Hatchski. The old Wallachian, a bald man without any moustache or beard, was very unwell. He said he'd make his will, and leave me everything if I would only cure him. Felt his pulse. Having no medicine by me, gave him some of MR. BRILLANTINE'S Essential Regenerative Stimuloso—a powerful oil for strengthening and darkening the hair. N.B.—Here would be a fine opportunity for taking advantage of my riding to Khiva as a Travelling

\* It may have been observed that we have allowed the last two letters to appear without (comparatively) note or comment. The fact is we have been compelled to observe the utmost caution, as well in the public's interest as in our own. But for our certainty that our Khivan Correspondent is not within reading distance, we should not append this Note. Fortunately, we are in possession of his entire MS., which we shall either withhold or publish as may suit our convenience and serve the cause of Truth and Justice. We are not prepared, as in view of legal proceedings, to *swear* that at this moment our Riding Representative is not "riding to Khiva." He may be. We have taken Counsel's opinion, and Counsel says that "in a criminal case, where the charge must be verbally accurate, and the evidence of guilt be in strict accordance with the wording of the charge, it would be very difficult to prove that, at some time or other, during the course of these letters, our Correspondent was not riding in the direction of Khiva, as he has alleged. For example, it must first," says Counsel's opinion, "be proved (*vide* 1 Will. c. 2) that he was not riding—and all along the *onus probandi* is with the prosecution; secondly, it must be proved that, if riding, he was not riding to Khiva. Now, it is evident," says Counsel's opinion, "that any person on mounting his horse in Park Lane, for example, is competent (*vide* *Crosse & Blackwell's Digest*, 2 O.T.) to remark to those about him, 'I am now going to ride to Khiva,' and may, to give a local colour to the assertion, actually turn his horse's head in an Eastern or a Southern or a South-eastern or South-western direction, according to his (the rider's) ideas of where Khiva may be situated. For his *bona fide* intention having been announced of riding to Khiva, the law presumes that a sane person knows what he is about, and is acquainted with the road he has undertaken to travel; on which road only by mistake, to which all human beings are liable, or by misadventure, to which all human beings are subject (*vide* decision in *Fowl and Pullitt's case*, under 10 Hen. 8, *Egg, Shelley, and Boyle's Reports*), he could be possibly supposed to go wrong. Therefore," continues Counsel's opinion, "though the Correspondent in question may never have left London, yet if he were *bona fide* and of honest though mistaken purpose, perpetually riding to Khiva, there would be, and could be, no basis for a criminal prosecution, nor, indeed, any safe ground for an action at common law." (*Vide* 4 Geo. 2, c. Gunn's Reports, edited by J. INGO.)

Thus advised, it is necessary for us to be cautious and reserved. We may mention, however, that we have secured Private Wire, and have, at a considerable outlay in the shape of an annuity to his mother, got a firm hold on Our Own Confidential Boy. We are now going to take Counsel's opinion again. Our first Counsel advised us to take Counsel's opinion every two hours, and the last thing before retiring to rest, until we found some relief. We intend doing so; and hope to satisfy the public as to the *mala fides* or *bona fides* of Our Correspondent before a fortnight has passed.—Ed.

Advertising Agent. Let everybody who has anything to puff send out samples at once to Me, and I'll try 'em on the Khans and other people! My charges will be moderate, but payment in advance, to my agent in London, is absolutely indispensable. No Prior Pay, no Posterior Puff!—He drank it all, and became insensible. We are stopping on our road, awaiting the consequences anxiously.

In the evening amused the Party with the Learned Pig, cribbage (won five games out of six), and an acrobatic performance from Our Boys. Fair Circassian sulky.

Midnight.—Patient still insensible.

1 A.M. Sunday.—Effect of Regenerating Stimulant gradually perceptible on the bald Wallachian. Hair sprouting out in various parts. Patient recovering consciousness: irritable. He is suffering from an entirely new illness, which, on the homœopathic principle, has driven out the other. It makes him fretful, like cutting his teeth, only that this is cutting his hair.

3 A.M.—Whiskers appearing. Patient restless and feverish.

4 A.M.—Bald head suddenly breaking out into a sort of brown stubble. Patient using violent language in his native tongue. To soothe him, his friends sing a part-song, and play curious musical instruments.

5 A.M.—Hair two inches long on head. First appearance of moustaches. Lengthening and darkening of eyelashes. Patient being held down in bed.

6 A.M.—Rapid growth of beard, moustaches, and hair of head. A crisis. We sit on him all at once, and place the Pig on him to keep him warm. His friends still singing and playing on instruments. *Wickski* all round. Daylight.

7 A.M.—Thank Heaven! Patient asleep. Crisis past. He is recovering, after an entire change of hair produced by one dose of BRILLANTINE'S Regenerative Stimuloso, sold in bottles from 3s. 6d. upwards. Apply to me, through my agent in town. None genuine without my signature. I re-name it on the spot, the "Khivan Curative Compound." Pig spells it out on the Alphabet. This will be a point for the Show. When I ask him what's the best remedy for anything, he'll spell out "Khivan Curative Compound," and I shall say that's the Pig's al-litter-ation. The *jeu de mot* will be sold with the bottle, and some allowance made to the purchaser on its return. More *wickski*. All to bed.

Sunday.—Spent it becomingly. Rang bells, as if for Church. Then all slept, as if during a sermon. Heard Pig his catechism. Set an excellent example to the four Tartar boys, and taught them one of BISHOP'S glees. The boys stood in a row, with their hands behind them, and their chins up in the air. I shall call them the *Evanski Choristers*. They sang "Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright!" to the Fair Circassian, who was much pleased. The lines run—

"Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright;  
Sleep while we sing, good night, good night!"

Don't remember any more of it, but eked out the glee by repeating it over and over again. All delighted. The stupid Fair Circassian explained to the Caravan people that she was "Lady Bright." They got this into their idiotic heads, and would address me as LORD BRIGHT. They think I am on a diplomatic mission to make peace between Turkey and Russia. Served *wickski* all round, and explained. Hairy Patient progressing. Before retiring, sent in my bill for medical attendance, making up prescription, &c. Hairy Patient promised to settle it in the morning. All to bed.

Monday.—Woke late. Caravan party disappeared. Gone without paying. What ingratitude! Think I hear them in the distance singing, "Peace be upon thee, Lady Bright!" Pack up, and pursue.

10 A.M.—No signs of them. Crossed a river. Examined map. Only one river mentioned in it.



The Oxus. If it is the Oxus, we ought to be near Khiva. If it isn't the Oxus, where are we?

11 A.M.—Fine day. Warm. Wind S.W. by E.C. Clear. No wolves. Nothing visible anywhere. Stopped for breakfast, and worked at fitting up my new sleigh with a "speaking machine," on the principle of the one in the Grand Hotel, Paris. It is connected with a lightning conductor which stands up at the back of the sleigh. The Conductor is thus made to exclaim, at intervals, "Khiva! Khiva! Full inside! All right!" This will have the double effect of keeping off wolves and attracting any passengers, as there is plenty of room in it, and at three kopecks a head an honest rouble may be turned. The sleigh is fitted with a pair of boots, instead of one, which is a novelty. LADY BRIGHT, the Unfair Circassian, quarrelsome. Shall drop her at Khiva, and the boys too. Rations running short. They threaten to mutiny and eat the Pig. A firm hand is necessary. Onward. Ha! Khiva in sight. . . . An anxious night . . . on guard before the boot where the Pig is. . . . Through a slit in the covering of the sleigh, I hear the confoundedly Unfair Circassian telling the Tartar boys how nice ham is! and what delicious things pigs' trotters are! Then she describes crackling and pig's fry!! The Tartar boys, by their religion, are bound to detest pig. She is trying to convert them. Hate proselytism. What a subject for a romance, *The Pig and the Proselyte! a Tale of the Great Atrocity!* . . . Another moment I burst in upon them! I begged them to remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee. They writhe . . . they do remember the teaching they received on their mother's knee. . . . I have struck a wrong chord. . . . I adjured them by all the glories of their ancient creed not to apostatise. . . . I drew a fearful picture—or a picture—of the pains of indigestion. . . . they were touched, and the Pig is untouched! The Unfair Circassian flew at me. . . . ah! what a night of terror!!! . . . *Wickski* all round. . . . quiet restored. . . . we speed onward. . . .

Wednesday, 4 A.M.—Khiva—it must be Khiva—in sight. . . . at last! . . .

Same Day, 6 A.M.—At the gates. Saw a Sentinel. "Ve Gates?" I asked. (German *jeu de mot*—one of my *splittersideren*—quite new.) He presented his musket—I presented *wickski*. "O much-caressed son of extraordinary overfed parents!" he exclaimed, "I never take anything so early, except—a prisoner." . . .

Same Evening.—In a Russian gaol. At least, I think it's Russian. I don't know whether I'm at Khiva, or not: no one will tell me. All I can ascertain from the Gaoler's Daughter (a pretty black-eyed girl) is that this is a Russian outpost, but that the name and the whereabouts is a secret. "Can I send a letter by this outpost?" I inquired. She smiled; and hearing her father's keys clanking in the corridor, she retired. . . . I am alone. . . . Boys, Circassian, and Pig, all gone. I contrive to write my Diary by ingeniously (for I am never at a loss) making some ink out of brick-dust mixed with the remains of my *wickski*. It is an admirable invention, will cost half the price of the best ink, and can be patented, on my return, as "*Brickski-Wickski*, or Indelible Khivan Inerrosive Ink." I have sharpened an old rusty nail, and am now writing this on a leaden plate, placed here for my supper, which (the plate, I mean) I shall throw out of window, in the hope of its being found, and forwarded to you. I have no Private Wire. Nothing. I shall write on the leaden plates (throwing them out of window as soon as finished, and only hope they won't fall on any unfriendly head), then on my pocket-handkerchiefs, linen, and sheets. They will be sheets ready for the Press. The Gaoler's Daughter addresses me as "LORD BRIGHT." The Circassian has told her this. Please get up a Subscription for "LORD BRIGHT, the Unhappy Nobleman now languishing in a Russian gaol at—". . . . I'll let you know where it is when they tell me. . . . but do get up an agitation, and memorialise the Government. Couldn't you induce W. E. G. to make speeches about me? Tell him it's the Turks who are "atrocitying" me—not the Russians. My agent in town will receive subscriptions, and will forward to me safely any packages of lint, soap, books, warm clothing, champagne, haunches of venison, &c., &c., "all addressed to the Unhappy Nobleman," &c., &c. *Work the Oracle*, or, if you don't, I shall never get to Khiva! There's a subject for a song in prison! It would sell immensely. Composed by Our Riding Representative (or Representative for the East Riding) when in prison at—*ts*. (It is pretty sure to end in "*ts*" or "*ova*" until we get more frontierwards, when it ends in "*m* or *n*," as the case may be.) The words would be something to this effect:—

"Then work the oracle, my boys,  
And use the mighty lever  
To raise subscriptions, or, my boys,  
I'll never get to Khiva!"

Chorus. With my (*the singer's and composer's*) *toi de rol de*  
riddle lol,  
Tol de rol de riva,  
Oh *toi de rol de riddle lol*,  
When shall I get to Khiva?"

You see my spirits are still above proof. . . . Hark! a footstep. Hush! 'tis the night-watch! he guards my lonely cell. I must hide my leaden plates, sheets, and writing apparatus! . . . 'Tis the Gaoler. He will enter and find me whistling in my sleep . . . will write more directly he has gone. . . .

## HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY SUNDAY.



LEASANT can't be wrong" is the motto of the Upper Ten—as for instance:—

LADY MILLEFLEURS HAUTON (*Grosvenor Sq.*).—Church, of course, you know, in the morning, and then a gentle drive to Twickenham on my Lord's drag, a dinner at the Orleans Club, and a pleasant journey home in the cool of the evening.

MRS. SMITH FITZ-SMITH SMYTHE (*Bayswater*).—Westminster Abbey or the Chapel Royal (when we get a ticket) in the

morning, and then a stroll in the Zoo. Nice little dinner for the girls and their friends afterwards, you know, because we must think about the future.

THE HON. BERTIE DANGLE (*Noodles' Club, St. James's*).—Oh, get up at twelve, don't you know? Breakfast at one, and then, if it's really a jolly day, take the train to Maidenhead, go up the river to Henley in a steam-launch, and dine at SKINDLE's afterwards.

MRS. GOLIGHTLY FASTWAYES (*Mayfair*).—Can't do better than take a coach from Slough, and pic-nic at Burnham Beeches. Drive back in the moonlight with a pleasant party—particularly jolly—at least I always find it so, my dear.

CAPET COURT, Esq. (*Cornhill and St. James's Street*).—Pack up a bag on Saturday, and take the train to—no, I won't tell you the name, as the place is my own discovery—on the river. Get a room at the Inn (excellent one), and be up betimes on Sunday morning. Put on your flannels, get into a boat, pull to a quiet shady nook, and then smoke, fish, and sleep. Refreshments, lobster-salad, and claret-cup. Cold dinner with an old chum in the evening. Up to business at ten the next morning. That's about the best way of spending Sunday that I know of.

MR. DORMOUSE (*Duke Street, St. James's*).—Well, I always spend my Sundays in the Club; and, on my word, I find it one of the nicest days in the week. Breakfast, and then the *Observer* and a mild cigar in the smoking-room. Then a little chat in the drawing-room with one or two old fellow-members—fogeyish, perhaps, but, at all events, not fast—hate your fast fellows. Then into the library, and read until dinner-time. Late dinner, and bed. What more can a quiet man want?

MR. COUNTER (*Bond Street and Piccadilly*).—Generally order out the 'osses and the carriage, and take a drive to the "Star and Garter" at Richmond. Then, yer know, me and Mrs. T. and the gals, and Tom and some of his College friends, 'ave a real good dinner (champagne and what not), and come 'ome again.

MR. SMALLPIECE (*Stoke Newington*).—Oh, I can't do it in the same style as them West-End relatives of mine. The money in the till won't run to it. No; what I does is to put the 'oss in the cart, and take the Missus and the young 'uns to 'Ampton Court, to see the spring-chestnuts in bloom. And very pleasant it is, too.

BILL JONES, Labourer (*Seven Dials*).—'Ow do I spend Sundays? Why, 'ow can I? There ain't nowhere for me to go to. The Museums and Pictor Galleries, they ain't for the likes of me! No; I can't go nowhere; so I chucks myself into the public-house until I am turned out by the potboy and run in by the Peeler! That's what I do on a Sunday. 'Cos why? 'Cos you nob's ain't left me nothing else for to do!

PRISON DISCIPLINE BILL AMENDMENT.—For Penal Servitude read Peaceful Seclusion *passim*.



## TWO JUDGES.

Admiral Rous,

STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

*Born, January, 1795. Died, June 19, 1877.*

Two Judges have to higher judgments passed,  
Leaving their record, each in his own Court;  
As if Fate's irony for once had classed  
The Bench of Justice with the Seat of Sport.

We hear the "Bravo, Rous!" in death, as life,  
From Jockey Club and handicappers' bar,  
Where—strange repose from elemental strife—  
He steered his Turf craft, like a ship of war,

With pluck, and purpose clear, and voice of power,  
Through shoals of knavery and sands of sin;  
Truth his chain-cable, honour his best bower,  
Good name to risk and little love to win!

Light lie the turf on the Turf-Judge's grave!  
May his work's merits o'er its kind prevail;  
Nor let the sorry sport for which he gave  
His life's best part against him weight the scale.

Nor such our prayer above that other bier  
Whereon a nobler Judge to rest is laid;  
Whose work was worthy of the soul sincere  
That triumphed o'er disease, and pain o'er-swayed.

The Right Hon. Sir George Mellish,

LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.

*Born, 1814. Died, June 15, 1877.*

From his youth up a martyr on the rack  
Of unearned suffering that most wills had tamed,  
And turned a nature less heroic back  
From strenuous effort, pitied and unblamed.

But, quenching sense in spirit, he so strove,  
That early manhood found him early wise,  
A Sage in whom, as pain o'ercame not love,  
Strong soul weak body bore on high emprise.

Till on the judgment-seat, as on the way  
That led up to its honour, he was seen,  
Bearing the heat and burden of his day,  
Of soul unruffled, patient, and serene;

With a sweet sadness putting pain aside,  
To bend his ripened judgment to the cause,  
And turn the clear light of his mind to guide  
His brethren through our labyrinthine laws.

When men, in after times, would have held up  
The glass of all that a great Judge should be,  
The face of MELLISH, with his bitter cup  
Beside him, let the Bar of England see!

## TWO WOMEN.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

(LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL).

*Born, 1809. Died, June 15, 1877.*

ONE lived for grace—one lived for good; so runs,  
In brief, the record of Two Women's claims,  
Whose lives, unlike, closed with close-following suns,  
Bequeathing memories diverse as their fames.

One, the famed daughter of a famous line,  
With grace and charm, with wit and beauty dowered,  
Yet on whose power to please, and will to shine,  
Some adverse star malignant influence showered.

Her bridal wreath was blent with weeds of strife:  
An ill world's ill report, by party aimed,  
Fleshed its foul shafts in her unguarded life,  
Until fair-weather friendship shrank afraid,

And hate and envy gave their tongues free play  
On the proud soul that would not be o'er-borne,  
But strove to show brave face to bleakest day,  
And hid her wounds, and gave back scorn for scorn:

And sang her song, and smiled her smile, and stanch'd  
Her tears to strain her children to her breast,  
But death's pale blight her hope's bright blossom blanch'd,  
And left her all but lone in dark unrest.

Till time and fair life bore down ill-report,  
And grief in patience, if not peace, was lost;  
And she lived on, and sang, and held her court,  
And dwelt in memories of the loved and lost.

Still beautiful, still graceful, with her voice  
Of low, sweet music, and her gift of song;  
Tenacious of the friendships of her choice,—  
Fast because wisely made as cherished long.

Truest of all, the friend who, at the last,  
Gave her marred life the shelter of his name,  
And a short sunshine o'er her evening east,  
Denied her in the morning of her fame.

Noble of soul as beautiful, endowed  
With all that should have crowned a life with joy,—  
Well for her she has past beyond the cloud,  
Tended by faithful love, to join her boy.

Nor on the heights of England's proud estate,  
Where its spoilt children keep their giddy round,

Mary Carpenter.

*Born, April 3, 1807. Died, June 14, 1877.*

The other learned to weigh man and man's fate,  
Studied life's lessons and life's labour found.

But in a frugal, pure, and peaceful home,  
A place of sober learning learnt to see  
Through faith and trust in God's good time to come,  
That where ill is, good may, and will, yet be.

Her parents' help, her sisters', brothers' guide,  
She grew as high of heart, as mild of mood;  
With power o'er youth's rebelliousness and pride,  
As one that from her own youth up was good.

And early fixed her mind, and chose her part,  
To work in the high faith which few can feel,  
That there's a spring of good in every heart,  
So you have love its fountain to unseal.

This faith it was that marked a course for her,  
And braced her for its trouble and its toil,  
Cheered her 'gainst proofs how much the best may err,  
And kept her pure as snow from taint or soil.

Out of the scaffold's shadow and the dark  
Of lives from youth-up weaned of light and air,  
She gathered sinking souls into her Ark  
Of Love that rode the Deluge of Despair.

'Twas she first drew our city waifs and strays  
Within the tending of the Christian fold,  
With eyes of love for the averted gaze  
Of a world prompt to scourge and shrill to scold.

From seeds she sowed—in season mattered not,  
Or out—for good all seasons are the same—  
Sprang new appliances, of love begot,  
Lost lives to save, and wanderers reclaim.

Nor at home only; when her hair was white  
She crossed the sea, on India to bestow  
The love that England prized at length aright,  
Following leads she was the first to show.

Not from far Pisgah only did she view  
The Promised Land, but lived its soil to tread;  
And dies bequeathing work for us to do,  
While praise and blessing crown her reverend head!



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



O natural, when my Lords were engaged on a Burials Act, that we should have had more than one funeral performed on Monday, June 18. First came the burial—under a heavy heap of objections from the DUKE OF RICHMOND, half-promises by the LORD CHANCELLOR, and solemn rebukes of the EARL OF

Then their Lordships had a light legislative meal of Oysters, Crabs, Lobsters, and Mussels' Fisheries Bills and Provisional Orders, and was up by half-past seven. Another lesson for the Commons. Though Astley's is closed, "Rapid Acts" are still to be seen in Westminster. Apply at the House of Lords.

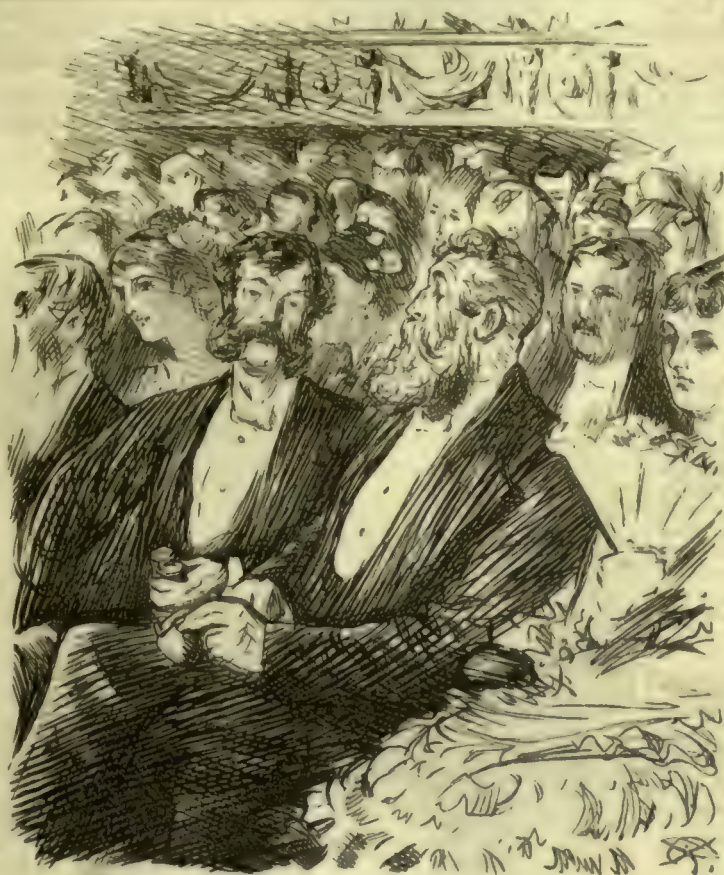
(Commons).—Why is Monday night like misery? Because it makes the House acquainted with "strange bed-fellows." Here are some of the odd rubbings of shoulders in last Monday's omnium gatherum of questions and answers:—

"Army Examinations" and *The Priest in Absolution*; "The Irish Sunday Closing Bill" and New Caledonia (should it not have been New Hibernia?); the Richmond Park Rabbits (which SIR G. CAMPBELL doesn't like, because they honey-comb the ground to the risk of horses' legs and riders' necks, and MR. GERARD NOEL does, because they are pretty creatures, and it is delightful to see them turning up their white "scuts" as they flash through the fern); Short Army Service *versus* the roster (roaster?) of Indian duty; the grave question of the gravel between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch, (which SIR DRUMMOND WOLF wants, and MR. GERARD NOEL objects to, because the riding Gentlemen bespatter with it the walking Ladies; SIR HENRY must have felt gravelled with an explanation which shows up the Hyde Park equestrian in the character of "a Galloping Snob"); MR. RYLANDS's wish to know if MR. LAYARD had spoken to the SULTAN about his Ministers negligence in carrying on the war (MR. BOURKE did not know anything about it. What do we keep a Foreign Office for?); the Controllorship of the Stationery Department, (which has gone to an outsider, a disappointment that naturally riles those in the Department who had looked for the office among them. But that would have been "promotion." The business of the Department is "stationery," and so, we presume, its servants should be content to be); Army Promotion, and the Denton Melton rifle range (where a beneficent rain of bullets seems to be showered on the surrounding fields—a modern version of the myth of Cadmus sowing the ground with lead); the log of

BEAUCONFIELD—of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK's Clause empowering silent burial in cases of such "open and notorious evil-livers" that, in their case, the Clergyman feels the Church Service's words of Christian hope and trust an impious mockery. But the relief which both Archbishops and two Bishops made bold to ask for, the Government was afraid to grant, and the House declined, by 146 to 89, to ease clerical consciences, perhaps distrusting clerical discretion in grave matters.

But the minority had their revenge when it came to the performance of the second funeral of the evening—that of the Government Opposition to LORD HARROWBY's Clause authorising the use in parish churchyards of burial services other than that of the Church of England. This was carried against the Government by 127 to 111, the majority of 16 including an Archbishop of Canterbury, three Bishops (Exeter, Oxford, and St. Asaph), and twenty-one Conservative Peers. However the Bill may fare this year, the Clause is carried, and its enactment in the law of the future is as good as an accomplished fact. We congratulate the Church on this abandonment by its heads, if not its rank and file, of an untenable position.





## EXPENSIVE!

Londoner (to Friend from the North). "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE OPERA, MACALISTER?"

Mr. MacAlister. "NO THAT BAD. BUT IS'N'T NO DREADFU', MAN, TO BE SITTIN' IN THOSE CHAIRS AT TEN SHILLINGS APIECE!"

the *Thetis*; the number of prisoners in the United Kingdom (30,000, so says MR. CROSS, instead of "nearly a million," as loosely put by MR. G. POTTER); Transvaal Annexation the protests against it, and the contents with it; the prosperity of Natal; the site of a Naval College; the striking of HOBART PASHA off our Navy List; the Irish Sunday Closing Bill (with which the Government has played rather a dodgy "little game," having managed to send it back to the Select Committee, so SIR WILFRID LAWSON won't give up his Permissive Hobby-ride on the Wednesday he has been lucky enough to get for it; and though SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE spoke of the possibility of MR. SMYTH'S Bill being proceeded with, he judiciously said nothing of "probability").

After its unusually heavy game of "cross questions and crooked answers," the House set in for serious business, and the rest of the long night was devoted to the Navy. Poor MR. WARD HUNT, though scarcely able to stand on his gouty foot, was regularly baited first by MR. SHAW LEFEVRE, then by DR. LYON PLAYFAIR, and then by a whole pack, headed by REED, GOSCHEN, and SEELY. MR. SHAW LEFEVRE fell foul of the Admiralty for abandoning Competitive Examination for Naval Cadets, and substituting what is called nomination with test examination, but is really the bad old system of patronage revived. It must be admitted, whatever we may think of Competitive Examination as a means of getting the best raw material of officers for land or sea, that it is an improvement on the old Patronage System, which combined hap-hazard and injustice. MR. SHAW LEFEVRE made out so strong a case that it hardly needed the strengthening it got from GORST, CHILDERS, and GOSCHEN. As for MR. HUNT, he had not a leg to stand on—in more senses than one.

But what would be the good of having the priceless blessing of a Conservative Government, if it did not, as far as possible, restore patronage, and give the proper sort of people one chance at least for their stupid boys, for whom the nasty levelling system of competition leaves no opening? Poor dear fellows! Everybody that is anybody ought to be delighted that stupidity should have its chance. And, after all, the old system gave us very fair officers in NELSON'S time.

"Nous avons changé tout cela," you say. Machinery calls for brains as well as heads and hands. And, however kindly one may feel for the fool of the family (who had such a good time of it once, that it seems as if he were having more than his due of hard time now), it does seem rather cool deliberately to turn the Navy into the waste-boy-basket of the Upper Ten Thousand.

DR. LYON PLAYFAIR touched with a gentle hand on the blunders of the late Arctic Expedition, and quietly hinted while he deprecated, censure. If ever we send another party to the Pole, we must attend more to ventilation and varied diet. Probably this had as much to do with the outbreak of scurvy in the sledging parties as the omission of lime-juice.

Last came the far more serious question of the *Inflexible*. This is the last new type, "the war-ship of the present," and we have other ships a-building on her lines. She has a central citadel and unarmoured ends. Will the one float, if the others are riddled or shot away?

MR. BARNBY, head of the Board of Naval Construction—MR. REED'S connection and pupil—says "Yes." MR. REED, BARNBY'S ex-instructor and past-master in armoured ship-building, says "No;" declaring that if once her unarmoured ends are peppered, the *Inflexible's* armoured citadel will obey inflexible laws of gravitation by turning the turtle. HUNT might well feel his least gouty leg shaky under him at the indictment of the *Inflexible*, as urged on Monday night, and newspaper discussion of the subject has not improved matters.

*Punch* would not much like to command the *Inflexible*, till a considerable Committee has sat upon her. He presumes that will have to be done before this doubtful duckling of BRITANNIA'S is allowed to be taken into action. Think, in her first battle, if she were to "take action" by capsizing!

Tuesday (Lords).—Not a drop of Essence to be extracted out of the Peers' brief and barren night's work. Tried by its Peers, Parliament must often be found guilty of doing next to nothing.

(Commons, Morning Sitting).—MR. O. MORGAN gave notice, if the Lords bury the Burials Bill, he will reurrectionise LORD HARROWBY'S Clause in the shape of a Resolution.

Prisons Bill read a Third Time, under a leaden pelt of protests from such incongruous quarters as RYLANDS, PETER TAYLOR, NEWDEGATE, DODSON, and PARNELL. Even men as sensible on most subjects as SIR W. BARTLELOT, and MR. HIBBERT owned they didn't like it, but deprecated division. The opposition to the Bill is based on the mistake that prison management is a local, not an imperial, business. Convict prisons are in the hands of the Central Government already, and there is no reason in principle why County Prisons should be in the hands of local magistrates. There will be plenty of useful work for them under the new Bill. Once more, Mr. Punch, in parting with the Bill, takes off his hat to MR. CROSS, as he did in welcoming it.

The Morning Sitting wound up with a rattling Irish shindy and tremendous talk against time, in which PARNELL and BIGGAR both appeared in their favourite characters of the "Hibernian Bore," and the "Imperturbable Obstructive."

Wednesday.—CHAPLIN and Race-horses? Yes. But CHAPLIN and Road Locomotives one would have fancied were like "cows and shwimps" in Lord Dundreary's zoological classification, "Things that didn't go together." A vast variety of opinions was vented on the subject of these ugly, but useful, Colossi of Roads, who, having a giant's strength, are rather tyrannous, now and then, in using it like giants, to crush both roads and lesser things that travel thereon, to say nothing of frightening horses and causing runaways and upsets. A Colossus can't be put in harness with as much impunity as a Pegasus. But it was evident that the subject was unripe and the Bill ill-considered, and that the best course was that recommended by MR. SCLATER-BOOTH—to withdraw it for longer incubation.

The rest of the sitting was wasted over MR. SHARMAN CRAWFORD'S Bill for turning Irish Tenants into Landlords, by means of an arbitrary extension of Ulster Tenant Right, which was of course decisively rejected.

Thursday (Lords).—Silent burial of the Burials Bill. The gay GORDON may sing—

"That eagle's fate and mine were one,  
Who winged the shaft that made him die;  
For 'silent burial' was none,  
Save of the Bill 'twas licensed by."

But over LORD HARROWBY'S Clause, if not over the DUKE OF GORDON'S Bill, *Punch* may carve "*Resurgam*."

LORD COLERIDGE was forced to leave Women's Property







*Sun down—Lights up.*—Commenced teaching the White Mouse *écarté*. An apt pupil, but possessing neither the solidity nor gravity of the Pig. Governor sent to say he is coming to see me. He entered, preceded by two men bearing *dipkies* (i.e. long thin tallow candles.) On their retiring he discovered himself. *The patient whom I had cured with the hair oil!* He produced my pocket-handkerchief, which had been sent to the Washerwoman, and which the Washerwoman had immediately forwarded to him. He advised me not to do it again, for it would only be waste of time, as the Washerwoman, a stupid person, invariably sent everything of the sort to him, and had to be rewarded for her fidelity by the Government, out of which he (the Governor) did not make anything, except by way of adding to his stock of linen. He had, he added, quite a remarkable collection of haberdashery, for all the prisoners wrote on their pocket-handkerchiefs, shirt-fronts, false collars, &c., and so he had not had a *linendraper's* bill for years. I undertook not to do it again, and the Governor promised (out of gratitude for his cure, and his magnificent growth of hair and whiskers, in consequence of the dose of hair oil) to wink at anything I might do in the way of escape. To show his friendly spirit, he began by winking at the cards and the white mouse. Then he withdrew, but most thoughtfully returned to wink at the spider, and then, having winked at everything all round, he left, not however before he had lost one rouble to me (and paid) over the three-card trick, which was evidently quite new to him. What a charm there is in novelty!

*Night.*—Night-Lights brought by the Gaoler and his daughter. For a consideration they smuggled in some *wickski*. From my cell I can see one of the small windows of the Governor's room. It is a mere slit, just enough for the Governor's eye, which I recognised placed close to it; and, true to his promise, he is winking at the *wickski*. We are safe. Gaoler brought in his own pack of cards (he said he never trusted prisoners), and insisted on teaching me a Cossack game, at which he is an adept, called *Ykook Dnib*. He dealt out about fifteen packets face downwards, and asked me to choose and give him one of them. If the card at the bottom of the pack so chosen should be an ace, then he would pay me on all the other bottom cards (except aces, for "ties pay dealer"), and if it should be the Czar (the highest) then I should pay him on all. A clever player at this game can, I believe, so arrange as to "force" the choice of a pack. I was hesitating, when suddenly the White Mouse ran out, hopped on to one of the packs, and ran off again in a frightened manner. Gaoler swore he'd have the hole stopped up. It suddenly occurred to me that I would choose the pack on which the Mouse had squatted, and give that to the Gaoler. Scarcely had I placed my finger, hesitatingly, on the pack in question, when, happening to look up, I caught the Gaoler's Daughter's eye (or the eye of the Gaoler's Daughter—vide first Russian Exercise Book), which, by its expression, coupled with a movement of her hands and head, seemed to say, "Oh, my! what a born idiot you are!!" . . . Too late to retract without a row. Gaoler insisted on taking up the pack where I had placed my finger. I protested. I said I only placed my finger there by accident. Gaoler savage. I yielded. I gave him the Czar! Gaoler's Daughter's eye seemed to say, "Well, you are an ass!" Yes; but once bitten, twice shy. And then, as I reminded the Gaoler, we hadn't settled to play for anything. True. In his eagerness the old humbug had forgotten this. Would I make it a rouble on each pack for the next deal? Certainly—a rouble or a double—that is, a two-rouble piece. Deal as before. I hesitated which to choose. Oddly enough, the Spider came down on a long line, hung over a pack, and then ran up again, and disappeared. I looked up: Gaoler's Daughter's eye said "Don't!" and, by a movement of her charming head, indicated that the pack in the right-hand corner would be the one to try. All this in a second. It flashed across me that the Spider and the Mouse had been trained by the Gaoler. That they are, so to speak, "his creatures." I followed the girl's advice and chose the pack in the right-hand corner. Gaoler turned pale. Asked me if I wasn't mistaken. I replied, politely, "No," and presented him with the Ace!! There were no other aces turned up, and he had to pay me on all. A double per pack was, for fourteen packs, fourteen doubles, that is, thirty-eight roubles. I asked him for the money playfully, and said, by way of a *jeu de mot*, "I'm sorry to t-rouble you for the coin." He was wild. He kicked out at the White Mouse, which was innocently standing on its hind legs in the corner, and sent it flying into its hole, then threw the three-legged stool at the Spider, who was out of sight in a jiffy. The stool broke the web and the window-pane. Gaoler wouldn't play again, but said he would go and get me the money, as he hadn't so much about him. Before I could answer, I saw his daughter, behind his back, speaking to me in the dumb alphabet. She said, "Let him go: as he owes you money, you won't see him again." In a second it flashed across me . . . the one obstacle to my escape was removed . . . I had got rid of my Gaoler.

*Midnight.*—Gaoler departed. Meditating on the events of the evening, I could not help arriving at the conclusion that the Gaoler must be an uncommonly clever man. But what a pity to see talent

like his so thrown away! Because really he must have taken no end of pains to train the White Mouse and the Spider. And what could he have got by it? A few roubles from an occasional prisoner. If I could only have trusted him, I would have proposed a partnership in "a travelling business." But I am afraid he would be too suspicious for a partner. . . . All quiet. From my window I think I can still see the Governor's eye winking at everything that is going on under his nose. Hark! From below I hear the splash of the waters that wash the base of the tower. . . . On the draw-bridge I can distinguish the sentinel's tramp and the password for the night. For strategic purposes it is a Turkish word—"Bosh." "Khiva là?" is the question. "Bosh", is the answer. "Pass Bosh, and all's well!" is the reply.

The bell of the old Kromesky (the name of a chapel belonging to the Tartar Dissenters), sounds two. Then all is still. . . . I lean against the prison-bars, and wonder whether . . . Hark! . . . A barrel-organ played *pianissimo* . . . and the tune . . . "Oh Leonora Addio!" from *Trocatore* . . . so suggestive—Leonora outside, Manrico within . . . I am Manrico within, and I commence the strain: then the quick part (Leonora's portion) is taken up, outside, by the organ. Why not by the human voice? Because, clearly, it is somebody who can't sing, or who has not got a human voice. Through the pane of glass, broken by the Gaoler in his passion, I stretch out, and see, leaning against the outside wall, an awkward female figure, in an old-fashioned "poke bonnet," playing a small organ. I recognise the organ—it is the one that we have never parted with on our tour, it having been invariably used for accompaniment to the Pig's performance, and it was the handle of this I had taught the Pig himself to turn . . . It is the Pig . . . disguised in the poke bonnet . . . the Pig in the Poke!! . . . He sees me, and in the moonlight spreads the letters out before him, "Escape by Private Wire." Suddenly, under my nose, comes up the side of the tower,—the Wire. I fasten it to the top bar. I stop for one moment to put the cards and the White Mouse in my pocket (he seemed to implore so hard not to be left behind), and descend the Wire. . . . I am descending slowly but surely . . . and writing this with the other hand so as not to lose time . . .

As I go down I catch sight of the Governor's eye, through the slit in the wall, winking at my escape. . . . Bless him! . . . In the court-yard the Governor's carriage, the Gaoler's Daughter, the Pig in disguise, and the barrel-organ are waiting. Not a moment is to be lost. . . . We gain the first drawbridge. . . . "Khiva là?" "Bosh!" I reply, imitating the Governor's voice (I shall add "Imitations" to my Entertainment, on my return). "Pass Bosh, and all's well!"

Once again we are challenged . . . same business as before . . . at last we are out on the high road . . . and free!! "But," as the Pig says on his letters, "we have now a squeak for it."

## BONNETS IN COURT.



HE other day at Croydon, a Widow Lady was courted, at least County-Courted, for forty-seven pounds, which trifling sum was owing for five bonnets which she had lately bought. Whereon the learned judge remarked:—

"Forty-seven pounds for five bonnets! Why, that is nearly ten pounds a-piece! . . . It seems to me wicked and reprehensible extravagance. The price of one of these articles should be sufficient to dress a lady well."

"Wicked and reprehensible extravagance." Surely these are hard words to throw at a lady in a public court of justice. Might the widow not have pleaded that she only wished to show how dear she was likely to be to any daring second husband who dared to take her to wife?

SUNDAY OBSERVANCES.—See the Monday charges at the Police Courts.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.—Going to the Seaside in search of quiet.





"ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK."

*Gigantic Footman.* "DID YOU RING, MA'AM?"

*Tender-hearted and Impulsive Lady.* "YES, THOMAS. YOU SEE THIS POOR KITTIEN THE CHILDREN HAVE FOUND? IT IS MOTHERLESS! GET SOME MILK, THOMAS! MEW LIKE ITS MOTHER!—AND FEED IT!"

PUNCH TO THE PRIESTLY PAUL-PRYS.

PAH! 'Tis a loathsome task; a piece of work  
That *Punch*, as well as REDESDALE, fain would shirk;  
But, lest the pest should suck fresh life from doubt,  
"War to the Knife!" the tocsin must ring out.  
Stand up, you Priestly Pry! Sham Roman pranks,  
Mock-monkish tricks, we look for from your ranks—  
Matters of course, as ills familiar borne,  
Or flagellated with half-careless scorn;  
But when the gnats that pester poison too,  
They must be crushed—and so, Jack-priests, must you.  
What poison worse than this foul canker-worm's,  
Dropped in the germ to blight the opening bud?  
Nor casuist wriggings, nor sophistic squirms,  
Henceforth can clear you; it should stir the blood  
Even of Gallios, whom your mummeries irk  
No more than puppet-posturings, to see  
The leaven of your impious piety  
In black and white, once more at its foul work.  
Hearts in these fevered days are not too clean,  
Imaginations not too sweet. What then?  
*You'd* peep and pry into the souls of men,  
To sniff the unclean dirt with scents unclean;  
*You'd* poke and pry upon e'en childhood's tracks  
For the snake's trail. In maiden minds you'd wake  
Spectres more easy raised than banished. Take  
Your nostrums hence! Sham-Spiritual quacks  
Must not be trusted with our households' health.  
We'll have no tricks of super-subtle stealth,  
Nor will we trust your fumbling hands to feel  
About the roots of life. Let Spirit deal  
With Spirit frankly in free daylight. Learn  
That still our English natures scorn and spurn  
This fleshly inquisition of the flesh,  
Whose prying serves no end but to enmesh

Confessor and Confessed in Sense's snare.  
So stand aside, let in the fresh June air,  
With flowery breath to sweeten once again  
The place your presence taints. 'Tis all in vain  
You'd burrow, molewise, in the dirt. Give o'er!  
We will not have this bastard-birth of Rome—  
Will guard from it the purity of home,  
Or crush it, like a viper, at the door!

STRANGELY MISTAKEN.

AN indignant veteran evidently of an age at which indignation easily overbears intelligence, and who writes from the House of Commons, has so utterly misconceived the drift of an article in the last number of *Punch*, entitled "Gold-Sticks and Old Sticks," as to explode in the following letter:—

"The article in *Punch*, holding up to public ridicule the supposed infirmities of the gallant veterans who have just received the Marshal's *bâton* as a reward after a long life spent in the service of their country, is a *disgrace* and an *infamy*."

"In any other country this outrage would meet with severe punishment. Here, however, at least, public opinion will reprobate the cowardly and un-English crime."

Till *Punch* read this letter he would have thought it impossible for any one to suppose that the objects of ridicule in this article were the "gallant veterans" who have done their country long and good service, and not, first, the system which postpones what should be the honours and rewards of these gallant veterans till their recipients are on the brink of the grave; and, secondly, the abuse which confers such honours and rewards not on "the gallant veterans who have spent long lives in the service of their country," but on those who have never faced worse dangers than those of a drawing-room, and whose lives have been spent rather in the functions of a funkey—if one of a gorgeous and grandiose kind—than the duties of a soldier.





“A WOLF IN SHEEP’S CLOTHING.”

MR. BULL (to BRITANNIA). “WHENEVER YOU SEE ANY OF THESE SNEAKING SCOUNDRELS ABOUT, MA’AM,  
JUST SEND FOR ME. I’LL DEAL WITH ’EM, NEVER FEAR!!”







## M. AN. N. ON THE PLAY.



VERIES suggested by a Dialogue that recently occurred in the earlier portion of the Nineteenth Century.

N. Where are you going to, my pretty M?

M. I'm going a mooning, Sir, she said.

N. Then let's talk about theatres and plays. I select this subject because I never by any chance visit a theatre, or see a play myself, and really know nothing whatever about the matter. Besides, the proper place for "M and N, as the case may be," is not at the theatre,

but in the Catechism.

M. True. But if there were a good play, you would go and see it?

N. Would I? I don't think so. But what is a good play? Can any play be good? Can it be good to see a play, to write a play, to act a play, or cause or permit a play to be acted?

M. I do not pretend to answer you in detail, for you are evidently such a consummate idiot. Let me tell you what I object to in plays. I object to their long runs. I object to an actor going over and over the same ground. I want to see something different—or to have the chance of seeing something different—every night of the year.

N. So I should say, if I went to the play; but I really don't. Couldn't think of such a thing. I like sitting at home with my deaf old Aunt, who listens to me through an ear-trumpet, while I practise tunes from WAGNER on the violin. My name's NODDY. I reside in a suburban district.

M. And mine's MUFF. Miss MUFF, of Islington.

N. But aren't there lots of people, Miss MUFF, who say the same as yourself?

M. Oh, every one, I should say.

N. But they can't all go to a theatre at the same time; so that the piece you want to see on Monday, other people would want to see, if worth seeing, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and so forth.

M. Oh, quite so. Why, you are not quite such an idiot as I took you for, Mr. NODDY! Bless me! here's L.

N. Who's L?

L. LESSEE, and I've heard what you've been saying. You ecstatic, æsthetic, diletanti people, M. and N., seem to forget that a Lessee has to depend for his livelihood on his profession. He has to cater for the public. When the public likes a thing, the public tells the Lessee plainly that it can't be given too much of this good thing. The Lessee consequently pleases the public by

repeating the dose—*ad nauseam*, one would have imagined, but the fact proves that this is *not* so—pleases himself by making a handsome sum of money, and benefits a considerable number of professional ladies and gentlemen engaged on his establishment, and whose presence is essential to this piece, and *not* to another.

N. Oh dear, what a state of things!

M. Oh that Art should be reduced to the mere sordid worship of filthy lucre!

L. Nonsense. The Artist paints a picture, and if he could get as much money by one as by three, he would pin his reputation on that particular canvas, and perpetually exhibit it. This, by the way, is done now-a-days. Ah, Mr. A!

A. Yes, Mr. A.—which stands for Author—has not been considered at all in this question. I confess that, under certain conditions, I too should like to see variety the rule at all our theatres, and not the exception. But when we come to the *argumentum ad pocketum*, how am I to get my living? for I do not wish to cede my present rights for the mere sake of putting WYCHERLY, VANBRUGH, CONGREVE, FARQUHAR, or even SHAKESPEARE and SHERIDAN, on the stage *everywhere*. I am aware that for the performance of these works the Managers of to-day have no fees to pay; and as a matter of business, if the plays of these ancients bring grist to the modern mills, I could not blame a Manager for obtaining the biggest possible return for the smallest possible outlay.

L. But, Sir, a modern dramatic author who achieves a success is well remunerated.

A. Is he? I am not aware of it except in accidental cases. Where a Manager makes a fortune by only one piece, its Author receives such an amount per week as now-a-days scarcely equals the salary of a fair low comedian. When Miss MUFF and Mr. NODDY talk about High Art and constant change on the boards, they are preaching empty pockets to the modern dramatist in England. A good play is worth what it will bring. And with such an enormous population as is represented by "London," a good play that "takes the Town" may go on until the last boy in the top gallery shall have expended his uttermost farthing. Depend upon it, the public will not pay for what it does not want, and thus variety is very soon forced on both Manager and Author, who, in my opinion, should be at a proportionate risk. When this plan has been adopted, I have known the Author receiving thousands in one instance, and in another, a few pounds. Both sums fairly represented the value of the piece in the public opinion at that time. They manage these things better in France, and the consequence is that *chère*, Authors, differently gifted, can afford to collaborate, and to bestow such time and care on a piece as is almost impossible, except at a considerable sacrifice, with us. When next Miss MUFF and Mr. NODDY feel inclined to discuss this interesting subject at length in the pages of



## IN SUMMER-SHOWERY TIME,



(1) WHEN YOU ARE WALKING, AND THE SUMMER SHEDS HER TEARS,



(2) IF A FRIEND SHELTERS UNDER YOUR UMBRELLA,



(3) YOU WILL BOTH GET WET. THEREFORE—



(4) HIDE YOUR TIME, AND PRESENTLY CALL TO YOU



(5) ANOTHER FRIEND; WHEN—

(6) YOUR TWO FRIENDS WILL GET WET, BUT YOU WILL KEEP DRY!  
[Verbum sap. sat.]

a magazine, they had better first talk it over with three or four practical and experienced men—two Managers and two Dramatic Authors—and so obtain some knowledge of what they have taken upon themselves to prattle about in this present month of the Nineteenth Century. I see that MR. LESSEE has already quitted us. I salute you, MISS MUFF. Good evening, MISTER NODDY!

## Striking.

THERE is no attraction for a Woman now-a-days, after her glass, so powerful as the box-seat of a coach. The members of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs are literally besieged by beauties demanding, as a right, to sit well in front. As a rule, the beauty gets what she wants. In the marriageable world every girl who knows who's who and what's what now looks forward to a coach with her husband that is to be. As knowing MRS. BRYANT tersely puts it, "my MAY is a Match that will only light upon the Box."

## "To Parents and Guardians."

THIS, from a late Number of the *Times*, is, at least, candid:—

**E**XCHANGE.—A Clergyman, near London, who PREPARES for the ARMY, will take a Youth in exchange for his Daughter (22).

## JUSTICE BY MACHINERY.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that there has been introduced into Parliament a Measure entitled the Thrashing Machines Bill. This project of legislation is limited to the sphere of agriculture, but its application might be extended to penal discipline and education. At present, flogging is a very unequal punishment. It varies with the strength and vigour of the executioner's arm. So when schoolboys are whipped or caned for misconduct, neglect, or inability to learn their lessons. Surely there are many engineers and mechanics who would have no difficulty in constructing Thrashing Machines adapted to lay on the cat, the rod, or the cane with a just uniformity. Once constructed, will MR. P. TAYLOR allow *Punch* to suggest that a comprehensive Prisons Bill should contain the necessary provisions for their general introduction into our gaol machinery.

## "The Priest in Absolution,"

By a much-needed application of soap-and-water to his dirt, will become "The Priest in Ablution;" ducked in the most convenient horse-pond, "The Priest in Solution;" and, in relation to the Church, he brings into contempt "The Priest in Dissolution—of the Establishment."





### EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

*Lady.* "I WANT SOME TEA, MARY. I SUPPOSE MAMMA DID NOT LEAVE THE TEA-CADDY UNLOCKED?"

*Mary.* "No, Miss. BUT I KNOW WHERE MISSIS KEEPS THE KEY. IT IS UNDER THE CLOCK IN THE STUDY."

### SOMETHING LIKE A HOLIDAY.

(An Extract from the Diary of an Imperial Majesty.)

4 A.M.—Much annoyed to find that I had overslept myself. Rose, hurriedly dressed, *demi-toilette*, night-shirt, *pantalons à pied*, and light *pardessus*, bathed in the Serpentine, and ran round the Park.

5 A.M.—Went to the Alexandra Palace and took the officials by surprise, though I had sent word I should come to-day. Annoyed to find they hadn't an opera ready.

6 A.M.—Took a cup of coffee and went to the Zoological Gardens. Woke the Lions, had a ride upon the Elephants, and assisted at the Hippopotamusses' morning bath. N.B.—Proud to be beforehand with them.

7 A.M.—Called upon the Prince, and had a chat with His Royal Highness at his bedside. Afterwards visited the Polytechnic, and managed, the attendants not being up, to get down in the Diving Bell singlehanded.

8 A.M.—Went to Kew and had breakfast with DR. HOOKER. During our repast a celebrated botanist was good enough to deliver a lecture.

9 A.M.—Called at St. Thomas's Hospital, went over all the wards, and visited the museum, &c., &c. Had not time to wait for an address from the Governors.

10 A.M.—Went into the City and visited the Mansion House, the Stock Exchange, Billingsgate, and the Tower. Had a long interview with Mr. Punch at 85, Fleet Street.

11 A.M.—Drove to the Albert Hall and played upon the Organ. Then looked in upon the South Kensington Museum, and attended lectures upon Drawing, Art-Needlework, and Cookery.

12 noon.—Went to the Crystal Palace, rinked, and inspected the fishes. On account of my pressing engagements, the Directors allowed me to have the fireworks by daylight.

1 P.M.—Drove to the Orleans Club, and had a pull upon the river.

2 P.M.—Went over the Mint, and inspected the machinery of the Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

3 P.M.—Drove to Lords' and assisted at a Cricket Match.

### PARNELL'S GUIDE TO PARLIAMENT.

LAST week MR. PARNELL delivered a Lecture on "Parliamentary Behaviour," before an audience of whom MR. BIGGAR was the Chairman. In the course of the proceedings the English Members were denounced as "snobs," and the Irish, Home-Rulers not excepted, were accused of various offences. We hear that the success which attended this maiden effort of MR. PARNELL to shine as a Parliamentary teacher, is likely to lead to the publication by him of a *Hand-Book of Parliamentary Etiquette*. Of this very instructive manual Mr. Punch subjoins some specimens from a copy supplied by the courtesy of the publisher:—

When you enter the House, talk as loudly as you can, and, if possible, have a personal altercation with a brother Member about your seat.

If you arrive before prayers have been said, whistle during the ceremony.

Always be prepared with a stock of questions upon subjects of the most frivolous character. In putting these questions to Ministers, make your speeches as long and as offensive as you can. If you can accuse innocent persons wrongfully, so much the better. Explanations consume time, if they do not always afford amusement.

Interrupt the most useful and eloquent speeches with the coarsest objections, and shout and hoot whenever an opportunity is afforded to you.

Dine every day in the House with MR. BIGGAR.

When not engaged actively in debate, haunt the Smoking-room and the Library, to the great delight of your fellow Members.

Whenever you catch the SPEAKER'S eye, consume as much time as possible in reading lengthy extracts from ancient Blue-Books.

Should the Leader of the Party you pretend to serve venture upon remonstrating with you, write letters to the Papers impugning his honesty and patriotism.

Meet every attempt at useful Legislation with frivolous objection and vexatious opposition.

In fact, make up your mind that the House of Commons is composed of snobs, and keep up that belief in yourself and others by taking every possible and impossible opportunity of behaving like an arrant snob yourself!

MOTTO OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.—"Here, there, and everywhere."

4 P.M.—Hurried to the Westminster Aquarium, and was permitted by that august body the Council of Fellows to try ZAZEL'S gun-trick. Rather shaken, but soon recovered by lunch in the Grosvenor Gallery.

5 P.M.—After visiting the Royal Academy, attended "five o'clock tea" in Belgravia, South Kensington, and Portland Place.

6 P.M.—Visited Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Oratory, Brompton.

7 P.M.—Dinner at the Hotel. Took my coffee in Battersea Park.

8 P.M.—Went to the Egyptian Hall to see ZOE, and dropped in for a few minutes at the House of Commons.

9 P.M.—Saw what I could of Covent Garden, the Lyceum, and Her Majesty's, and much enjoyed the artistic acting of MR. JEFFERSON at the Haymarket.

10 P.M.—Telegraphed directions to my Ministers in Brazil, danced a quadrille at WILLIS'S Rooms, and was respectfully refused admittance at the Beef Steak Club, where, I regretted to learn, no strangers are permitted.

11 P.M.—Supped at the Albion. Afterwards I attended a ball in Carlton Gardens.

12 Midnight.—Called upon MESSRS. GLADSTONE, TENNYSON, and THOMAS CARLYLE, and, after enjoying three delightful chats, returned to my hotel.

1 A.M.—Wrote a few letters, read the *Times* through, set my alarm for three o'clock, and went to bed.

### Latest Instance of Development.

In a recent record of prize-winners at a great Pig Show we read—

PURE YOUNG YORKSHIRE SOW, descended from EARL ELMER'S celebrated Peacock!!!

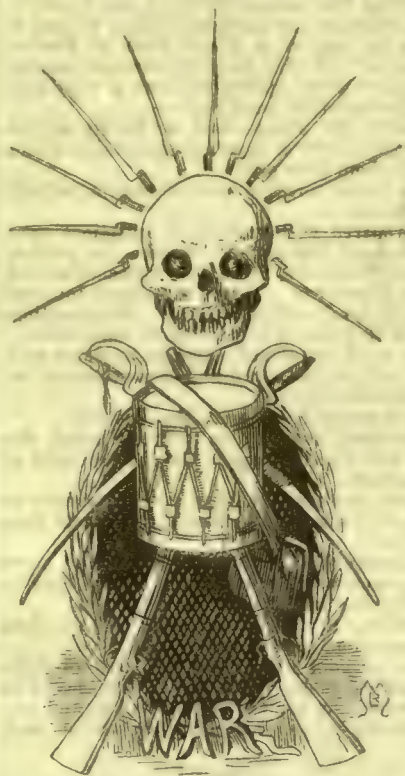
One would be curious to know if there are any traces of this interesting descent in the eyes or tails of these Peacock-descended Porkers, and whether they are visibly proud of their pedigree, as descendants of the Peacock family have a right to be?



## DAILY TELEGRAPH DIALOGUE-BOOK

FOR THE EUROPE OF THE FUTURE, WHEREVER RUSS IN URBE IS THE RULE.

(To be translated into Turkish, Russian, German, French, and Italian, and any other language, according to the localisation of the war.)



I HAVE not arrived at this station with all these boxes with a view to waging war upon anyone.

My wife is not a spy, my son is not an agitator, and the baby is not a member of any secret society.

I am not a partizan of the CZAR, or the SULTAN, or the EMPEROR. (As the case may be.)

I am delighted that Constantinople is taken, or St. Petersburg burnt. (According to the circumstances.)

I shall be greatly obliged if you will not force me to fight as a volunteer in your army.

I can assure you that my son is unable to fire off that cannon.

My wife says she will not help to carry the wounded.

Landlord, can you give me a sitting-room that is out of the reach of shell?

Do you think we can visit that cathedral (which MURRAY describes as a most interesting building) if I walk in front of our party with

my handkerchief tied to my umbrella as a flag of truce?

Will there be any battles this morning, Waiter?

Coachman, your overcharge is disgraceful, and it is no excuse to tell me that you were obliged to go a long way round, because the enemy had blown up the bridges.

Will you please show me some bullet-proof cloaks?

No, I do not want any other article to-day, thank you. Madame my wife is already possessed of a steel-plated sun-shade.

Can you give me four places on this sun-carriage, please? I was told that there would be no necessity to book the seats, as there would be plenty of room.

Will you kindly let me know when you intend to spring the mines, as Madame my wife is rather nervous.

What business we have here? Why, we are only English, and the English are the friends of everybody.

Field-Marshal, you take the matter too seriously, and if you really mean what you say about holding a drum-head court-martial, I shall certainly consult my solicitor.

Look here! If you do shoot me, I swear I will write to the Times. There now!

## FRENCH CHAMBER-MUSIC.

CHAMBER-MUSIC, well played, is delightful. But French Chamber-Music can be anything but pleasant, when, according to ear-witnesses, it consists of sounds like these:—

"The Left howled and hooted, the Right barked and bellowed, Members fiercely shook their fists, and shouted at each other in a din of uncouth noises, which the President in vain attempted to subdue."

If our M.P.'s wish to emulate such performances, they had better exchange St. Stephen's for the Isle of Dogs.

But we sincerely hope such Chamber Concerts will be never popular on this side of the Channel, where we prefer our own serene "Monday Pops," to popping the Parliamentary Question in the rude and rampagious fashion of which conflicting parties in the French Chambers have lately been setting the example, pitching into each other "Right and Left"—or, as we say, in the same sense—"hammer and tongs."

## PRETTY WORK IN A WORKHOUSE!

MR. PUNCH.—ONNERD SIR,

TALK of joak ere's a joak for yu. I outt it out of a amshire Paper, giving a count of a Metin of the Southampton Board of Gardians Lately eld at the Workus, wen in that Institooshun—the Workus mind Mr. Punch, the Union Workus—them Porochial Hoffloers ad actually led afore em a request for to sankshun, in the Workus, i Repete among the Paupers,

"A 'GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.'—The Clerk, MR. G. C. SMITH, read a letter from two of the inmates, in which they stated that they were about to ask a favour respecting an event which only occurred once in a lifetime. If it pleased God to spare them till the 24th of this month, they had been married fifty years, and they would be glad if the Board would help them to a small trifle to celebrate the 'golden' day. The letter concluded—'By so doing you will oblige your humble servants, JAMES and MARY DRUDGE.'"

Drudges in a Workus haxing to be aloud a Golden Weddin! Now, ain't that a joak, Sir, a i joak—ain't it as i a joak as ever you seed—the werry ite of Himperance? A likely joak yu'd think, but honly fiansy the gardians theihselves in the werry hexercise of there important Porochial Hoffis a takin of it serious, and not honly that but actually some of 'em a listnin and givin in to the owdashous haplicashun of them there wicious old Paupers to desecariate the Workus with a Golden Weddin Day! The simminly uncredibel sitch wur the Fact.

"MR. WALDEN proposed that a little extra diet should be allowed on the day named; but the Clerk pointed out that this was out of the power of the Master. The Deputy President said he would give a small subscription in order that the old people might enjoy themselves. Whatever extra was provided in this way was to be at the discretion of the Master."

So i spose them abandund hold DRUDGES was raly purmited to eld their Golden Weddin together in Southampton Workus. Wot a violation of Porochial Dissiplin and Porochial Heconny! I ears sad Things about Southampton Workus as to makin Paupers Too Comfortabel—they manidges things Beter in the ils of White. But sitch Indulgenoe as a Golden Weddin I shouldn't never have suspected heven of the Southampton Gardians. A Golden Weddin indee. A Pinchback Weddin is the Weddin i'd a hordered 'em if i'd ad the power, and they shoed eech ave kep it in the refractory Ward asunder on Lo Dyet. Wy, wasn't Workuses intendid to Punnish Weddins among the indignant Pore?

In Conclusion, Mister Punch, allow me to pint out the werry hawful if not hobvious suckemstance that the 24th of Joon wen this here preshus Golden Weddin was no doubt sellybrated in Southampton Workus fell on Sunday. Wearly 2 orrible houtrages on Porochial Propriety was committed at wonce by Perfanin not honly the sanctaty of the Workus but hallso of the Sabath. In witch Case if the Sunday Rest Associashun and the Guvment Board don't both come down upon the Southampton Gardians, I ope you will, Mr. Punch, with witch ixpectashun, Sir, I makes bold to conclude

Your obejant and umble Servant,

BUMBLE.

P.S.—And witch I Respeckfully submits is both Rime and Rezun.

## Much Simpler Plan.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I see they are sending out people to observe the approachin opposition of Mars.

The opposition of Ma's can be observed among the wall-flowers at any West-End dance during the season.

Yours truly, ANGELINA.

## The Fall of a Poplar Patriarch.

WE learn with regret, from a Weekly Contemporary, that the Giant Poplar at Henley has been blown down. Our recorder of the catastrophe calls the fallen Giant "the last of its Race." What a pity the last of its Race did not survive to see the first of its Regatta!

## POLITICAL OPPOSITES.

MR. GLADSTONE has defined a Radical to be a man who is in earnest. Would he, then, define a Tory as a man who is in joke?

SUGGESTED VESTMENTS FOR THE BRETHREN OF THE HOLY CROSS.—Tar and feathers.

THE Priest in Absolution will be followed, we hope, by The Horsewhip in Application.



## MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

No. IV.—ON CHARITABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

MRS. FUSSLETON FURBLOW examined.



I AM not mistaken, you have spent a great deal of time in organising charitable entertainments?

A. A very large amount of time, indeed. In fact, so much attention have I given to the work, that I have been accused (behind my back, of course) of having sacrificed the comfort of my husband's

home to the welfare of the public.

Q. Then in your case charity does not begin at home?

A. Such seems to be the opinion of my friends and acquaintances.

Q. What are the Charities you seek to support?

A. As a rule, Hospitals; although if I can find a fashionable Fund, I am nearly as well pleased.

Q. What are the Entertainments you organise on behalf of these Funds and Hospitals?

A. Balls, fancy fairs, and amateur theatricals.

Q. How do you get up a ball?

A. I secure the patronage of as many Ladies of title as possible. I obtain this patronage by writing, in the first place, an obsequious letter, in the name of the Charity, to a Duchess, asking her Grace to have the benevolence to permit her name to appear upon the list of patronesses. I point out the excellence of the Charity whose cause I am espousing, and hint that upon her Grace's decision depend the health and happiness of thousands. If my application is successful, I use her Grace's consent as a lever to work upon Ladies of aristocratic longings, and lower degree. If the Duchess refuses, I pursue the same course with a Marchioness, and so on, until I can head my list with half-a-dozen high-sounding titles.

Q. What is your next step?

A. To fill up my list of patronesses with Ladies who will be able to dispose of a large number of tickets.

Q. Do you find any difficulty in managing this?

A. No. My list is published in the daily papers, and, knowing this, Mrs. BROWNJONES DE ROBINSON is but too pleased to belong to a Committee headed by the DUCHESS OF DEHAUTVILLE and the MARCHIONESSES OF PLANTAGENET and BRANNEWTON.

Q. What is a Fancy Fair?

A. A hall or pleasure-ground filled with booths, in which all sorts of worthless articles are sold at fancy prices.

Q. Who are the saleswomen?

A. Frisky matrons and maidens who have seen many seasons, with as many attractive fast or fashionable girls as they can induce to act as decoy-ducks at their stalls.

Q. What is the object of a Fancy Fair?

A. Under the guise of charity to obtain the maximum of flirtation with the minimum of surveillance.

Q. What style is found most attractive on the part of the stall-keepers on these occasions?

A. The deportment of the barmaid at a refreshment buffet much affected by City clerks.

Q. I believe you said that charitable entertainments sometimes took the form of amateur theatricals?

A. Yes, that is a very popular channel of charity, indeed.

Q. How do you organise an amateur performance?

A. I first secure the services of a troupe of young men whose self-confidence is greater than their discretion. Such troupes are chiefly recruited from the idler branches of the Civil Service, the more briefless sections of the Bar, and the more fashionable corps of the Army.

Q. What are the qualifications of an Amateur Actor?

A. I only know of one that can be called indispensable and un-failing—unbounded conceit.

Q. Having collected your troupe, what is your next step?

A. To arrange my programme. This is a matter of no small

difficulty, for the ambition of amateurs, as a rule, varies inversely with their ability, and each invariably wants to play a piece in which each individually may appear in the principal part. Great firmness is necessary; and a piece should be selected in which all the parts are of about equal length and importance.

Q. Then the merits of a play would have nothing to do with your selection?

A. Nothing. My object would be to soothe the jealousy of the amateurs, to make JONES believe that he had a better part than ROBINSON, and TOMPKINS think that he had a greater share of the business of the scene than BROWN.

Q. Having arranged your programme, what would you do next?

A. I would then leave my troupe to rehearse as little as they liked, and to quarrel as much as they found unavoidable, until the day fixed for the exhibition of the result.

Q. Leaving pecuniary fruits out of the question, what do you believe to be the chief results of amateur theatrical performances?

A. In London to develop conceit and impair the taste for good acting; in the country, to damage the provincial Managers.

Q. You have answered my questions with such frankness that I venture upon one more. Will you kindly give a definition of charity?

A. Certainly. Charity is a virtue which (in all matters of taste, and especially entertainments) covers a multitude of sins.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

## MODEL HOUSES AND THE MAIN CHANCE.

SCENE—Battersea Park. BENEVOLENCE, in a rapture.

Benevolence. What a salubrious open space this! What a pleasing combination of verdure, foliage, and flowers! How gratifying to witness its enjoyment by nursemaids and children! But who comes here? As I live, 'tis BUSINESS, straying hither from his office, in a brown study, with his hands in his pockets and pen still behind his ear. (Enter BUSINESS.) What, Busy! As usual absorbed with anxiety? A penny for your thoughts.

Business. I am thinking, BEN, how I had better invest my capital. Hand over the coin.

Benevolence. Dear me, I am penniless. My last copper was bestowed upon the poor blind. I'll owe it you. Meanwhile methinks I can relieve your embarrassment. What should you say to five per cent.?

Business. Thank you very much, if you can guarantee it. Speculations are at a discount, bubbles burst, railways unremunerative, Consols contemptible—and high interest, I need hardly observe, means bad security.

Benevolence. Behold yon block of houses, reared by the Victoria Dwellings Association to provide healthy and commodious homes for Artisans and Labourers, and just now publicly declared open by the EARL OF BEACONFIELD. There is the undertaking—pardon the expression, for abodes of health preclude coffin-clubs—there is the enterprise for your money.

Business. Some Building Societies pay from six to seven per cent., I should tell you.

Benevolence. Are they equally trustworthy with the Association sanctioned by the QUEEN? Consider the little extra per-centage as sacrificed to Prudence no less than to Charity.

Business. Business is business—that is, I am I—if I can gain by doing good, however, all the better.

Benevolence. Saving is gain. The reduced death-rate is money saved. Diminished Poor-rates and Prison-rates are so much more. These gains will result from a great sanitary improvement—decent dwellings substituted for dirty slums. Then—another hygienic and therefore pecuniary advantage—our Society will endeavour to house a constantly increasing population without encroaching on commons and open spaces.

Business. By what expedient?

Benevolence. Perpendicular ascent instead of peripheral extension. We soar—that is, we build—ever, ever, heavenwards. Our architectural as well as our ethical motto is *Excelsior*.

Business. Certainly an exalted idea.

Benevolence. By which, you perceive, we consult the preservation of scenery without limitation to bricks-and-mortar. There you are again.

Business. Business and Beauty. Ha, ha! Good! But mind, BEN, I'm not going to buy a pig in a poke, you know.

Benevolence. Oh, talk not so of shares in the Victoria Dwellings Association! But see! The newly-erected edifices are not far distant. Come, let us go and inspect them.

Business. Have with you. Believe me, I shall only be too happy to combine, if possible, the satisfaction of making a wise investment with the self-approval that comes of performing a virtuous action.

[Exeunt arm-in-arm.]





LAWN-TENNIS.

CHARLOTTE AND ETHEL, HAVING ACCEPTED A CHALLENGE TO PLAY AGAINST THEIR COUSINS, TOM AND HARRY, INSIST UPON HANDICAPPING THEM—AS IS ONLY FAIR.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PARISHNESS is a natural attribute even of Russ Royalty. (*Lords, Monday, June 25.*) COLONEL WELLESLEY, our military attaché at St. Petersburg, has somehow made himself disagreeable to the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS—how, it has not been made public—and the Grand Duke has shown it at head-quarters in a way which the English Colonel resented as an English Colonel, and, above all, one bearing the name of WELLESLEY, should, and it is to be hoped

of an Embassy and Commanders-in-Chief, clash, the storm is serious, even though in a teacup—if such things as teacup-tempests can be conceived possible in such elevated regions. It is therefore satisfactory to learn that the storm has blown over, that young NICHOLAS has been brought to his bearings, and that COLONEL WELLESLEY has been able to resume his uniform and his place at head-quarters. It is to be hoped that the storm will clear the air. Of course, as Britons, we are bound to take it for granted that the Grand Duke has been in the wrong; and we have fulfilled our duty.

In spite of the united supplications of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, speaking as the head of the more reasonable Clergy—EARL HARROWBY, speaking as the author of the Clause which killed the DUKE OF RICHMOND's Bill, and for its Conservative supporters—and EARL GRANVILLE, speaking for the Liberal Members of the Majority—Government persists in its determination to bury the Burials Bill. Like a coroner's jury, they mean to sit upon the body in the Recess. Sensible people feel and say they had better accept the inevitable. Sensible people should bear in mind how hard it is for a Conservative Government, even in the name of the inevitable, to fly in the face of twelve thousand clerical supporters.

(*Commons.*)—Cleopatra's Needle begins to loom large upon us. To-night LORD ERNEST BRUCE—it needed a BRUCE, and an earnest one, too, to tackle such a big thing—asked the First Commissioner of Works if the Government had made up its mind where to put it. It is satisfactory to know the Government has *not*. Two sites are suggested on the Embankment; one opposite Northumberland Avenue—*viz* the Percy Lion with the poker-tail deposed; the other near St. Stephen's Club. At mention of the second the Opposition Benches "cheered ironically" (*Punch* has been racking his brains for the ground of the *irony*, and fails to find one in any permutations or combinations he can make out of Club and Needle, Cleopatra and St. Stephen's, more brilliant than the obvious antithesis of sharp and blunt, saint and sinner); and two near Westminster Palace; one opposite Abingdon Street, the other in the centre of the oratorical quadrilateral in Parliament Square.



*Punch* fails to find a fitness in any of these four sites to compare with that of the oft-suggested one in Threadneedle Street—provided always that the Old Lady of that street does not utterly decline association with anything suggesting Egyptians. But what if we are going to annex Egypt? Would there not be, in that case, something very appropriate in the juxtaposition of Cleopatra's Needle—an obelisk from the temple of the God *Tum*, the Rising Son of Egypt—and the Bank of England, symbolising association of the fair but out-at-elbows Realm of Nile, with the Old Lady who represents British wealth and British credit all the world over? The City, too, would see an omen of the successful floating of Egyptian Stock by British Capital in the floating over of the stone of *Tum* by the skill of an English Engineer set to work by the liberality of an English Physician.

The Porte does not mean to allow Russian ships of war to enter the Suez Canal. As the Russian Government has distinctly declared that her war-ships will give the Canal a wide berth, this is a perfectly safe undertaking.

The Admiralty declines a Select Committee to sit on the *Inflexible*. They have put the stability of the ship to a better test than sitting on her. They have set an exact model of her afloat in a big tank, in which, after her unarmoured ends are filled with water up to the beams, she still floats like a duck with all her fighting and sea weights aboard, and shows no disposition to turn from duck to turtle. MR. REED says he has seen the model, and that it "distinctly does not represent the danger of the ship." The Constructor of the Admiralty declares that it distinctly represents not her danger, but her safety, which is the important matter. The Admiralty Constructors would hardly be such fools as to falsify their model under MR. REED's nose; and it is difficult to believe that MR. REED means to charge the Department with such dirty dodging. That point, at least, must be cleared up; and when it is settled, as no doubt it will be, in favour of the Admiralty, all disputes about the *Inflexible* should be at an end before the fact that she floats—though it be but in the Admiralty Tank, instead of the broad or narrow seas.

When a Royal Warrant was issued by LORD CARDWELL's Commission in 1872 to give First Captains of Artillery and Engineers field-officers' rank and pay, the India Office grumbled on the score of the additional cost this would throw on Indian revenue, in the case of Indian service—amounting to some £40,000 a year. Accordingly, they have never paid First Captains of Artillery and Engineers the pay and allowances of Field Officers of the Line. The grievance being brought forward by COLONEL JERVIS, the India Office (present and past represented by the union of LORD G. HAMILTON and SIR G. CAMPBELL) and the War Office (present and past by the alliance, for the nonce, of MR. HARDY and MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN) resisting the demand, Government were defeated by 145 to 93; and on the vote being challenged by SIR G. CAMPBELL, the defeat was repeated by 104 to 56. So you see a House can be made on an Indian question. But it must be when the fight is over the rights and wrongs of Artillery First Captains by scores, not of nameless and friendless Natives by millions.

MR. HOLMS made one of his wild and whirling attacks on the Army as it is—or rather, as he would say, as it is not—including in his fell swoop its recruiting, its desertions, its management, its punishments, its term of service in the Ranks and the Reserve, and ending by a Motion for robbing the Army of its bone and sinew by passing into the Reserve at least five thousand soldiers over thirty years of age and ten years of service. All the military authorities in the House, differing, as they do, on all other points, were unanimous in condemning this wild proposition; and MR. HARDY had an easy task in demolishing MR. HOLMS's unsubstantial facts and inaccurate figures. In truth (as MR. HARDY said), if MR. HOLMS had carried his assertions to their proper conclusion, it would have come to nothing less than impeachment of two Secretaries of War, and reversal of our whole Military System. Member for Hackney? Say, rather, "Member for Hobby!" But really MR. HOLMS has ridden his Military Misadventure Hobby too far. There should be a limit to the over-riding even of Hobbies. Ought they to be left quite beyond the pale of the Cruelty to Animals Act?

**Tuesday (Lords).**—London Solicitors have been accustomed to shoot their arrears into the Surrey Assize Cause Lists. Somebody objects; not the County, nor the Solicitors, nor the Suitors; probably the Judges. At any rate, the result is that the practice is to be discontinued, and Surrey Juries are to deal justice, or as much of it as can be put into process of law, on sins of Surrey only.

**Commons (Morning Sitting).**—Some stirring of highly offensive matter between MR. WHALLEY, the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and LORD SANDON. When we say that it involved the Confessional and certain obscene Publications, it will be seen at once that the less comment the better. The usual Irish wrangle over the Irish Judicature Bill, in which the Gemini of Irish obstructiveness—those twin stars, BIGGAR and PARNELL—shone as brilliantly as usual.

**(Evening Sitting).**—Long discussion of the Treasury dealings

with a Scotch Intestate's estate, which has fallen to the Crown, there being no heir-at-law, owing to the illegitimacy of the Intestate. The exercise of the Crown right was supported by 197 to 135. The Treasury may well be proud of having got £40,000 out of a canny Scot; and we can't wonder they are loth to let it go.

It did not need MR. LEATHAM's eloquence to enforce the scandal brought on the Church by the Sale of Soul-cures. But it is easier to descant on the evil than to suggest a remedy. No doubt a remedy will have to be found, if the Church is to survive this and her other ailments; but, in the meantime, where is the money to come from to buy off the owners of the two thousand livings in the market, and the rest waiting to come forward? And, supposing patrons paid off, who is to exercise the right of appointment in their stead? What would Church or Country gain by vesting hard cures of souls and easy berths of bodies in the Church, to be dispensed by her Bishops, or in the State, to be flung broadcast by her LORD CHANCELLOR? Private patrons at least secure for us varieties of species in the genus Parson. All that is possible for the present seems to be to bring the Bull's-eye (for what is Public Opinion but BULL's eye?) on the practices of patronage, and to keep the scandal of advowson—and next-presentation-selling within the strictest bounds of decency that Public Opinion can secure.

**Wednesday.**—MR. R. SMYTH's Irish Sunday-Closing Bill talked out by its Irish opponents. An Irish measure, if not an Irish man, being to be roasted, there were the Irishmen, as usual, turning the spit. *Punch*, as the consistent opponent of all such coercive legislation, cannot regret that its advocates have not an Irish Sunday-Closing Act to set up beside the Scotch one. He is also glad to see that the opponents of the Bill did not include BIGGAR and PARNELL, which is much in favour of the Opposition.

**Thursday (Lords).**—Prisons Bill introduced by LORD BEAUCHAMP, and read a Second Time under a faint anti-central-legislation fire from LORD KIMBERLEY, LORD HARDINGE, and LORD MORLEY.

**(Commons).**—Appearance of the Colorado Beetle on the European stage—in a potato-field near Cologne. Crop and field have been burnt up with sawdust steeped in petroleum. Unluckily, one beetle has been seen on the wing! The Custom-house officers have been put up to the marks and habits of the fierce invader. The English coast has its coast-guards everywhere on the look-out for *Doryphora decemlineata*. These posted, the Government can do no more than fold its hands in prayer and patience.

MR. LOWE raised the important Leeds-Fuller Question, on the right and power of the Indian Executive to interfere with the Judiciary. A long and grave discussion of a grave question ended in the common sense conclusion, that while a right of control is needed to meet extreme cases its exercise must be guarded by the utmost discretion.

HAS LORD SALISBURY, in his proposed changes of the Indian Civil Service Examination, been giving a *bonus*, if not a monopoly, to his own University, Oxford, and, in effect, excluding Scotch and Irish University men from the Competition? DR. LYON PLAYFAIR gave his reasons for so contending, and they seem strong ones. LORD SALISBURY will do well to reconsider his plan; and if he can't remove the objections, provide for them.

**Friday (Lords).**—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

**(Commons).**—MR. TREVELYAN, seconded by SIR C. DILKE, brought forward his hardy annual—Equalisation of County with Borough Franchise and Re-Distribution of Representation.

Too soon, my dear MR. TREVELYAN. For the present your Motion—though it ended in the highly respectable Minority of 276 to 220, and will no doubt be carried some day—does more to reveal the splits in the Liberal party (as when it brings MR. GOSCHEN to his legs in opposition to your Motion) than advances the cause you have in hand.

### The Right Man in the Right Place.

(IL CONDE DI BAMBETIRO, in attendance on His Imperial Majesty DON PEDRO THE SECOND.)

For my Quicksilver Emperor's  
Right-hand well-named I am;  
*Retiro* means a resting-place—  
And in my case rest's a "Bam!"

A SAW ENGLAND DOESN'T SEE.

"ANY Port in a storm." It won't have anything to say to the Sublime Porte, let the war-storm blow never so hard!

MOTTO OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY.—"They also serve, who only stand and wait."



## THE PALACE OF ART.

(New Version.)

## PART I.

I BUILT myself a lordly picture-place  
Wherein to play a Leo's part.  
I said, "Let others cricket, row, or race,  
I will go in for Art!"

Full of great rooms and small my Palace stood,  
With porphyry columns faced,  
Hung round with pictures such as I thought good,  
Being a man of taste.

The pictures—for the most part they were such  
As more behold than buy—  
The quaint, the queer, the mystic over-much,  
The dismal, and the dry.

One seemed all black and grey—a tract of mud,  
One gas-jet glimmering there alone;  
Above, all fog; below, all inky flood;  
For subject—it had none.

One showed blue chaos flecked with falling gold,  
Like Danaë's tower in dark;  
A painter's splash-board might more meaning hold  
Than this æsthetic lark.

And one, a phantom form with limbs most lank,  
Adumbrated in ink and soot;  
The Genius of Smudge, with spectral shank  
And unsubstantial boot.

Nor these alone, but many a canvas bare,  
Fit for each vacuous mood of mind,  
The gray and gravelike, vague and void, were there  
Most dismally designed.

Or two wan lovers in a curious fix,  
Wreathed in one scarf by some queer charm,  
Upon the margin of a caverned Styx  
Stood shivering arm-in-arm.

Or by a garden-prop, posed all askew  
'Neath apples bronze, with brazen hair,  
A chalk-limb'd Eve and snake of porcelain blue  
Exchanged a stony stare.

Or crowding round one pool, from flowery shelves,  
A group of damsels bowed the knee  
Over reflections solid as themselves,  
And like as peaseen be.

Or mythic Uther's diddled son was seen  
Packed in a trunk, with cramped limbs awry,  
Spell-fettered by a Siren limp and lean,  
And at least twelve heads high.

Nor these alone, but all such legends fair  
As the vagarious Wagner mind  
Would pick from Mythus' shadowy realm, were there,  
With ample space assigned

To women weird and wondrous, long of jaw,  
And lank of limb, and greenish as with mould,  
And full-red lips and shocks of fulvous hair,  
And raiments strange of fold.

No raven so delighteth in its song,  
Of sad and sullen monotone,  
As I to watch those ladies lean and long,  
And angular of bone.

And to myself I said, "All these are mine.  
Let the dull world take Nature's part,  
'Tis one to me; I hold no thing divine  
Save this Brown-Jonesian Art,

"Wherein no ROBINSON shall dare to plant  
His Philistinish hoof,  
Who feels no mystic mediæval want,  
But paints in truth's behoof!

"O Mediæval Mystery, be it mine  
To clasp thee, faint and fain;  
Sniffing serene at low souls that decline  
On sense and meanings plain."

Then my eyes filled, my talk waxed large and dim  
Of BOTTICELLI's deathless fame:  
"Quaint immaturity to reach with him,"  
I cried, "is Art's true aim.

"To plunge, self-blinded, in the mystic past,  
That makes the present small:  
If eyes artistic be not backward cast,  
Why have we eyes at all?"

End of Part I.

## CAXTONIANA.

THE Caxton Celebration is bearing a variety of good fruit. Among the crop may be noticed MESSRS. CLOWES's tasteful reprint of CHARLES KNIGHT's *Caxton*—a printer's record of the first English Printer—and a tasteful Caxtonian imprint, by a well-known Baronet, M.P., Citizen and Goldsmith, of the *Rules for the Conduct of Life*, given by the City of London to Apprentices who receive its freedom. They are, indeed, the right rules for Freemen, inculcating, as they do, a man's duty to God and to his neighbour, in plain and pithy English well worthy of the Caxton type in which it is here set forth.

## THE SONG OF SIMONIDES.

(Ecclesiastical Agent.)



HERE'S your Livings,  
appraised at a  
low valuation,  
Here's vic-  
arage, rectory,  
glebe,—all for  
sale!

Come, buy an  
advowson, or  
next presenta-  
tion,  
With a discount  
allowed for  
cash down on  
the nail!

Going!—going!  
Here's Liv-  
ings of every  
variety!

The buyer is free  
to select his  
own beat;  
A field of low la-  
bour, or first-  
rate society,  
A populous town  
or a rural re-  
treat;

A sphere of extensive or minor utility,  
As in much work or little a man may rejoice,  
According to energy, zeal, and ability:  
You can all pay your money, and each take your choice.

Of a High or a Low or a Broad Church vicinity,  
With a parish in favour of free seats or pews,  
Whichsoever accords with your school of Divinity—  
If so be that you've any particular views.

Of a very choice parish, two-thirds Church-frequenters;  
One where Chapels are crowded, and Church-goers few;  
Or a nice sleepy berth, with no bore from Dissenters—  
If the flock's loose or strait-laced is nothing to you.

Here's your Livings, with hope of immediate possession:  
Whose present Incumbents no physic can save.  
Here rapid Decline gives you speedy succession;  
There an age of four-score, and one foot in the grave.

Here's your Livings to sell, and the best information  
As to when each Incumbent is likely to die.  
Here's your choice cures of souls! Buy a next presentation!  
An advowson on terms advantageous! Come buy!





### "NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE."

*Materfamilias* (just arrived at Shrimpsville—the Children had been down a Month before). "WELL, JANF, HAVE YOU FOUND IT DULL?"  
Nurse. "IT WAS AT FUST, M'M. THERE WAS NO THINK TO IMPROVE THE MIND, M'M, TILL THE NIGGERS COME DOWN!"

### THE TWO OBADIAHS.

(JOHN BULL AND WARD HUNT ON THE INFLEXIBLE.)

SAYS the Old OBADIAH to the Young OBADIAH,  
"Is *Inflexible* a wonder or a whim?  
Through her ends if shot should hurtle, REED declares that she'll  
turn turtle.

Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?  
Ere afloat she has to go,  
Her crew would like to know—  
And I who pay, also—  
Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?"

SAYS the Young OBADIAH to the Old OBADIAH,  
"As for REED, place no dependence upon him.  
The model we have got shows, though both ends go to pot,  
She will swim, OBADIAH, she will swim.  
In our tank that model rides,  
Open plug-holes in her sides,  
There, ends waterlogged, she bides,  
Safe to swim, OBADIAH, safe to swim."

SAYS the Old OBADIAH to the Young OBADIAH,  
"Tank and ship may be filled to the brim;  
But REED says you've dared to tamper with your model ship's top-  
hamper.  
She may swim, OBADIAH, she may swim.  
But I mustn't trust my eyes,  
For REED hints your model lies,  
And, for Ship herself, denies,  
That she'll swim, OBADIAH, that she'll swim."

SAYS the Young OBADIAH to the Old OBADIAH,  
"Your eyes and wits can scarce be so dim,  
As to think we'd try to chouse both Lords and Commons House—  
Ship and model, OBADIAH, both will swim."

Ship and model both, my friend,  
Gravitation's laws defend;  
Though shot riddle either end,  
Both will swim, OBADIAH, both will swim."

### Lux a Non Lucendo.

MR. D. D. HOME (does D.D. stand for *Doctor Diabolicus* or *Ductor Deceptorum*?) heads his last book on Spiritualist Manifestations with the last words of GOETHE—"Light, more light!"

That is the very thing believers in MR. HOME might be supposed to want, but we scarcely should have expected their request to be backed by the Prince of Darkness, MR. HOME himself. Might we suggest to him, as an amendment of his motto, the prayer of Ajax in the *Iliad*—"Εὐ δὲ φάει, καὶ δαεσσών" ("Light, though it bring us to destruction").

### VERY APPROPRIATE.

THE CZAR watched the crossing of the Russian Army near Turna and Sistova from the mountain of *Grabavi*—"I have grabbed." What a text for the *Daily Telegraph* War-Leader Writer!

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.—"The sooner you get the *Castalia* on the Channel Line again, the better."

FIRST "FRUITS OF PHILOSOPHY."—Two hundred pounds' fine and six months' imprisonment.

NEW WORK BY DR. DARWIN.—*Tails of My Ancestors.*

SHOPKEEPER'S SCIENCE.—Buyology.





“WILL SHE SWIM?” (SOLVITUR NATANDO!)

MASTER W-D H-T (proud of his “Inflexible” Model). “LOOK HERE, GUV’NOR! SHE’S FULL O’ WATER FORE AN’ AFT, AND SHE FLOATS LIKE A DUCK!”







## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

(Communicated by Private Wire.—Thrilling Adventures.)



Y KHIVAN Karavan now consists of the Pig and Alphabet in the boot, (beautiful sign for an old Inn, "The Pig and Alphabet,") with the barrel-organ (which was instrumental in my escape from prison), the Gaoler's Daughter in rumble, the Sleigh-driver's Boy who has stuck to me from the commencement, and it grieves me to be unable to reward such fidelity by paying him his wages—but, after all, this only increases the obligation on my part; and, as I explained to him, "You see, my lad, I am so far from my native land." Then there's my new horse. It was the Governor of the Prison's horse, or the horse of the Governor of the Prison, or the horse of the Prison's

Governor (*vide Little Peter's Primer. First Russian Exercises*). A better or truer mare was never foaled. Lastly, there's my latest novelty, which accompanied me, in my pocket, from prison—*The Musical Mouse*.

Slight jealousy between the Learned Pig and the Musical Mouse. Whenever the Pig begins to practise with his letters (as he has to do every day), the Musical Mouse begins to whistle and sing, just to put him out, and make him wild. This annoys the Pig, who spells things wrong, and doesn't answer questions properly. Consequently, I am obliged to beat the Pig. Whereupon he grunts piteously, and spells out, "Cuss that Mouse!" If I could only smooth matters over, and bring them together, it would be a fortune!

The Mouse is invaluable in tricks with cards, having been trained by the Gaoler, who used to cheat his prisoners, the old villain! The Mouse—I've christened him "*Ridiculus Musurus Bey*" (and "assisted by HERR GRÜNTZ" will look well in the bill—if I can only bring them together!).

Night.—Halt of the Caravan. Spent greater part of night in teaching Pig the Shadow Dance from *Dinorah*, by moonlight.

Next Day.—Sun out. Blazing hot. Snow melting all round. Mountains of snow gradually becoming less and less in the distance, under the genial influence of the sun.

3.30 P.M.—Distant mountains melted. First view of Khiva. See distinctly the name over the gate. Gaoler's Daughter comes out of tent.

Strange to say the Gaoler and his daughter had invariably paid their visits to my cell, either in what she romantically termed "the gloaming," or late at night, and as the small *dipskis* (little tallow candles) didn't give much light, I had never really seen her by day. Now I do see her by day, I should say that her father must have been well over seventy, and must have married very early. I begin to regret the Unfair Circassian.

6 P.M.—Frost commencing. Snow mountains gradually being re-iced. View of Khiva less and less. Dinner. Pig waiting. The Private Band (the Singing Mouse), in attendance. The party consists of self and the Gaoler's daughter. I am polite to her. Very. I hint that to prevent any scandal (scandal about my grandmother!) she had better return to her father, the Gaoler.

With tears in her eyes, she rises from her seat, and throwing her arms round my neck, exclaims, "O son of little overfed ones! Never!"

"Nay, my much caressed moon-faced daughter of a blooming Turnkey in Asia," I reply, "just think of what the world will say."

"O sweetest little son of much-pampered parents, I care not for the world! I am yours—for ever!"

"You are! You are!" I returned (for it was no sort of use having a row about a difference of opinion).

"And O well-rounded and sleekly-combed-and-parted-down-the-centre one, will you always love me as you do now?" she whispered, hanging on to my neck. (She weighs sixteen stone if a pound.)

"O much-underdone round-of-beef faced" (a great compliment this) "daughter of an elderly, half-paid, underfed Turnkey in Asia," I replied, in my softest tones, "I will love thee always as much as I do now," which was strictly true. (For, need I say it, the POLL of my heart is at home, and my heart is true to POLL! bless her dear eyes! And she's just come into a little fortune, so I hear; but this makes no difference to me.)

10.—Constructed a new frigidometer with an empty bottle, a cork, and a piece of string. (Principle patented.) Frost set in hard. Mountains shaping up to points. Gaoler's daughter, feverish. Sobbing. What shall I do? I offered to pack up, ride off, and fetch a doctor from Khiva.

"And leave me here?" she exclaimed, furiously. "Why, you pitiful, underbred, overfed son of an eighty-four-tonner!" she cried, becoming, I regret to say, abusive.

I remonstrated. She called me "A son of a marine gastronome!" and threw a boot at me. Row. I pointed out that I had meant well. She gradually calmed down.

10.30.—Bitter cold—snow, ice, sleet. Sat in to supper. *Wickski* and explanation. I make *wickski* cobbler. We ice it in snow, and snuck it up through straws. (Shall teach Pig to sit in chair and snuck *wickski* cobbler through a straw.) We sit on the bank of the river (the Oxus, I suppose, judging by the position of the stars, as I've lost my maps), sipping our *wickski* cobbler, she and I.

## SONG.

"We sat by the river, she and I,  
In the happy days when we were young."

The barrel-organ is by my side, and all is peace and harmony. More *wickski* cobbler, more straws. Ha! do I see my way out of it? 'Tis the last straw that breaks the Cobbler's back.... Good. The last straw! She sleeps! My Lady sleeps!! Hooray! Now to pack up! and off!! Away to Khiva!! Hark! what is that?

A trill—a sweet, sweet trill.... a warble.... The Gaoler's Daughter awakes. "What is it?" she murmurs. Not to rudely answer her, I reply, "Nothing." This does not satisfy her. We listen. Trilling as of a sweet bird continuing,—

"Ha!" she exclaims, a little more than half awake, "it is the Song of the Mudlark."

We are beside the river, and the tide is low.

"And how shall I catch the Mudlark?" I asked, as I pensively ground the organ (playing the Russian River Song of *The Little Volga Boy*) and gazed into the starry heavens, still listening to the lovely trill with which my accompaniment was in perfect harmony. If I could only have got the Gaoler's Daughter (it struck me) to plunge into the mud after the Mudlark.... perhaps.... Well, perhaps, she might not have been able to catch that lark. And I—and I should have erected a monument, with the touching inscription, "Sacred to the memory of poor Miss STICK-IN-THE-MUD, the beautiful Gaoler's Daughter." I should have put in "beautiful," because *de mortuis*, &c.... But it was not to be.

"Chuck him a *kopper-kopeck*, O son of overpaid and much-muddleheaded parents," she replied, sleepily; "and the Mudlark will dive for it."

I hesitated.

"What!" she continued, suddenly rousing herself, and the Tartar acid, so to





### TOTO CHEZ TATA.

"HOW YOU LAG BEHIND, CISSY!" "YES, MUMMY! MY POOR TOE IS SO BAD!"  
 "WHICH TOE IS IT?" "MY ELDEST, MUMMY!"

speaking, effervescing, "you let 'I dare not' wait upon 'I dare!' Give me the kopper." It was a brilliant flash. But it was the last. The wickski cobbler had done its work. I placed the straw in her mouth. By the movement of the straw I could tell which way the breath was . . . the straw dropped . . . she sank . . . breathing heavily . . . a sweet, peaceful, childlike (for her age) sleep.

11'30.—The trill continued. Lovely!! Ha! I see now! It is the Mouse!! I sat listening—enthralled, silent—by the banks of the rippling Oxus.

Midnight.—I make the above notes. Serve out wickski to myself, and return to the bank. The moon shines brightly. The Governor's Horse is browsing in the field. The Pig is snoring. The Mouse is singing. The Gaoler's Daughter is murmuring stupid somethings in her sleep. "Lullaby, lullaby! Baker's man!" or whatever the Nursery Rhyme is. I forget exact quotation. Suddenly I hear a grunt—a restless, irritable grunt.

By my side is the Pig with Alphabet.

What is it?

He spells out the answer. "Can't sleep if that infernal Mouse is to go on whistling and singing all night."

"Pig," I replied (on the Letters), with grim humour, for I was determined not to give in to his whim, "Pig, you're a bore!" He squeaked, and gave a sort of half-laugh, as only pigs can, and retired. To express it, humanly speaking, the Pig smiled, but never forgave the satire.

I retire for the night. Up with the Mud-lark to-morrow, and off to Khiva.

6 A.M.—Awoke by a fearful shriek, something between a whistle and the highest note—C in alt—in the register of that eminent Tenor SIGNOR TIMBERLEGS.

What on earth could it be! I rushed out of the Karavan-tent.

### GIBES AND "GERMS."

(A respectful Remonstrance addressed to PROFESSOR T. and DR. H. C. B.)

LET bigots write with sneers of spite,  
 And dogmas argue so,  
 Let priests and parsons, differing, fight,  
 As 'tis their nature to.

But, Sages, you should never let  
 Such female passions rise;  
 Your thinking minds were never made  
 To bandy taunts unwise.

Let calm through all your questions run,  
 All your debates be mild;  
 Keep your discussions, every one,  
 By rancour undefiled.

With patience gentle as a lamb  
 Your arguments pursue;  
 Call not each other's theories "flam,"  
 But prove the sounder view.

Look up to Truth all ends above;  
 Seek that and that alone:  
 Nor squabble, out of mere self-love,  
 O'er crotchets of your own.

### HOW WE WORK NOW!

(Overheard at LORD's during the Oxford and Cambridge Match.)

First Friend. You saw the Derby, of course?

Second Friend. Yes: I went down with JACK STAYNER.

First Friend. Ah! Capital fellow, JACK! Glorious weather for Ascot, wasn't it?

Second Friend. Stunning! I put up with old BOB. He took the Cottage, and brought down his Sisters; and we made a week of it, and then went on to Henley.

First Friend. Shall you be here to-morrow?

Second Friend. Yes: I'm booked to lunch with SICKLES, on his drag.

First Friend. Well, ta, ta! By the way, what are you going to do next week?

Second Friend. Why, I've promised to do some trouting at WILL HUNT's place, in Hampshire, and then I'm off for a fortnight's holiday. Think I shall camp out, up the Wye! Ta, ta!

### Only Natural.

(By Turcophilus.)

THE "Old Gentleman," we all know, helps his own—so he may now well be present in person with the Russian Army. There is reported, as heading the operations at Sistova, not only an Old NICK but a Young NICK, both wearing the Russian uniform, and both with the title, if not of Arch-Fiends, of Grand Dukes!





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1877.









HIS sleepless ear to the central ear-piece of the World-Telephone whose ramifications converge in PUNCH's Cabinet, the Great Teacher sat and listened. He heard the slow, stertorous breathing of 1877, the year of blood, as he fought his way painfully to his last gasp. He listened for Christmas and New Year's Bells. In vain. He heard only the roll of caissons, the boom of guns, the shrieks of wounded and the groans of dying men, the roaring and crackling of burning villages, and—worse than all—the low wailing of houseless women and starving babes.

With a heavy sigh he shut off his telephone-tube. "I will hear no more," he said.

"But you must," said TOBY. "Not through that pipe of ill-omen, but by word of mouth. They are all here. They will see and speak with you."

"They? Who?"

"The Czars and Kaisers, the Kings and Cardinals—the pivots of the world's working."

"Tell them at least to wait for the meeting of Parliament."

"They say they want Wisdom, not Words."

"Let them, at all events, await the revelation of Ministerial intentions."

"They want advice how to act, not contradictory reasons for not acting."

And before PUNCH could bar the entrance of the *Adytum*, the consulters of the Oracle were before him—the Crowned Heads of Europe, the Red-hatted Heads of the Church—suppliant, submissive—waiting to be told what to do, and how to do it.

"We will follow our Protestant order of precedence, if you please," said the Oracle. "Crowns before Tiara. You Temporal Sovereigns are here to consult Me on the important point in Europe's Christmas dianer—How to CARVE THE TURKEY."

The Crowned Heads meekly bowed assent.

"And you, Red-hatted Heads of the Church, would be glad of a lead in your choice of a successor to my excellent, though infallible, old friend, *Pro Nono*?"

The Red Hats inclined, for once unanimous.

"How do you elect to speak?"

"By our totems!" exclaimed the Crowned Heads; "the beasts and birds who represent us in our coats of arms."

"And admirably they represent you, I must say," rejoined the Oracle, courteously. "As for the carving of the Turkey—you will pardon me for reminding you that the bird is not dead yet, and I fancy my friend ALEXANDER will find him harder killing than he bargained for. Perhaps it would be wiser to postpone the consideration of how the troublesome fowl is to be dismembered, till you are quite certain he is dished. When that little detail is settled, though the British Lion is no way disposed to lift a paw in the savage old creature's defence, he will certainly expect to have a voice in his cutting up;—and if the Egyptian liver-wing should be going a-begging—"

"It is not so much about the Lion's share, as the Bear's, that I am anxious," interposed a mild and mellifluous ursine



voice. "And though I should be the last to press my own claim to so much as a drumstick, still, after all the hard fighting I have had, I must naturally expect my little pickings, disinterested as I am known to be, and purely Christian as my motives must be admitted to be—for a Bear."

"Nothing can be more reasonable," rejoined the Oracle; "and, provided the Bear does nothing to block the Lion's road to India, I really don't see why your respective interests or appetites need clash."

"Of course *we* don't want a slice!" shrieked two large Black Eagles, one single, the other double-headed. "But in the meantime," continued the one with two heads, "if you would only tell me how to keep my two heads from quarrelling——"

"And how about *our* share?" struck in the Servian Buzzard, the Greek Kite, and the spirited little Montenegrin Sparrow-Hawk.

"Really, my feathered friends, I am afraid that whatever trouble you may have had with the living Turkey, the carving of the dead bird is likely to cost you as much difficulty. I must, for the present, decline the task of assigning your respective portions. My one counsel to you is *not* to cross the Lion's path, or to leave him out of any arrangement you may make; or you may find that his claws are sheathed not snipped, and his teeth none the less sharp that he is in no way forward to show them—for all the kind friends who are so ready to roar for him, and so prompt to poke him up."

"This is scarcely the counsel we came for," growled the Bear.

"It is the best I can give you," curtly replied the Oracle. "And now for *you*, most reverend Red Hats! If *you* can find one among you able to read the signs of the times, and less disposed to rely on Papal infallibility than secular sense, concentrate your votes on him, and leave the Church and the World to find a *modus vivendi*, instead of a *modus internecandi*, as at present."

"Is *that* all the guidance you have to give us?" sighed the Red Hats.

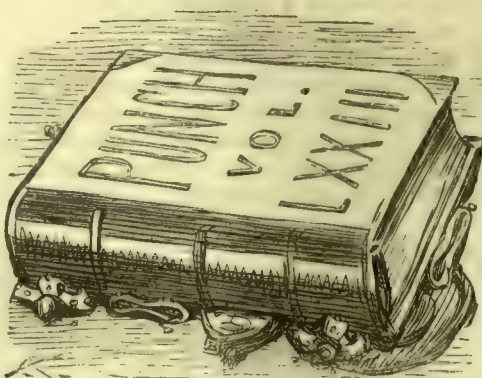
"That—and this, which contains the same advice distilled into Wit, and crystallised into Wisdom——" And the Teacher, with a graceful turn of his wrist, lightly pitched

## Volume Seventy-Three

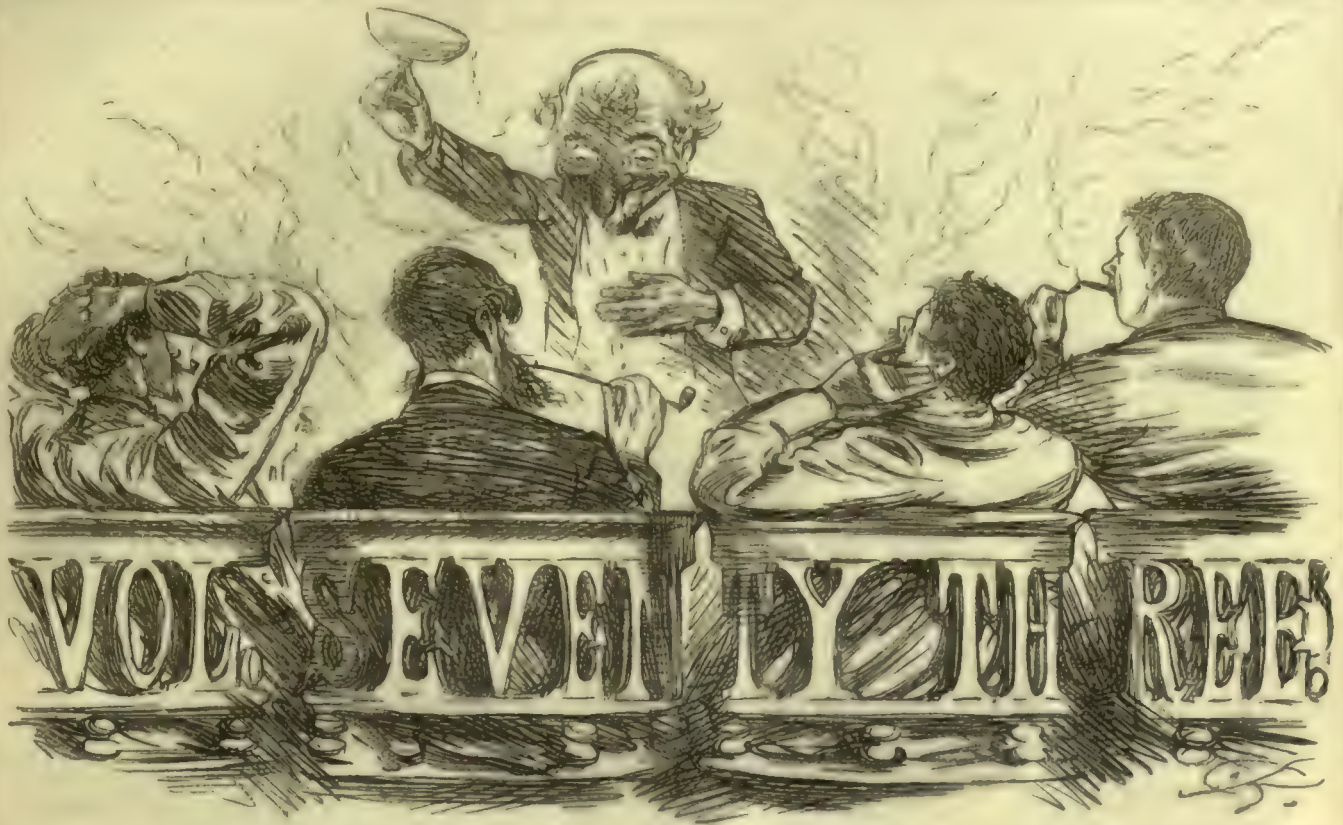
on the pile of shaky Crowns, a-top of which the tottering Tiara strove to maintain a hopeless balance. "Take it among you!" he cried. "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it, for the better ruling of Kingdoms and Churches at home and abroad, in the present and in the future!"

Crushingly fell that weight of wisdom on the untrustworthy substratum of Crowns—for even those made of iron, and cemented with blood, were honeycombed. Not one but collapsed; some with an elasticity that gave hopes of restoration to better form hereafter; others feebly, flatly, beyond all power of tinkering, all arts of beating out or beating in!

"Past praying for, most of them!" sighed the Teacher. "For the rest, let us pray!"







## REGULATIONS FOR WIMBLEDON, 1877.

July, 1877.

War Office, Intelligence Department,  
85, Fleet Street.

**FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH** cannot permit the Annual Encampment of the National Rifle Association to be held without calling the attention of the Volunteers of Great Britain in general, and London in particular, to the present troubled state of the Continent. It is most important that every English Soldier should appear to the greatest advantage, when the eyes of united, or rather disunited, Europe are upon him. Under these circumstances Volunteers are expected to obey the subjoined General Order.

**Tents.**—Riflemen will not attempt to convert their tents into gorgeously furnished drawing-rooms. Showy carpets, theatrical furniture, and gaudily-framed mirrors, will not be permitted. Volunteers should remember that the fortnight at Wimbledon ought to be turned to account in accustoming them to roughing it under canvas.

**Uniform.**—Every Volunteer should appear in uniform. Nothing is more unsoldierlike than a mixture of *muff* and regimentals. Last year, and on many previous occasions, the costumes of some of the Volunteers at Wimbledon would have been inappropriate to any day other than the Fifth of November.

**Diet.**—For the sake of their own health as well as for their proper training, Volunteer diet should be simple. Expensive messes and continuous "pegs" are quite out of place. The Camp at Wimbledon must not be turned into a pic-nic, if it expects to be received with military honours.

**Discipline.**—Volunteers should behave as becomes soldiers. Nothing looks more absurd than a disorderly civilian in a uniform that implies obedience to orders. Men should respect their officers, and officers should respect themselves.

In conclusion, **FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH** would request the public-spirited majority of the Volunteers to put down the snobbish minority. The force has done good service, and is likely to do more. It has often been subjected to unmerited contempt by the antics of a few bad bargains. The hard-working efficient have the matter in their own hands, and can easily suppress the lazy and noisy impostors who claim to be their comrades. If they insist upon good discipline, Volunteers in sport will have to become Soldiers in earnest.

By Order, (Signed) **TONY,**  
Adjutant-General.

## THE GRAMPUSES OF GOOLE.

THE sharks of the South Coast are preparing for their summer prey—the seaside visitor. Their ferocity and voracity are familiar facts in the Londoner's natural history. But, we had no idea the Yorkshire coast had its terrors of the sea not less alarming to the visitor in the porpoises and grampuses of Goole:—

"These beasts," says the *Fishing Gazette*, "are as savage as sharks. On one occasion some pleasure-boats were out on the river near Goole, when some of these fish boldly charged the boats, and the fishermen who had command of them, considering they were in absolute danger, immediately returned to the shore, the people in the boats being terribly frightened."

Terror, like indignation, sometimes makes verses. Here is a sample from one of the boats which turned sail from repeated charges—not of the lodging-house south-coast shark, but the till now unformidably considered porpoises and grampuses of Goole:—

"See a grampus,  
Going to swamp us!  
From you porpoise  
Save my corpus!  
We read at school  
Of Arabian Ghouls,  
Nor think it odd he's  
Fond of bodies.

But that Goole porpoises  
Should eat corpses,  
Is a fact so appalling  
Your tackle pray haul in,  
And ashore, my man,  
As fast as you can!  
Or we'll all be rations  
For hungry Cetaceans."

## Keeping it Dark.

"THE Association of the Holy Cross," has held a meeting with closed doors, and all present sworn to secrecy, to consider *The Priest in Absolution*. Such secrecy may be un-English, yet not unwise. One is reminded of the Immortal **WILLIAM** on another father, not **FATHER BAGSHAW**,—"Let the door be shut upon him, that he play the fool nowhere but in his own house,"—which is emphatically, in this case, not the Protestant House of Prayer.

## Those Awful Russians!

WHAT are we to think of the contrast between Russian activity and English supineness, when we read in the *Globe* of July 4:—

"Our Cronstadt Correspondent informs us that the Russian ironclad, *Peter the Great*, is now ready to proceed to sea, and is only awaiting the arrival of her guns:—"

As *Hamlet* says, "The readiness is all."



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BETTER watch-dog of Standing Orders than LORD REDESDALE it were needless to wish. (Monday, July 2.) The Lords have a "Standing Order" that Bills for confirming Provisional Orders shall not be read a Second Time after a certain day in July. This Standing Order is a case of "*lucus a non lucendo*." It is not allowed to stand, but is shoved on one side, by leave of the House, whenever it stops the way. LORD REDESDALE complains that "parties" have not their Bills ready earlier. "Parties" would do well to take the hint. But "Confirming Bills" are not the only ones that hang fire—thanks sometimes to "other parties,"

and generally to causes beyond "parties'" control. If "parties" were more under control, Legislation, altogether, would be easier work. (Commons.)—What a vast deal of information is to be gathered from that very "instructive miscellany," the Monday and Friday nights questions! To skim the long list is to "survey mankind from China to Peru." From this "wonderful bottle" we draw what every one will be glad to know, that the Russian Bear's sore head is better, and COLONEL WELLESLEY once more a *persona grata* (construe, not a grateful, but an agreeable, person) at head-quarters.

Does anybody want to know anything about the Clerkship of Durrow Petty Sessions, or the Drainage of Ash, or the Abominations of Italian Child-erping, or the alarming number of Vacancies among the Vets.—fifteen berths offered and no takers!—or the Fate of the late Moufettish of Egypt, or the Indian Salt Duties, or Plumstead Common, or the Fiji Islands, or that gallant body across country, the Hampshire Mounted Rifles, and their plucky old Colonel, most evergreen of BOWERS, whom the War Office has shunted at sixty-seven, though he is as good across country as ever,—or the grievances of Army Surgeons? Let him refer to Monday's Parliamentary Report. As well try to summarise a chapter of *Mangnall's Questions*.

The dissatisfaction of the Army Surgeons is a serious matter, for it threatens the efficiency of a most important "Arm" of the Service—the arm that physicks our Soldiers in peace, and amputates or bandages them in war. MR. HARDY is impatient of these grievances, which find a voice in PLAYFAIR and LUSH. LUSH is scarce the help to fall back on, but PLAYFAIR in the House may assist the Surgeons of the Service to fair play out of it. MR. HARDY declares they have had more than fair play. The Surgeons don't think so, and this is shown by the small number of competitors for Commissions. If Army Surgeons have had all the honours and advantages heaped on them which MR. HARDY insists on, it is surely odd that Army-Surgeoncies should go a-begging. Men don't usually turn up their noses at bread so richly buttered—especially in one of the most crowded and fiercely competitive of callings. The Medical Department declares the Army never had a better Medical Staff than now. It wouldn't be pleasant to have that Staff give way under the British Soldier in a moment of emergency.





## AFTER BURNS.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

Alice. "If I WERE TO PUT ON AUNTIE'S SPECTACLES, I WONDER IF I SHOULD  
SEE HER FAULTS AS BIG AS SHE SEES MINE!"

When four votes had been got through in Army Supply—£27,013 for expenses of Military Law (even drum-heads, "cats," and court-martials come expensive); £534,000 for Militia pay and allowances (MR. HAYTER called attention to some rather startling facts, as that only 100,611 men were present at the last inspection, out of a paper-force of 134,500; though, to be sure, if short of men, we have lots of officers, quality perhaps not quite up to quantity, seeing that only 558 out of 2,552 have obtained certificates of proficiency, being 25 per cent. of the force, whereas of the Volunteer officers 75 per cent. are certificated); £74,400 for Yeomanry-Cavalry (the country gentlemen's rather costly plaything, which seems to want overhauling); and £468,700 for Volunteer pay and allowances, the Parliamentary machine was brought to a stand-still, at half-past twelve, at the fifth vote of £132,000 for Reserve pay and allowances, on MR. O'CONNOR POWER's Motion to Report Progress. From that hour till ten minutes after seven on Tuesday morning, a majority of between 188 and 62, and a minority of between 8 and 6, had a lively mill of seventeen rounds, on alternate Motions to Report Progress, and that the Chairman do leave the Chair, till, when the minority still came up smiling for the eighteenth round, SIR CHARLES DILKE got the House Counted Out, after daylight had replaced the gas for three hours. *Aurora—not Nox—pugnān diremit.*

*Punch* has been exact in recording the incidents of the battle, for it may be an epoch in Parliamentary History—may end either in the devising of some means for overriding an obstinacy that surely deserves (see *Punch's Cartoon*) to be called "Pigheadedness," or—which will be quite as useful—in putting an end to the practice of voting away JOHN BULL's money in lumps during the small hours. In the face of this objectionable practice, it must be owned that there was more justification than a wise Government would have given, even for the interposition of the Powers—O'C. and R.—though *Punch* cannot honestly wish the House more Powers to her elbow. At least they and their Milesian coadjutors may be proud of having raised Obstruction to the dignity of a fine-art. We speak of the Mechanical and Chemical Powers. This homonymous pair deserve to be raised to a place of their own, in Parlia-

mentary dynamics, as "the Obstructive Powers." PARNELL was to the fore, but could scarce be said to shine. In fact, the new *Gemini* of Obstruction—Powers of the first magnitude—took the shine out of him. And the BIGGAR of those twin stars of Meath and Cavan was absent—absent on such a night! One thinks of HENRI-QUATRE's letter:—

"Pends-toi, brave CRILLON, nous nous sommes battu en diable, et tu n'y étais pas."

Also, a new star of obstruction arose on this memorable morning, which promises to outshine even the two *Gemini* of Mayo and Waterford, Meath and Cavan, The O'DONNELL of Dungarvan, gleaming of spectacles, and strident of speech, shock of head and rutilant of locks—who, comet-like

"From his horrid hair  
Shakes Boredom down, and with the fear of Talk,  
Perplexes Members."

Nor let us forget WHALLEY, who, divided between envy and admiration of the Obstructive Six—so sublime in stubbornness, so unassailable in unreason, so defiant of dictation, so contemptuous of cajolery—took his place among them as a humble but hearty volunteer, and bade the Parliamentary Juggernaut-Car come on and crush them if it dare!

The names of the sublime Six of that gallant Irish Brigade, with their one English recruit, must be recorded in *Punch's* Roll of Fame—*nominatim et verbatim*:—

Sing we the names of the Six, who, from half-past twelve unto seven—

Boomed from the throat of Big Ben, that never called "Time!" to such prowess—

Full in the teeth of the House obstructed the progress of business, Facing the wrath of JOHN LOCKE and the chiding ironic of HARCOURT,

Reckless of RAIKES's rebuke, KNIGHT's charge, and the lashing of LUBBOCK.

First in the forehead of battle was he, the selected of Mayo, POWER, surnamed O'CONNOR, and not less a POWER, he also, RICHARD, whom Waterford honour, returning along with the Major.

He too, the Major, was there, the great and the genial O'GORMAN, Irish of spirit un-silent, amusing, obese, and obstructive.

NOLAN, a range-finder rare, the Captain from grim County Galway,

Bent on finding to-night the range of the House's endurance; PARNELL, chosen of Meath, but milder than went in the *mêlée*, Sad to be severed of BIGGAR, his brother in arms and obstruction; Last-born Hope of the House, precocious in arts of annoyance, Long and loud of discourse, hard-mouthed, audacious, abusive, Gleamed through his glasses O'DONNELL, the doughty delight of Dungarvan.

Such were the Six, but the Seventh was Saxon in name, if in nature

Celt of the Celts, untiring of speech, impervious to reason, Pig-headedest of pig-headed, a creature of crazes and crotchets, WHALLEY, who, wrongs of the Claimant and Jesuit plottings abandoned,

Joined the Obstructive Brigade, betwixt admiration and envy.

Never a sturrier battle was fought on the field of St. Stephen's—Never more clearly was proved the saying of GORTON the singer—*"Gegen die Dummheit kämpfen selbst die Götter vergebens."*

*Tuesday.*—The report that the British Fleet has been ordered to Besika Bay officially confirmed in both Houses. *Punch* would like to ask my LORD BEACONSFIELD what is to be the next move in his Lordship's little game of Besik(a Bay). But, bless you, he wouldn't get an answer.

(*Lords.*)—LORD COLCHESTER tried to have the Universities Bill hung up for further inquiry. Their Lordships, mindful that the Bill has already been two years in incubation, are determined that something shall be hatched of it, and Committee is fixed for Thursday week.

THE EARL OF DERBY explained to LORD HARROWBY how Turkey and Persia have been fighting over their boundaries for the last thirty years, and have come to no settlement yet—on the Oriental principle of doing nothing this year you can put off till next.

(*Commons, Morning Sitting.*)—The Irish Sunday Closing Bill, talked out once last Wednesday, was talked out again.

(*Evening Sitting.*)—EARL PERCY rose to move for an inquiry into the present practice of Vaccination.

MR. SCLATER-BOOTH gave unanswerable reasons for declining inquiry, not only as unnecessary, but as likely



to give countenance to a mischievous and utterly unreasonable distrust of the most certain protection ever given by Science against the most terrible scourge ever held over humanity. This distrust, which he had hoped was confined to the crassest of ignoramus, *Punch* is sorry to see, is not too unreasonable to find a voice, though a half muffled one, even in the Collective Wisdom.

The House supported MR. SOLATER-BOTH's abundantly justified refusal by 106 to 56. *Punch* is sorry to read MR. GLADSTONE's name in the minority.

The House was Counted Out just as Cross entered the Confessional—on MR. WHALLEY's Motion, "The House evidently fights shy of *The Priest in Absolution*—won't touch him, as the saying is, even with a pair of tongs. Perhaps this is as well, if the Bishops will but protest congregations against the abominable book, and the "Priests" who, directly or indirectly, countenance or tolerate it. Mere disclaimers by individual Brethren of the Holy Cross are not sufficient. The unclean book, and the prurient prying it prescribes, must be cut out of the Church by the roots. No Protestant Church can nurse such a cancer and live.

**Wednesday.**—MR. O'SULLIVAN's Bill empowering Irish ratepayers to elect a Justice in each Union, was rejected by 178 to 86. This is not the sort of "Justice to Ireland" England is disposed to put faith in.

A dead set against the Divine Worship Facilities Bill—empowering the Bishop to appoint a Clergyman when provision is needed for the spiritual wants of a parish. What on earth have the Abuses of the Confessional to do with so reasonable a measure, that the Bill should be put to the "Previous Question"? The House pronounced for Second Reading by 94 to 73.

**Thursday (Lords).**—THE DUKE OF SOMERSET opposed Second Reading of the New Forest Bill. His Grace thinks it gives the Commons too much of what it takes from the Crown. Now, between Commons and Crown, the Public is very apt to be kicked out of bed. But the Lords' House, whose Committee in 1868 recommended "disafforestation," is hardly the body to strike the balance between Crown's rights and Commons'. The Bill, in fact, puts into form the recommendations of a Select Committee of the House of Commons; and its object is principally to define the limits within which the Crown must confine rights, which, as insisted upon, and till lately exercised, have materially interfered with the beauty and public enjoyment of the Forest.

(Commons.)—The Commons declined for the present to alter the Rules of Debate, in deference to the powers of the Irish Obstructive Brigade.

There was once a famous fighting Irish Regiment known as "The Dirty Half-hundred." Suppose we christen MR. O'CONNOR-POWER's compact minority, "The Dogged Half-Dozen?"

The House agrees with its Leader, that it would be doing the Dogged Half-dozen too much honour to alter the Rules of Debate in acknowledgment of their powers of obstruction.

There is such a thing as throwing away contempt. Is not the House wasting its contempt in this case? Ought these gentlemen to be allowed to stop the way? Are they likely to be scolded, or sneered, or shamed out of the practice? Did to-night's repetition of Tuesday's morning-performance look like it? To be sure, the House was Counted Out at ten minutes to three instead of ten minutes after seven.

But then BREAR shone in his true sphere to-night, at PARNELL's side.

MR. PARNELL caught the word "blackguard," and MR. BELL apologised, as he had not meant MR. PARNELL to catch it.

**Friday (Lords).**—LORD REDESDALE wants to upset the Clauses introduced by the Post-Office into the Private Gas and Water Bills to protect their telegraph-poles and wires. The LORD CHANCELLOR had to make a long speech in repelling this strange attack of the too crotchety Chairman of the Lords' Committees on the telegraph apparatus.

(Commons.)—Thanks to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, we know why the Fleet has been ordered to Besika Bay. It is "because it is a convenient station." Perhaps this is only a "convenient answer," but it is the best we are likely to get. Little games are best kept dark.

"Will she swim?" *A propos* of the *Inflexible*, the House discussed at length the question in *Punch's* last week's Cartoon, and put his "two OBADIAHS" into a debate, in which MR. REED conducted the attack, and MR. A. EBERTON the defence, of the Admiralty Model. Government distinctly declines to submit the Ship and Model to a Select Committee, and so takes the responsibility of her upon its own shoulders.

MR. E. JENKINS tried to re-open the case of CAPTAIN ROBERTS—an officer of twenty years' standing, but only eighteen months' regimental service, who, after five years' on half-pay, having joined a regiment, was, not unnaturally, found inefficient, was put through a questionable course of treatment to force him into sending in his papers, complained, was court-martialled and cashiered. It

seems a hard case; but more blame attaches to the War-Office Authorities who, under such circumstances, allowed CAPTAIN ROBERTS to join a regiment, than to the unfortunate Captain himself. At all events, hard as the case may be, the House declined to re-open it by 187 to 72.

## ADDENDA ET CORRIGENDA.



ALUTE CAXTON—printers of books and readers—as not only the father of English Printing, but one of the honestest and worthiest of men, both in his craft and his character, as far as it is written—or rather printed—in his work. All honour, too, to MR. J. S. HODSON, the Secretary to the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, who first suggested the celebration of the Four-Hundredth Birthday of the first English-printed book. And all honour to the Printing Press which Caxton first set up in Westminster Almonry in 1477, and plied, as long as he lived, in the fear of God, and for the good of man.

All honour too, to MR. GLADSTONE, who on the last day of June, did justice to the old Westminster Printer's memory, in a speech worthy of himself and the occasion, though writing—not printing—in the form in which the fluid is most largely consumed by him, and post-cards are the vehicle of his wisdom, rather than printed pages.

One thing MR. GLADSTONE noticed, that CAXTON printed no Bible,—WYCLIFFE's translation, the only one of that date in the English vernacular, being under ban of the Church. A stranger thing he might have noticed, that the Bible is at this time the only book, not copyright, which no printer, save the little knot who possess the privilege, is allowed to print without note or comment.

The printing of the most precious of all books—the Book whose free circulation was to be due to the Printing Press, indirectly as well as directly—is, on this Four-Hundredth Anniversary of the first products of the Printer's Art in England, the single surviving subject of a Printer's monopoly!

Why should this be? Shilling *Shakespeares*, freed from the dead-weight of note or comment, many printing and publishing firms have given us already, and any that like may give. Who pleases may print, as who runs may read. But a Shilling Bible with an unnoted text only the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses and the Queen's Printers are privileged to put forth.

If other Printers print the Book, it must be *with* notes. This seems to *Punch* a thing that MR. GLADSTONE might have made a note of, to more purpose than the little bit of book-binding claptrap by which a hundred copies of this very Book, "set up" at leisure at one of these privileged Presses, had been printed off by a multiplication of machines, and put through all the processes of drying, folding, cutting, gilt-edging, and binding, between midnight of the 29th and midday of the 30th of June.

There are scores of firms that could have done as much; and the feat had no bearing whatever on the Printers' Art, instead of being as MR. GLADSTONE called it, its "climax and consummation." If it was a "climax and consummation" of any art, it was of the bookbinder's, not the book-printer's, and, as such, this little "bit of business" strikes one as rather a theatrical intrusion on an occasion which in no way called for it, considering, moreover, that the printing of this Book is still the one Printer's monopoly surviving in England, and that this copy came from one of the three Presses to which that solitary monopoly is confined.

## "Ici on Parle Français?"

CLERGYMAN recommande particulièrement, comme PRECEPTEUR on PROFESSEUR, gentleman Français, sortant chez lui, qui accepterait voyager. Address, &c.—*Times*, July 6th.

HAS "CLERGYMAN" been indebted to "gentleman Français" for the French of his advertisement?





## OH, HORROR!

*Surgeon.* "YOUR PULSE IS STILL VERY HIGH, MY FRIEND! DID YOU GET THOSE LEECHES ALL RIGHT I SENT THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY?"

*Patient.* "YES, SIR, I GOT 'EM RIGHT ENOUGH. BUT MIGHTN'T I HAVE 'EM BILED NEXT TIME, SIR?"

## PARLIAMENTARY NOTICES.

(By the Seven.)

**MR. PARNELL**—to move the adjournment of the House until justice is done to Ireland.

**MR. POWER (No. 1)**—To move that the Royal Speech on the Prorogation of Parliament be postponed until it can be delivered in Dublin.

**MR. POWER (No. 2)**—To move that the Chairman do leave the Chair and take his seat on the Stool of Repentance.

**MR. O'DONNELL**—To give notice of his intention to move next session that no Army or Navy Estimates be passed until the Government give a solemn pledge that they will enrol the entire Adult Male Roman Catholic Population of Ireland as Volunteers, supply them with rifles of the newest and most approved pattern, and defray all their expenses out of the Exchequer.

**MR. PARNELL**—when the House goes into Committee on Home-Rule (Dublin Parliament) Bill, to move the introduction of a Clause conferring the office of Speaker on **MR. BIGGAR**, during bad behaviour.

**MR. BIGGAR**—when the House goes into Committee on Home-Rule (Dublin Parliament) Bill, to move the insertion of a Clause conferring the appointment of Chairman of Committees on **MR. PARNELL** during usual behaviour.

**MAJOR O'GORMAN**—to give notice of his intention to move the impeachment of the Lord-Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the event of the Colorado Beetle making its appearance in that down-trodden country.

**CAPTAIN NOLAN**—to ask the reason why the Summer Manœuvres are not held on the Curragh instead of at Aldershot.

**MR. WHALLEY**—to move that a handsome premium be offered for the best design for a fresco to be placed on the walls of the House

## WHALLEY'S WISH.

"**MR. WHALLEY** declared that the part which the Honourable Member for Dungarvan, and those who had acted with him, had taken inspired him with admiration and envy."—*Times*.

*The Member for Peterborough has sometimes been asked to sing. Punch presenteth him with an appropriate song.*

AIR—"Oh, would I were a Bird!"

WOULD a pig-head were mine,  
That I might lie with these,  
The Parliament'ry line  
That block as they d—d please.  
How happy could I be,  
As the Session's end draws near,  
With small hours making free,  
Till morning doth appear.  
Hibernianest of pleasures,  
In cold obstruction's zest,  
To mar the Saxon's measures,  
And break the Saxon's rest!

Chorus—Cold Saxons may abuse you,  
But you've a friend in me,  
*Hibernis still Hibernior,*  
Pig-headedder than ye!

Oh, what delight to lie  
Right in the public way,  
Bidding Old Time go by—  
Dividing night and day!  
Resistance to defeat,  
And block the crowded path  
Of measures incomplete,  
And men in howling wrath!  
Envy and admiration  
My heart between them away,  
Though not of Irish nation,  
An Irish part to play!

Chorus—Cold Saxons may abuse you,  
But you've a friend in me,  
*Hibernis still Hibernior,*  
Pig-headedder than ye!

TOO GOOD TO BE HOPED FOR.

**MR. O'DONNELL**, M.P. for Dungarvan, represents the Irish Obstructive Brigade as a "Parliamentary Early-Closing Association." If it could only succeed in "shutting up" the Obstructives themselves!

of Commons, to commemorate vain attempts at the "Arrest of the Seven Members, July 3, 1877!" and to suggest that it be an instruction to the Artists competing to throw into his own countenance an expression of mingled admiration and envy, to introduce in the middle distance a view of the Vatican, and in the background one of Dartmoor.

**THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER**—to Report Progress on some plan for carrying on public business without hindrance or obstruction from a minority of Seven (including Tellers).

## "WATER IS BEST."

THERE are Associations nowadays for everything under the sun, but none that has done more good in an unpretending way than the Metropolitan Drinking Fountains Association. There are fountains that work and don't play—diminishing drunkenness, and affording pure refreshment to man and woman, boy and girl, bird and beast.

Their motives are pure as the element they work in, and their credit should be clear as the crystal lymph they supply. Nobody, we should think, can throw dirt at their object, any more than anybody would throw dirt into the 324 basins and 342 troughs they count in London at this time. Of this respectable sum-total—or sum tea-total—thirty-three drinking fountains and fifty-eight troughs have been added this year. This is emphatically a good work, quietly done. *Punch* rejoices it has made such good speed, and can only wish to the Association and its offshoots that good speed better. May they help on the time when England will be able to sing or say, what it cannot by any means say yet, "Water, water, everywhere, and lots of it to drink!"

A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.—CANON BAIL.





### SPEAKING BY THE CARD.

"YOU SEEM TO KNOW ALL THE GOSSIP OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, PARKER!"

"YES, MA'AM. MY YOUNG MAN IS A POSTMAN, AND HE READS ME ALL THE POST-CARDS!"

### THAT BLESSED BEETLE!

ATTEND, all ye lieges! This is to give notice  
A foe's on your track, and a terrible foe 'tis.  
A horror that long has disturbed our discussions;  
A bogey less bogus than BETSY PRIG'S Russians.  
Their crossing the Danube drove BETSY half frantic;  
But, Britons, that Beetle has crossed the Atlantic!  
Encamped on the Baltic, beleaguered Cologne,  
And made Rhine potato-fields calmly his own!  
He comes in his thousands. To nab or to nobble 'em  
Is sadly declared an insoluble problem.  
As bold as mosquitoes, as mobile as midges,  
They dread not big guns, and they do not need bridges.  
Torpedoes to them are indifferent trifles,  
They care not a button for round-shot or rifles;  
And 'gainst them—for GLADSTONE a gloomy reflection—  
Our dear Silver Streak will afford no protection.  
They fly, and they float, and they paddle, and plod;  
Are at home in the air, on the sea, on the sod;  
And, if tired, not a whit do they falter or fail,  
But travel—*sans* ticket—by steamer or rail.  
They can fast like a Trappist, or gorge like a pig,  
Change habitat, appetite, diet, and rig;  
Play Proteus or 'possum, feign slumber or death—  
In fact they have cantrips that quite take one's breath.  
A bogey more likely with terror to toss us  
Than even the big-booted Northern Colossus;  
And Science herself has no present suggestion  
For finally solving this great Western Question.  
What then? Must we sit like dumb stoical CATOS,  
And see this dread Beetle devour our Potatoes?  
Not quite. The brown demon, with black striped and dotted,  
Wheresoe'er he's espied should be instantly potted.  
And if PAT doesn't wish *sans* his Murphies to starve, he  
Must keep sharp look-out for the eggs and the larvæ,

Whose jackets, red-brown, like an iron nail rusted,  
When twigg'd, should with Paris Green promptly be dusted.  
And that, up to date, seems about the sum-total  
Of what can be done in a way antidotal  
To minimise, localise, limit the ravages  
To be dreaded from these coleopterous savages.  
Yet stop! There's our climate. The reddish-brown rover  
A barrier in that, BATES opines, may discover.  
We'll hope so. And England may not have to share her  
Potato-crop out with the "Ten-lined Spear-bearer."\*

\* *Doryphora decemlineata.*

### CAVE LUPUM!

THE School-Board has been sitting on the *Priest in Absolution*. If only the Priest in Absolution is not allowed to sit on the School-Board! As it is, he is allowed to sit on too many National-School Committees in London, including those of St. Alban's Holborn, St. Peter's London Docks, St. Michael's Shoreditch, St. Augustine's Kilburn, All Saints' Margaret Street, St. Mary Magdalene's Paddington, St. Matthew's Warwick Road, St. Stephen's Lewisham, St. Paul's Wilton Place, Holy Trinity Bethnal Green, St. Paul's Lorimore Square, and St. Columbo's Kingsland Road.

This is a formidable list, but it is to be hoped that the managing Priests in Absolution have not yet taken to put their pupils through the unwholesome discipline of Confession by the Book. But the School Board has a right to demand full proof on this point, and where Priest confesses, let parents see to it that their children do not; or the *Priest in Absolution* will draw on the *Penitent in Pollution*, as a natural sequel—or second volume.

### CHILDREN IN SPORT TAUGHT SLAUGHTER IN EARNEST.

THERE is talk in Society of the intended formation amongst the youthful aristocracy of a Junior Hurlingham, to be entitled the Pop-gun Club.





## PIGHEADED OBSTRUCTION.

‘OUR WH-LL-Y. “THEY IMPRESS ME WITH ENVY AND ADMIRATION, AND I WILL TAKE MY PLACE AMONGST THEM!”

PARLIAMENTARY ENGINE-DRIVER (*pulling up*). “WE WON’T DRIVE OVER ’EM THIS TIME; BUT IF THESE “GENTLEMEN’ PERSIST IN BLOCKING THE LINE, WE SHALL HAVE TO CLEAR THE WAY!!”







## THE PALACE OF ART.

(New Version.)

## PART II.

YET oft the riddle of Art's real drift  
Flashed through me as I sat and gazed.  
But not the less some season I made shift  
To keep my wits undazed.

And so I mused and mooned; for three long weeks  
I stood it: on the fourth I fell.  
All trace of natural colour fled my cheeks,  
And I felt—far from well.

When I would gush, where'er I turned my sight  
A mocking hand confusion wrought;  
Wrote "Meaning? Meaning?" till I felt me quite  
Dyspeptic and distraught.

Deep dread and loathing of my mystic brood  
Fell on me; from which mood was born  
Scorn of my taste; again, from out that mood,  
Laughter at such self-scorn.

"What! Is not this my Home of Art?" I said.  
"My Aidenn of æsthetic joy?  
Surely, sweet Self, you must be off your head!  
What ails you, Self, my boy?"

For in the corners of my Aidenn stood  
Uncanny shapes; and unawares  
I came on phantom heads dripping with blood,  
And dim nocturnal mares.

Hollow-cheeked, hectic, rufous-headed dames,  
With opiate eyes, and foreheads all  
As wan as corpses', but with wings like flames,  
Glared on me from each wall.

Those fixed orbs haunted me; I grew to hate  
Those square and skinny jaws, those high cheek-bones.  
Nocturnes in soot and symphonies in slate  
Moved me to sighs and groans.

Queer convolutions of dim drapery  
Inwrap me like a Nessus-snare.  
I seemed enmeshed in tangles hot and dry  
Of copper-coloured hair.

I loathed the pallid Venuses and Eves,  
Nymph-nudity, and Sorceress and Thrall;  
The Wings prismatic, the metallic Leaves—  
I loathed them one and all.

I howled aloud, "Let me no more behold  
A witch, an angel, or a saint.  
Aught mediæval-mystic, classic-cold,  
Or *cinq-ento* quaint.

"It may be that my taste has come to grief,  
But if the spectral, dismal, dry,  
Do constitute 'High Art,' 'tis my belief  
High Art is all my eye."

So when four weeks were wholly finished,  
I from my gallery turned away.  
"Give me green leaves and flesh and blood," I said,  
"Fresh air and light of day.

"I pine for Nature, sad and sick at heart  
Of the affected, strained, and queer.  
What was to me Ambrosia of Art  
Hath grown as drugged small-beer.

"Yet pull not down my galleries rich and rare:  
When Art abjures the crude and dim,  
I yet may house the High Ideal there,  
Purged from preposterous Whim!"

## CROSS-QUESTIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

It is a mistake to suppose that cross-examination in Protestant England is limited to the Witness-box, and conducted only by Lawyers. The reverend members of the "Society of the Holy Cross," are accustomed to cross-examine their disciples in their counterfeit Confessional.

LORD'S AND LADIES;  
OR, WHAT A DAY WE'VE BEEN HAVING!

DEAR PUNCH,

## THE SHELF



UGHT I to say Mr. Punch? I suppose I ought, but I feel more at home beginning without ceremony.)

You know—or at least that is a *façon de parler*, because you can not know yet—I am not witty. No woman ever is, of course; but I often say things which the boys (one is in the Guards—that's DOUGLAS; the other is in the Foreign Office—that's HUGH) declare I ought to send to Punch.

I have my doubts about that awfully terrible waste-paper basket you threaten us with, and I dare say, if the truth were really known—but we never shall know the truth in

this quite too dreadfully false age—not so very many people, after all, write to you any correspondence at all. Now do they? Be honest for once. Of course that is a joke, because I *know* Punch is honest. I thought perhaps, after all, I might have a literary turn, and as I noticed that your "staff"—I believe that is the correct title for your combination of authors and artists, is it not?—never said much about cricket, and as that nice—quite too awfully nice—LORD SPARROWBRAIN had offered to take us (the boys, me, and Mamma) to Lord's, to see the Oxford and Cambridge Match last week, it would be a good opportunity—as I quite, oh! quite, understand the game, and both the boys were at Oxford—to try and write an account of the Grand Inter-University Contest—that really does look awfully well, doesn't it?—which I witnessed from the box-seat (think of that, dear old Punch—I was really on LORD SPARROWBRAIN's box!) of the best turned-out drag on the ground.

I had never been on a box-seat on a coach before. I could not be on a box-seat *behind*, you know, could I? That's one of the things the boys encored, but I will not say anything that looks like vanity—I do hate it so. There's BELLA TROSSITY, who was on the coach with her sister, MRS. THISTLEDOWN, came in such a Gainsborough hat! If you had seen it, or MR. DU MAURIER had been there, you know, he must have put her into his book there and then—hat and all. This child was very particular about her get-up, I assure you; in fact, SPARROWBRAIN confided to me there was not another *toilette* on the ground after mine. The others weren't in it.

Let me see. I think I said we arrived at Lord's, and of course you don't want, or your readers either, to hear all the Lord's shop about the Pavilion, and the old players, the health of the Secretary, or the death of ADMIRAL ROUS. What you want is cricket. Oh! that reminds me of what that wretch MAJOR KILLROBIN, who amused me so awfully much more than poor dear SPARROW, who is awfully nice all the same, and I *know* admires me, said to me—that he feared I was "a wicket little thing, he would go bail." Not to be behindhand and by no means, oh! dear, no! to be shut up, I told the Major—he really has a love of a moustache and an eye—*Je ne dis que ça*, as THERESA would say—two eyes, indeed, and I am quite too afraid I looked into them—more than once. Oh! I quite forgot to say that as LORD SPARROWBRAIN had most kindly asked his mother, the COUNTESS OF LARKSPUR, to invite Mamma to a Clerical Aid Society's Meeting, she most unfortunately, for her, poor dear Mamma, was conspicuous by her absence, and the boys were left to chaperone me, which of course I took care they did, only DOUGLAS, the horror, would run off half the time to flirt with LADY SEABLOOM, and HUGH took far, quite too far, too much interest in a retired widow, who had a villa in the neighbourhood—*Try back, old man*—that's it, not to be shut up I told the Major that "he was bold," and if MRS. KILLROBIN "caught him out," I fancied he would be "stumped." Now, honour bright, don't you think that is quite up to the average of feminine repartee, not to say a long way to the front, bit between the teeth, hands down, and all the rest of it?

Poor dear SPARROW didn't like it at all when the Major would take my hand in his, only to satisfy himself as to the number of my gloves, for of course I had backed Oxford, and equally of course I should not allow even that good-looking wretch KILLROBIN to take my hand. Well, I could not help the squeeze,





### THE POTATO HARVEST.

*Eastern Counties Farmer (at the R. A. Exhibition—before Mr. Macbeth's Picture). "STAMMIN'!"\* (Consults Catalogue.) "NUMBER 'ONE, OUGHT—POTATO'—No, THAT AIN'T IT, 'TAIN'T LIKELY!" (Examines Picture again.) "WH' 'TIS 1031!" (Catalogue again, and then Picture.) "WH' LOR—A-MUSSY! SURELY—" (Another long look.) "WH' THEY ARE A-TATERIN'!"*

\* Genuine Suffolk: not a misprint for "Stunnin'."

because that dreadfully athletic hero BUCKLAND sent a ball swishing like a comet right over us, and I might have fallen off the seat if the Major hadn't been there, though that darling SPARROWBRAIN swears he saved me. He did put his arm round my waist—oh! most respectfully, I assure you, and somehow came in contact with the Major's, I cannot think how it got there. Oh! by the way, that made BUCKLAND's score 112. I adore cricket! I never saw better play! And MAJOR KILLROBIN was quite of the same opinion, though he backed Cambridge through thick and thin. I won twelve dozen pairs of gloves, five and a half. Yes! you are right—that's an awfully pretty hand and worth winning, though BELLA TROSSITY does toss up her head. Oh! dear! dear! Quite awfully bother! you know. I have no more time to write, and I must tell you all about the runs next time. But why should a Cambridge man be wanted to keep a wicket at Lord's? Can't a Commissionnaire be paid for it as they are at the Aquarium?

Yours, dear old Punch,

KITTUMS.

### HIGH-FALUTIN'.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing to the *Times* on the subject of Printing, the Caxton Celebration, and the Copy of the Oxford University Press Bible there shown and puffed (on which *Punch* has commented in another article) winds up, firework-fashion, with the following "bang":—

"As to progressive printing, the Caxton Exhibition demonstrates that direct printing may be applied from the same block to coarse sacking, the surface of sheet iron, or looking-glass, to print upon a file or impart a delicate kiss upon an egg shell. But the greatest marvel of typography is our *Times*; practically and truly you could cast off your linen at one end of a machine to behold it before your eyes transformed into a journal, the whole being produced in less time than it would take a scribe of old to put a new nib to his pen."

Really, Mr. Luke Limner, this "is a leetle strong." The idea of Mr. WALTER, or some devoted servant of the *Times*—"not Launcelot, but another"—in a dearth of paper, taking off his shirt at one end of the machine to come out as the broadest of broad-sheets at the other—still more of the conversion of the long cloth into pulp first, and paper afterwards,—to say nothing of the mere "machining,"—taking less time than the mending of a scribe's pen!

*Punch* can only top this astounding paragraph with one comment in large caps—BUNKUM!

### From an Ill-used Old Party.

MR. PUNCH,—SIR,

Now that I have been seen, and certified by the Officers and Crew of the Royal Yacht, and reported to the Admiralty, I trust I shall not again be insulted by that unbelief in my existence which is the usual and very painful lot of

Yours indignantly,

THE SRA SERPENT.

P.S.—See Report to the Admiralty, and LIEUTENANT HAYNES's likeness of me in the *Graphic*, which, however, as it represents the back of my head, can hardly be called a satisfactory portrait, were it even more like my *occiput* than I can allow it to be. He describes me as "bullet-headed." I suppose that is why he has drawn my body like a cannon—with wings.

### LA RÉPUBLIQUE TO THE BLOCK.

The publishing firm of HACHETTE (the SMITH of France), who have the exclusive privilege of selling French journals at French railway stations, announce that the station traffic in newspapers will be suspended, the Government having forbidden the sale of the Republican journals—the most moderate not excepted.

This is a *coup d'état* in its way. It is indeed "*couper la tête*" of the Republican Press—and, as usual in cutting off heads, a "Hachette" has been used for the purpose.

### POLITICAL PREFECTIBILITY.

THE *Daily News* learns "from Paris that the work of remodelling the staff of Prefects throughout France is completed." Practice makes prefect.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE BROTHERS OF THE HOLY CROSS.—Wholly cross them out.

SPIRIT-RAPPING.—What a Drunkard's Wife too often knows far too much of.



## DIARY OF MY RIDE TO KHIVA.

*The Last Scene—The Rider carries out his own proposition—Safe Return and Explanation all round.*



THE sun had risen in the East. Its warm rays illumined the snow-desert for miles. The trackless regions seemed a blaze of dazzling light . . . What was there to explain the fearful sound that had so shocked my nervous system? . . .

Putting on my blue magnifying-glasses, I distinctly made out small feet-tracks in the snow . . . Heavens! . . . What feet? One glance more, and I had awoke to the reality . . . They were the print of Pig's feet—the remains of Trotters!!!

6:30.—I have been peering through my telescope. Far away in the distance I catch sight of HERR GRÜNTZ, the Learned Pig, galloping away towards the snow-range as fast as his legs will carry him? *A deserter!* Why is this! "Boot and spur!" I cry. I rush to boot to ascertain if, after all, I am not deceived, and whether it is not another pig, or a phantasmagoric pig—a pig, of the mirage—that I have seen.

No! Alas!! Alas!!! Alas!!!!

For one hour I am overcome. I cannot even write it down in my Diary.

*Wickski!*

7:30.—Recovered. I make this entry: "O miserable day! O Woe! Woe! Woe!"

(It was lucky I said this out loud, as the Horse had begun to trot off after the Pig; only, when he heard "Woe! Woe!" he pulled up, and stopped. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.)

Let me record the fact.

On the ground before the boot I found the letters of the Alphabet thus arranged:—

"*Mouse would sing. Pig could not sleep.*" You called Pig a bore. *Mouse hath murdered sleep. Pig hath murdered Mouse. Henceforth Pig is a wanderer on the face of the earth.*"

At once I examined the hole where the Mouse used to repose.

Only the remains of a small bit of toasted cheese!

I see how it was done. Detectives of no use here. Pig evidently put cheese out for Mouse. Mouse went out to supper, and Pig, like a second LUCREZIA BORGIA—or, rather *BOAR-GIA*—murdered the unhappy vocalist at the meal. As there are no traces of the deed, it is clear that Pig ate Mouse.

Alas! alas! This breaks up the establishment. "Oh, all my pretty chicks in one fell soup!" How intent SHAKESPEARE must have been on chicken-broth when he wrote this—if my quotation is correct.

And yet—Justice must be done. The Pig must be pursued and punished, —yes, even though he flee to Africa, for protection among the sons of Ham!

8 A.M.—Packing up, and off. Gaoler's Daughter still asleep. Why disturb her? Why should her fate be linked with mine? I will leave a slip of paper,

saying, "If I am not back by four, don't expect me." I shall not be back at four, and she will not expect me. At least she can never say that I disappointed her. Farewell, O Gaoler's Daughter!

Away to Khiva!

11 A.M.—Several miles on the road. Horse galloping. Through telescope I see Pig reaching summit of distant range. Pig's ears visible—back—curly tail—hind trotters in air as he disappears over the mountains.—

Oh, if a thaw would only set in! Oh that these ice-mountains would but melt! I should re-name the locality the *Melton* country. It is like travelling over a perpetual rink.

*Next day.*—Forced to abandon sleigh, trap, and Tartar Boy. Told him to wait till called for. He asked for payment, alleging that he was the sole surviving representative, the heir and assignee of the Sleigh Driver. Kicked him. Tartar Boy threatened to follow me on skates, or to go back to Gladitzova and inform Russian Police that I was a spy.

Gave Tartar Boy three roubles and a half (sorry to part with one of them, as it was my tossing rouble, with which I had been invariably fortunate—but this is mere superstition), and promised to send the rest home to his Mother. Farewell, ungrateful Boy! Ta Ta! Tartar Boy! I am now alone! with the sleigh behind me containing only the empty boot and the broken barrel-organ, and I am bravely sticking to my word, for I am riding postilion to Khiva.

*The day after.*—Still riding, thank Heavens! A thaw!!! The mountains are disappearing! The tops of the spires of the kromeskys in Khiva are just visible to the spectacled eye.

*Midday.*—Clear view all round.

4.30. P.M.—Thaw continuing. Attic-windows of Greek Church in Khiva visible. On! on! my gallant Mare!!

5 P.M.—I am suddenly aware of being followed at a distance by a crowd of people. Through telescope I recognise their faces. They are all persons to whom I have, during my progress, given free admissions for the first night of my Exhibition (with Pig & Co.) at Khiva. What a House it will be! But how can I apologise for the non-appearance of HERR GRÜNTZ? Perhaps I may yet come up with him. Thawing fast. No more mountains; they are thawed away! Gee up!

*Last Days of my Diary.*—Shall I ever reach Khiva? Only a few pounds of cocoa left in my saddle-bags. No wickski! All gone! Cold setting in again. No money left. Only a cheque on the Kashgar Bank.

*Monday.*—Came on a small village suddenly. It is called *Bokagain*. The Bokagainians told me I'd better not proceed. Dangerous. Ask them for an advance on my Kashgar cheque. The Bokagainians informed me they never advanced. They gave me some rice, as many black beans as will make five white ones, and an Inland Haddock (dried), as a symbol of amity. Rode on to Khiva. Made some cocoa. Lost sight of pursuers.

*Same Night.*—Gave Horse some beans, and some whacks. On again.

*Next Morning.*—Horrible—too horrible! Saw wolves before me. Waved my hat, played barrel-organ, and hooted. They went away slowly . . . as if after a heavy meal . . . A carcass lies in the road . . . Cold Pig! . . . Alas, poor Pig! . . . Shed tears—the first I've shed for some time . . . Poor Pig! What will thy family say? "This Pig went to Khiva, this Pig stayed at home," &c. He may have deserved his fate, but there were two sides of bacon to his character. How playful and unobjectionable was thy cheek! how brilliant thy crackling! how open thy countenance! How thou didst lick thine own pork-chops! Alas, poor Pig! I strew thy resting-place with beans! . . . Fortunately the wolves have left the greater portion of his skin. On the spot I cover my saddle with it. *In-memoriam*—ham . . . Once more in the pigskin!! But what will the Free Admissionists say?

*Next Night.*—Khiva at last. At a distance they perceive me. Flags up. Fireworks. Rejoicing. Bands of music. Rush to meet me. Affecting scene. I have achieved my object. I have ridden to Khiva!

Arrived. I dismount, and ask for a bath.

They cannot give me a bath, but bring me an old Khan.

Jollifications. Will they change my cheque on the



Kashgar Bank? Yes, with pleasure, on receiving instructions to that effect from England. Till they do, will I stop here as a guest, and enjoy myself? Certainly. Good.

I am at Khiva. The Free Admissionists are outside the gates parleying with the Governor, who is inside looking over the wall. My "orders" only admit them to my Show, but *not into Khiva*. Row.

The information which I shall be able to give the English Government *will be most valuable*.

*Joyful News!*—I re-open my Diary. This morning I heard a peculiar yet familiar noise outside my door. Half awake, I jumped out of bed.

"Who's there?" I cried, in three languages.

No verbal answer, but in the space between the door and the floor appeared some of the letters of the well-known Alphabet, spelling, "*Me! Poor Pig! Pardon!*"

I opened the door, and in he trotted. Alive! all alive!! . . . . He is pardoned. It was the remains of a wild boar that I had mistaken for those of *HERR GRÜNTZ*.

*To-Night.*—At Khiva. First performance of Learned Pig. Great success.

Shall return to England at once. As I learn there is a Performing Dog going about in the best society imitating my Pig's tricks.

My Pig will tell any one his or her age on the Cards if the inquirer only mentions the date of his birth. He need not do this aloud, but merely whisper in my ear, or write it down.

My Pig will double any number that any Gentleman or Lady in the company may think of; he will halve it; he will add ten to it; he will subtract twenty; and be right in the result. He will back himself against *Psycho* or *Zoe* at the Egyptian Hall, and play *écarté* and the Russian *Yhook Dnib* with any one, including either *MR. MASKELYNE* or *MR. COOK*, for twenty pounds a side.

My Pig will be shot from an eighty-four pounder, dance on a slack wire, and take a hundred feet header into a litter.

No connection with any other Show now exhibiting. Pigstickers beware! Early application to my agent in London absolutely necessary.

From information received I may mention that it is highly probable that I shall be able to add an

#### ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION

In a Terpsichorean performance by the

#### FAIR CIRCASSIAN,

Who has written to say she will join me in London at an enormous expense. She will be accompanied by the

#### EVANSKI CHORISTERS,

Who will sing most of their native Tartar glees, play the Sleigh Bells, and dance

#### THE "NWODKAERB,"

The National War-Dance of their native land.

The whole to conclude with

#### A GRAND PYROTECHNIC AND PANORAMIC DISPLAY,

With Scenes in the Circle (introducing the Governor's Horse), illustrating the various episodes, the almost insurmountable obstacles, the escape from Wolves, comic business with Sentry in Sentry-box, and, finally, *MYSELF ON THE GOVERNOR'S HORSE*, in full costume, as I rode into the gates of the town, and so finished

#### THE RIDE TO KHIVA!!

#### Postscriptum.

I am now riding back, I promised to outdo *CAPTAIN F. BURNABY*, by riding *to and from Khiva*. My friends who have confidence are already singing "*He will return, I know him well.*" And believe me, "*I am coming, Sister Mary!*"

Returning *via Monaco*.

Not many people here. Good business. Met rich old Gentleman. Left poor old Gentleman. Rode on.

*Paris.*—Once more in the capital of pleasure. *Moi et le Cochon!* Rode into Paris by the *Arc de Triomphe* on horseback. *L'homme Cheval* they call me here. The bill is headed with the picture of a centaur.

*Boulogne.*—One night only. All quiet.

*Calais.*—Crossed on horseback by the packet-boat.

*Dover.*—Arrived. Never dismounted once. Riding at anchor.

On my way to Home Sweet Home.

#### End of Diary.

*Editor's Appendix.*—We have done our Riding Representative an unintentional injustice. *PRIVATE WIRE*, who was an old soldier in every sense of the word, has absconded, and left a confession with the Confidential Boy in our office, who has returned to his duties thoroughly penitent. *PRIVATE WIRE* has appropriated the subscriptions raised for Our Riding Representative's tour, and therefore Our Representative has been, equally with ourselves, the victim of a cruel conspiracy. Our Esteemed Contributor's Friend, the Livery Stable Keeper, has called on us, and we have referred him for a settle-

ment to our Riding Representative, who, on his return, will no doubt set everything right.

He has returned. All amicably settled. We retract everything, and are sorry we spoke. He is a man of his word. Everything is right. No further difficulties. There can be no doubt that our excellent friend has ridden to Khiva and back again. In future we shall have every confidence in him, and send him away as soon as possible. He says Khiva is a very charming place, and, from his description, not totally unlike Margate.—Ed.

## OPENING THE WICKET TO THE LADIES.



PERHAPS Ladies have hitherto had their wrongs in the Cricket-field, as elsewhere. But they are now in the way to get more than their rights, witness this rough draft, picked up by *Mr. Punch* during a late fashionable match, at what used to be called "Lord's," but soon promises to be Ladies':—

#### Rules and Regulations for the M. C. C.

1. Candidates of both sexes will in future be eligible for election. The Men should not be

cricketers, and the Ladies are expected to be young and pretty. No objection to frisky matrons, girls of the period, and a small per-centage of purblind dowagers.

2. Male candidates will be expected to furnish the Committee with the names of their Clubs and their tailors. They will be called upon (if considered necessary) to pass an examination in billiards and *écarté*.

3. Female candidates (with the exception of dowagers) will be expected to forward to the Committee testimonials from members of Hurlingham, the Orleans, and the chief Military Clubs, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good form.

4. Every Member shall have the right to introduce a cook, a butler, and four footmen on Match days.

5. Members will be expected to provide their own crockery, plate, and table-linen; but (when possible) dining-tables will be provided by the Club.

6. In future Members will not be permitted to send anything beneath the rank of a donkey-cart, as a substitute for their own carriage, on the occasions of the University Contest and the Eton and Harrow Match.

7. Members cooking their luncheons, dinners, &c., on the ground, will be expected to consume their own smoke.

8. In future lawn-tennis or Badminton will be substituted for cricket when the Oxonians meet the Cantabs and the Public School Boys contend for victory. This alteration has been decided upon so that luncheon-parties may be disturbed as little as possible.

9. Members will be entitled to bring pianofortes upon the ground, and to organise musical parties.

10. The tennis-court will be available for dancing at 10 A.M. A stringed band will be provided by the Club on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

11. In future the Public will be rigidly excluded from Lord's, except during the months of December, January, and February, when rough games, such as football, &c., will not be permitted.

And, lastly (Rule 12), Four times a year the centre turf may be used for cricket, if the Members can be induced to waive their right to use it for a luncheon-ground.

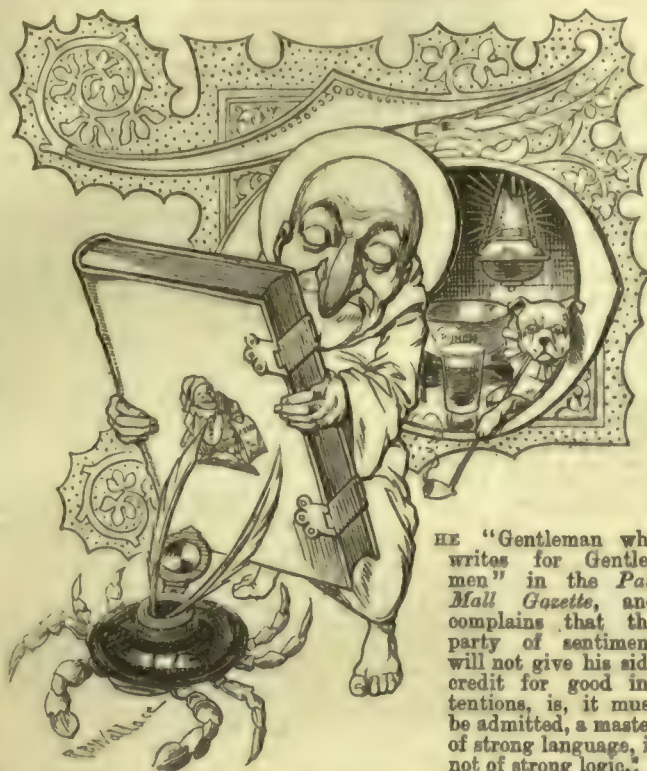
#### IRONY OF PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, among the methods of impeding legislation, it is customary to move "that the Chairman do Report Progress." Should it not rather be, "that the Chairman do Report Obstruction"?



## "ATROCITIES AND ATROCITIES;"

OR, "THE DISTORTIONS OF PARTISANSHIP."



HE "Gentleman who writes for Gentlemen" in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and complains that the party of sentiment will not give his side credit for good intentions, is, it must be admitted, a master of strong language, if not of strong logic.

Let us gather some of the plums flung by him at the heads of the party—the delights to dishonour:—

"The truly blood-thirsty disposition of the party of sentiment," shows itself in their irrepressible "chagrin and disappointment, shocking to behold," that "the extermination of the Turks has been temporarily deferred." They show "with an almost horrid frankness" their "impatience of any intermission in the work of slaughter." They feel an "anxious longing for a heavy list of Turkish killed and wounded." Their leading paper is "an organ of sentimental blood-thirst." They are "indifferent to human suffering," not only among the belligerents, but among harmless peasant families driven into the forests to die of starvation.

We reserve the plum for the last, and give it the honour of italics—

They "employ their powers of defamation" to "deny the Turks the virtue of veracity, which has hitherto been allowed them by the most virulent of their detractors."

It may be necessary to assure our readers that this rich selection of Billingsgate abuse and reckless assertion, is made not from *Reynolds's Miscellany*, but from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose discovery of the "veracity" of the official Turk is worthy to figure among the most wonderful audacities or hallucinations of partisanship.

Why, if there be one quality of Turkish Officialism on which there is a perfect consensus of disinterested testimony, it is its practice of cool, calm, gigantic lying, that not only qualifies or suppresses, but calmly reverses the truth with a grand composure and dignified assurance which has often imposed on English Diplomats, and led them to accept as facts the statements of official reports that were, from first to last, tissues of unblushing lies, converting tyranny into tenderness, assailed into assailants, defeat into victory, and black into white.

And this brings us to another article by our friend, the Gentleman of the *Gazette*, which for amenity of phrase, and fairness to those who differ from him, is worthy to be put on a par with the one from which we have culled the sweet things above quoted. This article is headed, "Atrocities and Atrocities;" and its object is to insist on the glaring inconsistency of "the party of sentiment" for not "losing their wits" as completely, and becoming as blind to all "generous allowance for difficulties" over the "Atrocities," reported by the Turkish bulletins to have been committed by the Russians in Armenia and Bulgaria, as over the "Atrocities," which last year turned the universal feeling of England towards the ruling Turk to one of horror and repulsion, and forced our Govern-

ment to hold its hand from aid to the power that had sanctioned, if not directed, such abominable brutalities and indiscriminate massacres.

It never occurs to this amazing drawer of parallels that for the Bulgarian atrocities we had the testimony both of English eye-witnesses of the hideous relics of Batak and Philippopolis, and of the English gentleman officially charged to investigate the facts, to set against the audacious lying of the Turkish official report; while for the alleged Russian atrocities we have as yet no evidence but those very Turkish official reports, which we know, as a rule, to be unworthy of credit.

Next, apart from the question of evidence altogether, our common sense tells us that there is all the difference in the world, as a matter of justification, between such trivial provocation as alone was ever proved in the case of the Bulgarian Atrocities and the exigencies of actual war. The burnings and bombardments of an invading army are blind, and cannot always distinguish between the persons or properties of avowed enemies and unarmed peasants, between magazines and hospitals, head-quarters and consulates, particularly where flags are hoisted at the command of those to whom lying costs nothing.

If the Gentleman of the *Pall Mall Gazette* cannot see the difference between the horrors and sufferings which follow the advance or retreat, the course of attack or defence, of an invading army, and the massacre and outrage of unoffending women, innocent children, unarmed peasants, and unoffending priests, to say nothing of the indescribable horrors far worse than death, which revealed the utter brutality of the ruling Turks in Bulgaria last year, we find it difficult to say which most unfits him for his task of public instructor—his lack of common fairness, or his want of common sense.

## ALFRED THE GREAT AT WANTAGE.

WHAT'S in a name? Something, sometimes. Thus *Wantage*, without a statue of its noblest son, ALFRED THE GREAT, may be said to have represented a Want of the Age. This want is now supplied by COUNT GLEICHEN's full-length statue of that best and bravest of English Monarchs, that "worthy father of a worthy line," presented to the town by COLONEL LOYD LINDSAY, and last Saturday unveiled by the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. It was well that the statue of such a king and hero should be the work of a sculptor of the British blood-royal, that it should have been given by a soldier who bears the badge of valour on his breast and unveiled by the hand that will one day, it is hoped, bear the sceptre of these Isles, and hers whom this isle has taken to her heart out of those Danes from whose fathers ALFRED rescued England. A pleasant thought that she should do ALFRED honour, for whom ALFRED's, Kingdom, grown to fulness of strength, has, of its freewill, again put on Danish chains—the chains of love and honour.

## APPOINTMENTS FOR THE INSANE.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, among various uses, serves as honorary Chairman of the Lunacy Commissioners. Examined, the other day, before the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to inquire into the operation of the Lunacy Laws, he expressed an opinion worthy of note:—

"His Lordship would not render admittance to Asylums easier than it was at present, although he would not increase the obstacles attending it."

This statement, authoritative as it is, will perhaps induce legislators to relinquish the idea of enacting that a necessary condition of admittance to a Lunatic Asylum shall be success in a Competitive Examination.

## Entre Dire et Faire.

"M. LÉON SAY, late Finance Minister of France, and leading representative of Free-trade in that country, is expected to attend the next dinner of the Cobden Club."—*Daily News*.

LÉON for COBDEN hath couched lance:

And yet, for all this champion true,  
Free-trade in France has yet to advance  
From the domain of "Say" to "Do."

## The Latest Opera.

THE Second Act of *Santa Chiara* (the DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA's unfortunate Opera) is entirely funereal, representing the obsequies of the deceased wife of the Czarowitch. MR. GEE should have announced this as "a great undertaking."

AN EXPENSIVE ELECTION.—For the Ward of Cheap. (*With Punch's compliments to SIR JOHN BENNETT.*)



## THE SONG OF SHINDY.

A Poem which Mr. Punch earnestly commends to the attention of Reformers, Inventors, Practical Philanthropists, and all lovers of their kind.

I'm the only true child of Old Chaos alive,  
But by Science ignored or accepted I thrive.  
She is down on Disorder and Dirt, but till now  
Seems tolerant still of Unlimited Row.  
Men prate about Silence and fight about Peace;  
I am sworn foe of both, and my triumphs ne'er cease.  
Art hears me, the Church all my powers employs,  
And Progress itself is the patron of Noise.

In the Centres of Commerce I rule and rejoice,  
Uplifting a harsh and cacophonous voice  
Of incredible compass, from thunder to squeal.  
Through roar, rattle, rumble, explosion, and peal,  
Thud, clatter, and clash, all the changes I ring  
On the gamut of Row; and my voice is a thing  
Which to rival in power or shrillness of note  
Old Stentor might fruitlessly strain his huge throat.

Poor Music my rival, mine enemy Quiet,  
Are nowhere with me in the race of sheer Riot;  
For Silence and Song are but interludes rare  
In the Devil's Tattoo that I beat everywhere.  
I'm Civilisation's chief Nemesis. She,  
Whilst weighted with such an Old Man of the Sea,  
Is held, by the wise, mere mechanical welter,  
Whose name should be altered to wild Helter-Skelter.

Reform, which lays hands upon everything now,  
Has made an exception in favour of Row;  
And Satire, which scarifies all that's absurd,  
Lets me off with a feeble occasional gird.  
A *sour* SCHOPENHAUER may sometimes protest,  
A LEECH or a BABBAGE bewail his lost rest;  
But men in the mass, howsoever annoyed,  
Accept me as nuisance that none may avoid.

And yet did but Science and Satire unite  
Against me, in earnest to scheme and to fight,  
The rule of the last of the tyrants of Man  
Would be quickly reduced to a limited span.  
Should tolerant tympanums fairly revolt,  
I'm afraid I should have to sing small, or to bolt,  
Like most later despots, of whom which enjoys  
Such irrational rule as preventible Noise?

But Conservative dulness is Shindy's best friend,  
And while that holds sway my long rule knows no end.  
To stop needless Noise, from bells, whistles, or jaws,  
Would be held as subversive of Nature's first laws.  
A crusade 'gainst Cacophony? Bless you, no fear!  
The Millennium itself is precisely as near.  
'Gainst despots of all sorts shout orators windy,  
But who dares to head a revolt against Shindy?

## RETROSPECTIVE REGRETS.

(At the End of the Season.)

## LADIES.

I'm not sure, MARY, that it does one harm getting up at twelve and going to bed at four in the morning; but I do not feel quite as good as when I was up at Fairholme.

Bother! I could bite my tongue off! I wish I hadn't gone in for being satirical when I came out. CHARLIE left me for saying those cruel things to him! And I know I shall never love anyone again. I could dance on my best bonnet!

If I had only taken the box-seat at Lord's I should have had his coronet at my feet. Just like my absurd shyness. My Lord has got a nice bit of temper in BELLA, though. I ought to know if anyone does.

Yes, I believe I have broken his heart; but he has done nothing desperate yet. I wish I hadn't been so merciful. A sensational *dénouement* would have made me the rage. Men can't appreciate a woman nowadays!

I could have cut out the Yankee Beauty into little stars and stripes, if I hadn't caught the measles from that stupid boy, who ought never to have left his school. "Why, suttinly!" as the siren with the fetching twang says; and the Yank nowhere in the betting. "Oh, snakes!"

## GENTLEMEN.

WHY the dence, CHARLIE, didn't I back *Sylvio* and *Placida*? And what on earth persuaded you to play that knave at the *Macheaterium*? We might have made our fortune! Duffers!

Ah, my boy, if I'd only had the pluck to pop that evening in the conservatory, I know she would have taken me; and now she's gone off with O'CRESUS! I am an idiot.

I say, old man, what could have awoke my conscience t'other night, when that tipsy DE GRÜNHORN offered to swap his phaeton and pair for EVA's bouquet? Donkey!

My good BENJAMIN, where shall I find the ready to last me through another season? Unfortunate pauper that I am!

Right you are! I ought to have nicked the widow, after all. She wasn't ten years older than myself, and positively good-looking under a white veil. Ass!

How can I get out of my stupid promises to IDA and ETHEL? Fortunately both the Baronet and the M.P. are too proud to bring an action. Lucky dog!

Now just look at that! If I hadn't become a member of the Lyons Club I should never have got mixed up with MRS. JEANNE DARK, and the row wouldn't have happened, and MABEL wouldn't have turned her back on me, and—confound it, you know, it's really quite too awfully big a nuisance. Dash it all!

CHANGE OF TITLE.—From *The Priest in Absolution* to *Absolute Pollution in the Priest*.

## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

LIKE the two lions upon Africa's burning shore in *Bombastes Furioso*, two Earls of Mar confront each other rampant in the Peerage Roll of Scotland. As "the last lion thought the first a bore," so, doubtless, thinks the EARL OF MAR AND KELLIE by the creation of 1567 of MR. ERSKINE GOODEVE, who claims to be Earl of Mar by the creation of 1457:—

"Creations clashing—'tis a shock of worlds!"

The DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH (*Lords, Monday, July 9*), who moved to reverse the order of nature by putting the second creation before the first, was fain, in the end, to agree to the LORD CHANCELLOR's suggestion of a Select Committee. Well may we say that a Select Committee is the end of all things, when even the order of creation—though it be only a creation of Scotch Peers—is referred to it. EARL FORTESCUE thinks the lower middle-class have not their fair share of the good things that should fall from the rich table of the Endowed Schools, objects to their management by the Charity Commissioners, and moves for returns which he thinks will bear out both conclusions. The DUKE OF RICHMOND grants the returns, and defends the Commissioners, who are only discharging a very thankless duty laid on them by Parliament. Let who will try to build on our old Educational foundations, they will find the more urgent the

work the harder it is. The most flagrant jobs die hardest, and there is no job so bad but it can find a Parliamentary mouthpiece, if it but cry loud enough. A good job needs no defender. The point is to make the best of a bad one.

(*Commons*).—The British Ambassador (*teste* the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER) has not informed the SULTAN that it may be necessary for Great Britain to occupy Constantinople and the Dardanelles for the protection of British interests. The French Government has not come to any understanding with the English as to naval operations in the East. So Monday's lies are settled.

The arrest of two Plumstead patriots with the significant names of "COWING" and "DEADMAN," charged with riot in resisting enclosure, exercises MR. BOORD. The stout assertion of public rights in common grounds has no stronger friend than Mr. Punch. But MR. DE MORGAN is distinctly becoming not only a nuisance himself, but a cause of nuisance in others, and will have to be taught, sharply if need be, that he is not MIRABEAU, but DE MORGAN—always bearing in mind that the last thing he ought to be made is a Martyr.

Navigating Sub-Lieutenants, Isle of Wight Paupers, Easter Monday Field Days, Herring Fisheries, Dartmouth Naval College, Land Sales in the Forest of Dean, the British Flag in Central Africa, Naval Chaplains marked with the Holy Cross, that blessed Brotherhood, the Holy Cross Society, as a whole, and lastly, the





## A RENCONTRE.

MRS. H. (WISHING TO ECONOMISE) TAKES AN EARLY MORNING TRAIN TO THE AMERICAN MEAT STORE. MRS. H.'S WEST-END BUTCHER (WHO SELLS ONLY "PRIME ENGLISH" MEAT) HAS, FOR SOME MYSTERIOUS REASON, COME TO THE SAME PLACE. THEY MEET—TABLEAU!

*Inflexible*, in the matter of which the Government has shown itself of more flexibility than stability, and grants an unofficial Committee to report on that much-discussed ship—

"Quicquid agunt homines votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago reperti."

After the Lower Chamber's Miscellany came the Second Reading of LORD CARNARVON's skeleton South Africa Bill, not sweetened by the hint that some \$100,000 will be wanted at once to meet the expenses of Transvaal Annexation of which MR. LOWTHER gave the history, which is at the same time the justification.

MR. COURTNEY and SIR C. DILKE think the Annexation a blunder, if not worse. It is always well that such acts should be well threshed out; and that, as in the canonisation of a Saint there is an *advocatus diaboli* to set forth all the reasons against Saintship, there should be Parliamentary Protesters to pick all the holes possible in a proceeding as open to question as most Annexations. But, after taking tent of all the holes that MR. COURTNEY and the acute Chelsea Baronet can pick, *Punch* believes the Transvaal Annexation will hold water—*imprimis*, as a necessity for the safety of British South African Dominion, and, secondly, as for the good, not only in the long run, but immediately, of both Dutch Boers and South African Natives—brown, whitey-brown, and yellow—Caffres, Totties, Bushmen, and Afrikanders alike; both the matter and manner of which reflect honour on SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE and credit on LORD CARNARVON.

MR. RYLANDS was down on the cost of buildings and administration in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum; and MR. CROSS, admitting that the cost of the Asylum was enormous, promised to look into it. For once RYLANDS scores a point.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE raised a matter that sorely wants raising—our Consular Service in Turkey. It is hard not to feel that there is but too much foundation for his charge against our Consul in Bosnia, of passionate Philo-Turkism, and obstinate injustice to the Bosnian rebels against Turkish oppression, whom the Consul's reports (made on Turkish authority, *not personal investigation*) represent as "brigands" unworthy of sympathy. Judging

by all recent unofficial record, if there be a region of European Turkey, after Montenegro, in which honest and well-informed English sympathy would be safe to centre, it is Bosnia and the Herzegovina, where the Rayahs, at their own risk and the risk of all near and dear to them, have left their homes and braved cold, hunger, danger, and death in battle, on the hill-side, and, worse than either, in the Turkish prisons or at the hands of the Turkish tormentor, rather than bear the unspeakable oppression and indescribable outrage of Ottoman mis-rule. These men are fighting a good fight, and we do not wonder that it has roused even the calm wisdom of MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE to see them described as "brigands" and "filibusters," roused to revolt not by domestic oppression but by foreign intrigue.

Happily we have in Bosnia one FREEMAN at least, able and willing to sympathise with freemen, and *his* picture is there to correct the other by. Of course MR. BOURKE, as in Foreign Office duty bound, defended our Bosnian Consul. But facts are stranger than Foreign Office instructions; and if our Consul, speaking on Turkish authority, reports facts, then the statements of MR. EVANS, MISSES IRBY and MUIR-MACKENZIE and MR. STILLMAN, who have perambulated these regions expressly to study and report from observation the state of the people and their treatment by their rulers, are fictions: Which conclusion is the more probable? Let us hope the days are gone, or going, by, when it was an instruction to English Consuls to paint the Turks in *couleur de rose*.

Perhaps, however, the spirit of those days in the Foreign Office may survive Ottoman Rule in Bosnia. But with the Turks out of European Turkey as rulers, we can put up with any amount of them in that little European Turkey over in Downing Street. It is when the Turks here and the Turks there play into each other's hands, that mischief is made. One point in conclusion; our Consul in Bosnia, MR. LOWTHER said, had been forty-one years in the service. Surely he has earned his retiring pension, or, at all events, an easier berth than Bosnia in times like these. He can't be good for much in the saddle over such roads as travellers in those parts describe; and how else is he to get about? and how but by getting about is he to learn the truth, surrounded by those great masters in the art of lying and





### A HINT FOR HOT WEATHER.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY. WHY NOT DO AWAY WITH THE SLEEVES OF YOUR OUTER GARMENT, LIKE THE LADIES?

evasion, the Turkish Officials? Home is clearly the place for HOLMES, and let FREEMAN come to the front.

The Home-Rulers were, for once, almost unanimous in defence of one of the most egregious jobs ever attempted even in Ireland, or defended even by Irish Members—the appointment by a Master in an Irish Court within three weeks of his last act of official life, of his son to a junior-clerkship with no duties, the abolition of which had been recommended by the Chief Justice and Chief Baron, and the salary of which, thus filled up, the Treasury have refused to pay. CHIEF JUSTICE WHITESIDE is quoted as characterising this as “incredible meanness.” We should have called it “plain duty,” or, “inevitable necessity,” which you will.

COLONEL WELLESLEY seems destined to breed battle. Now they are quarrelling over his retention in the Military Attachéship more than five years, because it puts him over the heads of his military seniors, and violates the rotation rule.

*A propos* of that rule which shifts holders of Staff appointments after five years' tenure, if any Military Reformer—not Mr. HOLMS, but another—would move for a Select Committee to inquire into the working of it, in such appointments as the Superintendence of Woolwich Arsenal or the Governorship of the Military College, he would do good service, and expose little-suspected practical ill-consequences of the hard and fast application of a rule that, to work well, must be worked “with a difference.”

In certain classes of appointments the application of the five years' rule means simply throwing away all the benefit of an expensive experience, and constant replacing, at JOHN BULL's heavy cost, of men who have learnt a difficult business by those who have it all to learn.

*Tuesday (Lords).—Ex nihilo nihil.*

*Commons (Morning Sitting).—A propos* of a question by Mr. WHALLEY, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER protested against canards being let fly in the House of Commons, and the Government being expected to bring them down. On the motion for going into Supply for Education, LORD SANDON, essaying a general statement, was pulled up sharp by Mr. FORSTER, and told to keep his talk till the House was in Committee. After some time wasted in a smart

wrangle, LORD SANDON shut up, whereupon Mr. SAMUELSON moved a relaxation of the rule that requires those who are learning to teach to live in Training Colleges. The Scotch Universities are able and willing to teach teachers, and “my Lords” will facilitate attendance of Queen's Scholars on their classes. But further they decline to go, and the House, by LORD SANDON's direction, in spite of Mr. FORSTER's plea for Day-Training Colleges, supported the Department by 121 to 78—an official majority.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK asked, on behalf of School Boards and Committees, for more elbow-room in choice of subjects, and order and mode of teaching them. He gave abundant illustrations of present absurdities and palpable improvements in national schooling, as to which the only question is, if they be possible under present conditions and with existing appliances. Common-sense seems to point out, that there would be infinitely more use in teaching boys common gardening, and girls the simplest household work and plainest cookery, instead of much in the bookwork way that both are now kept at without learning. It is well that *somebody* in the House should call attention to what may or might be done, and clearly is not done, in this matter. Teachers' pensions; what we have got, and what we want, in the way of inspectors; the difference between the number of children who ought to be, and who are at school, were all brought up, and attention to all promised.

LORD SANDON reported good work doing in the way of that most urgent of all educational wants—the teaching of Cookery. If the British workman's broth and the British shopkeeper's joint and potatoes are spoiled for them, it is certainly not thanks to too many cooks. All the training-schools *can*, as it is, appoint teachers of Cookery. Why don't they?

LORD SANDON asks for close on Two Millions. No two millions of national outlay will be more readily given, nor will JOHN BULL grieve to hear that since he first put his hand in his pocket for School purposes, nineteen millions of his money have been spent in providing school-sittings for some three millions and a half of children—for the three millions by many years of voluntary effort, and for the half million by a few years of the School Boards, which are doing their work well and quietly, and over a population of nearly thirteen millions out of twenty-three, while Voluntary Schools deal with the rest. Gradually the sectarian strife between the two classes of Schools is changing to wholesome rivalry in work done.

English cottons in India pay an Import Duty of five per cent., Manchester kicks against this, of course on the most disinterested of Free Trade principles.

When the Indian Budget can afford to dispense with the millions these Duties bring in, Government will remit them, and meantime all parties are agreed such Duties cannot be maintained on principle, but the Government would have them kept up, as Manchester would have them repealed, for reasons of interest.

*Wednesday.*—The House threw out the Scotch Church Rates Abolition Bill, after an exhaustive debate; and talked out the Irish Peage Bill, after an exhausting one.

*Thursday (Lords).*—Royal Assent given to a batch of some forty or fifty Private or hybrid Bills, and a big batch of Confirmation Bills rattled through Second and Third Reading and Committee—all by a quarter-past five. All business and no babble.

*(Commons).*—All babble and no business. Among the multifarious topics touched on, Mr. BOURKE reported that the Porte had not fulfilled its promises long since given to MR. LAYARD to release the Bulgarian prisoners. MR. CROSS promised a thorough investigation of the management of the Blue Coat School, over which a cloud has been cast by the late sad suicide. MR. VIVIAN promised next session to take up *The Priest in Absolution*, as the Government did not feel themselves equal to grapple with that very objectionable party. SIR M. H. BEACH announced that the Beetle seen climbing on Dublin Quay was not the true Colorado Bug, being twice as big, and not a bit like it in any respect—pleasant news for Pat and his potatoes. Or is it that the dirty Saxon begrudges poor Ireland even her Colorado Beetle? Bedad, *Punch* wouldn't wonder—and the Major evidently thinks so. (See our Cartoon.) “Who Killed the Irish Sunday Closing Bill?” Not an easy question *a propos* of any Bill that has died of an Irish Obstruction in its Parliamentary passage.

Enough, it is dead—though, as the Major declared, all had been done that could be done for “those dismal Sabbatarian Men.”

The Scotch and Irish Education grants (£488,782, £645,236) voted, with a running accompaniment of remark, practical in the Scotch case, contradictory and cantankerous in the Irish. The salaries of Irish National School Teachers ought to be increased. But then so ought the Irish local contributions to the cost of National Education. An increase of the latter would be unassailable ground for insisting on an increase of the former.

*Friday (Lords).*—In Committee on Universities' Bill, a last blow at Clerical Fellowships dealt by LORD GRANVILLE. The House parried it, by 103 to 69. Not the less, my good Clerical Fellows, you are doomed.





### A BROAD HINT.

*English Traveller (to Irish Railway Porter labelling Luggage). "DON'T YOU KEEP A BRUSH FOR THAT WORK, PORTER!"*

*Porter. "SHURE, YOUR HONOUR, OUR TONGUES IS THE ONLY INSTRUMENTS WE'RE ALLOWED. BUT THEY'RE ASY KEPT WET, YOUR HONOUR!" [Hint taken!]*

(Commons).—Before going into Supply, PARNELL once more lifted up his voice for his friends the Convicts, and the irrepressible WHALLEY, of course, lugged in the "Unfortunate Nobleman." Mr. CROSS promised inquiry in the Recess. Anything for a quiet life.

The Blue-Coat Committee is to inquire not only into the suicide of the poor boy, GIBBS, but into the state and discipline of the School. Its members are MR. WALPOLE, MR. FORSTER, MR. RUSSELL GURNEY, MR. WALTER, and the DEAN OF CHRISTCHURCH. Thank you, MR. CROSS. There could not be a better selection. The discipline like the dress of EDWARD THE SIXTH'S school evidently wants overhauling.

### ON AMATEUR ACTORS

*Who court publicity, and love to see something about themselves in print.*

So long as the Upper Ten among Professional Actors and Actresses encourage the "Distinguished Amateurs" by their remarkably disinterested friendship, and their (of course) genuine praise, so long will these Amateurs, whether "distinguished" as "The Idiotic Lot" (from Earlswood Asylum for One Day Only—Great Attraction!), or by any other weakminded title, continue to degrade and render ridiculous the Art of which they would have the Public suppose they are so deeply enamoured. If their endeavours are for the benefit of a Charity, then that particular cause would be far better served were these Amateur Actresses and Actors who are so perpetually distinguishing themselves from the rest of their fellow-creatures, to make the round of their large dress-circle of fashionable friends and acquaintances, and collect the sovereigns themselves.

The money that would have been spent on the inevitable feastings and other "vanities" inseparable from all Amateur performances, could be devoted to the same charitable object. And then if they must perform, let them do it among themselves, in some private house, where the patient victims, who serve as audience, may have

### PRIEST-PENITENT IN ABSOLUTION.

Go, self-styled "Priest in Absolution,"  
And fitting penance be put through—  
Or, owning a base substitution,  
At least confess thyself a "doo"!

Go, sham Confessor, self-appointed,  
Kneel to a Priest with patent chrism,—  
Rome's own original anointed!  
To shrive thee of the sin of schism!

Own thee a double-faced backslider  
Who ought to join St. Peter's bark;  
Too long a heretic misguider,  
From LUTHER's light to DENE's dark.

A base deceiver and beguiler  
Of silly women, old and young;  
A humbug and impostor, viler  
Than aught that can be told with tongue.

Humbly beg pardon for exploring,  
Unauthorised, another's breast,  
And, thine own frailties while forth-pouring,  
A quack Confessor stand confest!

Solicit of thy ghostly father  
A penance worthy thy desert;  
One that will incommode thee rather—  
An iron belt or horsehair shirt,

Peas in thy boots, or flagellation  
Prescribed to merited extent,  
Or whate'er worse humiliation  
It hath pleased Priest-craft to invent!

Seek, before spreading more pollution,  
Of thine own sins to be released;  
And be thyself, in Absolution,  
The Penitent instead of Priest!

### Confiteor!

PUNCH, in last week's *Essence of Parliament*, in a fit of forgetfulness, gave GOETHE the credit of a famous line of SCHILLER's on the supremacy of folly.

A score of "kyind friends" have been quick to warn him of his mistake. He thanks them, and thus does penance for it in his own sheets.

been previously put into a state of somnolent good humour by an admirable dinner, or at least be buoyed up, during the purgatorial suffering of sitting through the performance of their Amateur friends, by the prospect of an excellent supper.

Ask one of these Amateurs to witness an Amateur performance! Will not his humorous reply be, "Not if he knows it"?

Are these Amateurs rendered so obtuse by their marvellous self-conceit that they do not perceive how they are being laughed at, behind their backs, by those very Professionals with whom they are so delighted to consort, and with whom they are so childishly pleased to "talk shop," and who only flatter them to their faces in order that they may, when the occasion requires, secure their valuable patronage for their "Benefits"?

There was an excellent notice in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day of one of these brilliant Amateur Performances at the Gaiety Theatre. The writer avoided all criticism of the performers, but adroitly charged the audience with being dull; and this, he explained, had a depressing effect on the Actors!! The audience were, it appears, so densely stupid, and so unappreciative, that the majority quitted their Stalls (for they were almost entirely a stall-fed audience) before the last piece. The deduction is cleverly left to the reader.

There are "wheels within wheels" in most cases, and much microscopic machinery in all Amateur Theatrical Movements. For ourselves, we are satisfied with "the escape movement." But while the wheels of toadyism, flunkeyism, and individual interest exist, they will act and re-act on one another, the machinery will be set in motion, the professional puppets will bow and praise, and the "Distinguished Amateurs" will continue to strut their long hours on the Stage, and live in a blissful state of self-glorification.

### THE MONITOR SYSTEM.

JUDGING by the blowings-up which have occurred, the Turkish Monitors, like those of the Blue Coat School, seem to be in need of official overhauling.





### NATURAL INDIGNATION.

*Materfamilias* (whose pretty Daughters have not got Partners). "JUST LOOK AT THOSE HORRID MARRIED WOMEN DANCING AWAY! THEY OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES!"

### THE COMING BEETLE.

A CROWDED Meeting of Members of the Entomological Departments of the Irish Animal Kingdom was held last night at the "Hole in the Wall," Dublin, to consider the expected arrival from the United States and Canada of the Colorado Beetle (*Doryphora decemlineata*). The assembly chiefly consisted of the *Coleoptera*, but representatives of the *Aphaniptera*, *Hemiptera*, *Diptera*, *Homoptera*, and *Orthoptera* were also present. The Chair was taken by—

The Stag Beetle (*Lucanus cervus*), who, in a few words, stated that the advent to this down-trodden island of the Colorado or Potato Beetle, already found on the Continent of Europe, was now merely a matter of time. He should, for his own part, receive him as a brother—with open horns.

The Rosechafer (*Cetonia aurata*) was of opinion that they should prepare to give the distinguished immigrant a warm reception.

The Bleeding-nose Beetle (*Timarcha lœvigata*) said that had been done by the people at Cologne, where they had covered a field in which their American cousin had been detected, with sawdust and petroleum, and set it on fire. ("Shame!") But, for all that, the Colorado Beetle "had been seen on the wing," and, plase the potatoes or not, would soon be among them. ("Hear!")

The Cockchafer (*Melolontha vulgaris*) was a Beetle to whom nothing came amiss. In his larva state he, like the *Doryphora decemlineata* and the Irish population, rejoiced in potatoes. But the world was quite wide enough for both him and the Potato Beetle. They had both the same interests, and the same enemies. Man would be down on the Potato Beetle's larvæ with poison. Boy would be down upon him, too, with foot and finger. He would probably have to beware of the Goatsucker, or Nightjar (*Caprimulgus Europæus*), and also of the Kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*); but the former was only a bird of passage, and gamekeepers were fast exterminating the latter, which fed chiefly on mice and insects, by shooting it down. ("Hear! hear!") It was a particular foe of his kind, and he hated it, as he did the whole brood of Saxon destroyers, of which this was one of the worst. (Cheers.)

The Devil's Coach-horse (*Staphylinus (Ocypus) Olens*) supposed that himself and the Potato Beetle would perhaps be considered to belong to the same stud. But he (the D. C.) was a carnivorous Beetle, and feared he hardly deserved his name; for whatever he looked like, as he consumed carrion, and ate destructive insects, he did mankind service, though he cocked his tail at them, but at none so high as the base, bloody, and stupid Saxon.

The Shard-born Beetle (*Geotrupes stercorarius*) made an observation inaudible on account of his drowsy hum.

The Turnip Flea (*Haltica nemorum*) hoped their Colorado friend would do for potatoes as he (the Turnip Flea) did for turnips and swedes, but that care would be taken that the value of the crops destroyed should be deducted from the rent, so that the loss might fall on the landlords.

The Domestic Flea (*Pulex irritans*) would hail the arrival of another annoyance to the inhuman race, he meant, of course, the Saxon oppressor.

The Norfolk Howard (*Cimex lectularius*) cordially cried "ditto" to the last speaker.

The Plant Fly (*Aphis vastator*) could, as his technical name might seem to imply, help to devastate 'taters, but he could not destroy everything off the face of the earth, even with the aid of the most patriotic motives. He expected to find the Colorado Beetle an efficient ally.

The Meat Fly (*Musca vomitoria*) had to do chiefly with meat. He should be glad to see a new-comer attack potatoes; and as for gardeners and farmers or St. Patrick himself trying to stamp him out in this favoured island—they be blowed!

The Praying Mantis (*Mantis religiosa*) was not himself a vegetable feeder. Yet he sympathised with their Potato brother. He did not look upon him in the light of an enemy to Man. No; he regarded him rather as a beneficent dispensation—a bountiful provision for the limitation, if not the extirpation, of a tuber possibly working, unsuspected, evil amongst men. Who knew? The Potato Beetle might have been sent to supplement the Potato Famine, and still further reduce the population of this beautiful but mis-ruled island. If so, he would still prove a friend to the National cause, as the





## A FALSE ALARM!

MAJOR O'G-M-N. "BAD SCRAN TO YE, YE RAVAGIN' COLORADO RUFFIAN! IF WE'D HAD HOME RULE, WE'D NEVER SEEN YOU IN OULD OIRELAND!"

THE STONE BEETLE. "AH, THIN, MEEJOR DARLIN', YOU'RE WRONG FOR ONCE. SURE, I'M NOT THE COLORADO, AT ALL, AT ALL!!!"







Potato Famine had done, for he saw, in that, the 'great spring of migration to the United States, and the tap-root of Fenianism. To all the words of welcome with which the approaching advent of the *Doryphora decemlineata* had been hailed by preceding speakers, he devoutly responded "Amen!"

Great excitement was here produced in the Meeting by the announcement, on the best authority, that a large specimen of the Potato Beetle had just been caught climbing up a rope to Dublin Quay!

The Domestic Flea—who was proud to avow himself a Home-Ruler—begged to move three cheers for the Invader. Any invader of his unhappy country was welcome, and the worse the better.

Three cheers for the Potato Beetle were then proposed from the Chair, and given with tremendous buzzing.

The cheers had hardly subsided when a pair of Devil's Coach-horses was rapidly driven up, bearing the following telegram:—

*House of Commons, Thursday, Midnight.*

HICKS BEACH says it isn't a Colorado Beetle that's in it, but a Stone Beetle, twice as big and not a bit like the real old Colorado boy. Don't believe it. The Saxons want to stand between Ould Ireland and precedence in possession of the genuine Potato Bug. I'm houlding up for the real old Colorado. Hurroo!

The reading of this telegram was the signal for a scene of unprecedented excitement, amidst which our reporter, being recognised, was expelled with circumstances of the utmost ignominy.

## A GOOD KNIGHT, AND HIS GUERDON.



"CHILDE ROWLAND to the Dark Tower came"—Over its closed door was carved "Post-Office," and it was locked all about with big padlocks labelled, "Postage." And CHILDE ROWLAND smote long and loud on the tower with his lance, and at last, after much hard knocking on the tower, and the weird things that came forth to fight in its defence, the padlocks dropped off, and light shone from loophole and parapet till now all dark and drear, and in place of all the heavy padlocks was but one slight latch with a penny stamp

thereon; and through the doors came and went millions of letters, where hundreds went before . . . And the Dark Tower became a Light Tower, whence Knowledge and Love flashed forth to the ends of the earth.

All which is an allegory of SIR ROWLAND HILL and his good work of Penny Postage.

When we say that SIR ROWLAND, although no carpet knight, was born in Kidderminster—that of all the kids, or children, of Kidderminster, he is the one the borough is proudest of—and that its municipal worthies have set on foot a subscription for a statue to this good knight of Kidderminster in his native town, and want another £1000 to complete the sum needed for commemoration worthy of the man and his work, *Punch* need only add that "Applications for Subscription Cards; Donations to the Memorial Fund; and all communications may be addressed to the 'Hon. Secretaries, Sir Rowland Hill Memorial Fund, Town Hall, Kidderminster,'" to set such applications and donations streaming in, in a flood as full as the flow of penny stamped letters through the Post Office ROWLAND HILL has re-created.

## Between Chalet and Shanty.

(A Tourist's Question.)

For the Autumn essay a Swiss valley?  
Or explore a new world in the West?  
Stand betwixt COOK and GAZE, shilly-shally?  
Or subside in a "shan't-he?" to rest?

## MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

NO. V.—ON MUSIC—OF THE PRESENT, AND OF THE FUTURE.

MRS. HAZY HIGHFALUTER examined.

Q. I understand you are passionately devoted to Music?

A. For many years I have made the Tone-Art my *spécialité*.

Q. What do you mean by the "Tone-Art"?

A. I mean what you would scarcely, I fear, understand, as Music. I mean the form that Music now takes to the higher, and, if I may be allowed to say so, the more Teutonic order of intelligences.

Q. Do you yourself belong to this order?

A. I am Teutonic, though of the English or lower branch of that great World-family.

Q. May I take it that you have for many years devoted yourself to Music?

A. I prefer the phrase "Tone-Art."

Q. Have your studies and practice been in the vocal or instrumental branches of Music?

A. In neither?

Q. Is there any other?

A. Yes; the most important—the æsthetic and appreciative. I conceive it to be my mission to prepare the way for the Tone-Art of the Future.

Q. Will you define the Tone-Art of the Future?

A. It defies definition. I should describe it as a mighty system of spiritual aeronautics, meant to lift up the soul to the sublime regions of supersensuous Harmony, above the gross and earthly restraints of received Form in Composition, and the vulgar attractions of sustained Melody.

Q. I am afraid I must ask you to explain your answer.

A. I decline explanation. I am attempting to give you an idea of the musical standpoint of the higher æsthetic school of Tone-Art.

Q. In whom do you find this embodied?

A. WAGNER is the present embodiment of the Tone-Art of the Future. Amongst past Composers I have no doubt I should class GLÜCK very high, if I knew his music. I also rank BERLIOZ and LISZT amongst those who, in the morning twilight of Tone-Art, anticipated its noonday brightness.

Q. What do you especially admire in the music of WAGNER?

A. It is difficult to make this apparent to the uninitiated. But I claim generally for his music—it is difficult to avoid the expression, though I am aware we attach very different ideas to the word—an epic grandeur of intention, with a symbolising at once of sense by sound, and an uplifting of sound above sense, combined with a subtlety, variety, and colour of instrumentation, which gives a new value to the orchestral interpretation of passion and poetry, and throws new Tone-lights on Man, Mind, and Nature.

Q. Will you kindly attempt to make your meaning a little plainer?

A. I fear I can hardly expect you to understand me. The subject belongs to the domain of the Higher Æsthetic, and requires special cultivation of abstract subjectivity. As such subjectivity becomes the fashion, I have no doubt the faculties requisite for its application will be developed. I find this to be usually the case.

Q. Probably I need hardly ask if you admire the music of earlier Operatic Composers?

A. I do not. The German Tone-Posts, as MOZART, WEBER, BEETHOVEN, and MENDELSSOHN, may have had occasional glimpses of the higher regions of Tone-Art; but the Italians are hopelessly condemned to wallow in the mud of sustained melody, and the fetters of fixed form. The French are still further below contempt.

Q. Do you admit within your pale BISHOP, BALFE, WALLACE, or in fact any English composer?

A. Certainly not. They are essentially defective from the standpoint of the higher Tone-Art—mere writers of tunes, contented wallowers in the Melodic Bathos.

Q. What do you mean by the "Melodic Bathos"?

A. The region of recurrent rhythmical form, delightful to the vulgar ear, ere it is cultivated to perception of the higher Tone-Art.

Q. You have said you conceive it to be your mission to prepare the way for the Music—I beg your pardon—the Tone-Art of the Future. How is this to be effected?

A. By carrying musical fashion a stage higher than even the most serious musical *matinées* do at present.

Q. What is a musical *matinée*?

A. In the popular sense, an assemblage of people of the most various tastes in a crowded drawing-room on a hot afternoon in the height of the season to listen to amateur musical talent.

Q. Taking place in the afternoon, why are those assemblies called "*matinées*"?

A. Everything is called a "*matinée*" that takes place before dinner.

Q. What is the entertainment generally provided at these "*matinées*"?





### THE BAROMETER.

*Master (soliloquising aloud). "THIS HAND DOESN'T MOVE A BIT!"*  
*Housemaid. "No, SIR. PLEASE, SIR, I THINK IT WANTS OILING."*

4. At my own, and those of the School of Higher Æsthetic to which I belong, all but the higher element of Tone-Art—the Wagnerian *répertoire*—is rigidly excluded. In other houses, even of high pretensions to musical culture, the staple is what is called "classical music." If there is a daughter of the house having pretensions to a voice, an occasional operatic solo, or a song by one of the fashionable English composers—as SULLIVAN or MOLLOY—must of course be introduced for her.

Q. Will you oblige me by defining "classical music"?

4. I would rather leave that to those who still believe in it. It includes, I should say, the works of BACH, BEETHOVEN, MOZART, WEBER, SPOHR, MENDELSSOHN, SCHUBERT, SCHUMANN, and some modern composers—in particular, RAFF, and BRAHMS. But this, I should explain, is far above the standard of most of these *matinées*. At a large number the lower forms of Italian operatic music are alone indulged in; while some even descend to the degradation of French *Opera-Bouffe* compositions.

Q. How is the music usually interpreted at these *matinées*, whether of the higher or lower order?

4. By an amateur quartette band, if one can be got together, with, or without the instrumental aid of professionals. The vocal element is, as a rule, also amateur. Besides the daughters of the house, and any of their friends not likely to interfere with the success of their performances, it is of importance to secure, for these occasions, the fashionable amateur tenor (who is said to be thinking of adopting the Opera as a profession), the popular baritone (who sings SANTLEY's songs), or, in some cases of a still lower order of taste, the Comic Gentleman (who is thought as good as CORNEY GRAIN). I know such things are done—from report. I never attend any of these so-called "musical" entertainments myself.

Q. Are such *matinées musicales* largely attended?

4. Very largely indeed, I am sorry to say, if I may trust report; but the Music of the Future is rapidly overtaking that of the Present. My own Æsthetic Zukunft's-Musik-mornings, for instance, which appeal only to the higher order of musical appreciation, and are very largely and even fashionably attended, are confined, as I have said, to selections from WAGNER.

Q. Is this as yet equally fashionable with the so-called Classical music?

4. Not yet, perhaps, but it is rapidly becoming so. The tide has set in the right—or Wagnerian—direction. And "set of the tide" is everything in a maritime country like England.

[The Witness (who had listened to the questions through an ear-trumpet) here withdrew.]

### A FLOWER-SHOW IN FINSBURY.

CITY Progress in numbers and wealth  
 Works results not entirely unpleasant.  
 In the Past unrevealed, laws of health  
 Are made known and applied in the Present.  
 Though the Wen Babylonian extends  
 Over meadows and fields in each quarter,  
 In its midst we discern some amends  
 For the growth of unblest bricks-and-mortar.

Open spaces in suburbs around,  
 What with builder, and landlord, and renter,  
 Are improved off the face of the ground;  
 But slums, too, are cleared in the centre.  
 And through fires that consume their own smoke,  
 And main-drainage pipes, of a surety,  
 Close-packed metropolitan folk  
 Enjoy air of comparative purity.

Cockney villas encroach all about  
 On the waste and the wold—more's the pity!  
 But behold window-gardens laid out,  
 To gladden the heart of the City!  
 Yellow stonecrop and sweet-smelling musk,  
 Nay, even verbena and myrtle,  
 In the region, most excellent Lusk,  
 Where you Aldermen tuck in your turtle!

See, with heartsease, geranium, and rose,  
 Lobelia and calceolaria,  
 Creeping Jenny herself grows and blows,  
 While Bank-precincts house *nummularia*.  
 These are features that somewhat atone  
 For much that in Progress must irk us;  
 And we hail the display of them shown  
 In the garden of Finsbury Circus.

There was Westminster's Duke, who to all  
 The demands of Philanthropy rises;  
 While his Duchess, alert at the call  
 Of womanhood, dealt out the prizes.  
 'Mongst the prizemen, on Paul's airy height,  
 One, a Verger, had planted his garden,  
 An emblem of sweetness and light,  
 Set o'er all that town-life tends to harden.

Did you e'er, defunct Citizens old,  
 Dream of flowers in your close Wards a-blowing;  
 O'er your heads, where ye sleep in the mould  
 Of your Churchyards, luxuriantly growing,  
 Whilst you slumber in breathless repose,  
 With the ends of your once jolly noses,  
 And the tips of your mouldering toes  
 Turned up to the roots of the roses?

### TORTURED GHOSTS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, the other evening, made a statement to one Honourable Gentleman which may have been interesting also to another. He informed MR. O'SULLIVAN that "he had called upon the Board of Inland Revenue and the Board of Customs to prepare a General Report on the practice as to racking spirits in bond." This announcement, relative to a fearful custom and questionable source of revenue, was no doubt welcome to MR. WHALLEY, if, as is too probable, he takes "racking spirits in bond" to mean the doctrine of Purgatory, and the practice to mean the imposition of Masses for the dead, extensively practised by Priests and Jesuits.

### EXCLUDED MEMBERS.

IF the suggestion be carried out that the monument to ADMIRAL ROUS should take the form of an Alms-House at Newmarket, let us hope it will be strictly an "alms" house,—in the sense that "legs" will be excluded.



FROM WIMBLEDON TO BULGARIA.



SOLDIERING IN SPORT, AND FIGHTING IN EARNEST.



## IMPORTANT PERSONAL EXPLANATION.

*From the Riding Representative who Rode to Khiva and back.*

TO THE EDITOR.



SIR,—YOUR retraction in the last number was ample and most handsome. Permit me, therefore, to set myself right once and for ever with the Public, and, in reply to numerous inquiries, to state clearly—

*First.*—That I am not going to ride again. "Ride again, WHITTINGTON, grey mare to London" the bells may ring out, but they will not move me. I intend spending (as usual), a few quiet days in the Isle of Wight, and this may have given rise to the report that I am "going to Ryde again."

*Secondly.*—I mean to rest on my laurels. This is metaphorical, as laurels are the last things I'd choose to rest on, or among, after a long ride. I'd rather choose a parsley-bed than a laurel-bush.

*Thirdly.*—The horse on which I "finished" will not be sold at TATTERSALL'S by public auction.

*Fourthly.*—Pig will not appear at the Winter Cattle Show, nor has he made arrangements with MESSRS. HODGE AND ESSEX for public performances at either the Albert or the Agricultural Hall.

*Fifthly.*—I have accepted no engagement from HENGELER'S or SANGER'S, and don't intend to.

*Sixthly.*—I have no intention of writing anything about *Half-Hours with the best Devil-Worshippers*, though my experience among them has been considerable. I do not mind admitting that, out of curiosity, I have so far joined in their ritual as to have occasionally burned a candle to the Devil.

*Seventhly.*—My name will not appear this season under the heading "Fashionable Marriage." I must see Pig settled first.

*Eighthly.*—I deny that I am in the pay of Russia. I have not even allowed my book (*The Ride to Khiva*, just published) to be bound in Russian leather.

*Ninthly.*—I am not aware of five thousand copies having already been ordered by the CZAR. Of course the CZAR'S order will be attended to in the usual course, as will the SULTAN'S—the CZAR'S first: alphabetically.

Having thus said all I had to say, I merely beg to remonstrate with the clever artist who represented me, in his last illustration, as walking—I never walk when I say I'll ride—and, with a fond farewell, I sign myself

THE AUTHOR OF *THE Ride to Khiva*.

## WHERE NOT TO GO—AND WHY.

(All Round the Alphabet. By a Used-Up Tourist.)

*ANTWERP.*—Because after a long sea journey in hot weather you find yourself landed in a city redolent of REUBENS at his beefiest.

*Boulogne.*—Because what may be "Port" to the French, thanks to mud and malaria, is death to the English.

*Cologne.*—Because genuine "Eau de Cologne" by any other name would smell much sweeter.

*Dieppe.*—Because there is nothing in either their Old or our New Haven to pay for the misery of the crossing from one to the other.

*Engadine.*—Because the company of *malades imaginaires* is not particularly enlivening, and that of *malades au grand sérieux* still worse.

*Florence.*—Because nearly all the shops and all the hotels are closed until the middle of October, and those that aren't ought to be.

*Genoa.*—Because I can imagine a combination of Thames Street and Pall Mall for myself without leaving London.

*Heidelberg.*—Because it is the favourite "aunt" of "AERY."

*Interlachen.*—Because "too many Cooks spoil" a good many more things than the broth, and I don't like "personally-conducted" tourists.

*Killarney.*—Because you will have to do the Lakes, and be done by the hotel-keepers, guides, touts, toy-merchants, and goats'-milk purveyors.

*Lausanne.*—Because, if you find yourself in that neighbourhood, you had far better go on to Ouchy.

*Milan.*—Because some one or other will be sure to insist upon your going to the top of the Cathedral.

*Naples.*—Because Vesuvius is all smoke, the Chiaja all sun, and Pompeii only a section of the Crystal Palace out of repair.

*Oban.*—Because you can't stand a Scotch translation of Brighton.

*Paris.*—Because, if you are fond of life in a capital, you had better remain in London.

*Quebec.*—Because, if you must cross the Atlantic, you will find the United States better fun than Canada.

*Rome.*—Because when you visit Rome in the summer you ought to do as the Romans do—that is to say, get away from it as fast and as far as you can.

*Silistria.*—Because, if you are fond of shells, you will find the collecting them cheaper in Ramsgate and safer in the Isle of Wight.

*Trabizonde.*—Because the *opéra-bouffe* accounts of the place are not to be relied upon.

*Ulrecht.*—Because the town is within twenty miles of Amsterdam, and, as malaria travels far and fast, those who have smelt the canals of the Dutch capital should be the last to venture within that distance of it.

*Venice.*—Because the musquitos are said to be unusually lively this season.

*Worms.*—Because if you have been there once you won't want to go again; and, if you have never been, there is no reason why you should go.

*Xeres.*—Because the sherry there is no better than the sherry anywhere else.

*Yeniseisk (East Siberia).*—Because you can't get a "through carriage" to the spot from Clapham Junction.

*Zanzibar.*—Because this once interesting watering-place has been done to death, and you don't mean to be "Badgered" into going there.

## A CLERGYMAN'S QUESTION.

MR. THOMAS MEYLER, Town Clerk of Taunton, has, by direction of the Aldermen and Town Councillors, forwarded to the newspapers a correspondence consisting of a letter from the REV. FREDERICK JEREMIAH SMITH, the Vicar, to MR. MYER JACOBS, the Mayor, and the reply of MR. JACOBS thereunto. MR. SMITH writes to invite MR. JACOBS to contradict, if he can, a very general report that he is "an unbaptised person, and, consequently, not a Christian." MR. JACOBS, in answer, says that he is proud to avow himself a Jew. What does the ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON think of the Vicar? Perhaps that, though incapable of impertinence, his zeal a little outruns his discretion and his taste. It is remarkable that the Reverend Gentleman addresses his epistle "To the Worshipful the Mayor;" thus giving him the benefit of the doubt he entertains as touching his faith, and, consequently, his worship; which is charitable.

## Two of a Trade.

SAUCE for the goose is ditto for the gander:—

What choice 'twixt priestly Pry and prurient Pander?

Sale of sealed packages and sly confession?

Belial, in search of suitable profession,

Might halt 'twixt venal dirt and fetid piety,

Unsavory street, malodorous Society,

And finally decide there's not a toss

'Twixt print of Holywell, and Holy Cross.

## Change for the Better.

THE Hellenic Correspondent of the *Daily News* reports—*à propos* of the Greek Loan, just proclaimed—silver drachmas so scarce that they are likely to disappear altogether. Perhaps the Greeks are ready to defy the want of small change, in consideration of the great change they have made in uniting five heads of faction in one administration, under brave old CONSTANTINE CANARIS.

## A MATCH MISCALLED.

CONSIDERING the style and number of the turn-outs on the ground, and the amount of champagne-cups consumed at Lord's during the Great Public School Cricket Encounter, suppose it were re-christened the *Drag and Drunken*, instead of the *Harrow and Eton Match*?

TITLE OF COUNT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE (if the Holy Father wishes to acknowledge the services of MR. WHALLEY).—Count Out.





### "INSULT TO INJURY."

*Domestic (to Family Grocer).* "NOTHING THIS MORNING, THANK YOU. BUT MISSIS SAYS, WILL YOU GET A STAMP, AND POST THIS LETTER TO THE CO-OPERATIVE STORES?"

### BLUECOAT BOYS AND BRUTES.

#### HUMAN MR. PUNCH,

Is a Boy a Wertebate Hanimal? Enny ow e've got a Backbone, and e can feel. Then wy not Aloud the Bennyfit o the Wiveyseccion Haat? Ain't it Wiveyseccion to cut into a Littel cove with a Burch Rodd? The consequences of Witch you sawr the uther Day apeers to a bin that pore littel Feller, WILLIAM ARTHUR GIBBS, only 12 yere ov hage at the Bluecoat Skool burched once for, runnin away from Crule Treatment bein Bully'd and Beet by a Monnitor, then runnin away agin brort back wunce more and Shutt up in the Infirmary wile the Master was a thinkin wot Punnishment to Inwent for im, e, in Terror and Haggany o Mind no Dout lookin forrad to Another Burchin Went Mad and ung is Self. Wot e must a Suffer'd frum is fust Flogin to make im—a Kid ov 12—comitt Sooiside! Spose a Pupy ad bin wipt anythink like it by a broot ov a Master wooden't the Siety fur the Purwenshun o Cruelty to Hanimals a bin down upon Im? If i wos to Wallup my Donkey ari as sewere wooden't They be down upon Mee? Jest wooden't they!

In coarse Boys as Wel as Donkeys can't be Manidged Without bein Wallup'd moderate at Times when they deserves it, but wot i sez is wy is there wun Lawr fur Donkys and Another for Boys? If yer purtecks Donkys frum bein wallupt onmercifull, purteck Boys too. As to Wiveyseeshun of dum Hanimles, there's Rools and Regulations to prevent that from bein carry'd Too Fur. Pertieler wen the Operiorators is Fiasishens and Surgins Performin Ixperiments for the Hadwancement o Siense and the bennyfitt of there Suferin feller Creeters with their Minds Cooled and Collected. But Not so wen the Wiveyseckshun's Perform'd with a Burch Rodd by a Peddigog wery likely in wirelent Pashun. Wen scoolboys Is wiveyseected with Burch, ave it Dun by Licens'd Parties under Rools and Regilashons likewise, and, like at Noogit in the presene of members of the Force and a Perfeshonal Docter. Leastways make it so at crise Ora-spittle or the Bluecut Skool as it's called, witch Black and Bluecut Skool wood be the beter name for it wot with the Nockin about and Betin and Bullyin and Burchin as Drives Boys to ang themselves. Another boy honly a few months Ago tried to committ Sooiside there, witch the joory at the Crowner's hinkveat got that fack out o the Skool Warden, MAJOR BRACKENBURY. Wile Rooshan torpedos is a Blowin Turkish Monitors

hupp the Black and Bluecut Skool Monitors wants a good Talkin to sum on 'em—if not halso a good Idin.

It may seem hall wery manly for midel-haged and helderly Gents, parties wot's forgott their own scool days, a good menny Hanimles' Friends as ood cry ten thousand murders at tuchin up a Oss on the Rawr, to stick up for Floggin at Skools and snere at are a word said agin it as morkish sentiment; but then wooden't it be ekally manly o me to hadwocate unlimited non-hinterference with the libberty of hevery Britton to wallup his own Moke? But i s'pose 'tis a feller feelin makes 'em so wunderus kind to that are Hannimle in comparison with the Human Specie. The latter rayther enlistes the simpathy of yures Trooly,

SAM TATERS.

Barrow Road, July 18th.

### FACES AND FLOWERS.

#### A Summer Song.

DULNESS avaunt! English summer smiles sunnily  
Full in your face.  
Seasons of late have been jumbled up funnily,  
Each out of place.  
Now cynics, wont to vituperate viciously  
Wearisome wet,  
Melt, and admit that our sun can deliciously  
Beam on us yet.  
Prophets preposterous, fain to Russ-panic us,  
Now may shut up.  
Here is a health to our *Phæbus Britannicus*!  
Brim we the cup!  
Paganish? Pooh! Pan's astir in my blood to-day.  
Faith, and why not?  
Nature's strong life-stream's aflow in full flood to-day.  
(Phaugh! It is hot!)Fancies fantastic will flash and will float on it—  
Bubbles, no more.  
*Vogue la galère!* Let us launch Frolic's boat on it,  
Spurning the shore.  
Here is a rose might have budded by Bendemeer,  
Crimson, dew-laden.  
Thank the flower-loving Immortals that send 'em here,  
Waifs from their Aidenn.  
What if ours fade? Poke no pessimist chaff at us,  
Murmurings stint.  
Beauty's a prophecy; while Love deigns laugh at us,  
Death's a mere hint.  
Then here's a face! Wicked eyes in full battery  
Levelled at mine,  
Put a stern veto on Tom-Mooreish flattery  
False as it's fine.  
Well, but a flesh-and-blood Peri might graciously  
Listen and smile,  
While a fond word-spinner limns her veracionally,  
Once in a while.  
No? Well, floricomous despot, I'm dutiful;  
Yet I must say  
Flower-world never bore blossom so beautiful  
As— Well-a-day!  
Just to be gagged by those digits delectable,  
Well might one dare  
Violate rules the most sage and respectable,  
Proper, and fair.  
Take them away, they but tempt one to trespassing.  
Yield me this rose  
Coiled in your hair. From those lips is a "yes" passing  
As they unclose?  
Summer's astir in me. Pardon a levity  
Born of the time.  
Summer is short, yet, in spite of its brevity,  
Sweet is its prime.  
Though it may bake us, or chill us, or bring to us  
Swithinish showers,  
Ever it sendeth us song-birds to sing to us,  
Faces and flowers.

#### DECLARATION OF ENGLAND.

"Is and remains forbidden" (in *Anglican Sees*).—  
Private-caring.

HOW EFFECTUALLY TO OBSTRUCT THE PASSAGE OF THE  
BALKANS.—Send PARNELL and BIGGAR.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HIELDS have two sides. The two sides of the Irish Shield were held up (*Lords, Monday, July 16*)—the black by LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE, the white by the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, LORD O'HAGAN, and LORD CARLINGFORD.

On the question of Crime in Ireland, the authority of a Lord-Lieutenant and an ex-Lord Chancellor may well outweigh that of a High-Tory Irish Peer out of temper with recent changes, and naturally disposed to make the worst of anything that admits of two constructions. It is satisfactory to know that, bad as things Irish may be in some counties—in agrarian offences especially—they are much better than they were, and are even now on the mend. The Irish Vehm-Gericht still works, but less widely and less wickedly. There is no case for increase of gag-and-muzzle law.

(*Commons.*)—After the usual Monday's Miscellany—out of which a fresh outbreak of Cattle-plague in the unsavoury locality of Bethnal Green crops up like a hideous apparition—the House did short and sharp sentence on a late appointment.

*E pur si muove*: all is not stationary, even in that official world where promotion by favour is the rule and promotion by merit the exception. When in jobbing your job you also slap a Special Committee in the face, look out to have the slap returned, and with interest.

So in this case, after a Select Committee had sat on the Stationery Office, to consider whether there was no remedy, but the House must groan and sweat under all that weary load of waste-paper, and the cost thereof, and had reported that if that Office could be provided with a Head that knew something about the matters the Office has to do with, such as red-tape, pens, ink, paper, printing, and binding—the material and munitions, in fact, of Departmental warfare—savings by the thousand might become the rule, instead of waste by the waggon-load, they did not mean their recommendation to be treated after the way of the Stationery Office—as waste-paper, but to be acted upon by the appointment, as the next Controller, of a man who understood the Office work as an expert. Such a man was at hand, in the second in command. But LORD BEACONSFIELD passed him by, as well as the recommendation of the Select Committee, for a son of an ex-Rector of Hughenden—a very clever and efficient Junior War-Office Clerk, sixty-ninth on the list, who besides good friends, could plead good service in the Office, and, thanks to both, had basked in much sunshine of Private Secretaryships and Secretaryships of Commissions, and was now pitchforked over many heads out of his Junior Clerkship at





## SOLD—CHEAP.

*Little Brown* (to "Nigger Minstrel," who always addresses his listeners as "My Lord"). "AH, HOW DID YOU KNOW MY—AH—HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS A LORD!" [Sensation among the bystanders!

*Minstrel*. "BLESS YEE, MY LORD, I NEVER LOSE SIGHT O' MY SCHOOLFELLOWS!"

[Roars of laughter. *Little B.* caves in, and bolts!

£300 or £400 a year, into the Controllorship of the Stationery Office, at thrice the salary.

Not a word is to be said against the fortunate youth. Everything on the contrary is to be said for him. He had done good work, and had shown good capacity, in many ways, and it was quite worth losing the Controllorship of the Stationery Office to have so much good said of one by a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Secretary of War. But it wouldn't wash. The Select Committee's back was up, and its foot was down. Its Chairman's name was HOLMS, and his stand was on his native Blue Book.

The "defence" was poor—not at all up to good Commons' form, much less Lords', and the Government were bowled out—stumped—beaten by 156 to 152—amidst much cheering from an Opposition thankful for small mercies. "A bad job?" Not by any means. One of the very modestest dimensions—in fact hardly to be called a job at all, as jobs go—but a slap in the face of a Select Committee, and so not to be pardoned by the Commons, even in the case of a job-master as influential as LORD BEACONSFIELD. Even his official defenders were half-hearted; and when the bucolic virtue of SIR RAINALD KNIGHTLEY rose in protest, all felt the case was past praying—or fighting—for. PIGOTT must go—to wait for another—and let us hope—a better berth. For him, at least, it is scarcely rash to prophesy future office will not be stationary, but moveable; and it is to be hoped—the young man being admitted to be able, and willing, and having the needful propelling power behind—if moveable, ever upwards. Had his very good Lord been there to draw sword in his Squire's defence, would the fight have fared so?

Before the House went into Supply, SIR W. HARCOURT called attention to the long time untried prisoners are kept in prison, to the discredit, till lately, of the English machinery of criminal law. We are glad to learn, on the good authority of MR. CROSS, that things are better already, and will go on improving. Let us hope we may live to see the end of that waste of Judge-power now going on—the grand parade of two Judges, of a size, it may be, but far too big for the work they have to do, riding amidst escort of javelinmen and blare of trumpets, in the Sheriff's carriage, from Station

to Judge's Lodgings, to dispatch a leash of petty causes, and a half-dozen of petty offenders. It is as bad as *Major Ponto's* dinner in the *Snob Papers*, with the solitary snipe in the big silver dish.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN called attention to another matter of unfair distribution—the funds and treasures of our Art museums, now concentrated in three Capitals—not *L. S. D.*, but London, Edinburgh, and Dublin—whereof the crumbs, at least, might usefully be distributed over the great Provincial Centres. The Art Department turns up its nose every year at a great many duplicates and second-best in the way of offered Art-treasures, which would be thankfully housed at Liverpool or Manchester, Birmingham or Belfast. We are glad to learn from LORD SANDON that the Department is thinking about it. But there wants somebody to think about it for the Department. Departments are London-bred, London-lodged, and London-nursed; and thus the thought of Departments is very apt to begin and end with London.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—University Bill reported, with an Amendment that, at first blush, reads odd, for empowering Colleges to give away their libraries, in whole or part, to the University. It may be all right. Let's hope it is, and that what is waste-paper on College shelves, in some cases, may bear fruit of knowledge on University ones. Transplanting does have that effect occasionally.

(*Commons.*)—Hard at work on Supply—of which a good deal is still standing over. *A propos* of the Meteorological Grant, the Scotch Members showed their teeth with unusual sharpness, DR. PLATFAIR at their head. Government, they complain, does not play fair with Scotland. Scotch Members feel they are too reasonable. MR. McLAREN gives warning, much to the tune of *Henry the Fourth*:—

"Our blood hath been too cool and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at your injustices;  
And you have found us; for accordingly  
You tread upon our patience: but be sure  
We will, from henceforth, rather, be, ourselves,  
Mighty and to be feared, than our condition,



Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud!"

Witness ould Ireland! But if Scotch Members once band for Home-Rule—*Gare à vous, Messieurs du Gouvernement!* When Scotch Members do take to being unreasonable, their unreasonableness will be wonderful!

The Education Vote disposed of, came the Diplomatic. RYLANDS ramped and raged as usual, in this, the Aristocratic Preserve. He would have Diplomacy cheap—never mind, if nasty. MR. GOLDSMID thinks our Consular Establishment, at all events, wants raising, rather than cutting down. MR. RYLANDS would relish the substitution of cheap Consular for costly Diplomatic Agency?—"Consules provideant"—(at half the money, too)—"*ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat.*" If only we could be sure of the right men in the right places. But these appointments have a way of settling themselves so much more with regard to the pleasure and patronage of the Foreign Office than the needs of JOHN BULL.

*A propos* of the Vote for Colonial Expenses, MR. BRIGHT objected to SIR A. GORDON for being too hard on Cannibalism in Fiji. He pointed out that, after all, eating men was only, like eating mutton, a matter of national habit. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER objected to discussing so serious a question in the dark. It is only in the dark, as a rule, that the question of Cannibalism arises. In white meat this "national habit" has not, as yet, arisen.

Wednesday.—The House busy with its Liquor Bills. MR. SULLIVAN abruptly flung on the table a Bill which he moved some months ago, but which he has since re-cast, for closing Irish Public-houses—in town and country—at seven on Saturday evenings. He would, in fact, have Saturday night in Ireland the reverse of Saturday night at sea—the non-grog-night. If the House didn't like seven, they were free to name any other hour. "Wouldn't the Bill work oppressively in towns, and with varying inconvenience in town and country?" Perhaps it might. MR. SULLIVAN hoped not, but couldn't say. *Quen sabe?* as the Spaniard says. These were details.

This off-hand fashion of repressive legislation irritated the House, and SIR M. HICKS-BEACH protested this was taking too great liberties with the subject. The Major was magnificent, and flung himself into the crather, like an Erostratus. His denunciation of whiskey, in his great character of the ould Brehon sage, was one of the sublimest outbursts of topsy-turvy eloquence ever heard in the House of Commons. *Punch* must embalm it in his imperishable sheets:—

"If we had an old Brehon sage here, how would he proceed? He would say, 'This whiskey is the destruction of my people. It ruins their health. It deprives them of their reason. It lowers them in the scale of creation, even lower than the brutes in the field. It is manufactured of that which should provide food, not poison, for my people. Go, my officers, to the bonding warehouses. Drag out the puncheons, the pipes, and the hogheads of this poison. Swill the streets of my cities with it, and as the very dogs lap it up and fall prostrate under its influence, let Irishmen learn what a foreign nation has provided for their destruction.' Now, there was something statesmanlike in that. That was what he would do. But was there ever such a miserable puling Bill as the present introduced by any one having the smallest pretence to be not merely a statesman, but a Member of Parliament."

Then what could exceed the terseness of his defence of Irish ingratitude?—

"The Hon. Member for Carlisle, had given Ireland a day. Possibly he expected to be requited for this act of generosity; but he need never expect any gratitude from the Irish people. They could not be grateful. They had never been educated to it. They asked for many things, but were refused everything. They asked for Home Rule. Refused! They asked for the Borough Franchise. Refused! They asked for the Municipal Franchise. Refused! At present they were asking that their letters might not be detained in the Post-office from three P.M. to nine A.M., but to this they had not obtained a precise answer. He should like to know how, under these circumstances, the Irish could be a grateful people. It was impossible."

If Ireland cannot be grateful to England for anything, England is grateful to Ireland for one thing—the Major. Strange fate for an Irish measure! The Bill was negatived without a division!

Two other Liquor-Bills died the death the same night—MR. C. WILSON's—at the hands of its father; and MR. COWEN's, for transferring the licensing power to Boards elected by the ratepayers—to *Punch's* notion, about the most pernicious in promise of the many legislative abortions begotten by Liquor—at the hands of the House, by 133 to 85.

In the Evening the House was Counted Out soon after nine.

Thursday (Lords).—A great house to hear LORD BEACONSFIELD'S defence of the PIGOTT appointment. A perfect performance. Light and solemn, playful and pompons, sophistic and ironical by turns, the great master of tongue-fence kept his *coup de Jarnac* for the last—in the assurance that LORD BEACONSFIELD had never known either MR. PIGOTT or his father, that the latter had not been rector

of Hughenden since LORD BEACONSFIELD had lived there, and that the ex-rector's one political act, as far as LORD BEACONSFIELD knew, in the Buckinghamshire elections, had been to vote against Mr. DISRAELI. So the tables were turned against the assailants of the appointment, with an effect which only this adept in the great art of ironic dialectics—vulgarily called "flapdoodle"—could have so easily and so triumphantly secured.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has not only ridden rough-shod over the Select Committee's recommendation, but has made it seem, somehow, ridiculous; while he has secured MR. PIGOTT's appointment in the teeth of a vote of the House of Commons.

But after such a victory, what does the veteran General think of his new Lieutenant's defence of the position which the Chief so easily recovered? Oh, SIR STAFFORD, call you this backing of your friends?

LORD STRATHEDEN was delivered of another abortive speech, ushering in another equally abortive motion, on that Eastern Question, which his Lordship is always putting, and never getting answered.

LORD GRANVILLE talked obvious sense on the subject of Russophobia scares, on which his cool reason falls like water on hot iron, eliciting hisses from the incandescent metal.

LORD DERBY said ditto to LORD GRANVILLE—in spite of the pen-picks of his Turcophile press.

(Commons).—MR. BOURKE promises papers relating to alleged atrocities upon Turks by Bulgarians and Russians. He judiciously abstains from endorsing the official reports on the subject. There may be something in LORD GRANVILLE's suggestion that the Turks have taken to manufacturing Russian atrocities, in the hope that they will rouse English opinion against the Russians, as the report of the atrocities of Batak and Philippopolis opened English eyes to the horrors of Turkish rule. They forget there were English witnesses for the latter.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, pressed to mark his little Bills for the Slaughter of the Session, with reluctance sealed the doom of four—Valuation, (English and Irish) Bishoppies, Patents, and Scotch Poor Law. There are more that must follow, but SIR STAFFORD prefers to leave them for a while to the untender mercies of the chapter of accidents.

## POOR HUMANITY.



*Candid Inquirer* (curiously). And pray, Madam, who are you?

*Perplexed Personage* (vaguely). I—I—well, positively, my good Sir, I protest I do not exactly know.

*Candid Inquirer* (suspiciously). That is strange. May I ask if there is anyone who on that point is better informed than yourself?

*Perplexed Personage*. There are many such. Many at least who seem to know all about me, and assume to speak in my name. Only as their accounts of me do not in the least agree, their counsels do not greatly help me in the increasingly difficult task of self-recognition.

*Candid Inquirer*. Your position is peculiar, and I should say perplexing. Pray how did it come about?

*Perplexed Personage*.—Party-spirit has laid its all-confounding spell upon me, and tricked out in the many-coloured vesture of faction, I am become the very chameleon of politics, a puzzle to the universe, and a mystery to myself.

*Candid Inquirer*. But your name, Madam? Can you not remember that? It may possibly throw some light upon the subject of your mislaid identity and real nature.

*Perplexed Personage*. Oh, as for my name, that is, now as always, HUMANITY. But that name at present covers as great a multitude of meanings as a kindred one is said to do of sins. Amidst a conflicting crowd of definitions, I find self-identification simply impossible.

*Candid Inquirer*. But really this is very shocking.

*Perplexed Personage*. "Shocking," do you say? Oh, Sir, if there is one thing that I am used to, it is to being "shocked." Every party protests that the proceedings of its opponents are "shocking to Humanity." Whether ultimately I shall be shocked into driveling



ling sentimentalism, or utter insensibility, I do not quite know. Appeals to me are so multitudinous and so conflicting, that I begin to think sheer callousness would be a blessed boon.

*Candid Inquirer.* I had thought that "the claims of humanity"—an universal shibboleth that phrase—were held to be above personal interests, party ties, or national ambitions.

*Perplexed Personage.* So they are. But these theoretically paramount claims are the first to go to the wall as soon as other interests are at issue. That I am accustomed to, however. What I complain of is this new-fashioned way of setting me against myself, and invoking me, like the Despot's complacently partisan "Providence," as the special patron of antagonistic causes and conflicting interests. Eighty-ton guns and torpedoes have "shocked" me; but Turcophobia railings and Turcophile recriminations wholly confound me.

*Candid Inquirer.* The Muscovite, posing as Humanity, seems—

*Perplexed Personage.* Well nigh as incongruous a figure as the Ottoman posing as Champion of freedom. Inhumanity in a Cossack cap is not a whit better—or worse—than inhumanity in caftan or fez. Those who make me a matter of country or costume either know little about me or care less. It is no particular concern of mine whether Turcophile or Turcophile have the better of the argument. But it is a concern of mine that they should argue fairly, and not make me a pander to party passion masquerading in the guise of philanthropy or patriotism. If Turcophile prints Russian Atrocities in large capitals, and Ottoman ditto in the smallest type, while Turcophile does precisely the reverse; if one triumphs in a hideous charge, and the other chuckles over a sanguinary *tu quoque*, it is in vain that they play their typographical tricks, shape their partisan phrases, and paint their invidious epithets in the name of *Humanity*. They know nothing about me; and, confused by their clamorous invocations, I begin sometimes to feel that I know little about myself.

*Candid Inquirer.* If it is little to the credit of an Englishman's head to be unable to distinguish the real merits of a cause apart from the details of its advocacy, it is even less to the credit of his heart to be unable to realise humanity save when she comes clad in the garb of his race or the livery of his party.

## SKY-BLUE; OR, DEATH IN THE DAIRY.

*An Urban Eclogue.*

SCENE—Before the entrance of a smart Metropolitan Milk-Shop.

Muse and Medical Officer meeting.

*Muse.* Oh, how clean, sweet, and snug!

*Medical Officer.* May I ask what you mean?

*Muse.* Why this snowy-walled Eden of silver and green;

This cool white-tiled nook with its ferns and its founts—

*Medical Officer (irrelevantly).* And its red-covered-book-piles of running accounts!

*Muse (ignoring his interruption).* Its lamp like a lily-cup poised on its stalk,

Its immaculate cow neatly modelled in chalk—

*Medical Officer.* Most suitable substance that same, without question.

There's a cynical frankness about the suggestion!

*Muse (impatiently).* Please don't interrupt. Nothing vexes the Muse

Like gratuitous comments; they check and confuse.

This Eden, that might be the home of a fairy—

But is a first-class Metropolitan Dairy—

A true *rus in urbe*, a pastoral patch

In your gloomy brick Babylon.—Eh! Did I catch

Your language aright? "A mere nest of disease"?

What a horrible phrase! Pray explain, if you please.

*Medical Officer.* A dung-pit, a cess-pool—though each is a curse—

Or a long-standing dust-heap, could hardly be worse.

*Muse.* You shock me. But Science on Beauty's so hard.

Now methinks 'tis a scene that might quicken a bard

Into lyrical outburst.

*Medical Officer (dryly).* I haven't a doubt,

For it doesn't take much to do that, Ma'am!

*Muse.* You flout

A theme which all pastoral poets has fired.

Milkmaids have been sung—

*Medical Officer.* Till most people are tired,

And would cry, "hold, enough!" though the singer were

TENNYSON.

*Muse.* I'm sure Milk might earn even Science's benison—

Our very first food—

*Medical Officer.* And not seldom our last,

If the dread typhus-germs in its depths are once cast;

Nor if they are traced to some sewer or well,

Is the matter much mended. The mixture they sell

At this pastoral poison-shop's "quickenings" maybe

To Muses and bards, but 'tis death to a baby:

And even a fully-fledged poet might find  
Milk-typhoid a teaser. Had Science been blind,  
Like Sentiment, death, midst its many vagaries,  
Had found no such rare stalking-ground as our dairies.

*Muse.* What! Death in the milk-pan? A horrible thought!

*Medical Officer.* The one place where disease in its germs must be fought.

Ask BALLARD or MURCHISON.

*Muse.*

Oh! but the cow—

*Medical Officer.* Nay, the beast's not to blame, nor its milk, but, somehow,

Ere it goes from the farm, where the pumps are suspicious,

Or the smart London dairy you deem so delicious,

A change has occurred, not precisely alchemic,

Which too often ends in a bad epidemic.

Be it "rinsing" the pails, which of course is just possible,

Or causes that are not so clearly cognoscible,

But reference bear to the pump or the well,

The mortal pollution's imparted.

*Muse.*

You tell

A most terrible tale!

*Medical Officer.*

One that's different, very,

From pastoral yarns about *Blossom* and *Cherry*,

And milkmaids and syllabubs, whey, curds, and cream,

And those other bucolic delights which, 'twould seem,

This Dairy suggested, dear Madam, to you.

I admit that my tale is *not nice*, but it's true.

The true Modern *Milkiad*, granting it written

By bard with the epical-mania bitten,

Would have, in despite of poetical nuances,

To make its chief hero Inspector of Nuisances.

That Milk has an innocent look, but analysis

Might give your sweet faith, Ma'am, a fit of paralysis.

A Medical Officer's very first care is—

Or should be—to keep a sharp eye on the dairies;

And, seeing how easy's evasion of my laws,

The public calls loudly for SCLATER-BOOTH's bye-laws.

[Exit *Muse*, much disgusted.]

## 'ABSOLUTION' MADE EASY.



SHOULD a new edition of *The Complete Letter-Writer* be published, it would require, for completeness' sake, to be enriched with a few specimens of epistolary correspondence suggested by the following statement in a news-letter—if true:—

"The most famous of Confessors is Dr. PUSEY. He receives confessions not only *visà voce*, but by letter, and few persons are aware of the extent of his correspondence with people in all parts of the country who have made him their spiritual director."

DR. PUSEY was avowedly a Father Confessor long before certain of his followers compiled *The Priest in Absolution*. As to Confession, he appears to be considerably in advance of the genuine Roman Catholic Priest, as he allows a Confessional to be made of the letter-box and the pillar-post. Perhaps he will go—if he has not gone already—still farther ahead, and receive confessions by electric telegraph, wiring absolution back. Or, what will be a still greater improvement on the Roman practice, he might, when the Telephone is brought sufficiently to bear, have them addressed to him orally through that instrument, and then the confession, from whatever distance transmitted, would have the advantage of being strictly auricular.





## FASHIONABLE EMULATION.

*Lady (speaking with difficulty).* "WHAT HAVE YOU MADE IT ROUND THE WAIST, MRS. PRICE?"

*Dressmaker.* "TWENTY-ONE INCHES, MA'AM. YOU COULDN'T BREATHE WITH LESS!"

*Lady.* "WHAT'S LADY JEMIMA JONES'S WAIST?"

*Dressmaker.* "NINETEEN-AND-A-HALF JUST NOW, MA'AM. BUT HER LADYSHIP'S A HEAD SHORTER THAN YOU ARE, AND SHE'S GOT EVER SO MUCH THINNER SINCE HER ILLNESS LAST AUTUMN!"

*Lady.* "THEN MAKE IT NINETEEN, MRS. PRICE, AND I'LL ENGAGE TO GET INTO IT!"

## THE SPHINX'S SOLILOQUY.

HARD lines, I' faith! Not unfamiliar things  
Upon the tortuous path I've had to tread  
To reach this elevation. Now my lines  
Are fallen in pleasant places—so men think;  
And I—well, triumph's sweet, despite the thorns  
That stuff the Conqueror's cushion. But by Thoth,  
This buffet is too bad! The flout that brings  
A blush to world-worn cheeks is bitterer far  
Than a blood-fetehing battle-blow. And I  
Not there to foil and counter! Blundering BATES  
My heartiest champion! Headlong HARDY cool;  
Sleek STAFFORD sluggish; KNIGHTLEY armed against me;  
And HOLMS the Hobby-rider jubilant!  
He who hath braved a hundred batteries  
Winged by a pop-gun! After all the games,  
Moves educational, and dodges dark,  
That I have perpetrated, to be pinked  
By such a pigmy point as PRECOTT's hoise  
Can lend the sorriest stabber of them all!  
Oh for one hour among them! Chaff and tact  
May turn the keenest thrust; but STAFFORD's staff,  
Languidly wielded,—faith, 'twould scarce avail  
To beat down such a bullrush as the lance  
Of Hackney's *Hector* on his Hobby-horse.  
GLADSTONE lends wings to shafts that pierce his mail,  
In pen and post-card. Now I trip in turn  
O'er "Stationery." Faugh! A weary task  
For nous Semitic and the temperament  
Of trifle-scorning genius to guide  
These stolid Britons, with their insect-sense  
Of milk-and-water moral, pinched and prim!

A job? Philistine phrasers! beetle-close  
Envisagers of beetle-crawling fact!  
Hath Phœbus no prerogative to dazzle  
As well as light?—which any blinking taper  
May do at pinch, if 'tis but to explore  
Corner and cranny. HOLMS's halfpenny "dip"  
Shows up—faith, what? A mere magnanimous leap  
Of ladder-spurning strength—a Titan bound  
Of rule-defying instinct! And the dolts  
Prate of fair-play and principle, invoke  
The infallible Select Committee-Man!  
They'd move a vote of censure on Creation,  
Because not shaped to House of Commons rules,  
And hierarch'd into a Paradise  
On their Competitive principle. Well! well!  
A flout's not mortal. Yet I'd fain unhorse  
Yon Hackney Hobby-rider, and undo  
The masked significance of that ugly FOUR!

Four?—even so. As *Ancient Pistol* says,  
"I take the goat—in earnest of revenge."

## Salve of Conscience.

UNDER the head of Conscience-Money, the other day, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledged "the receipt of the second half of a ten-pound note from 'O. P. Q.' for the Public Chest." In language which would in these days be accounted coarse, a vigorous political writer in a past generation used to call bank-notes shin-plasters. Were he now living, perhaps the announcement above referred to would have induced him to challenge SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE to prove that he had properly applied "O. P. Q.'s" shin-plaster to the public chest.





“HARD LINES!”

“AFTER ALL THE BIG THINGS I’VE BEEN IN, TO BE PULLED UP FOR THIS! OF COURSE I CAN SET IT RIGHT, BUT IT’S REALLY TOO DISGUSTING!”







## QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(From London to Paris.)

AT THE CHARING CROSS STATION.



WAs it worth getting up so early to catch the tidal train?

Shall I have my luggage registered to Folkestone or Boulogne?

Supposing it is rough, won't it be a mistake to send my things across the sea when I shall certainly stop at the Pavilion?

Supposing it is fine, won't there be a great deal of trouble in getting my portmanteau on to the boat if it is labelled Folkestone?

Shall I take a single ticket or a return for a month?

Shall I get into a smoking-carriage with a lot of unshaven foreigners, or into a non-smoking-carriage with a sour-faced and middle-aged spinster?

Shall I take my hat-box and bag with me, and have the nuisance of carrying them, or shall I let them go into the van, with a chance of their getting woefully crushed?

ON BOARD THE BOAT.

Is it going to be rough?

Did the trees look as if there was a good deal of wind?

Isn't this calmness in the harbour deceptive?

Shall I sit on the bridge, with the chance of being blown away, or go down below, with the certainty of seeing the unshaven foreigners in agonies?

Shall I accept the offer of the sailor to cover my legs with his waterproof coat?

Now that the ropes are gone and the boat is off, don't I think it would have been wiser to have stayed on shore?

Will it be much worse than this?

Now that I can't move to get at my pocket, is it possible that I may have left my reserve fund of bank-notes at home?

If I did, how am I to pay my first hotel-bill?

Can this last much longer?

Why was I such a fool as to brave the possibility of having to undergo this?

Ought I to help that lady?

Have I forfeited all rights to be called a man of good breeding by refusing to move to help beauty in dire distress?

When will that useful Official in the gold-banded cap attend to me?

Is suicide justifiable under the present circumstances?

Is suicide possible in my feeble state?

Is it really true that we have only left Folkestone Harbour half an hour?

Can human nature endure any further torture?

Are all the treasures of the Continent worth this misery?

Would it not have been more patriotic to have stayed in England?

Have I the strength to find my way to the side of the vessel with a view to drowning myself?

Would it be very wicked to murder this Official for asking to see my ticket?

Is it possible that I have lived to see Boulogne Pier?

Can I crawl on shore?

AT BOULOGNE.

Is it possible, in my present state of health, to have a row with the Douanier for insisting upon looking into my hat-box?

Am I wise to decide to stay at Boulogne a night to recover from the fatigues of my voyage?

Which Hotel shall I go to?

Which shall I choose, mosquitoes or unpleasant odours?

Shall I dine at the *table d'hôte*?

Is this menu of greasy dishes particularly pleasant after my passage?

Shall I talk to my neighbours?

Why do English girls on the Continent generally have projecting teeth, corkscrew curls, and dresses made after a fashion much in vogue about fifteen years ago?

Why do Englishmen at Boulogne Hôtels look so very different from Englishmen everywhere else?

Is my right-hand neighbour a billiard-marker, or an ex-Captain of (very) Irregulars?

Is my left-hand neighbour an Italian nobleman in disguise, or a fraudulent French bagman?

Why does every *table-d'hôte* have a vulgar old Irishwoman who will talk of her titled acquaintances?

Why do the oldest English inhabitants at French watering-places seem always to be hiding from their creditors?

Shall I go to the *Etablissement* to see the beautiful dancing, or to the theatre to hear the equally beautiful singing?

What did the landlord mean by telling me that he could give me "a veritable English bed?"

Why, during the watches of the night, do I so constantly think of the Howard family in general, and the Norfolk branch in particular?

Shall I venture?

Is it not a pity that "the Direction" neglects to carpet the wet and sandy floor of the machines?

Why did not the Inquisition think of a drive into the sea in a machine as an appropriate torture for criminals convicted of murdering the Pope?

Considering the bore of walking through the dry sand and the people on my way back, and the nuisance of finding all my clothes on the floor, have I enjoyed my bath?

Does not this excellent lunch in the *café* on the Pier make amends for all the miseries I have undergone?

ARRIVAL AT PARIS.

How have I survived a tedious journey in a carriage full of ladies and children?

Why did the Frenchman who got in at Amiens eat garlic before commencing his travels?

Shall I go to a "grand" hotel, where I shall be neglected, or to a family hotel, where I shall be poisoned?

Will the sun leave any part of me ungrilled, so that I may ask a few more questions next week?

## BETTER LATE THAN EVER.

WHEN BRITANNIA wiped the undeserved blot from the scutcheon of the brave DUNDONALD, she could not undo all the wrong he had suffered, but she certainly meant that the completest reparation that could be awarded him should be. Above all, whatever of his loss was measurable by money, she intended should be made up. But BRITANNIA's servants at the Treasury read her orders differently. "*Tout est perdu hors l'honneur*," they construed, "Honour we are forced to give back—but with a loss of everything else." They restored the rank which should never have been taken away—small thanks to them!—but the pay which should have gone with it they kept back, like dirty dogs as they were; and, worse still, when his grandson, the other day, asked for the due so long and cruelly withheld from the heroic grandaïre, BRITANNIA's Treasury servants of to-day upheld the mean injustice of their predecessors of 1833 and 1847, and refused the pay belonging to the rank and honour so tardily restored.

But there are official acts of meanness of which even the most economically-disposed House of Commons scorns to take advantage. This was one of them. The Select Committee appointed—in the teeth of Government—to look into LORD DUNDONALD's claims, which were all he had to bequeath to his descendant, has reported, as a body of honest gentlemen needs must, that—

"Complete reparation will not have been done to LORD DUNDONALD unless the claim for back pay which he bequeathed to his grandson is recognised. Everything connected with his restoration to the Naval Service and to his rank and honour proceeded upon the principle that, so far as possible, he should be placed in the same position as if he had never been removed from the Service. This appears of necessity to imply that the reparation spoken of in the Treasury Minute is not complete. In the opinion of your Committee no technical rule should be permitted to stand in the way of such reparation, the justice of which seems to follow by a natural inference from the steps which have already been taken."

So, at last, justice will be done all round. The Government will stand rebuked for an attempt to set up a technical rule in bar of a just claim; and the descendant of a hero will reap some benefit, though late, from his famous forefather's services, for which his country would have gladly paid, but the reward of which was unjustly withheld by a Government unworthy alike of such a country and such a Captain.

CON. FOR THE COMMONS.

HERE'S a conundrum for the Nation

That likes its reasons graced with rhyme:

Why 's PARNELL like Procrastination?

Because he is the thief of Time.





### A NORFOLK DUMPLING.

Young Hodge (in expectation of a Copper). "OI'LL OPEN THE GATE."

Lady. "YOU ARE A VERY CIVIL LAD. YOU DON'T COME FROM THESE PARTS?"

Young Hodge. "YOW'RE A LIAR. I DEW!"

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

(Questions for the next Congress.)

TAKING into account the expense of extra coals, the outlay for soap, starch, powder-blue, soda, and other necessities, the payment to the washerwoman, and the cost of her beer, tea, and food, and considering the probability that a periodical disturbance of nerves and temper shortens the life of the head of the family—the breadwinner—is it Domestic Economy to wash at home?

Which is the more economic plan—to buy dresses, mantles, bonnets, &c., or to have them made in the house?

With regard to servants' beer, which of these three courses is the most advisable to adopt?—

- a. To substitute a money allowance.
- b. To keep beer in cask.
  - a. Key in the parlour.
  - b. Key in the kitchen.
- c. To serve out bottled beer.

Would you recommend a young and newly-married Lady to have Cook up into the drawing-room every morning for orders, or to go daily herself into the kitchen after breakfast?

How far is it possible to dispense with the services of charwomen?

Compare plain needlework and fancy work (1) as a thrifty and economical employment, (2) as a rational occupation, and (3) as an encouragement of self-respect.

Can the present relations between "Mistress and Maid" be improved in any of the following particulars—*a.* Wages and Perquisites. *b.* Dress. *c.* Holidays. *d.* "Friends"?

Which is the best description of Carpet (1) for dining and drawing-rooms, (2) for bedrooms, (3) for nurseries, (4) for stairs?

Does it answer to "turn" dresses?

What are the advantages and disadvantages of Meat Teas?

With reference to health, expense, and comfort, which is preferable—Gas or the Lamp?

Do you keep your Bed-room Windows open at night all the year round?

C. D. has an income of £500 a year, and a wife and three daughters, sixteen, eighteen, and twenty (no sons). What allowance should each have for dress and private expenses (including laundress)?

Can you furnish good and economic recipes for plum-pudding, claret-cup, gingerbread, minced mutton, mild stuffing, clear and strong gravy soup, lemonade, light pastry, salad, and bread sauce?

Is it advisable to give everything out, or would it be better to place confidence in your servants?

How would you prevent the too frequent repetition of cold meat for dinner?

Can you supply a new recipe for a family pudding, which shall be at once cheap, wholesome, and palatable?

What are your experiences of pages, parlour-maids, and general servants?

What is the lowest income on which a young couple should marry, who have been accustomed to liberal housekeeping, genial society, the cultivation (as an amusement) of the drama, music, and the fine arts, costly dress, and the frequent use of hired vehicles?

Your husband's income is £700 a year, the rent of your house is £70, you have five children varying from fourteen to baby, you keep three servants, and your usual dinner-hour is half-past six—what do you propose to give your husband for dinner each day next week?

When are the following articles in season—salmon, partridge, asparagus, giblets, cauliflowers, roast pork, mushrooms, oysters, woodcock, and sucking-pig?

### A Slight Mistake.

ONE of our Turcophiles, writing of the War in the hysterical style at present usual among these excited organs, declares that "now Hell has been let loose in Bulgaria." He mistakes. Hell has been let loose in Bulgaria since the Turkish rule was established there above four hundred years ago, and this is the first effective attempt to chain it up. Naturally, the undertaking has its horrors.





## SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

*Delicate Wife.* "BRING ME ANOTHER PLATE OF BACON AND BEANS, WAITER. AND MIND THERE'S PLENTY OF FAT!"

*Shakspearian, but dyspeptic, Husband (inwardly).*

"OH! CURSE OF MARRIAGE!"

THAT WE CAN CALL THESE DELICATE CREATURES OURS,  
BUT NOT THEIR APPETITES!"

## MEDDLING AND MUDDLING.

(Being the Log of Admiral de Forcey.)

*Monday.*—Arrived in foreign waters, and finding that the Local Municipal Council were using very strong language in debate, immediately bombarded the Town Hall. Mayor and Beadle killed, and eighteen Aldermen wounded. Spent the rest of the day in proclaiming a new Monarchy.

*Tuesday.*—Some one having told me that he had seen somewhere a paragraph, stating that a person looking like an Englishman had been arrested unfairly, considered it my duty to protect British Interests. To carry out this idea thoroughly, bombarded the Royal Palace, the principal Hotels, the Railway Station, and the Theatre. The target practice was excellent. Employed the rest of the day in dethroning the new King, and restoring an ex-Emperor.

*Wednesday.*—Found that the two Houses of Parliament were opposing one another. Landed a couple of companies of Marines, and, assisted by the Commons, carried several important Bills through the Lords at the point of the bayonet. Employed the rest of the day in banishing the Emperor, and converting the country into a Duchy, under a Grand Duke.

*Thursday.*—Finding that the Local fleet were fighting a naval battle amongst themselves, tried a few torpedoes. Result, six iron-clads went to the bottom in less than no time. Was just warming to my work, when it was explained to me (under a flag of truce) that what I had taken for a naval battle, was merely a sham-fight. Apologised; and, to fill up my time, turned my Grand Duchy into a Government on the Septennate principle.

*Friday.*—Displeased at the noise made by the military bands of the Local army. Considered the noise dangerous to British Interests. Accordingly, landed a Naval Brigade of Blue Jackets, and defeated the enemy's forces in one hour and ten minutes. Spent the rest of the day in establishing a Conservative Republic.

*Saturday.*—This being the last day of the week, was most anxious to leave everything ship-shape for Sunday. With this desire, dismissed all the Judges, disbanded the remainder of the Army and

## A CLERICAL SUGGESTION.

SOME clever person, in the Lower House of Convocation, during the discussion on LORD ALWYNE COMPTON'S Motion, as to vestments (reported in the *Church Times*) observed, that, "if a white Chasuble were worn, it really could hardly be distinguished at a distance from a surplice with a degree-hood over it." This is a beautiful notion for compromise, only a large church is absolutely necessary. Then the Ritualistically inclined among the Laity should have the front seats, where they would be satisfied that the Parson was wearing a "vestment." Those in the middle of the Church—representing the *via media*—would be uncertain as to what it was, and as indifferent as uncertain, while the moderate Evangelical party in the back seats, would see only a surplice and a hood. The ultra Evangelicals might be easily seated out of sight altogether, and so long as they were within hearing, they would have to live by faith, and not by sight, in perfect accordance with their own principles. Really the Cleric who made this observation in Convocation, and whose name we regret our inability to recall (as we only quote from memory), seems to have hit the right nail on the head in this vexed question.

## RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

In the Emperor's quarters at Plojesti they are actually using Turks' heads to sweep the ceilings with! They are supposed to be those of the prisoners taken at Nicopolis—who, of course, have been massacred *en masse*.

Navy, and ordered the Clergy into exile. Finding that the newspapers disapproved of my orders, took all the Editors prisoners, and seized the printing-presses. With a view to local self-defence, ordered all the shopkeepers to appear before me, and swore them in as Volunteers. Next visited the Hospital (now used as a temporary town-hall), and gave the country a new constitution. In spite of all my efforts (to please them, the inhabitants appeared dissatisfied. This being the case, hoisted the Union Jack, and (in defence of British Interests) declared the country to be the property of HER MAJESTY. Having done this, posted despatches to the Admiralty, and ordered the fleet under my command to hold itself in readiness to start for a new place on Monday.

## IMMINENT STARVATION.

It appears that a certain very good Institution is in a very bad way. At a meeting held the other day in the Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House, on behalf of the Dramatic College, founded for the final benefit of poor Actors and Actresses, according to a report of proceedings:—

"MISS SEDGWICK adverted to the novelty of her position in being called upon to address such an audience, but she had to plead in the cause of charity, and sought to enlist the sympathy of those she addressed. The Royal Dramatic College, she said, was in danger of collapse, and, indeed, of death, through sheer inanition. If that was so, it would not be creditable if something were not done to avert such a result."

The Dramatic College is situated at Maybury, near Woking, and, consequently, not far from the cemetery in that vicinity. Should the collapse in which MISS SEDGWICK represents it terminate, as she fears, in death, its inmates, dying with it, will be too likely, most of them, to become eligible for citizens of the neighbouring necropolis. It is to be hoped that the Dramatic College will not be suffered to perish of inanition, since its emptiness can be easily filled by the benevolence of the numerous playgoers and patrons of the Drama, whose pockets are in a state of plethora, which would admit of considerable depletion without detriment to their circulation.



## ATTRACTIVE ATHLETICS.



Lawn Hopscotch. 'Duly developed to suit the lawn, Hopscotch might be rendered a very elegant game, so as to afford much the same facilities for graceful display as dancing. Lawn Marbles, perhaps, would hardly be quite compatible with "tie-backs;" neither would Lawn High Cockalorum-jig and Lawn Leapfrog, at least without the adoption of those reforms of costume which may be expected speedily to supervene on recognition of the Rights of Woman.

## SEASON-ABLE STATISTICS.

It seems admitted that the season has been a sadly dull one, and West-End shopkeepers complain that people have spent next to nothing at their shops. "Offally bawed, you know," has been a very frequent observation in the Parks; and "We really can't afford it" has more than once or twice been overheard at garden-parties, when a ball has been proposed. Still, if we may judge from the following statistics, the season has been much as usual.

The number of Whitebait served and swallowed in London and its suburbs during the last three months has been computed at twenty billions twelve thousand and two (excluding fractions).

It will perhaps be hardly credited that since the first of April as much as thirty-seven thousand and eleven pounds have in London been expended upon button-hole bouquets.

A calculation has been made by one well competent to guess, that the distance nightly waltzed within the precincts of Mayfair has amounted to sixteen hundred leagues.

It has been carefully computed by an able statistician that the number of white kid-gloves which have been split in hasty dressing in the course of the year is one million and fifteen.

The cigars which have been smoked at Hurlingham and Lord's would, if placed end to end, reach six times round St. Paul's.

The quantity of hairpins daily dropped in Rotten Row, and in the paths adjacent, has been sufficient, on the average, to fill eleven pecks.

It is calculated that the drags of the Coaching Club alone have travelled, since the first of May, a distance equal to that from Peckham to Pekin.

It is rumoured, in high circles, that the number of positive "offers" to that of p. p. (play or pay) flirtations may be approximately represented by the formula: One to nine hundred and nineteen.

An estimate has been made by a fashionable Confectioner that the ices which Society everywhere has consumed this summer, would, if piled together, overtop the Matterhorn in height, and equal it in bulk.

## UNDENIABLE.

NEVER trust Russian bulletins. How different Turkish! They can be re-lid on.

A NEW CHANNEL OF COMMUNICATION WITH THE SEAT OF WAR.  
—By Special Liar.

## THE PLAN FOR "ART PROGRESS."

THE special questions selected for discussion at the forthcoming Social Science Congress, about to be held in Aberdeen, have been published. Among them, under "Art Department," stands the following one:—

"Is our modern system of Art competition favourable or unfavourable to Art progress?"

Decidedly unfavourable, compared with the system of competition established in other professions than Art. There is no admission into them, but first by means of a stiff preliminary examination, and examinations still stiffer, in all manner of subjects bearing and not bearing on them afterwards. If nobody were admitted to be a student at the Royal Academy, nor allowed to exhibit there till he had been tested as to his proficiency in Classics, Mathematics, History, Poetry, and the Modern Languages; if he were not eligible for an Associate without undergoing a still further ordeal, nor for an Academician unless certified by competent examiners of omniscience in all branches of knowledge besides those relative to Art and some others, the certain consequence would be the very speedy development of MICHAEL ANGELOS, TITIAN, RAFFAELLES, REYNOLDS, and HOGARTHS. There is nothing like compelling men to work in grooves chiselled out for them by other minds, to foster and cultivate original genius. In due time, no doubt, if we only wait a little, our competitive examination system, in the medical profession for instance, will produce HARVEYS, HUNTERS, ABERNETHYS, and BELLS as plenty as blackberries, and no less copiously enrich other Sciences with BACONS, NEWTONS, DAVYS, and FARADAYS. So, likewise, it will give us MARLBOROUGHES, WELLINGTONS, and NELSONS in the Army and Navy. Already we see in literature, and every department of mental work, how much it has done, especially to exalt and expand the reasoning and imaginative faculties whereby the creative is peculiarly distinguished from the common mind, and the intellectual productions of the present in general from those of the past.

## SCHOOL BOARD AND SUNDAY CLOSING.

Most people have hitherto supposed that the School Board system of education was one thing, the Denominational another, and that the former and the latter differed as light and dark. They will hardly know what to make out of the following statement in the letter of a local paper's London Correspondent:—

"The London School Board does not improve. It is developing an amount of narrow-mindedness which one did not look for after the triumph of the Liberal party at last year's election. By twenty votes to ten the Board has refused to allow the play-grounds to be opened on Sundays, declaring that to open them would be a breach of the Fourth Commandment."

Can this possibly be true, and no mistake? Then let all the Saints of the Sunday Rest Association rejoice. For then the London School Board has been undeservedly stigmatised as Secularist. It is, on the contrary, denominational indeed. Its majority, at any rate, have proved themselves so pious that they are now reproached with narrow-mindedness, and open to be maligned as Denominationalists of the straitest and also the stupidest sect of the British religion, who live as Pharisees, or pretend to live so, whilst they compel all those in their power to practise their preaching. Let the ungodly taunt them with belonging to the Denomination of Dolts who confound the First Day of the Week with the Seventh, and besides that, make a perverted Judaism forbid not only all manner of work upon Sunday, but likewise all manner of play, how innocent and healthful soever. The profane may tell them their Denomination is simply that of illiterate and vulgar Sabbatarians. Train up the child early to idle about the streets on Sunday, or to take refuge in the public-house. Therefore shut him out of his play-ground. Call you that Sunday closing? Do you pretend to be fit and proper persons to preside over national education? Such may be the cries and questions of contemptuous scoffers. But the Denominational majority of the London School Board will know as well as any survivor of "Lady Huntingdon's Connection" how to reply to them—"Ay, do despise us, we likes to be despised."

## A Revived Title.

CONSIDERING that the Anti-Protestant system, of which the Holy Cross Society are the exponents, has been growing up for many years under the very noses of the Bishops, would not it be appropriate to style these dignitaries by a literal translation of their ancient Greek title, *ἐπισκοποι*—"Over-Lookers."

BLUE DITTO.—What the Blue-Coat uniform turns Christ's Hospital into:—Guys.





### PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

"AWFUL DEM ROOSHIAN ATROSHITIES—SHTRIPPIN' DE POOR CREETURS NAKED!  
VON TING—OLE CLO'S 'LL BE SHEAP!"

### MALEDICTION MADE WORSE.

(To MR. EDWARD FREEMAN.)

It was not "Perish India," you exclaimed,  
"Rather than for the Turk one Briton fight!"  
But "Perish British Interests, unshamed,  
Rather than we take part against the Right?"  
The second saying gives the worse offence  
To the true Briton's moral sense!  
If India perished, and if that were all,  
The evil were comparatively small.  
"India" might "perish" without more ado,  
Than if you sung out, "Perish Timbuctoo!"  
But "British Interests," Sir, and "Our Dominion  
In India"—these are things that Britons cherish.  
Do rather anything than let them perish!  
The man's un-English holds not that opinion.

You, that of FREEMAN bear the glorious name,  
Do you yourself a freeborn Briton think,  
And yet admit, with soul devoid of shame,  
A cause for which you'd "British Interests" sink?  
As Britons paramount we feel 'em.  
"Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum."

That moral maxim, in this freemen's land,  
Folk with this free construction understand,  
"Let 'British Interests' reign supreme o'er all,  
Although the welkin on the world should fall."  
You should have put up with the misquotation.  
What? "Perish British Pocket—British Purse!"  
Ill-advised FREEMAN, you've but made bad worse  
By your unpatriotic explanation.

### Reports of Progress.

SCENE—A Block in Fleet Street.

*First Cabby.* Now then! What are you stopping for?  
You're a nice obstruction, you are!  
*Second Cabby.* You're a Bigger!  
*First Cabby.* Yah! You're a PARNELL—you are!

EPITAPH FOR MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON (*may it be long  
before he wants it*).—R. I. P.

### A GOOD WORD AND A GOOD WORK FOR JACK ASHORE.

PUNCH does not often own himself surprised. But he had to own himself surprised a little while ago, when he learnt that there was no Soldiers' Reading and Recreation Room at the "Rook." In furtherance of the movement to supply so strange a want, he then said a good word for the Garrison of Gib., and hopes it profited. He has now another surprise to own to, on learning that the Bermudas are without anything in the shape of a Club-house for Sailors and Marines on liberty from our West Indian Fleet, which has its head-quarters in the harbour of Ireland Island, where we have our chief West India Naval Establishment, and where half-a-dozen men-of-war are often lying for weeks together. And, as he has this other surprise to confess to, so also he has this other good word to say on behalf of the movement now on foot to supply this urgent want. For want it is, and no mistake. As things are, "liberty" for Jack or Jolly in that hot and blazing climate becomes, perforce, "licence." The only places open, during their run ashore, to our Bluejackets and Marines are villanous dens for the supply of drugged liquor, the consumption of which is stimulated by the foulest accompaniments.

What it is proposed to start is a clean and decent Club-house, where, for moderate charges, good beds, wholesome food, honest drink, and rational amusement can be had—a place where JACK on liberty can smoke his pipe, drink his beer or grog, and enjoy his game at draughts or skittles, bowls or billiards, read his paper, or take his hand at cards with his messmates, without having his pocket picked by extortionate harpies, and his constitution ruined with hounded drink, or worse abominations;—a place where, after his day's ramble ashore, JACK may top-up a social evening with a quiet night's rest, and come aboard next morning as a British sailor should—cool, clean, cheerful, and collected; and not like a beaten, boozed, battered blackguard, with his eyes in mourning, his stomach sick, and his blood in a blaze.

JACK, all popular as he is, has more flatterers than friends—more who make a profit out of his weaknesses, and a living out of his vices,

than who do their best to strengthen the one and root out the other. But he has no better friends than those who help him to put to good use the rare and much-prized moments of liberty that relieve the monotony and confinement of his life aboard ship. This those are doing who are promoting the establishment of the Bermuda Sailors' and Marines' Club-house. Such things want starting; though, once started, they should—and must—keep themselves going.

Punch is proud to hold out his old naval cap for this good work, and to say that contributions will be received by CAPTAIN LEVESON SOMERSET, R.N. (Captain in Charge, Bermuda), care of MESSRS. CHARD & Co., 3, Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, or the REV. C. H. HARBORD, B.A., R.N., The Parsonage, Ireland Island, Bermuda.

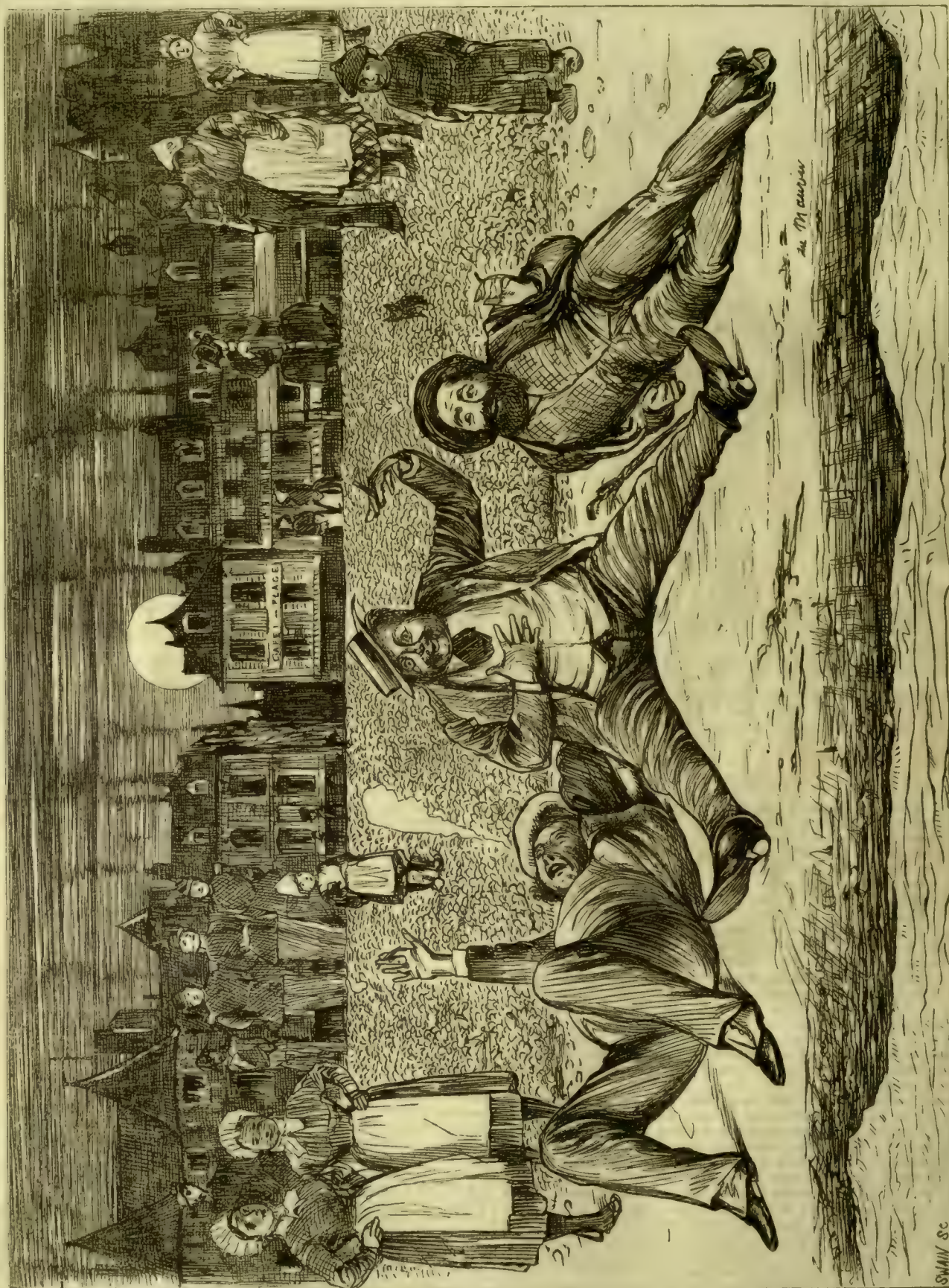
### COLORADOS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

If our potato-growers do not become personally acquainted with the Colorado Beetle it will not be the fault of the Alexandra Palace Company, which advertises for exhibition a sample of the insect (dead, we sincerely trust), or of MR. STOLLWERK, the modeller who has produced an exact likeness in wax of the beetle in all its stages; or last, and not least, the exemplary Manchester Entomologist who has received a consignment of the *Chrysomela decemlineata* from a scientific friend in the States, and has been keeping them in his garden on strawberries and vegetable marrows, under the strictest injunctions, of course, not to let them escape.

As they are winged, we don't quite see how walls are to keep them in. At all events, considering the possible consequences of letting loose a pair of these interesting "bugs," one is glad to learn that the Privy Council has written to SIR JOSEPH HERON, the active Town-Clerk of that Metropolis, to beg him to bring down the Municipal foot—all its force of beetle-crushers in fact—on the happy family which the Lancashire Entomologist has been maintaining with a curiosity highly scientific, no doubt, but hardly compatible, perhaps, with the safety of our potato-fields.

BRITISH INTEREST.—Wherever there's British Capital.





SWAN SC

### THE LAUREATE ILLUSTRATED.

BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON HAVE ARRIVED ON THE FRENCH COAST, TO LOOK OUT FOR SUITABLE LODGINGS FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE FAMILIES. AFTER DINING SUCCESSFULLY, THEY LIT THEIR CIGARS, AND THEN (HAPPY THOUGHT)—  
 "They sat them down upon the yellow sand, | And sweet it was to dream of fatherland.  
 Between the surf and moon upon the shore; | Of child and wife and slave; but evermore  
 Most weary seemed the sea, weary the roar, | Then some one said, 'We will return no more.'  
 Wear the wandering fields of barren foam. | And all at once they sang, 'Our island home  
 The Lotus eaters."



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IF we wanted an appropriate title for our se'nnight's chronicle, we ought to call it "A Week at Donnybrook." It opens with a pleasant novelty in the Dog-days—a Saturday Morning Sitting (July 21). And for such an agreeable and useful morning's work, too! Four hours of obstructive row over the Irish Judicature Bill, resulting in one division of 90 to 4 on a Motion of MR. BIGGAR to postpone a Schedule. And this, after several rounds of the same wearisome wrangling in the small hours of Friday's sitting. The only novelty was that BIGGAR said "What the deuce!" and was called to order for it. If "What the deuce!" makes BIGGAR's behaviour disorderly, what the deuce do you call BIGGAR's behaviour without that energetic form of interrogation?

The House is rapidly getting into a state of white-heat at this idiotic annoyance, and no wonder. If it keeps temper enough, under the provocation of PARNELL, BIGGAR, and O'DONNELL, to pass sentence on these incorrigible offenders with decent judicial dignity, it will have earned canonisation; for, certainly, they have been enough, this week, to rile a Senate of Saints. There is a limit even to Parliamentary patience; and it has evidently been reached at last. If July does not see the end of this intolerable waste of public time, and unjustifiable tax on private temper, the House of Commons will have deserved the ignominy to which it is the object of this precious trio to reduce it. In SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT's words, MESSRS. PARNELL, BIGGAR & Co., will have succeeded in their attempt "to defy the authority of Parliament, to bring the House of Commons into contempt, and to block the great engine by which the British Empire is chiefly maintained." Of course this is what they wish. But ought they to have their wish? It is all very well to treat these persons with contempt. Contempt, irony, sarcasm, ridicule, are as much thrown away on them as hail on the hide of a rhinoceros. They must be prevented from further obstructing public business, as you prevent a knot of roughs from stopping a thoroughfare. The rules of the House were framed for men of sense and Gentlemen, so no wonder a difficulty is found in bringing them to bear on the present offenders. But if the old rules won't fit, new ones will have to be framed. The nuisance must be abated.

**Monday (Lords).**—The House in a hush of expectation. Quite a rush of at least a dozen Peers to their places to hear LORD GRANVILLE—in an awful silence—ask LORD DERBY "whether he could give any explanation respecting the rumoured movement of troops to the Mediterranean," and to hear LORD DERBY's answer—in a silence as awful—"that the Mediterranean garrisons were below their full complement; and in the present uncertain and disturbed condition of Europe, it has been thought desirable that they should be strengthened—to the extent of about 3000 troops. *This is the sole foundation for the statements in the newspapers.*"

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

But there can surely be no mistake about the Mouse after this. How can the D. T. drummer persist in beating his big drum so



ferociously to the tune of "*The British Grenadiers*," after receiving this *douche* from the first floor of the House of Lords? The *Pall Mall Gazette*, more wise, sees there is nothing for it but to pack up the big drum, and take to irony instead.

(*Commons*.)—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER gave the same answer as LORD DEBBY to an echo of LORD GRANVILLE's question by the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON. Again *Punch* asks, after this, how can the Mouse be made out a Mammoth—except in *Bombastes Furioso* fashion? Ministers, be they never so many-minded, don't go out of their way to fling dust in the eyes of both Lords and Commons; and if they say a thing—in two places, too, as the auctioneers' phrase is—they must be taken to mean it, diplomacy to the contrary notwithstanding.

So *Punch*, perforce, concludes that the troops who have this week embarked for Malta are *not* meant to garrison Gallipoli; and sings, cheerfully,

"Conturbabatur Gallipoli—would-be—ítani.  
Præproperabilibus sollicitudinibus."

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER having asked priority for Government business on Tuesdays and Wednesdays, MR. PARNELL was of opinion that "the Government ought first to have stated what Bills they meant to proceed with." Cool, rather, of MR. PARNELL, whose moves have nothing to do with the progress of Bills, but the report thereof. Not satisfied with this piece of assurance, MR. P. went on to complain that "Irish business had been much neglected, and the Scotch Prisons Bill not pushed on; that the House was incapable of legislating for Ireland; and that it should address itself to the great problem before it, how business should be carried on in future Sessions"—in other words, how MR. PARNELL is to be muzzled. There is an assurance about this sort of talk from MR. PARNELL that is perhaps even more exasperating than his obstructiveness.

WHALLEY's complaints are, at least, pathetic. He had thrice, he moaned, brought forward *The Priest in Absolution* (really the Member for Peterborough should keep better company), and had thrice been Counted Out. He wound up with the awful threat that—"if the same thing happened again, he would either throw up his seat (*great cheering*), or hold it in abeyance, rather than act as a sort of screen behind which the Government could carry on the business of the country in an irregular manner." Poor dear Member for Peterborough! He, at least, has the Arcadian virtue of a simplicity which redeems a silliness that at times seems superhuman.

MR. COWEN recalled the House to common sense by pointing out that its work had outgrown its machinery, and that the problem before it was how to enlarge its horse [N.B., not any other animal] power to meet the new demands on the old engine.

Then the Member for Dungarvan, envious of the prowess of PARNELL, rushed into the fray, and complained of the "conduct of Government in keeping Bills rolling about from week to week, and having discussions on them night after night till they returned after dinner"—meaning, apparently, the worse for liquor. This brought up, as it well might, the decorous BECKETT DENISON to order. The SPEAKER could not say the Honourable Member for Dungarvan was out of order, though he was certainly trying very severely the patience of the House. To this O'DONNELL retorted—

"He was merely endeavouring to show that the Government were not entitled to forbearance, particularly as they had given no promise that there would be the slightest amendment in their conduct for the future, or that they would cease to inflict on the House useless and irritating discussions. For his own part, he should deem it to be his duty to continue to subject these measures to as calm, as independent, and as deliberate criticism as if Hon. Members were not in a hurry to repair to the shooting grounds throughout the country. (*Cries of 'Oh! oh!'*)"

This was the straw that broke MR. CHAPLIN's back. He sprang up to protest.

"He had seldom witnessed anything more painful or more degrading than the scene which had just been presented to the House. (*Cheers*.) He did not rise to appeal to the good feeling of the Hon. Gentleman who spoke last, or that of those with whom he was in the habit of acting. The SPEAKER, whose mandates the Members of the House always treated with the greatest respect, had appealed to their forbearance in vain, and an opportunity had been afforded of seeing their stubbornness and their insensibility to every sentiment and every feeling by which Gentlemen in that House were actuated. (*Cheers*.)"

Thereupon PARNELL called upon the SPEAKER for protection, and soon wigs were on the green, sticks in the air, and coats trailing, and the House, before it knew how, was in the thick of one of those Donnybrook Fair skimmages which have made the week remarkable.

The O'DONOGHUE protested, in the name of Ireland, against being held responsible for the conduct of the three rowdy-obstructives.

The rest of the night was spent in Acts of humiliation of the House and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER over the Pigott blunder. Nothing could well be more abject than SIR STAFFORD's apology, more unqualified than the House's recantation, or completer than LORD BEACONSFIELD's triumph. PIGOTT sits firmer in the

saddle of his Controllorship than if no attempt had ever been made to shake him. If the Leader of the Government had schemed to bring the Leader of the Commons on his marrow-bones he could not have done it more effectually.

*Tuesday (Lords).*—Advancing Bills—a lesson to the Commons, who would be in for a verdict of Guilty, if tried by their Peers on indictment of waste (of time).

(*Commons*.)—On Motion for going into Committee on the South African Bill, SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL insisted on having it out in black and white. He complained that the Bill handed over the Darkeys of South Africa to its Whitey-browns. MR. FORSTER took the opportunity of giving in his adhesion to the Annexation of the Transvaal. MR. E. JENKINS was graciously pleased to express his approval of the Bill. The natural satisfaction this must have given the Government was dashed by MR. PARNELL's decided objection to the measure. Ireland wanted Federation, and couldn't get it. The South African Colonies didn't want Confederation, and so its machinery was thrust down their throats. MR. O'DONNELL followed on the same side, and succeeded in the course of a two-hours' oratorical ramble in his favourite feat of exasperating the House to madness, which found vent in repeated attempts at a Count, but in vain—

"He held them with his glittering eye,  
The hapless House sat still."

MR. COWEN by an excellent speech in favour of the Bill restored the House to something like temper, which MR. COURTNEY succeeded in dashing, but could not quite destroy, by his captious attack on every part of the measure. This Gentleman has in a very short time contrived to produce a settled sense of irritation in the House rarely reached with so little practice.

The Bill being at last got into Committee, MR. BIGGAR succeeded in putting a stopper on it, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—blocked as usual—was fain to report progress, when the House went into Committee on the Irish County Court Bill. The Major now took up the obstructive game, and had the pleasure, with MR. BIGGAR's aid, of dividing 147 to 1—thanks to the kind help of MR. PARNELL, who, admitting that the Bill was one of great importance to the people of Ireland, walked into the "Ayes" lobby, "to save his honourable friends from having nobody to tell." In spite of a warning from MR. CALLAN, that this was too much even for him, the same little game was repeated in a few minutes, BIGGAR standing by the Major to tell and PARNELL coming forward in solitary sublimity to be told. Rather than risk a third performance by the Triad, progress was reported, when WHALLEY rose to ease his pent-up soul on *The Priest in Absolution*.

But this was too much for the sorely-tried House. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved the previous question, and the House let itself be Counted Out—in forgetfulness, no doubt, of the consequence of which WHALLEY had given it fair warning the night before. Let us hope he will not carry out his awful threat of resigning. *The House will be good!*

*Wednesday.*—To-night the Irish imposthume which has been swelling so long, came to a head, and burst over the South African Bill. *Punch*, with all his lucidity, renounces the attempt to paint the particulars of a row through which, in an atmosphere darkened with gusts of altercation, oburgation, and recommitment, amidst wild jumpings-up and sudden subsidings, the figures of MESSRS. MONK and E. JENKINS, PARNELL and O'DONNELL, the CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE, and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER loom dimly visible. Everybody seemed for some three-quarters of an hour to be calling everybody to order, while somebody, from time to time, might be heard moving that somebody else's words should be taken down.

At last, MR. PARNELL, having declared the intense satisfaction he felt in thwarting the intentions of Government, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved that the words be taken down, and, this done, put the question that progress be reported, in order to report the words to the House; and the SPEAKER was called in to pour his official oil on the troubled sea of the Commons.

After being twice bearded by BIGGAR, he succeeded at last in getting PARNELL out of the House, while it sat upon his misdeeds; and then the House, in its natural wrath, backing its Leader in his excusable exasperation, was only held back from the false step of confounding MR. PARNELL's avowal of his satisfaction in thwarting the Government with an announcement of a determination to obstruct public business, by the calm wisdom of WHITBREAD, which soon found echoes in the good-humoured sense of KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, and even the chivalrous impetuosity of the SECRETARY OF WAR; and further proceeding *in re* PARNELL was postponed till Friday.

This allowed the Honourable Member for Meath to resume his place, and his practices. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to *intermezzi*, in which defence of PARNELL by O'DONNELL alternated with interludes of BIGGAR in defence of both, to the waste of another day, though all we have between this and St. Grouse's are all too few for the business waiting to be dispatched.



*Thursday (Lords).*—LORD NELSON advanced to the table behind a monster petition for the repeal of the Public Worship Regulation Act—in which the weight of the paper was real, whatever may be that of the signatures, among which Sunday School children's figure largely.

*(Commons.)*—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER informed the MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON of his proposed self-defending ordinances, and the House then proceeded to deal with Mr. BUTT'S Bill for endowing with nearly half a million an Irish Roman Catholic University, under Episcopal control. This would amount, as MR. LOWE and SIR W. H. BEACH both pointed out, to a deliberate reversal of all that the House has done to make education undenominational, so no wonder the Bill was thrown out by 200 to 50.

*Friday (Lords).*—St. Francis (or was it St. Anthony?) preached to the fishes. The DUKE OF SOMERSET would not mind their being preached to, but objects to their being blown up, as they are now, off Devonshire and Cornwall, by dynamite.

LORD REDESDALE presented a petition from All-hallows, Southwark, against a Romanising district parson, whose notion that Ritual hallows all does not suit All-hallows.

When a dying woman is refused the Sacrament because she objects to confess her sins to the parson, no wonder there is a feeling that the Protestant Pale is being kicked over.

*(Commons.)*—*Nolumus leges Parliamenti mutari* is a standing sentiment of the House, exemplified to-night. Even the intolerable nuisance of Irish Obstruction has barely enabled the Government, after a whole night's haggling, to carry, for the fag-end of the Session, SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S two Resolutions, that a Member twice out of Order shall be muzzled for the rest of the debate, and that no Member shall move more than once to report progress or vacate the chair. Wrong-headedness laughs at Resolutions as Love laughs at Locksmiths. The House had better have stuck to the first idea, and suspended the Obstructive Three for the rest of the Session, if they wouldn't be good on easier terms.

#### "EXCELLENT WELL—THOU ART A FISHMONGER!"

So we may all say, now LORD HARTINGTON has taken his place as liveryman of that ancient Guild, whose brethren have been stamped as "honourable men" by the pen of SHAKESPEARE and the tongue of *Hamlet*. To his Lordship's honour, let us set down the excellent good sense his Lordship uttered in the speech acknowledging his new rank:—

"We have, as Head of Her Majesty's Opposition, thought that if matters had been otherwise conducted by Her Majesty's Government this disastrous war might have been averted, and the complications and difficulties which will probably ensue before its close might have been avoided. (*Cheers.*) But since the outbreak of hostilities, the efforts of my noble friend and of myself have been directed to impress upon Her Majesty's Government the expediency of maintaining a strict neutrality, and to strengthen their hands in maintaining that neutrality, and not only a strict but also a calm neutrality, believing that by such a course the best interests of the country would be served, and the wishes of the vast majority of the people be consulted. (*Cheers.*) We have never denied that great English interests are involved, nor that the time may come when it would be necessary to defend those interests, but we believe that the position of this country as well as that of all other neutrals, while we maintain neutrality, is one of unassailable security and authority, and we believe that that position would only be weakened by a premature interference in this quarrel until we know in what way our interests are to be affected, and in what way they can best be defended. (*Cheers.*) We claim in this respect to have given a more valuable support to Her Majesty's Government than they have received from some of those who sit beside and behind them, and by those who profess to be their supporters in the Press, who, as will always be the case in times like these, have been urging the Government and the country to adopt some feverish and impulsive action instead of preserving what we believe to be the best for us—a strict neutrality."

And these wise words were being spoken while the House of Commons was in the thick of the Donnybrook Fair fight, got up by and over the Members for Meath, Cavan, and Dungarvan! How LORD HARTINGTON must have blushed under his new livery, at thought of the contrast between Fishmongers' Hall, and the Hall of the Collective Wisdom!

#### DEFIANT.

"TAKE down my words!"—and you will see  
That's not the way to take down me!

QUIS CUSTODIET CUSTODES?—"Stands Scotland (Yard) where it did?"—in public opinion?

AN OBSTRUCTIVE CHERRY.—The Biggaroon.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE GORILLA.

(At the Aquarium.)

MASTER PONGO,  
From the Congo,  
Or, more strictly, the Gaboon-stream—  
Sole Gorilla  
That doth fill a  
Place beneath pale Europe's moon-stream—



Squat of figure,  
Like a Nigger,  
In the eyes and face and  
colour;  
Grave and gentle,  
Dull in mental  
Aptitudes, and getting  
duller.

Young Chimpanzee  
One might fancy  
Turning out a man and  
brother;  
Full of frolic,  
Melancholic  
If, one moment, gay an-  
other.

High-rope swinging,  
Cross-bar clinging,  
Hand-o'er-hand, Jack-tar-  
like, climbing.

Hugging, snatching,  
Kissing, scratching,  
Much like Man, his baby-time in.

Not so Pongo:  
You may long go  
Ere you'll meet a sadder creature,  
Duller, drearier,  
Travel-wearier,  
Babe as 'tis,—in air and feature.

Springs this glumness  
From his dumbness,  
That he can't return our greeting,  
Tell each brother,  
"You're another!"  
Or drink "Our next merry meet-  
ing"?

Or is 't sadness  
At Man's badness,  
In two capitals detected,

That can fill a  
Babe Gorilla  
With a gloom so deep-dejected?

Though at dinner,  
For a sinner,  
He enjoys his beef and beca,  
Sad and testy,  
Off his breast he  
Beats, as who'd say, "*Culpa  
mea!*"

Or is 't owing  
To his knowing  
Science threatens rank quadrà-  
man?  
That to-morrow—  
Shame and sorrow!—  
DARWIN may proclaim him hu-  
man!

#### PARNELL'S CROSS-REFERENCES.

*Ambition.* (See Notoriety.)  
*Bravery.* (See Stubbornness.)  
*Candour.* (See Impudence.)  
*Delay.* (See Generalship.)  
*Eloquence.* (See Twaddle.)  
*Folly.* (See Positive.)  
*Generalship.* (See Delay.)  
*Head.* (See Vacant.)  
*Impudence.* (See Candour.)  
*Jealousy.* (See Motive.)  
*Knowledge.* (See Want.)  
*Loyalty.* (See Quarrelling.)  
*Motive.* (See Jealousy.)  
*Notoriety.* (See Ambition.)

*Positive.* (See Folly.)  
*Quarrelling.* (See Loyalty.)  
*Repartee.* (See "You're ano-  
ther!")  
*Stubbornness.* (See Bravery.)  
*Twaddle.* (See Eloquence.)  
*Unpopularity.* (See 'Xcessive.)  
*Vacant.* (See Head.)  
*Want.* (See Knowledge.)  
*'Xcessive.* (See Unpopularity.)  
"You're another!" (See Re-  
partee.)  
*Zany.* (See *passim.*)

#### The Right Man in the Right Place.

SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW, responding for the Governors at the Anniversary Dinner of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, took occasion, among other improvements of the Hospital, to refer to the increase of the lavatories, baths, and wash-houses. How pleasant that it should fall to Water Low to note Higher Water in such an essential element of Hospital appliances!

SUGGESTED BY A LICENSED VICTUALLER.—New name for Ritualists  
—Unlicensed Ritualisers.





## AN INVESTMENT.

Mamma. "WELL, TOMMY, WHAT DID UNCLE DIVES GIVE YOU WHEN YOU WENT TO SEE HIM YESTERDAY?"

Tommy. "HE GAVE ME A BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT NEW THREEPENNY-PIECE!"

Papa. "AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?"

Tommy. "I'M GOING TO BUY A PURSE TO PUT IT IN."

## UN-ENGLISH?

Penny Patriot. You'll have to cut them, JOHN.

John Bull. Cut whom?

Penny Patriot. These men,  
Who play the traitor's part with tongue and pen;  
The "Perish India" Pamphleteers who prate  
Of caution when the foe is at the gate;  
These poor, un-English —

John Bull. Ah! hold there, I pray.  
On that same point I wish to have my say.  
I like smart hits, but not below the belt.  
Un-English! That's a phrase with which they pelt  
Men I have long been proud of. 'Tis a term  
To make the blandest Briton writhe and squirm,  
Sum of all shame, compendium of scorn,  
A brand too sore and scathing to be borne  
By any man of British blood.

Penny Patriot. 'Tis so!

In spite of party Cant, did I not know  
JOHN BULL was always true grit to the core?

John Bull. But pray what means this term we both abhor?

Penny Patriot. Shrinking from Patriotism's high behests,  
And slighting our Imperial Interests.

John Bull. But who has earned it?

Penny Patriot. GLADSTONE and his gang;  
Pro-Russian pests whom patriots fain would hang.

John Bull. Humph! Hardish words! Before I join the cry  
I'd fain make sure how fitly they apply.

Un-English! Is it "English" then to test

All Right by rule of England's interest?

Penny Patriot. Her Interests are the World's!

John Bull. Why so I trust;

But only while she seeks the right and just:

And if 'tis English to erect our need  
Into a general law, you'll scarce succeed

In Anglicising generous souls at home,  
Much less abroad.

Penny Patriot. I fear, JOHN, you've become  
Tainted with sentimentalism.

John Bull. Stuff!

To that stale charge I've listened *quantum suff.*

That polysyllable's the ready stone  
Selfishness shies at sympathy. Big-blown  
And blatant patriots pick such words to pelt  
More loyal men whose larger hearts have felt  
That high unselfish love of their own land  
Which Chauvinism cannot understand.  
Un-English, eh? Is't English, then, to care  
Less for our honour than our safety? Dare  
Only so far to follow freedom's flag,—  
With help of arm, fair wish, or money-bag,—  
As to the point, close-measured to an inch,  
Where our own interests feel the smallest pinch?  
Is't English to assume the double part,  
That joins *Bombastes'* bounce with *Mawworm's* art,  
And brand the statesman of a purer strain  
A craven cosmopolitan? 'Tis gain  
To be un-English then, and he's my man  
Who dares play patriot on a nobler plan;  
Who dares be just, fair, mindful of the right,  
And only in clear quarrel prone to fight;  
Loving of all earth's lands his own the best,  
Yet honestly regardful of the rest;  
Who lets not beam of wilful bias blind  
His judgment frank and fair of all mankind;  
Nor seeks, with petty pelting pride upblown,  
To mete all human interests by his own.  
If that's un-English, then I hope, good friend,  
JOHN BULL will be un-English to the end.

[Exit Penny Patriot in extreme disgust.]

FELLOW FEELING.—MR. PARNELL "pitying the poor Boers." too





## BENJAMIN BOMBASTES.

"WHO DARES THIS PAIR OF BOOTS DISPLACE,  
MUST MEET BOMBASTES FACE TO FACE!—  
THUS DO I CHALLENGE ALL THE HUMAN RACE!"







## A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.



*OING a Fishing.  
Being some Notes  
of a short stay in  
the old-fashioned  
Country-house be-  
longing to my  
friend BOODELS OF  
BOODELS.*

"HAVEN'T seen you for an age! Name your day, and come down. Place looking lovely."

This was from BOODELS OF BOODELS. He is quite right. I have not seen him for an age; or, at all events, for a considerable time. It is, in fact, some years since I was invited to his place, to assist in dragging the pond. That ceremony was deferred *sine die*, and

we did not drag that pond, brave boys, and "we did not catch that Whale"—or, rather, that Eel. There has always been a big Eel—a tremendously big Eel—in BOODELS' pond. It's a traditional Eel: it is to BOODELS' pond what the Sea Serpent is to the ocean. The Eel in BOODELS' pond has been seen more than once: in fact, it must have been seen to have been appreciated; but it is difficult to arrive at the fortunate person who has seen him. The Head Gardener hasn't, but "he knows he's there." But why should a Head Gardener see an eel more than anybody else? He has nothing to do, professionally, with the fish-pond. BOODELS' Head Gardener wears moustachios, and has a military air. He evidently delights in planting all his vegetables and fruit in lines. He passes along the lines, reviewing, as it were, his troops. When the right moment arrives, he will say, "Up, Strawberries, and at 'em!" The Under Gardener, who is, somehow, officially connected with the ducks, is reported to have seen the Eel. This individual, however, is of a taciturn disposition, and if he has seen the Eel, he won't tell. When asked about the Eel, he smiles, wags his head (a sign of pleasure with him when addressed, and is, probably, a habit acquired from having a good deal to do with the animals on the establishment), and mutters something about there being a big "Eel" somewhere, (he is unintelligible beyond this), and walks on. My private impression, after awhile, founded upon observation, is that if this Under Gardener has seen the Eel, he has eaten him. Hence his silence, and hence the smile. Hence, also, the mysterious legends still current at BOODELS', and in the neighbourhood, about the Marvellous Eel. The Butler, in idle moments (of which, I fancy, he has several at command), has set lines for this Eel.

[Happy Thought.—The Butler and the Eel, a fine subject for a poem.]

No result. The Eel, if there, stayed where he was, and the Butler retired.

Everybody having nothing better to do at BOODELS', wanders down to the pond, hears from some one (generally from BOODELS himself, who finds this subject likely to interest his visitors—visitors being always interested where there is a probability of their getting something by it, and that something, eatable), about the Eel, and immediately says, meditatively, as if it were quite a new and original idea, "I should like to catch that Eel."

"Why," the visitor diffidently adds, turning to his host, "why don't you set lines?"

BOODELS smiles at this. It is what every visitor has said to him from the first day he took the house with the fish-pond. He only replies, in a guarded manner, that, from what he has heard (as the Police say, "from information received,") he believes that any one fond of the sport can have capital fishing in the pond.

[Happy Thought.—To say to BOODELS: "There may be 'capital fishing,' but is there 'capital catching'?"

"That depends on the fisherman," replies BOODELS, drily. I don't think so. It seems to me to depend upon the fish.]

There was a Poet stopping at BOODELS' who made this suggestion about setting lines. I seconded the motion, for several reasons. First—Because it was something to do. Secondly—Because I had often heard of "lines," and wanted to find out what they were. Thirdly—Because I wished to find out if the Poet, who tried to appear so sporting, knew any more about it than I did. Judging from

his blank look, when BOODELS, pointing to something on the ground that appeared to me like a very large and very dirty-white tee-totum wound round with thick cord, said, "Here's the Trimmer and the lines," I am convinced that the Poet had not the smallest idea what he had been talking about.

The Poet said "Oh!" and looked at the Trimmer, then at me.

I had only found out a few minutes before that he was a Poet. I should have thought from his general appearance that he was clerk in something—not "in orders"—but something official. The only outward sign of genius about him is his nose. He has a low forehead (I don't believe in foreheads), and a very large nose. What he loses in forehead he makes up in nose. Most Poets are strong in the nose. BOODELS, who is always enthusiastic about his friends, specially if only recently made, tells me that HAMLIN MUMLEY is a very clever man, simply "the cleverest man," he (BOODELS) "had ever met." This sounds as if BOODELS' circle of acquaintances were limited. A consoling thought is "present company always excepted." "He has," adds BOODELS, vaguely, "something coming out very soon; and he's had some wonderful reviews in the papers."

"What papers?" I ask, as I don't remember to have seen the name of HAMLIN MUMLEY anywhere.

"Oh," replies BOODELS, evidently not expecting to be cross-examined on the subject, "I don't know. You can read 'em for yourself." And so the subject drops.

I eye MUMLEY distrustfully. At present "the cleverest man that BOODELS ever knew" is throwing bits of stick into the pond, and frightening the ducks. Our attention is now centred on the Trimmer. It looks to me such an awkward antiquated piece of machinery that I cannot understand any eel, associated as he is with slipperiness, wriggling, and low cunning generally, could be caught by such a very apparent trap as this Trimmer. It occurs to me that, as a boy, I used to learn "easy lessons" out of a Trimmer. These were, if I remember rightly, *Trimmer's Guide to the Alphabet*.—(By the way, I wonder at what distance from the Alphabet one would require a Guide?)—and so, perhaps, a Trimmer, piscatorially, is a sort of *Little Angler's First Step to Fishing*. The second title might be *Line upon Line*.

There is another friend (new to me) of BOODELS staying here—a fresh-coloured, round-faced, light-moustached, small stout man, always ready to smile. His expression seems to be saying beseechingly, "Do, please, make me smile! I'm only waiting to be asked to smile!" I set him down at once as a Gentleman Farmer. I propose talking to him about crops. I will lay myself out to get some information about corn, hay, pigs, poultry, and turnips. I begin by a few remarks on the weather being bad for the country. He smiles, and fancies that it is worse in some parts than others.

"It's bad for crops," I suggest, throwing much sympathy with his supposed losses into my tone.

"Is it?" he replies; then adds, inquiringly, "Do you know this part of the country well?"

"No," I say; but I had thought he did. No, he doesn't: in fact, it's his first visit. The conversation flags. Getting BOODELS alone, I ask him,

"Who's that?"

"Oh!" replies BOODELS, "I thought you knew. That's POGMORE the Composer."

"What does he compose?" I ask.

"Why music, of course," retorts BOODELS, rather testily. He never likes to be pressed too closely as to his friends' accomplishments. He accepts a clever friend as a genius, *en gros*, and disdains details as a disloyalty.

"He's one of the cleverest men I ever met," says BOODELS, still speaking of the Composer. "He's got something coming out." He says this as if POGMORE was going to exemplify, personally, a Darwinian theory. He explains, however, "an Oratorio, I think—SIRUS REEVES, SABLEY; in fact," adds BOODELS, rather vaguely, and being a little tired of the subject, "everybody's going to sing in it."

It occurs to me that the Oratorio must be a work of gigantic proportions. We all walk down the garden to the fish-pond. As a matter of fact, the walks in BOODELS' garden are limited. You either go to the fish-pond, or you don't. The walks are:—Towards the fish-pond, which means loitering in a beautiful flower-garden; to the fish-pond, round the fish-pond, which includes chance interviews with curious-looking creatures and big rats; half-round the fish-pond, and back the same way, nervously; and when you don't go to the fish-pond, you go to the kitchen-garden.

As a rule, every one on arriving for the first time at BOODELS', looks out of the drawing-room window, and immediately exclaims,

"Oh! let's walk as far as the fish-pond!"

There has never been an exception to the rule, except in the instance of a grumbling old Gentleman, who on his arrival in the middle of summer, begged that all the windows and doors might be shut; growled out that the place lay very low; that the beauty of the flowers, specially the roses, was only a clear sign of the dampness of the atmosphere; and, on being asked if he would like to walk as far as the fish-pond, replied, surlily,





### "NOT PROVEN."

*Presbyterian Minister.* "DON'T YOU KNOW IT'S WICKED TO CATCH FISH ON THE SAWBATH!!!"  
*Small Boy (not having had a rise all the Morning).* "WHA'S CATCHIN' FISH?!"

"No; he didn't want to catch his death of cold, for the sake of looking at a duck-puddle!"

BOODELS never forgave this old man. "In fact," said BOODELS, justly irritated, "if it hadn't been for his age, I'd have ordered a fly, and had him taken back to London at once."

As we walk to the fish-pond, BOODELS and MUMLEY first, then POGMORE and myself, I start POGMORE on the subject of music, instead of crops. He informs me that he is composing an Oratorio on the subject of *The Ark*. "A grand subject?" he suggests, inquiringly, as if he had some lurking doubt about it himself.

"Very," I reply. "Only——"

"Only what?" he asks.

"Only," I say, "aren't the animals a difficulty?"

"Ah!" he exclaims, with the air of being evidently relieved by this being my only objection, "but I see my way to that. All I want is a good libretto. That's what I'm sticking for now—a good libretto. I wish you'd try your hand."

I feel highly complimented, but, with innate modesty, I suggest that he should ask HAMLIN MUMLEY. "He," I point out, "is a Poet." I don't infer from this that I'm *not*. "And," I add, "he would write you a magnificent libretto." Implying that *mine* would be a more magnificent one, POGMORE has asked him. MUMLEY has replied, that *good* poetry is quite thrown away on music: that the librettist gets no fame—only abuse; and that no one ever yet heard the words of any song, or ever cared to ask who wrote them.

"I rather agree with him," says POGMORE.

So do I. But then why ask *me* to write the libretto?

"See what you can do for me, will you?" says POGMORE, carelessly. "You *might* strike out something."

He says this much as he would have suggested that I *might* catch the Eel, if I only lived long enough, and fished regularly. I promise, however,—to think of it.

TOM MILBURD,—younger brother of our old friend the Jester,—has run down to BOODELS for a few days. BOODELS says he likes to have him there because he's "invaluable in a country-house—he makes everything so lively"—which is not much of a compliment to *us*; as if *we* made everything so dull, and *he* had to be invited to counteract our depressing influence.

TOM MILBURD, coming down the walk from the house, hears POGMORE say, *à propos* of the Oratorio, that there's so much "character in it." MILBURD JUNR. is a very loud man, and his laugh is overpoweringly noisy. He has got a trick of bursting into his loudest laugh, generally about nothing, or about something that only *he* himself sees the fun of, close by your ear. He keeps his laughs, as it were, in shells, and suddenly explodes them. He comes down between us, and exclaims, in a stentorian voice, "Oh, I know what he's talking about. His old Oratorio." Here he roars: no one can get a word in, and he continues, still roaring, "Capital subject—ha! ha! ha! NOAH and all his little men—ha! ha! ha!—with long coats, and sticks, and flat hats. Which are the wives, and which are the sons? Eh? Whichever you like, my little dear; you pays your money and you—ha! ha! ha!" And here he is off again, as if this venerable quotation were one of the raciest things he had heard for years. We look serious. POGMORE is annoyed. But MILBURD doesn't care. He takes POGMORE by one arm and me by the other, shaking us both as if to get a laugh out of us by sheer force—he is very muscular—and begins again, just as loudly as ever.

"Then the music!—ha! ha! ha! The March Past of the Animals into the Ark! and the songs!—ha! ha! ha! I say, though, how do you get over their being all duetts?" Here MILBURD goes into convulsions of laughter, but he won't leave go of our arms, which he shakes and squeezes during his laughter. And this is the man whom BOODELS says "is invaluable in a country-house, and keeps everything lively"! Why, he'll drive me wild with his voice alone. As to POGMORE, he'll be mad before he reaches the fish-pond. MILBURD shouts out, still bursting with laughter, "They must be duetts, because they went in in couples. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"Nonsense!" says POGMORE, irately. "The music will be descriptive."

"Of course," exclaims MILBURD. "I see it. Bassoon for the Elephant,"—here he makes noises which he thinks represent the instruments in question, and, thank heaven, releases our arms, in order to pretend to be playing first double bass, and then the ophicleide,— "ophicleide for Lion; the Black-beetles will be a difficulty. The Donkey's easy enough."





### MOCK-MODESTY.

*Freddy Longshanks (who is really very proud of his lofty stature).* "I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR FELLOW, I FIND MY HEIGHT AN AWFUL NUISANCE. I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO BE NO BIGGER THAN YOU!"

*Jack Short.* "THEN WHY THE DICKENS DO YOU WEAR SUCH ENORMOUS HEELS!"

"Yes, you can play that," cuts in POGMORE, quickly. I feel this retort was weak on POGMORE's part. "No objection to learn, if you'll teach me," returns MILBURD. Then he suddenly seizes my arm again, and squeezes it roughly, as if to point his repartee, which he repeats three times, and roars and shakes with laughter.

At this point I should like to come to POGMORE's aid, and put MILBURD down, only I haven't got the right thing to say. MILBURD never knows where to stop, except at BOODELS', where he certainly knows how to stop.

This is the first half hour after my arrival (we are expecting dinner), and we are all down by the fish-pond. The fish-pond has a quieting effect, momentarily, on MILBURD. He is silent. Then the influence of the place overcomes HAMLIN MUMLEY, the Poet; and, turning to BOODELS, he says, solemnly,

"There must be a great many fish here. Why don't you set some lines?"

*Happy Thought.*—(Suggested politely to both the clever men.) If MR. MUMLEY will compose the lines, POGMORE will set them. Both eminent men much pleased. So is BOODELS. He considered this compliment, he tells me afterwards, very neat, and "so epigrammatic." MILBURD (who is evidently jealous, and who never turned a smile when he heard it, though I feel sure he'll go and use it afterwards as his own) says, "Oh, very epigrammatic! What's 'epigrammatic' mean? ha! ha! ha! eh?"

This offends BOODELS, as it implies that he (BOODELS) has used a long word without knowing its meaning. We walk silently towards the house. BOODELS begins to doubt whether MILBURD is as funny as he had once thought he was, and whether he hasn't become rather COME.

"How about the Trimmer?" calls out POGMORE from the pond, and he is seconded by the Poet.

BOODELS turns. Personally he doesn't care about fishing, considering it dirty work, and, from long experience, he does not (I am

### SINEWS OF WAR WANTED.

THE Commons Preservation Society is in want of funds. The announcement of this want in the *Times* should of itself suffice to get it abundantly supplied at once. The President of our Association for the Preservation of Open Spaces from the grasping landowner, noxious manufacturer, and odious speculative builder, is MR. COWPER TEMPLE. Its Committee includes PROFESSOR FAWCETT, EARL GRANVILLE, MR. SHAW-LEFEBVRE, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, MISS OCTAVIA HILL, and MR. BRERESFORD HOPE; and these names avouch an appeal from College Street, Westminster, for further subscriptions.

Why further? To defray the expenses of further exertions such as those in the past—to which the public owes the salvation of Hampstead Heath, Wimbledon Common, Barnes Common—where the Bumbles have abandoned their scheme of Sewage Works—Hayes Common, Blackheath and Tooting Commons, besides help towards the rescue of Epping Forest, and—with beneficence extending beyond London—of the Forest of Dean from partition and enclosure in 1875; and material assistance in preventing the destruction of picturesque timber in the noble and beautiful New Forest. Much as has been done, however, more still remains to do. Several objectionable applications from aggressive landorabs have been made to Parliament this Session. Philistines still persist in dogged endeavours to revive the sordid policy of enclosure under the Commons Act of 1876; and there are no less than thirty-three of their hateful projects now before the Enclosure Commissioners. Subscriptions and donations are asked to enable our Committee of Vigilance for the Preservation of Commons, not, indeed, to Lynch the atrocious projectors of encroachment, but to inquire into their schemes, and, if needful, oppose them. Commons' Preservation is no common charity, needing the hat to go round, but a great public good, for which contributions should pour in. Draw your purses, Ladies and Gentlemen, and defend your Commons.

### A Coincidence.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

HAS a recent advertisement of "Bacon and Essex" anything to do with the Dunmow Fitch just awarded?

Yours truly,  
TURTLE-DOVE.

convinced) believe in his own pond, or in the Eel. But these doubts he keeps to himself.

"If you like to go and dig for worms," he replies—(this to POGMORE and the Poet!—fancy the two cleverest men BOODELS had ever met being sent to dig for worms!—so thoughtless of BOODELS. If you do have a Poet and Composer staying with you, they ought to be treated properly, and not sent to dig for worms. I am quite hurt by it: and I'm sure they must feel it, though they say nothing)—"you can get some very fine ones near the Pig-stye, and then you can set the lines yourselves. But," he adds, looking at his watch, "you won't have much time now, as the gong for dinner will sound in five minutes. See about it to-morrow."

So nothing is settled about the catching the Eel in the pond. But we've got at least a week before us at BOODELS'.

### Satirical Suggestion.

THE *Morning Post* has lately been savagely severe upon those barbarous and brutal Muscovites. In striking contrast to its own mere abuse, however, it published the other day, in a telegram from Berlin, the following example of suggestive satire:—

"Intelligence from Bulgaria has been received to the effect that fever and rinderpest are most virulent amongst the Russian troops there."

How much better than bluntly calling the Russian soldiers brutes it is delicately to announce that they are troubled with the rinderpest!

### Hog and Dog.

WHEN Tartar meets Turk,  
With their mutual ferocities,  
Then—horrible work!—  
Comes the tug of atrocities.



## HOLDING THE BALANCE.



*Philo-Turk (triumphantly).* Aha! judicious and judicial *Mr. Punch*, what do you now think of the great Atrocity question? Time for the St. James's Hall sentimentalists to shut up shop, eh?

*Mr. Punch.* And why, my jubilant friend?

*Philo-Turk.* Why? Hasn't Cossack cruelty quite put Bashi-Bazouk barbarity into the shade? Hasn't the Muscovite lamb proved himself a more sanguinary butcher than the Ottoman wolf? But, of course, you won't admit it. Party philanthropy is conveniently blind of one eye.

*Mr. Punch (calmly).* As was shown when the accounts of the Bulgarian horrors were pooh-poohed as "Coffee-house babble"—

*Philo-Turk (eagerly).* Oh, that was before they were proved to be well-founded.

*Mr. Punch.* Is the same desire to wait for proof shown in the same quarters now? Party spirit is always one-eyed, but it is the special business of *Mr. Punch* to keep both his eyes open.

*Philo-Turk.* Then be so good as to cast them over these recent accounts of Russian atrocities, and tell me what you think of them.

*Mr. Punch.* I have already done so. At the risk of raising your wrath, I must sum up my judgment, for the present, thus:—"Cases not parallel, and facts not proven." Nay, do not explode, and do not misunderstand me. If the Russians have rivalled the Turks in ruffianism, *Mr. Punch* will be the last to palliate or condone their unpardonable offence against humanity, honesty, and—policy.

My bâton falls with equal thwacks,  
Whate'er their robes, on rascals' backs.

It has had occasion to fall heavily on Muscovite shoulders before now, and may again. But discrimination is not partiality. The incidental and unpremeditated horrors of a furious War do not afford a parallel to the deliberate brutalities of an inhuman rule. When it is shown that the Russian "atrocities" are parallel to the horrors of Bulgaria, not only in being bloody and bestial, but in being deliberate and unpunished—nay, rewarded, then *Mr. Punch* will have a word to say on the subject which even *PHILO-TURK* will not find feeble or apologetic. But until that is made clear to a candid judgment, *Mr. Punch* declines to greet every big-capitalised account of "Russian Atrocities" with a howl which smacks more of partisan triumph than humane horror.

*Philo-Turk.* Pot and kettle, *Mr. Punch*—pot and kettle!

*Mr. Punch.* Well, at any rate, "it was kettle began it." And the Turkish kettle's denunciation of the Russian pot might come with better grace had it been preceded by recognition of his own yet deeper blackness.

*Philo-Turk.* But at least you'll own the Russian has not a very clean record?

*Mr. Punch.* He has not. And he is now suffering in public judgment for the blots on the pages of his past. It is the less necessary to make a case against him, as some seem so anxious to do. For that plenty of materials are sure to be forthcoming when a semi-civilised power meets its hereditary enemy face to face, in defence, whether disinterestedly or not, of a subject race embittered and brutalised by centuries of oppression and outrage.

*Philo-Turk.* But would the Russian make a better master of the Bulgarian than the Turk has made?

*Mr. Punch.* In the long run probably he would—though, remembering Poland, and regarding popular opinion, it requires the courage of *Mr. Punch* to say so. The Russians are a growing and an improving people, sympathetic in race and religion with those they are fighting for. The Turk is effete, unimprovable, and an alien in religion and in race. But it is not a question of change of masters. It is because the action of Russia opens up to far-seeing men a prospect of emancipation beyond her own purposes or desires, that lovers of freedom lean to her side in this particular issue. But if the self-appointed champion turn tyrant and butcher, be sure the butcher shall be denounced and the tyrant withstood.

*Philo-Turk.* Ah, yes—when it is too late!

*Mr. Punch.* The plausible reproach that raw haste is always hurling at the deliberation it mistakes for delay. To move in wild fear of danger before the summons of duty sounds is as unmanly, and may be as disastrous, as to lag when it sounds indeed.

*Philo-Turk.* You think, then, it has not sounded yet?

*Mr. Punch.* It sounded one charge some time since; but at the desire of those who are now so clamorous, was unhappily disregarded. At present it is silent. Trust *Mr. Punch* to catch the first notes of the alarm, and to echo it with all his vigour of lung and trumpet.

## DEFIANCE, NOT DEFENCE.

A FEW days since the Government despatched three thousand men to the East (with the possibility of "more to follow") to defend British interests "in the Mediterranean region." In the face of this spirited conduct, *Mr. Punch* is unable to give an emphatic denial to the following warlike rumours which have reached his office from very reliable sources:—

To put the Camp at Aldershot in a thorough state of defence, some fresh gravel will be laid down in front of the Commander-in-Chief's office, and all the clocks will be properly cleaned.

With a view to securing the Isle of Thanet from invasion, a Policeman will be added to the garrison of Herne Bay.

To increase the martial spirit of the Militia, new colours will be presented to the Royal East Diddlesex (Poplar Sharpshooters) at their annual training next year.

With a view to meeting possible contingencies, MAJOR O'GORMAN will be at once promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy.

Twenty additional boys will be added to the Shoeblack Brigade, and stationed in front of the Royal Exchange.

Orders have been given that all the bathing-machine horses at Margate, Ramsgate, and Brighton shall be trained to stand fire.

To avert the possibility of a battle of Dorking, the Controller of the Stationery Office will be invited to return to his late duties in Pall Mall.

Two new gunboats of ten-horse power and carrying two four-pounders will be immediately laid down at Portsmouth, to be christened, on completion (early next year), *Bubble* and *Squeak*.

To protect Spring Gardens from surprise, the saluting guns in St. James's Park will be kept loaded with blank cartridge.

To prevent Spring Gardens being taken by surprise, the saluting guns in St. James's Park will be kept loaded with blank cartridge.

Effectually to provide against hostile occupation of the Metropolis, the members of the A Division of Police will be warned not to permit any foreign troops to loiter in front of the Houses of Parliament.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



gives one a comparative measure of sturdy Scot as against wrong-headed Hibernian. MR. CROSS flung oil on the waters, and promised the sore Scots Wednesday. Alas! "Minister proposes, and M.P. (Irish) disposes." When that Wednesday came, where were Scots' hopes, and CROSS's promises!

**Monday (Lords).**—LORD CADOGAN—a good military name, with a smack of MARLBOROUGH about it—brought forward the Warrant for Appointment, Promotion, and Retirement in the Army.

The MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE ventured a reasonable grumble that it was rather slow work to be a year hatching the Warrant, and rather sharp work to require Parliament to make up its mind about it in the over-crowded fortnight at the fag-end of the Session.

Considering that the Warrant combines a scheme of compulsory as well as voluntary retirement—that besides getting rid of a heavy load of dead-weight in the form of Superannuated Field-Officers, long *hors de combat*, and only Field Officers in the *lucus a non lucendo* sense, on a very liberally calculated scale of allowances, it compels the retirement of Company and Field-Officers at ages which may out short the career of many possible Colin Campbells and Havelocks, there was much force in the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE's reminder of SIR LINTON SIMMONS's weighty evidence as to the over-officering of our Army, and the saving in cost and quickening of promotion from a nearer approximation to the Continental proportion of officers to men.

Of course the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE doesn't like reorganisation. It would be odd if he did. But LORD STRATHNAIRN, and LORD SANDHURST, and SIR JOHN ADYE's opinions are to be set against the Duke's, and, perhaps, in military minds, are likely to weigh as heavy. While the Duke spoke a dove flew in and circled round the House. Was it an emblem of peace that had made its way out of the War Office, or out of the Cabinet-room?

LORD FORTESCUE ventured a good suggestion, that riding across country and athletics should be included in the Commissions competition.

Considering the place these sports and pastimes fill in the Public Schools and University curriculum, it would only be fair should they make their marks in the Military Exams. Bookworms neither look well nor work well in uniform.

**(Commons).**—After a feeling reference to the sad and sudden death of MR. WARD HUNT—it seems but yesterday *Punch* was squibbing in his kindly face, and flinging his crackers at his broad back—all went quietly enough, till poor dear WHALLEY got called to order in attempting a personal explanation. He is like the Nigger, always complaining of "too high" or "too low." You can't lay the lash on to please him. The BIGGAR figured at his Biggarest, which we presume is his best. On Saturday he had objected to THE O'DONOGHUE as unfit to sit on a Select Committee. Now called on by the SPEAKER, as *Censor Morum* of St. Stephens, to state his reasons, he could only refer vaguely to a discussion of "last Session, or the Session before," where many quotations from THE O'DONOGHUE's speeches were read and discussed in his presence, and an impression was still

ORAS non numero nisi procellosas." *Punch's* motto is the reverse of the sun-dial's—but when before could he count six-and-twenty such hours on a stretch? Ever memorable be the Session in which the House sat the clock round—and two hours and a half over!

What a week we have been having!

It began, as fitting, with a Saturday sitting (July 28), which always tends to derange the Collective Wisdom, especially on the edge of the dog-days. The groundswell left by last week's rows was still heaving, with the poor little unseaworthy Ark of the

Resolutions tossing uneasily on the troubled waters. So, no wonder if—evil communications corrupting good manners—the Scotch Members should have taken a leaf out of the Irish Obstructive book, and taken to kick against the pricks of time, and (on the order for going into Committee on the Sheriff's Court Bill) first to move an adjournment, and then to complain of the way Scotch business had gone to the wall this Session, and even to dispute and divide on a Motion of the Lord Advocate's to report progress. To be sure, on division it was 39 to 61, instead of 3 to 149 in the Irish fashion, which

on his mind that the Chieftain "did not come very pleasantly out of the discussion." He couldn't be expected to remember details, and hadn't had notice he was going to be put to the question, or would have got up his answer.

This light and airy way of dealing with a grave charge very much disgusted the House, and brought SIR W. HARCOURT hot and heavy on the Member for Cavan. Attacking a Member in the House was not, he reminded MR. BIGGAR, like firing at a landlord from behind a dyke. You can't hide your blunderbuss, or make a secret of your slugs. "A man who makes such a charge must have it ready." The chosen of Cavan caved in; THE O'DONOGHUE was contemptuously magnanimous; and, altogether, MR. BIGGAR, to use his own phrase, "did not come particularly well out of it."

In Committee on South Africa Bill, rose the first mutterings of the storm, which was soon to sweep the House beyond note of nightcap or ken of compass, out of reck of rest or count of time, into the roaring region of Rowdy-land. For whereas an overwhelming majority on both sides the House were urgent for the Bill's passing, a few of the more stubborn, and, if we may use the word without being offensive, crotchety sort, as SIR CHARLES DILKE, MR. COURTNEY, and MR. RYLANDS, rationally objected; to them, as to the little nucleus of obstruction that in a fast-flowing river draws to it ooze and rubbish, sticks and snags, till from an obstacle it grows an island, gathered the Irish Obstructives, PARNELL and BIGGAR and CALLAN, and, among them, soon contrived to sweep the House back into last week's Donnybrook Fair "diversion" of unreasoning row. MR. CALLAN figuring in the front of the shillelagh-shindy.

"So bad begins, but worse remains behind."

**Tuesday (Lords).**—LORD KINNAIRD asked LORD DERBY if he would oblige the Russophobes by rubbing up, or at least laying bare, the Polish raw, and LORD HOUGHTON and LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY backed the request. LORD DERBY did not see why he should open up fourteen years' old grievances for the purpose of embittering feelings that are bitter enough in all conscience already.

**(Commons).**—When a Public Board requires ground for a street, it is the usual course to take not only what it actually wants for the street, but a certain scheduled breadth on either side for new frontages, that it may recoup itself so much of its outlay by their re-sale. Once by a Committee of the House of Lords this public right was restrained in favour of a noble owner—LORD CADOGAN. In the case of the much-needed thoroughfare from Tottenham Court to Charing Cross, planned by the Metropolitan Board of Works, a Committee of the House of Lords has, a second time, attempted to restrain the public right in favour of a lordly owner—the EARL OF SALISBURY. The Board of Works has dropped this part of the Bill rather than yield. MR. FAWCETT doesn't see it, and moves to restore this part of the Bill in the form of a dissent from the Lords' Amendments. Serve the Lords right. They ought to be ashamed of themselves, and so ought LORD SALISBURY's agent. Of course it's all his doing.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER assured MR. WHALLEY that Government didn't want any extra money for troops and transport—howl the *D. T.* never so Del-Tremendously.

Then the House went into Committee on





### " MISUNDERSTOOD."

*Our Family Choir (practising BYRD'S Madrigal). "SWEET LITTLE BA . . . BY—"*

*George (our Conductor). "KEEP YOUR TIME! ONE—TWO— MIND THAT LONG B FLAT ON 'BABY'!"*

*Mamma (who had been dozing, with a shriek). "MERCY ON US! MY CHILD!"*

*[Rushes off to the Night Nursery. Sensation!]*

the South African Bill, and the land of Achronos—the land where is no time to be used, or wasted—only weariness and wrangling, row and rot, hot obstruction and high words, oburgant impatience and rude recrimination, aggravation that overbears restraint, and defiance that plumes itself on unreason.

And in this land of disputation and darkness, angry words and idle motions, the House was content to struggle for twenty-six hours and a half with a knot of Obstructives, that never rose above seven, and fell through the night to three, two, and one.

Four Chairmen—RAIKES, CHILDERS, SIR H. SELWIN-IBBETSON, and W. H. SMITH—were used up in the night-watches, and the House was kept, by relays, against the "Dauntless Three"—for GRAY, CALLAN, NOLAN, and KIRK are but recruits to the banner of BIGGAR, PARNELL, and O'DONNELL, the standard-bearers of Obstruction. All pretence of argument was early abandoned; and it became a mere contest of endurance, varied by episodes of more or less—generally less—lively squabbling and chaff—if such a word may be used of anything that passes in the august Temple of Legislation. All this while the new Standing Orders seemed, by tacit consent, set aside; and PARNELL, BIGGAR, and O'DONNELL moved the Chairman out of the Chair, or report of progress, again and again. And yet the Leader of the House had the rod of suspension in his hand, though he forbore to use it, preferring the *reductio ad absurdum* of such a night's match between the toughness of the House and the tenacity of its Obstructives. Once only he went so far as to threaten more summary proceedings, on which, they say, O'DONNELL collapsed. Of course, the great O denies it.

But why, *Punch* must again ask, allow debates to be degraded to a farce, and the House to a bear-garden? Go to his Cartoon, ye squeamish, and be wise. With the rod in the SPEAKER'S hands, it is not the Obstructives' words that *Punch* would have taken down. The House sat from four o'clock on Tuesday till six on Wednesday. No wonder, among such rowdy doings, if, like *Robinson Crusoe*, *Punch* should lose a day in his Diary, or that, after such a spell, there should be little work to chronicle for

*Thursday*—beyond a mass of Royal Assents in the Lords, and in

the Commons notice of a question by MR. NEWDEGATE as to how the Leader of the House proposes to avert a recurrence of the week's shindy; and another by MR. PARNELL, how unprotected and independent members—poor innocents!—are to be shielded from interruptions and calls to order; with progress of two Scotch Bills—one for continuing the Education Board for a year, the other for amending the practice of the Sheriff's Courts—and third reading of the Irish Judicature Bill after an indecency, exceptionally flagrant, even for MR. BIGGAR, a charge by name against JUSTICES KEOGH and LAWSON of flagrant partisanship in every case they tried.

"MR. JUSTICE KEOGH sometimes made himself a partisan for the Crown and sometimes for the prisoner, but MR. JUSTICE LAWSON always made himself the partisan of the Crown. He was thoroughly incompetent to try a case; he had no sense of fair play, and a prisoner had no chance in his hands. He desired that neither of those Judges should be on the rota for trying election petitions. JUSTICE LAWSON'S conduct was most outrageous."

SIR H. JAMES threw away a sharp rebuke on the incorrigible offender—waste of words again.

N.B.—It is evident, from the speeches at an Irish Home-Rule dinner in Canonbury on Wednesday night, that the Obstructive Three are proud of themselves, and, stranger still, have a party of Irish supporters out of doors who are proud of them too.

Lords of Mis-Rule, here Saxons cut your comb;  
But if you really *did* Rule at Home!

MR. BUTT, at least, is ashamed of them, and has convoked the party for next week to insist on some order being taken with the Impracticables.

*Friday*.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER does not purpose to make any more formal record of the week's Row-dy-dow beyond the ordinary one on the journals. "He trusts we shall have no repetition of such scenes; but if any attempt to repeat them should occur, the House will know how to deal with them." It is to be hoped so; but there does not seem very good ground for the hope in anything the House has yet said or done.

Under the burden of decided disapproval from MESSRS. PARNELL





## BYRON ILLUSTRATED.

(THE SLEEVE OF THE PERIOD.)

"ONE SIBUOGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE!"

and O'DONNELL, the South African Bill was got through Report, and ordered to be read a Third Time on Saturday. *All's Well that Ends Well*, is a better Parliamentary play than the *Tempest*, or *Much Ado About Nothing*.

## John Frost.

(*Ex-Magistrate and Chartist Leader, sentenced to death for high treason, and transported for life, in 1839-40, died at Stapleton, near Bristol, aged ninety-six, in July, 1877.*)

THE FROST that fire to stand at Newport did aspire,  
And failed, to his sore cost,  
For ninety years and six withstood Life's hotter fire,  
And yet continued Frost!

## Sport for Two.

In the Middlesex Sheriff's Court, the other day, a waiter obtained a verdict of £40 damages for injuries occasioned by a shop-keeper, who set a dog at him which bit him in the leg. The action was that of *Robinson v. Bruin*. By setting his dog at the plaintiff, BRUIN baited ROBINSON. But then, when the Plaintiff in return set his lawyers at the Defendant, did not ROBINSON also bait BRUIN?

## A BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

(Not by MR. SWINBURNE).

THE sorest stress of the Season's over;  
Out of its crush I am lying alone,  
My face to the sky, and my back in the clover.  
Hark to that lark! Its jubilant tone  
Is a cheery change from St. Stephen's drone;  
And ah! that whiff from the wind-swept brine!  
With nought to do but absorb ozone—  
Should there be ballad more blithe than mine?

Song of a haven-welcoming lover!  
Rare rose-scents from our garden blown  
Reach me here, and my eyes discover,  
Shimmering there, in a tangle thrown,  
Sunny locks. "She is coming, my own!"  
The green bowers sever, her blue eyes shine.  
Sweet love nearing, sore labour flown,—  
Should there be ballad more blithe than mine?

What to me though weariness hover  
Still o'er Town where the toilers groan?  
Lazy lounge, leisurely lover,  
What care I for the Members' moan  
At the Irish incubus, heavy as stone?  
For BIGGAR's bullying, WHALLEY's whine?  
Peace unchequered, and care unknown,  
Should there be ballad more blithe than mine?

## ENVOI.

Eh! What! Drowsing? A dream? Ochone!  
St. Patrick's curse on those Irish swine,  
Who have burst the bubble by alumber blown,  
And broken a ballad so blithe as mine!

## MIGRATION OF SPECIES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I MUST call your attention to the following paragraph, which appeared in the *Globe* of July 25th, under the heading of "Tame Chamois":—

"Like the Zebra, the Chamois has been looked upon as untameable. . . . But, as the striped beauty of the South American plains has been made to bow its neck beneath the yoke, so the repressive skill of the lord of the creation has at last asserted itself over the freedom of the chamois."

Fancy the Zebra being described as "the striped beauty of the South American plains!" It is really too awful. I have scarcely yet recovered from the shock.

Yours very painfully,

A DISTRACTED NATURALIST.

NEW MEASURE.—Three feet to the yard—and three "legs" to the Scotland Yard.

## ENLIGHTENMENT AND PROGRESS.

"LIGHT—more light" is a living want in most large towns of a dark night. Cheaper light is also wanted as well as more. Accordingly, at Romford the Board of Health, it is stated, has resolved to invite tenders for lighting the streets either with petroleum or gas; the former having been substituted for the latter at Barking with economy and effect. On the part of the Romford authorities, note, holders of gas shares, that—

"This step has been taken after a prolonged dispute with the local gas company in reference to the price and quality of the gas supplied by them."

However objectionable an agent petroleum may be as employed by Communists for political purposes, it promises to prove a most efficacious combustible for bringing Gas Companies to their senses.

## "Sors Horatiana."

(For *Stamboul*.)

"O Rus(s)! quando ego te aspiciam?"

2 *Sat.*, vi. 60.FAVOURITE FIGURE OF IRISH LOGIC.—*Obstructio ad absurdum*.



## WHERE SHALL WE GO TO?



MAMMA says to the back drawing-room, and draw the front blinds down. No one will know we are not out of town.

PAPA says to Herne Bay, as he has important business in Paris to attend to.

OLIVIA says to Scarborough, because MAJOR FLY-CATCHER assures her the air is so bracing there, and he means to try it this year.

BLANCHE says to Boulogne, because it is the only place where she ever learnt any French. She would so like to pursue her studies at the *Etablissement*.

CARRY votes for Switzerland. There

are such funny people always going up and coming down the Rhigi. It will be so cheap, too, as we all have got our alpenstocks.

JACK vows the only place is Scotland. What part? Oh, near Oban. He has got a College friend who has splendid grouse-shooting close by.

ALECK bets they will end by going to Margate. He doesn't care as long as he gets lots of bathing and plenty of shrimps.

SISSY wants Papa to go to Wonderland. ALICE went there, and perhaps they might meet Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

TOMMY wants to go to heaven, and pay with the pitty angels.

## A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

*Still with BOODELS OF BOODELS—Pleasures of Retirement—Birds, Beasts, and Fishes—The Troubles and Cares of BOODELS—An Awful Revelation.*

*First Night.*—Everyone to bed early, except BOODELS, who didn't ask his visitors into the country to go to bed early. They say they've had enough of late hours in town. BOODELS disappointed.

*First Morning in the Country House.*—Every one up and out very early, except BOODELS. The Poet and Composer go out separately; probably for inspiration and respiration. MILBURN JUNIOR summoned to town by telegram.

I lounge on a garden-seat, wondering at my own immense capabilities for doing nothing. Masterly inaction.

*First Summer Morning.*—Shall I open the window while dressing, and admit the balmy air? I will. I find that if I had opened it I should have admitted a wasp, or something of that sort, which at this moment comes burring, not buzzing, and flopping itself against the glass. Lucky I didn't open it. Nothing more unpleasant than a big wasp in your dressing-room when you're not prepared to receive visitors.

I mention this to BOODELS when he does appear. He wishes it had been a wasp, as that would be a sign of fruit.

What I admire about BOODELS' place is that there are lots of living things wandering about. There is repose, but animation. There are dogs and cats, ducks and bees, poultry, pigeons, a parrot, and birds everywhere.

"How happy one could be here," I say to BOODELS. "I envy you, always living in the country."

BOODELS, however, replies that I have no idea of his troubles and bothers, and that he has had serious thoughts of giving up the place.

I protest (in the name of hospitality) against any such proceeding. If the other guests were here, they would join me.

"Ah," says BOODELS, "you don't know."

Then we walk to the pond.

BOODELS is melancholy and reserved. I admire everything; but whatever excites my admiration, only draws from BOODELS a tale of woe.

"You ought to have excellent fishing," I say, repeating what I'm sure I've heard a dozen times from BOODELS himself when in a good-humour.

"Ah!" he replies. "I don't know what's the matter with this

pond. It was an awfully dull winter, and the fish were found all floating about dead."

Horrible! As ghastly as the *Ancient Mariner's* story. What an appalling view of the dulness of BOODELS' place in the winter, that even the fish should commit suicide, and drown themselves in sheer desperation. BOODELS thinks they must have been poisoned. But, I ask, who would poison a fish? Who could have a grudge against the fish? Perhaps, I observe, in order to take a cheerful view of matters and enliven BOODELS, perhaps the fish wanted thinning: too many fish spoil the pond. Can't he consult some fish-doctor? I suppose there is such a person for dealing with diseases in fish, just as there is a Veterinary and a Cow-Doctor. What is the professional name for a fish-doctor? A Piscinary?

*The Troubles of BOODELS.*—He can't get the pets to answer to their names. There's a Peruvian goose—I think it is a Peruvian goose—waddling about that ought to answer to the name of *Doddles*. But whenever *Doddles* is called, a little toy-terrier, with bells round its neck, rushes up barking. The terrier's name is *Squig*, but he prefers being *Doddles*. The Peruvian goose rejects both *Squig* and *Doddles* as inappropriate, and has elected to answer only to *Tittikins*, which appellation belongs by right to a stealthy white cat with a very pink nose.

All this is a source of deep annoyance to BOODELS, who prides himself on his extraordinary influence over animals. Whenever *Squig* appears, *Doddles* utters a sound between a grunt and a quack, and waddles off, shaking his tail with an air of grave dissatisfaction.

The Peruvian goose is a remarkable bird. His natural peculiarity is a bright scarlet carbuncular excrescence over the beak, just as if he had been in the habit of taking more port wine than was good for him. I congratulate BOODELS on the specimen, when I discover that this goose is another of BOODELS' troubles. He ought, it appears, to eat the slugs, but he prefers the strawberries. This, perhaps, accounts for what I had set down to port wine. Then, another thing, this goose will not join the ducks on the "big pond," but will (with another goose whom he has induced to join him) insist on bathing in the small pond exclusively devoted to gold fish. From time to time BOODELS, and the Gardeners, drive him away—everyone drives him away from the pond; but crafty goose watches his opportunity, generally squatting by a tree within easy walking distance of the pond, and pretending, artfully, to be fast asleep; then, when no one is near, he summons the other goose (of a very weak character, and easily led), and they both waddle down to the gold-fish pond, and are into it, with a flop, before anyone can get at them. *Squig*, the nervous black and tan terrier with the fool's bells round his neck, generally gives the alarm on these occasions by rushing to the edge of the pond, making vigorous feints of jumping in at the geese, for which they don't care a straw, being far too old birds to be taken in by this sort of chaff, and barking with all his might and main until someone arrives to see what on earth is the matter, when he assists in chivvying the Peruvian goose, who sometimes, forgetting his figure and his dignity, takes, literally, to flight. His flying is a very awkward performance, his movements being as unsteady and as noisy as those of the "property" dove in *Lohengrin*. However, he doesn't go far—about twenty yards—just enough to astonish the terrier, to whom this sudden levitation of a heavy body evidently savours of the supernatural. *Squig* turns tail, and retires into the house, shaking his head with a puzzled air, as though there were something wrong somewhere.

I admire the pond: the smaller one, where the gold-fish disport themselves. No, it won't do; nothing is satisfactory.

"Why," says BOODELS, pointing to a something sticking up in the centre of the pond, that looks as if an umbrella had taken a header into the water, had stuck in the mud handle downwards, and left only its ferrule visible above the surface. "Look there!—that is a fountain. I mean," he explains; and the explanation is necessary, "it ought to be. That fountain won't work."

I suggest that he means "won't play," which, he replies, is the same thing. It may be the same thing to a fountain, but not to me.

Another great trouble of BOODELS is a duck that *won't* sit on eleven eggs. The Gardener is of opinion that *Squig*, the terrier with the bells, "harries" her, and drives her away. *Squig* comes up, gambolling, at this very moment, when we are standing by the bush, where the eggs are, and assumes an air of total indifference to the subject, as much as to imply,

"I really don't know what you are talking about. I wouldn't hunt or harry a poor duck, or prevent her sitting! Absurd!"

"She must be made to sit," says BOODELS, angrily, to the Under-Gardener, who thereupon appears hurt.

*Proverb for the Occasion.*—"The duck that can sit, and won't sit, must be made to sit."

"At all events," I say, "your bees are all right."

Are they? That's all I know about it! Why the bees have been emulating the example of the fish, and absolutely drowning themselves in a small pan of water. BOODELS thinks they must be mad, and advises me not to go too near the hives.



And yet I thought a purely country life must be so unruffled! But BOODELS hasn't yet told me half his troubles.

"How are your orchids getting on?" I inquire.

"Orchids!" he exclaims. "Don't mention them!"

"Why, what's the matter?" I ask.

"Matter!" he returns. "We've got the Mealy Bug in the house—in fact, it's infested with the Mealy Bug."

The Mealy Bug! What a nasty, creepy sort of name! What an unpleasant thought, too, that, as the orchid-house is quite close to the house, the Mealy Bugs may, when tired of the orchids, walk in and . . . ugh!

I think I shall go back to town. Have a telegram as MILBURN did, and be obliged to return.

Luncheon gong. The Poet and Composer are at table, punctually, with tremendous appetites.

Yes, but they haven't yet heard of the proximity of the Mealy Bug!

I wish I were more of a naturalist and knew the habits of the Mealy Bug. Is he called "*Mealy*" because he eats so much? If so, how many meals a day? Does he live on vegetables as well as orchids? Is the Mealy Bug so tenacious of life as to survive the boiling of a vegetable? Could he hide in the corner of a cabbage and so be served up? Or could he, like *Ariel*, "lurk" in the heart of a lettuce and be mixed up in salad?

Oh the Mealy Bug! There's something so indefinitely *sneaking* about the name. It's not grand and bold like the Colorado Beetle. There is a military dash in the sound of Colorado Beetle which is bombastically operative. Were a tall, stout, fierce-looking, middle-aged Gentleman in a crimson and gold uniform and a cocked hat pointed out to you as "the Colorado Beetle," you would be inclined to believe it. "Colorado" is a magnificent word for music. There is a ring of El Dorado about it. You can imagine an epic describing the fight of some hero of romance with the Colorado. St. George and the Colorado Beetle!! Why, it might even be a battle-cry! It looks grand—it sounds grand! But St. George and the Mealy Bug! No—ugh!

Hang it, I wish BOODELS had kept the Mealy Bug to himself.

"No salad, thank you."

### MORTIMER COLLINS:

*His Letters and his Friendships. Two Volumes. Edited by FRANCES COLLINS. (SAMPSON LOW & Co.)*

"No man," we all know, "is a hero to his valet." How many verse-writers, I wonder, have been poets to their wives? These two volumes exhibit such a phenomenon. The man whose "*Letters and Friendships*" supplied the material of them lived by unintermitting pen-work. The eight years included in these volumes brought him hardly a single holiday. The bloom of things would have been taken off, and the keen edge of enjoyment blunted, for most men, by this constant brain-churning. But it does not seem to have been so with MORTIMER COLLINS.

It is worth reading these volumes to know how sunshine may be extracted, not from cucumbers in Laputa, but from trees and flowers and birds, and all pleasant natural sights and sounds enjoyed along with a congenial spirit, and enlivened by warm friendships, in a quiet Berkshire village. The feat was only possible in a household blessed by love, where the husband was quick-witted, warm-hearted, and happy-tempered, and the wife affectionate, sympathetic, and cheerful, each able to appreciate all that was good in the other, their friends, and all about them, both ready to make the most of whatever was pleasurable in their lives, and the least of whatever was hard and painful.

Even the very hard work of light literature, under such conditions, appears to have helped to happiness, till the pages, as we read, seem to set themselves to music, and bubble up in song as spontaneous as that of the birds.

Perhaps it is only to the wife's loving retrospect that the eight years of that double life look so sunshiny. But MORTIMER and FRANCES COLLINS, as we see them here in their cottage at Knowl Hill, seem really to have managed to get more innocent pleasure out of life than wealth could have bought, or luxury procured them.

One cannot help loving both the woman who writes the book (MORTIMER COLLINS's Secretary, as she calls herself) and the man who furnishes the matter of it. That he worked for *Punch*, among other taskmasters, is no reason why *Punch* should not say as much, by way of recommending these volumes to all who want to read the record of a kindly, sweet-natured, bright-witted being, who really did manage to make a very hard-working existence, in spite of not unfrequent money-troubles, more of a poem—of the brighter, lighter, and gayer kind, such as comes by inspiration of sunshine and flowers, green-leaves and running waters, love of all living things of earth and air, a contented spirit, and a warm and affectionate heart—than is possible to most men. There is no organ or trumpet note in

his orchestra; but a warble as of birds, and a freshness as of brooks, and a sweetness as of growing flowers, and all springing out of the pure fountain head of a happy and united wedded life:—

"I do not want," says his wife, "to try and prove that my husband was a great and good man. He had faults—very big faults—but a man who had so much room in his heart for love, and was so beloved, must have been of no common sort. In the many very kind letters which I have received from people unknown to me there is continual reference to the feeling of love the writers had for my husband; and people who had seen but little of him have expressed over and over again how much they loved him.

"This quality in a man may to some appear foolish. There are grave, serious people who have so much to do, or who make so much work for themselves, that they have no time for love and admiration of God's creatures. To such people MORTIMER COLLINS would no doubt appear an insignificant man, for they would have no time to understand him. I well remember on one occasion when a lady, who was a district visitor, and a general helper in the parish, called on us, she asked what bird was singing so sweetly in the tree by the gate?

"Don't you know the robin's note?" remarked MORTIMER COLLINS.

"Does the robin sing?" said the lady; "I was not aware that it did."

"This lady had lived in the country for nearly half a century without noticing the robin's song. She had devoted her life to the good of the parish; visiting the poor, lecturing them, distributing tracts. She denounced MORTIMER COLLINS as a bad man, judging him chiefly from the fact of his not going to church so regularly as he ought to do. And yet no doubt he had the power of bringing people nearer to God, even by his very reverence for a robin's song, than the lady had by all her years of parish work. His reverence for everything in nature was sufficient to convince even an atheist of the presence of God. I do not think an atheist could have spent half an hour with MORTIMER COLLINS in his garden without being convinced. Not long before his death he wrote:—

"The contact of man with his Creator is, in my mind, the primal idea—the one thought that should never be forgotten. Everywhere God speaks to man. Those who do not hear that speech in every song of bird or burst of flower are simply blind and deaf to what the Master gives us."

### CROWDS AND CRIMINALS.



How proud any personage of distinction should be when he gains the applause of the British Populace! The pending "Charge against Detectives" has created immense sensation amongst the Gentlemen of the Pavement and the Slums. According to a report of recent proceedings in this interesting case at Bow Street:—

"The convict KURR, attired in the uniform of the Millbank Penitentiary and handcuffed, was received with cheers by the mob."

MR. KURR is undergoing penal servitude in punishment of the "big swindle," in connection with which he is now brought forward, to

prove that three detective Policemen and a Solicitor were accessories after the fact. This is all that the gentlemen who cheered him, except perhaps a few of his former associates among them, could possibly have known about him. So, when the same style of gentlemen cheered ORTON, they cheered him because they believed him to have supported imposture by perjury, and shamelessly avowed himself a villain. Not that they sympathise with KURR as they sympathised with ORTON, simply for the reason that they esteem him a scoundrel. No; they are also MR. KURR's well-wishers, because they wish ill to the parties he has split upon, truly or falsely. To prevent tumult—

"The three detective officers were brought to the Court earlier in the day, and before any large concourse had assembled."

The British multitude, probably, would not have cheered, but hissed, the Officers—might even have made an ugly rush at them. MR. KURR got cheered not only as a criminal, but also as an accuser of Detectives. Cheers for a convict as such, and especially as an informer impeaching Policemen, stamps pretty clearly the character of the cheerers, whatever it may say for that of the cheered.

MUCH CHOLER AND NO LITTLE ADO (from Hereford).—What one might expect to find in a Mare's-nest—Lady-birds.





### A SENSITIVE PLANT.

(HERR PUMPERNICKEL, HAVING JUST PLAYED A COMPOSITION OF HIS OWN, BURSTS INTO TEARS.)

*Chorus of Friends.* "OH, WHAT IS THE MATTER? WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?"

*Herr Pumpernickel.* "ACH! NOSSING! NOSSING! BOT VEN I HEAR REALLY COOT MUSIC, ZEN MUST I ALWAYS VEEP!"

### IN WAIN!

*A Villanelle of Vexations. By B\*\*\*Y P\*\*g.*

In wain would I the British Lion wake!

In wain I'd rouse the brute to wilent springing;  
His tail won't wag, his mane declines to shake.

In wain my daily 'larum-bell I take,

Till his ears tingle with its brazen ringing;  
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

In wain I warn him of that Northern snake,

Who midst our Injun grass will soon be stinging;  
His tail won't wag, his mane declines to shake.

In wain to GLADSTONE I my gingham take,

And spatter all his lot with free mud-flinging;  
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

In wain I shriek out "Hinterests at stake!"

Shout "Hup and at 'em! for the hours is winging!"  
His tail won't wag, his mane declines to shake.

In wain are all the noisy pains I take,

My fierce tongue-wagging and my sore hand-wringing,  
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

He sleeps as placid as a windless lake;

Cold water on my fire his calm is flinging.  
His tail *won't* wag, his mane declines to shake;  
In wain would I the British Lion wake!

PROPOSED REVIVAL OF AN OLD ENGLISH AMUSEMENT.

THE Bear Garden. On a new site—Westminster instead of Bankside.

### MORE THAN A MATCH FOR YOU.

MR. PUNCH,

You flatter yourself that, with help of your backing, the Bishops, Patrons of Livings, Visiting Justices, &c., will be able to keep us out of Church preferments and functions, by asking us whether we belong to that Priestly Society which the Erastian Archbishop calls a "conspiracy" against the Church of England, the members of which should be kicked out of doors by every father of a family. You are mistaken. We have added a new Rule to our Statutes, for the relief of such weak consciences as do not yet see that the question whether we belong to the Society may be met by the lie direct, followed by plenary absolution. The Rule is this:—If any member of the Society is asked whether he is a member thereof, he is, by that question, excluded from the Society, and can conscientiously answer "No." If he be asked further whether such a Society exists, the question dissolves the Society, and he again conscientiously answers "No." When the answers have been accepted by the dull-witted Erastians, the Society resumes its existence, and the member returns to his place in it, as before.

I should like to see either you or LORD PENZANCE drive a coach-and-four through *that* Rule. I am, &c.,

CROSS-CROSSLIT.

### All but Parallel.

PARLIAMENTARY parallel plain,

With the least little strain of the compass:—

If we haven't the Rump got again,

We've got something beyond it—the Rumpus.

ANOTHER DISCOVERY FOR MESSRS. GLADSTONE, SMITH, AND OTHER HOMERIC HEROES.—HOMER was not a Greek. He was a Turk. Who hasn't heard of HOMER PASHA?



## SPARING THE ROD.

DR. NORTHCOTE. "TAKE DOWN THEIR—WORDS!"

MR. PORCH. "WORDS! NONSENSE! BETTER TAKE DOWN SOMETHING ELSE, WHEN YOU ARE ABOUT IT!"







## THE GREAT BEETLE PANIC.

(By Telegraph.)

PRATTLEBURY, 10:15 A.M.



The Exciseman has arrived, but without the Beetle, the insect having defied all attempts to capture it. The Exciseman's grandson (a youth of nine), remains in the field to watch its movements.

The Corporation are now sitting with closed doors. The Magistrates are holding a Special Petty Sessions.

The meetings are over.

The Mayor has telegraphed to the Lord Lieutenant (on a tour in Norway), the Borough Member (in bed after an exhausting sitting in the House), the Privy Council, the Chamber of Agriculture, and the Entomological Society.

The Mayor and Corporation, with the Town Clerk, the Magistrates, the Urban Sanitary Authority, and the leading Bankers and Solicitors, have all gone, with the Exciseman, in three waggonettes to the field.

12:0.

There is a rumour that Members of the Privy Council are coming down by special train.

The Volunteers are *en route* to the field.

The Fire Brigade start immediately to saturate the potato crop with a mixture composed of Petroleum, Carbolic Acid, and Dynamite.

The entire Police Force have formed a cordon round the field to prevent the escape of the Beetle. Special Constables have been sworn in to assist them.

All the schools have been granted a half-holiday to search for the insect.

12:30 P.M.

Business is entirely suspended.

The entire population are flocking to the field.

The public-houses on the way are crammed.

1:0 P.M.

People are pouring in from all the neighbouring towns and villages.

Every conveyance in Prattlebury has been taken up by Reporters, Authors, Artists from the illustrated papers, Agriculturists, Naturalists, Entomologists, and Coleopterists.

The Chamber of Agriculture have this moment started in a drag from the "Green Dragon."

The few persons who are compelled to remain in the town are either studying Entomology, or searching for Colorado in the Atlas.

1:35.

The Entomological Society, with their most powerful microscope, have at last succeeded in forcing their way through the crowd, who cheered them vociferously.

2:0.

The insect has been caught!

The capture was cleverly effected (at 1:50), by EDWARD SNOTTING, a youth who has, for the last eighteen months, been receiving his education at the new Board School.

The Mayor and Corporation, the Magistrates, the Chamber of

HE Sergeant of the County Police has this moment galloped into the Market Place, with the news that a Colorado Beetle has been found, by a retired Exciseman, in a potato-field belonging to the Corporation in the outskirts of the town.

An extraordinary meeting of the Corporation has been summoned by the Town-Crier.

A fly with the Chief Constable has just driven off at a rapid pace to fetch the Exciseman and the Beetle.

The greatest coleopterous excitement prevails.

10:45.

11:10.

Agriculture, the Entomological Society, the Privy Council Inspectors, the Borough Member (who arrived by the express from London five minutes before the capture), the Chief Constable, the Reporters, Authors, Artists, and Naturalists, and several school-boys, have all carefully examined the insect, and are unanimously of opinion that it is *not* the Colorado Beetle, but a Lady-bird.

The Mayor has addressed a few words to SNOTTING, and presented him with five shillings.

The people are returning to the town.

The public-houses are fuller than ever.

4:0.

Prattlebury is gradually resuming its usual tranquillity.

The Exciseman, unable to face the ridicule of his fellow-townsmen, has disappeared with his grandson.

The Lady-bird has been set at liberty in the Mayor's garden by the Mayoress.

## KEEPING HIS HAND IN.

(From an Obstructive's Journal.)

8 A.M.—Sit down in the doorway of Westminster Hall leisurely, and arrange my boots, tripping up a few Irish Members as they go out. Hail all the cabs on the stand at once, causing considerable confusion; pick out a crawler and home.

10.—Have dining-room furniture put into hall, sit with my back to door and breakfast. Burn all my correspondence without opening it. Read *Times* upside down on stairs, lock area-gate, and throw key into ventilator, telling all tradesmen to call again at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

12.—Stop all the clocks, cut off the water, have a couple of feather-beds put up the kitchen chimney, cork the filter, stuff the hall mat into the letter-box, fill the gas-meter with blacking, counterorder dinner, and out.

2 P.M.—Hire railway furniture removal van, call at dentists and have all my teeth stopped, then drive up narrow streets, pulling up at corners to ask the way to Temple Bar. Find it, and turn over across roadway. Get out, lunch on block system, lounge down to Lowther Arcade and practise lawn-tennis.

4.—Buy five tons of coals, look in at afternoon theatre, and refuse to leave it, create disturbance with my umbrella, stop performance, get turned out after constitutional resistance, make for Metropolitan Railway and study Block System in action.

6.—Pay threepenny fare with Irish bank-note in crush, drop change on stairs, have gate locked till it is all picked up, get into empty carriage, sit by door and thrust legs on opposite seat at every crowded platform, then get out, hail wrong omnibuses for fun, and go to Westminster by water, assisting Captain with shouts of "Stop'er!" when he calls "Back'er!" and *vice versa*.

8.—Enter House, take a better man's seat, insist on my right to it, and move amendments on every section of the Bill under discussion in Committee. Then move to report progress: alternate with motions that the Chairman do leave the chair, and so keep at it, hammer and tongs, with help of a knot of kindred spirits, till eight the next morning.

## Money and Muskets.

THE Turks fight well; but how is war to be carried on without its sinews? A telegram from Philadelphia says:—

"A company which was making arms for Turkey has suspended operations on a contract, because remittances from the East failed. As many as 450,000 rifles were already made, leaving 150,000 to be manufactured as per agreement."

No rifles for a Government that can't pay its shot.

## Suburban Grammar.

THE following remarkable notice was observed the other day, posted on Hammersmith Bridge:—

"No Persons are allowed to remain on the Bridge, and are requested to pass on."

If no persons are requested to pass on, and yet are not allowed to remain on Hammersmith Bridge, are there Policemen in attendance to collar them and walk them over without speaking?

## Tortoise v. Hare again.

TARRYER has won DOBGETT's Coat and Badge. Another illustration of the truth of NAPOLEON's favourite saw—"Tout vient à qui sait attendre." It is only natural, however, that TARRYER should show exceptional staying power.



## PONGO.

(By Our Own Interviewer.)



At the next meeting of the Shareholders, Mr. Pongo will (he himself informed me) be proposed as Secretary and Treasurer to the Aquarium Company. His inability to write (as demonstrated by MR. FRANK BUCKLAND) is assumed to be his chief qualification for the united offices. Here MR. Pongo put his finger slyly to his nose, and winked at Your Own Interviewer.

Being asked his opinion of MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, he replied, in the Pongo dialect, in which Your Own Interviewer is, fortunately for the public, a proficient, that MR. FRANK BUCKLAND might know a good deal about Armadillos, but knew precious little about *him*, PONGO. Here he winked again. He has acquired the habit of winking since he has been in England, as also of laying his finger slyly against his nose. He gave me to understand that he had learnt the habit from the present energetic Manager of the Aquarium.

He informed Your Own Interviewer that the question of his appointment to an official position in the Aquarium Company would be decided by the Shareholders, but that he had seen a private letter from a most influential member of this body lately on the direction, saying that he (Pongo) must be got at any price; and that if matters should reach a crisis, he (the shareholder in question) would much rather have MR. PONGO with them than against them!

MR. Pongo was justly indignant at the mention of "price." "Every Pongo," said he, "has his price, perhaps; but if they think that mine is either beer or roast beef, or cigars, they're mightily mistaken."

MR. Pongo often uses such expressions as "Bedad!" "Begorra!" but never makes the mistake of asking anyone "to tread on his tail," as an invitation to a row. A stranger present, with great want of tact, addressed him once as "MR. PARNELL." MR. Pongo was very much irritated, and wished to smash the stranger's hat and break his umbrella over his head. He, moreover, threatened to draw MR. ROBERTSON's attention to the presence of Strangers in the Aquarium, but was ultimately pacified, when he good-naturedly admitted that, after all, it was but a short step from the Aquarium to St. Stephen's.

In answer to Your Own Interviewer, MR. Pongo replied that he was at present engaged on a dramatic work, to be entitled *Pongo, the Gorilla Chief*—a sensational play, in which he himself would take the leading rôle. Being asked if he would like to appear in any Shakspearian character, he replied that he had a great personal esteem for MR. IRVING, and would not like to do anything to injure his well-earned reputation. Legs were his weak

point too. In compliance with numerous solicitations, he might be induced to play *Romeo*, a part which he believed MR. IRVING had not yet attempted. MR. PONGO added, that he considered *Shylock* and *Richard the Third* quite out of his line. As to *Caliban*, MR. PONGO looked upon the existence of such a creature as an utter impossibility, and expressed himself very warmly on the subject of the sterile nature of SHAKESPEARE'S invention, "which must," he said, "have been thoroughly exhausted to have placed on the Stage such a *lusus nature*."

MR. PONGO observed that he no more believed in *Caliban* than he did in the "Learned Pig" in *The Ride to Khiva*, which astonishing book of travels he had read with considerable satisfaction. MR. PONGO is of a communicative disposition, but is generally silent and reserved with strangers, as he evinces the utmost repugnance to anything like chattering. He says emphatically, "I hate a chattering Ape." In consequence of this horror of his, he has refused all invitations to five o'clock tea, and has determined not to avail himself of the privileges of a foreigner of distinction, in this country, to become an Honorary Member of any of our leading London Clubs. Nothing would induce him to join the Travellers, but he has a certain partiality for the Athenæum, where he has been informed he would meet a Bishop or two, for whose shovel hats and gaiters he expresses intense admiration. At first, MR. PONGO said he had mistaken them for Freemasons, on account of their aprons. MR. PONGO is inclined to Ritualism, and hopes that MR. ROBERTSON will use his influence with the company to get him a private chaplain. Exceptional references, or, as MR. PONGO puts it, "exceptional reverences required," but if MR. TOOTH were disengaged, he would be at once accepted for the post.

MR. PONGO, in answer to my question, "Are you fond of music?" replied that he doated on it, and anxiously hoped HERR RICHARD WAGNER was quite well. On being informed that he was, he appeared much relieved, and at once commenced a long dissertation on the libretto of the *Rhinegold*. MR. PONGO plays on almost any instrument that may be within his reach, and his performance on the piano beggars description. He can, at this moment, make his own terms for the Philharmonic or Monday Pops, but he is at present loyal to the Aquarium. Your Own Interviewer wanted to know if there was any chance of his appearing at the Opera next season. He replied that he might perhaps come out for one night as *Roberto il Diavolo*. But he hardly thought it fair on the other foreigners. If he did, he should, of course, call himself SIGNOR PONGO.

On being asked why he selected *Robert le Diable* for his *début*, he answered that it was out of compliment to the Caterers for the Aquarium Restaurant, to whom he was under considerable obligation. Their names, he said, were BERTRAM AND ROBERTS; he (PONGO) would play *Robert's* part, and he hoped to induce the other Gentleman to undertake the part of *Bertram* in the Opera; Expressed himself much flattered with LORD BEACONSFIELD'S visit; felt unique creatures ought to know each other, and dwelt much on the pleasure it would have given him to have examined that eminent Statesman's head closely.

Recurring to the subject of his appointment to office, he whispered to your Interviewer, so as not to be overheard in the tanks, that the Fish had not as yet been





### "THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH."

*First Sub. (who doesn't read the Papers).* "WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT PHONETIC SPELLIN'?"

*Second Ditto.* "OH, THESE SCHOOL-BOARD FELLOWS WANT EVERYBODY TO SPELL AS HE PRONOUNCES! THERE'LL BE AN ACT O' PARLIAMENT, I S'POSE!"

*First Sub.* "BY JOVE, I WISH THEY'D THOUGHT O' THAT TWO YEARS AGO! 'TOOK ME AN AWFUL G'WIND TO GET UP MY SPELLIN'! 'DOOSID DEAL EAST-AH TO SPELL WORDS AS THEY'RE PWONOUNCED! THAT'S JUST WHAT I USED TO DO, YOU KNOW!"

consulted, and he believed that there would be some little difficulty with the Members for Greenwich. "What Members?" your Own Interviewer ventured to inquire, who could only think of W. E. G.

"Why, the Whitebait, of course," returned Mr. PONGO, much amused, and suddenly pointing his joke with a dig in your Own Interviewer's ribs, which will lay Your Own up for a fortnight. Your Own Interviewer then withdrew.

### LOCOMOTION A L'AMERICAINE.

(Or, what it is to be hoped that we are Not Coming to.)

9'55.—Arrived at Victoria trenches. Cab overturned on pavement, luggage burnt, and hat knocked in. Took ticket under heavy fire from third-class booking-office; cut away to train, and started blazing.

10'15.—Ran gauntlet of Clapham Junction. Top of carriage blown off by shell. Badly cut about the head, but conscious. Casualties—Killed, five; wounded, seventeen.

10'45.—Skirmish at East Croydon. Got head bandaged, bought full-sized ordnance map of Sussex and revolver, and attended military funeral of Station-Master.

11'15.—Half-hour's practice at chance signal-posts. Accepted commission in "Passengers' Impromptu Defence Brigade." Passed 9'30 "Up Wounded Express."

12'45.—Red Hill. Tickets, purses, and other valuables given up. Bombardment of refreshment-room. Guns beautifully handled. Assisted to swell Butcher's bill, and made my way to the platform under withering fire. En route again at 5'47.

### COMPLAINT FROM A LADY-COW.

WHAT false alarms, resounded here and there  
By dolts precipitate or hoax-designers,  
Excite your "Colorado Beetle Scare,"  
Penny-a-liners?

The Beetle seen at Hereford was I;  
Preserver, not destroyer of the 'tater;  
Who eat not it, but off it eat the fly,  
*Aphis vastator.*

The donkeys, from a foe that could not tell a  
Friend! No *Doryphora decemlineata*,  
The Lady-cow am I, the *Coccinella*  
*Septempunctata.*

"Wolf!" is a cry that soon gets counted flam,  
Till comes the Wolf indeed, at last unheeded.  
Worst folly 'tis to cry out "Wolf!" on lamb,  
As Muffs on me did.

### BULLS IN BATTLE-ARRAY.

MR. O'DONNELL claimed credit at the Canonbury Tavern Home-Rule Dinner on the ground that

"A few determined men, who were called 'Obstructionists,' had retaliated for the English and Scotch indifference to Irish business by compelling the Imperial legislature of Englishmen and Scotchmen to attend to Imperial interests by fairly and fully considering Imperial subjects, such as the South Africa Confederation Bill."

What the great O'D. understands by "full and fair consideration" he tells us in the next sentence:—

"The Government had invented new rules to prevent what they called an 'obstruction'; the result had been that the House of Commons had been compelled to discuss the positions of the Obstructionists fully and fairly, to abandon at least one-third of their Bill, and with all their relays of Members to gallop through the remainder, which was unopposed by himself and his friends."

And this he calls

"Giving the House of Commons some slight education in the art of constitutional government!"

What a trio of Masters the School of Home-Rule may boast in PARNELL, BIGGAR, and—last, not least—O'DONNELL!

Now Uniforms are being settled, a Military Inquirer wishes to know if there are any troops in the Service called *The Green Bays?*

69.—Battle of Three Bridges. Complete rout of second-class passengers, destruction of guard's van by torpedoes, capture of danger flag, and armistice. Casualties very heavy. *Pourparlers*, and off again by *ruse* at 9'47.

11'3.—Retreat of Hayward's Heath. Hot pursuit, and opening of masked batteries. General *sauve qui peut*, and stampede for Brighton.

11'55.—Rally, final charge, demoralisation, and surrender. In at last. Call ambulance, and home.

### Solomon at Fault for Once.

"NEMO," the notorious nobody who is everybody, complains in the *Times* of the want of seats in the Painted Hall at Greenwich. The consequence is, groups of weary wayfarers huddled on the steps and the floor. On inquiry, it turns out that the seats have been removed by Mr. SOLOMON HART, the Keeper, "because they have been found inconvenient." For once the wisdom of SOLOMON appears to have failed him. The inconvenience is not in the seats, but in the want of them. At this time of year, seats are a *sine quâ non* in all places of public resort, and picture-galleries more particularly—for ease is a condition of enjoyment. So, hearken, O SOLOMON! and revise thy judgment, or *Punch* will have to sit upon thee!

### Telegrams and Tarradiddles.

TURKS and Russians hither send  
Tale 'gainst tale, by different wires.  
Which one, at its farther end,  
Has the more and greater liars?



## QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(In Paris.)



## ELECTION OF AN HOTEL.

WHAT Hotel shall I go to—the Louvre, with the everlasting Rue de Rivoli? or the Grand, with all the noise and bustle of the Boulevards?

Or shall I take SMITH's advice, and go to "the excellent house," conducted on economical principles, in a back

street near the Madeleine? If I went to the latter, would I not be sure to get "a good English dinner" and a bad English bed?

Had I not better take my wife's advice, and go to the Grand? Is it altogether pleasant to be hustled into an office, ticketed with a number, and sent up in a lift?

Does not the inmate of a large Hotel, in his character of "Room No. 2413," feel rather like a convict?

Have we got all our Luggage—the eight large boxes and my portmanteau?

Will the wardrobe, the cupboard, and the drawers contain all these Dresses?

Why are there not more pegs?

Why is Soap, on the Continent, always an extra?

## A DRIVE THROUGH THE STREETS.

Why should one never be able to get a Victoria Cab in London?

Do Omnibus men and Cabmen in Paris ever learn to drive?

Can there be a special cemetery for the victims to street accidents?

Is it altogether fair to call all the Bonnets we have looked at in the shop "rather vulgar"?

Is it amiable to sneer at all the Dresses in "the Grands Magazins de Louvre"?

Is it not rather spiteful to suggest that the Balloons given by the large Linendrapers to the children are like their other advertisements—full of gas?

Why do Ladies prefer, as a rule, the rooms of the "Bon Marché" to the galleries of the Louvre?

Is it because they find "greater novelty" in the former?

Would Paris be "the Paradise of Wives" without the fashions?

Would Paris be "the Purgatory of Husbands" without the shops?

Is it altogether moral to declare that you have seen all the various "novelties" weeks ago in the Fulham Road?

## A VISIT TO THE BOIS.

Can one look imposing in a Victoria whose driver smokes a short pipe, and won't wear his coat?

Is it possible, by a dignified demeanour, to overcome these drawbacks, and to induce the belief that the vehicle is our own?

Would the appearance of the Park in London undergo much change were cabs admitted in the drive?

Would the horses that dawdle down to the Cascade appear improved in quality were cabs excluded from the Bois?

As a matter of fact, is not the horseflesh in both the exercising grounds miserable?

Why do Frenchmen ride, or, rather, why don't they?

Can the French nation really have any sense of the ridiculous, if Frenchmen are able to gaze upon the "chevaliers" in the Bois without roaring with laughter?

Why does the Cascade always remind one of the Trafalgar Square Fountains?

Doesn't the Avenue rather resemble Portland Place without the houses? and isn't the Bois generally a little like Battersea Park minus the flowers and timber?

## PARIS BY NIGHT EN GARÇON.

Is it lucky that, meeting FASTBOY after dinner, I agree to visit Paris by night en garçon?

Am I not very considerate to leave my wife to recover from the fatigues of the day at home, while I walk abroad?

Will my wife take this view of the case?

Is the mirth of the students at the Closerie des Lilacs particularly infectious?

Is it worth while coming a long cab-drive to see a fourth-rate tea-garden?

Is French acting so very much better than the English?

Why do English people in French Theatres laugh at jokes which would be considered utterly stupid in England?

Why do young English Ladies (so particularly decorous in London) smile at French jokes that certainly would not pass the Lord Chamberlain's Office in Great Britain?

On the whole have I seen any better Actors or Actresses than the KENDALS, the BANCROFTS, the TERRYs, MR. HARE, or MR. JAMES, to say nothing of MR. JEFFERSON? Is it quite wise to take so many *Buckbières* between the Acts?

Can anything be sillier than the comic songs in the Cafés Chantants in the Champs Elysées?

Do not frequent "consommations," corrupt good manners?

Is it, on the whole, the best way to finish an evening's entertainment with an expensive supper at the Café Anglais?

Why do the Boulevards waltz after twelve o'clock at night?

What was the number of my room—308, 803, 742, or 930?

Why has FASTBOY left me?

Can I say, with perfect distinctness, "British Constitution?"

How shall I, in my present most unusual condition, explain matters to my wife?

## THE MELANCHOLY OCEAN.

(From a Critic just landed at Dieppe from Nopenhagen.)

SIR,

A POET in a recent number of the *Spectator* has been inspired by *Vivian Grey's* famous phrase, "seated by a melancholy ocean." Standing near the Atlantic he sings a stirring strain, climaxing in the quatrain—

"For the prophet's fire and motion,  
Icy mask and sneer sardonic—  
Be it so: Majestic Ocean,  
Thou art melancholy's tonic."

Considering the part chiefly played by Ocean about this time of year, I would suggest a correction:—

"For the prophet's fire and motion,  
Icy mask and sneer splenetic—  
Be it so: Majestic Ocean,  
Thou art sadness's emetic."

Yours,

A CHANNEL PASSENGER.

## PATTERN FOR PARLIAMENT.

WHY cannot our House of Commons take a lesson from our Antipodes, and provide for PARNELLS, BIGGARS, and O'DONNELLS, by passing a Standing Order like that adopted last year at Victoria, and called "The Iron Hand"? *Vide licet*:—

"A motion 'That the House do now divide,' moved and seconded, shall take precedence of all other business, and shall be immediately put from the Chair, without any discussion taking place; provided that no such motion can be made so as to interrupt a member speaking."

"Divide!" That seems to be an arrangement by which Obstructives would be so effectually shut up as altogether to preclude the need of ordering them into the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms. Divide and conquer.

## Comparisons are Odious.

QUOTH BARNUM, as he looked with admiration on CAPTAIN CRAPO, his gallant mate, and their gallant one-ton schooner, at the Alexandra Palace, "Crossed the Atlantic, hev' you now, in a nineteen-foot new Bedford half-decked boat—waal now—and weathered five gales, too, and been forced to lie-to eighteen days! You bet!—Guess I've crossed the Atlantic a good many times too, with a bigger sorter craft though—and kalkilate I've had to lie, too, a good deal more'n eighteen days."

But why don't the Captain spell his name more amphibiously—"Crapaud," as it surely ought to be?

## THE BIGGAR EXPLICIT.

SAID BIGGAR, "Yes, the charge is true;

And who can say 'tis not?

I still maintain THE O'DONOGHUE

Has done—I don't know what!"



## PONGO-ISMS.



TRAIGHT from the Westminster Aquarium per Electric Eel.

Mr. Pongo being asked the other day what historic work he would like to peruse, replied, with a sly look at Mr. WYBROW ROBERTSON, "*Labbe's Councils*."

MR. PONGO'S CONUNDRUM.

The other evening Mr. Pongo invited some friends to tea, in order to ask them a riddle. After proposing the usual toasts, to which he is particularly attached, Mr. Pongo inquired of his convives "What reignives 'What reignives'?"

ing Sovereign ought to be Queen of the Tallow-chandlers?" Everybody gave it up. The Manager said he was really unable to imagine what the answer could be.

"Why," said Mr. Pongo, chuckling, "the Sovereign of the Candle-makers and Tallow-chandlers ought to be QUEEN WICK." Everyone in fits, Mr. Pongo himself laughing immoderately.

MR. PONGO AS A LATIN SCHOLAR.

The other afternoon, business at the Aquarium being (like ZAZEL's wire), a little slack, Mr. Pongo expressed a desire to visit his poor relations at the Zoo. His wish was immediately communicated to the proper authorities, and as promptly gratified. On reaching the Monkey House Mr. Pongo, in his celebrated Napoleonic attitude, stood before the cage, buried, apparently, in profound thought.

"These poor animals," observed Mr. Pongo's obsequious Chaplain to that eminent Gorilla Chieftain, "are clearly envious, Sir, of your position in society. They wish that you were of their species. Doubtless," added the reverend Master of Arts, who never loses an opportunity of displaying his erudition, "they would, could they speak, address you with the well-known words, '*Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses*.'"

Mr. Pongo's eyes twinkled for a second. Then he replied, "No, my dear Sir, their envious reading of the line you quote would more likely be, '*Cum TAILLESS sis, utinam noster esses*!'"

At this side-splitter the worthy Chaplain was fairly convulsed.

MR. PONGO'S LATEST SIDE-SPLITTER.

"If," said Mr. Pongo to LORD BEACONSFIELD, "you were to see a Russian and an Englishman fighting, and were to bet six to four on the Russian, why would that resemble my exclamation of surprise were I to see you crowned with roses, and holding a goblet?"

The PREMIER paused. Then he replied, candidly, "I do not know what you would say in such an extraordinary case."

Mr. Pongo had it all ready.

"My Lord," he returned, "I should say, 'What you! *Back an alien*!'"

"Bacchanalian, by Jove!" murmured the distinguished Statesman, and was led out by Mr. MONTAGU CORRY, to whom he subsequently explained the *jeu de mot*.

MR. PONGO'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Mr. Pongo's chief accomplishment is his drawing—at the Aquarium.

Lucus a Non.

A NEWSPAPER, noticing the recent performance of a mimic Mass in an Anglican Church, observes that—

"At St. Alban's, Holborn, the service was of the most advanced Ritualist type."

When will our friends and brethren of the Press cease to style the Ritualist "type" to the Roman anti-type "advanced"? Being, in fact, mere mimicry of mediæval rites and ceremonies, instead of being advanced it is, on the contrary, retrograde.

## HOLIDAY TASKS FOR THE RECESS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To "recuperate" from the heavy labours devolving upon him as a member of the House of Peers.

LORD SALISBURY.—To set his agents right in *re* the Metropolitan Improvements Bill.

LORD DERRY.—To get up the geography of Europe, with a view to devise a British foreign policy that shall not be at once feeble and bumptious.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE.—To write an Essay. Subject: "Sparing the rod and spoiling the Irish Member."

MR. GATHORNE HARDY.—To find some substitute for his favourite setting-up drill—"the Goose-step."

MR. CROSS.—To spend his leisure in detecting the Detectives.

MR. W. H. SMITH.—To make the British Navy something stronger than a paper fleet.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE.—To cut down some branches of his labours and most leaves of his pamphlets.

MR. W. H. GLADSTONE.—To refrain from talking politics before excursionists when "papa" begs him "to be seen and not heard."

SIR WILFRED LAWSON.—To discover a new argument or a fresh joke in favour of the Permissive Bill.

MR. WHALLEY.—To find something better to admire than an obstructive Irish pig.

CAPTAIN NOLAN.—To apply his own "range-finder" to the duties of an officer and gentleman.

MAJOR O'GORMAN.—To take six lessons in the art of writing after dinner.

MR. BIGGAR.—To grow smaller.

And the Small Fry of Both Houses.—To have as little to do with "Extra Parliamentary Utterances" as possible.

## PEERS AND PRIVILEGES.

(After the use of Sarum.)

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Season-ticket for knifeboard on Waterloo omnibuses.

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.—Entry at Star and Garter, including meat luncheon and use of billiard-room, on all Sundays and Bank Holidays in the year.

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.—Admission to Henry the Eighth's Chapel, Coronation Chair, and other sights in Abbey, on sixpenny days, for nothing.

EARL OF CADOGAN.—Right of playing lawn-tennis, cricket, and polo, up and down Sloane Street.

EARL OF ONSLOW.—Ditto of grouse-shooting over his own Square.

EARL OF DERRY.—Reserved seat for two on Grand Stand, return ticket by railway, and presentation sample of silk pocket-handkerchief, with portrait of winner, at Spring Meeting.

EARL OF NELSON.—Permanent right of passage to top of column with a party of not less than twelve.

EARL OF SANDWICH.—Free pass for a family to double bathing-machines at Deal.

VISCOUNT CANTEBURY.—Ditto to shilling places at his Hall (not later than seven).

LORD RAGLAW.—Ditto, ditto, at his ditto.

LORD HAMPTON.—Admission, with a friend, to Maze after six on Thursdays.

LORD HASTINGS.—Privilege of going there and back for three shillings during the summer months. And

LORD PUNCH.—Right of taking his seat and supporting, by precept and example, the true dignity of the Upper House.

## A Name for Nationalists.

In a *Times* leading article a misprint is a rarity. But in that respect is not the following sentence exceptional?—

"We had hoped, indeed, that by this time MR. BROOK and his band of guerillas would be disavowed by the mass of the Home-Rule Party."

Is guerillas the right word? We beg pardon of MR. PONGO.

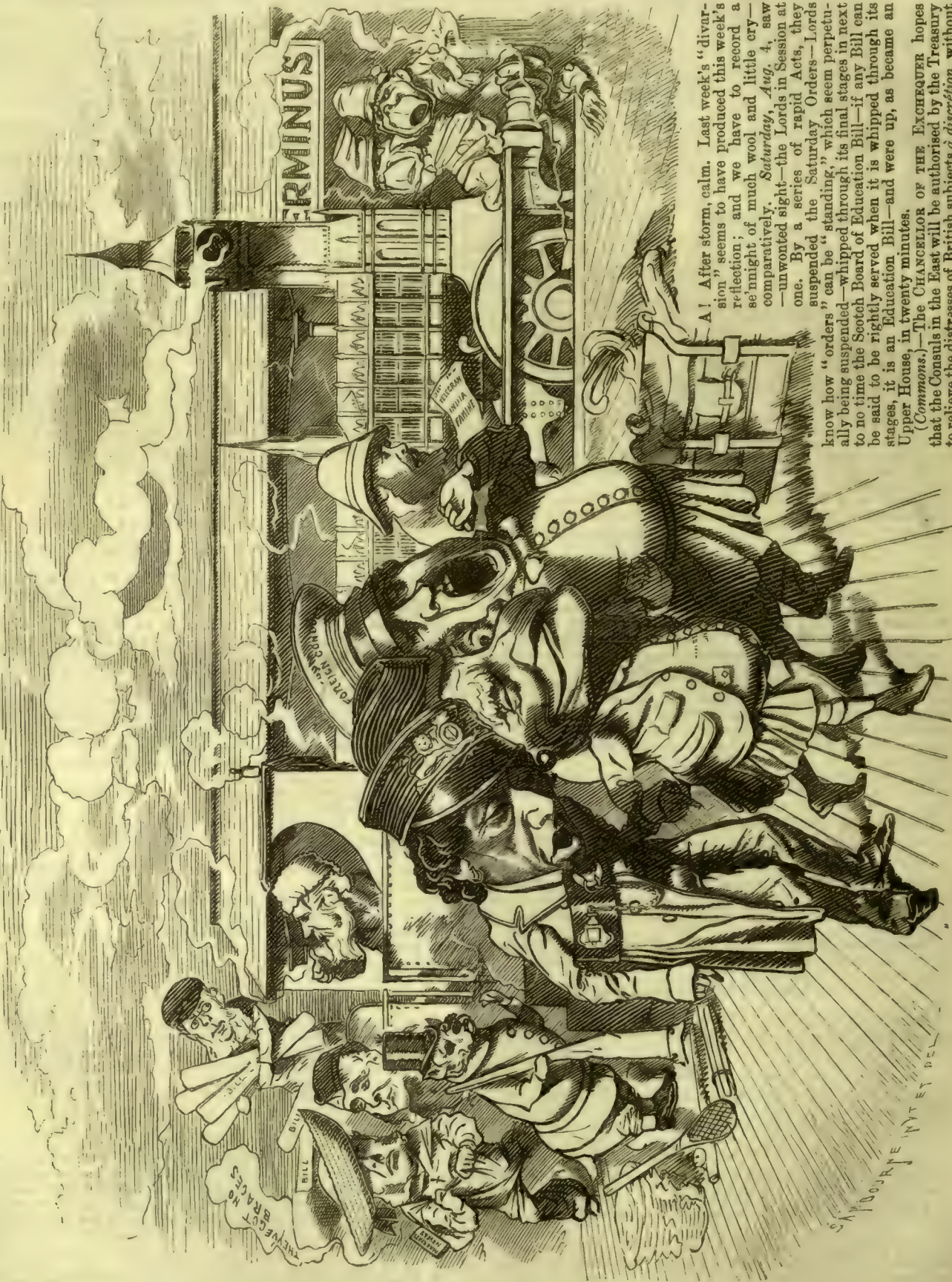
## What is a Cantrip?

LET our Norwegian Correspondent, who wants an explanation of "Cantrip," refer to any English Dictionary. If he does not find it, the worse for the Dictionary. The word means a witches' dance, which was something between a "canter" and a "trip,"—a *mélange* due, doubtless, to the hoof of the master and the Terpsichorean tastes of his pupils. For which see *Tam O'Shanter*.

A PLEA that the Ritualists might fairly put forward for their imitation of the Mass is, that it has an "elevating" effect.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



A! After storm, calm. Last week's "divar-  
 sion" seems to have produced this week's  
 reflection; and we have to record a  
 se'night of much wool and little cry—  
 comparatively. *Saturday, Aug. 4*, saw  
 an unlooked-for sight—the Lords in Session at  
 one. By a series of rapid Acts, they  
 suspended the Saturday Orders—Lords  
 know how "orders" can be "standing," which seem perpetu-  
 ally being suspended—whipped through its final stages in next  
 to no time the Scotch Board of Education Bill—if any Bill can  
 be said to be rightly served when it is whipped through its  
 stages, it is an Education Bill—and were up, as became an  
 Upper House, in twenty minutes.  
 (Commons.)—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER hopes  
 that the Consuls in the East will be authorised by the Treasury  
 to relieve the distresses of British subjects *a discretion*, without

S. P. JOYCE  
 INVENTED





## STUDY IN A RESTAURANT.

LUNCHEON WITH YOUR SISTER, AND LUNCHEON WITH SOME ONE ELSE'S SISTER!

asking leave to help in each case. Red Tape at such a moment *should* be relaxed, if it is not to be used halter or bow-string fashion, to cut short wretched lives.

The South African Bill read a Third Time under complaint of "indecent haste" from SIR G. CAMPBELL and—*proh pudor!*—MR. PARNELL. SIR GEORGE should have complained of "indecent obstruction." The time that should have been employed in debating the Bill was spent in fighting the Obstructives.

Lords' Amendments of Universities Bill agreed to.

Wonders will never cease. Irish County Courts Bill passed without a word or blow from BIGGAR, PARNELL, or O'DONNELL. The only fight was over the Clause that prevents a County Court suitor from the suicidal act of employing two attorneys. Irish attorneys must be less sharp than we think them, if one isn't too many for most men!

MR. BUTT argued that because a man might have two barristers, why might he not have two attorneys. As well argue that because a man can stand under two bottles of pop, why two bottles of brandy should not be too much for him. He forgets the different strength of the creatures. Attorney to solicitor *may* be as alligator to crocodile; but barrister to attorney is as iguana to alligator.

Irish Prisons and Scotch Sheriff's Courts Bill read a Third Time—and no idle talk over either. And four other Bills besides forwarded a stage before the House was up at half after four.

"Tis the sunset of Session makes speaking a bore,  
And coming St. Grouse casts his shadow before."

**Monday.**—The Lords did their business in agreeing to Commons' amendments; and the Commons did theirs in disagreeing to Lords'—in Metropolitan Street Improvements.

LORD SALISBURY is not to be discredited by his agents' anxiety to defend his pockets at the expense of his public spirit.

MR. COWEN has scored another to his credit by getting the promise of Consular reports as to the late strikes in the States—a strictly Consular duty. "*Consules provideant ne quid detrimenti Respublica capiat.*"

MR. TREVELYAN moved a declaration that it is too late to consider the Army Promotion and Retirement Scheme.

Too late to consider undoubtedly, but too late to postpone, says the Government, and not too late to pass.

*Punch* is ready to say ditto to TREVELYAN in almost every point he made. The delay in bringing forward the scheme *has* been inexcusable: the unfairness of asking Parliament to pronounce an opinion it hasn't time to form on a complex set of professional provisions is palpable. The plan *does* stereotype a questionable organisation. We should like to see companies with more men and fewer officers. And it is but too plain that it lays a heavy load on poor Pilgralic—the tax-payer.

But, *per contra*, if the House hasn't had time to consider what the Commission and the War-Office have—and their consideration of such a matter is like to be more to the purpose—then Parliament can watch and amend what it is not allowed time to consider: and consideration after trial is usually more to the purpose than consideration before.

Re-organisation is, and had better be kept, in the future. To that the Army *must* come in the good time coming; but the less Retirement and Promotion are mixed up with Re-organisation the better. Perhaps we may one day get an Army in which retirement will follow, naturally, on decay of vigour; and promotion will come naturally, neither from the north nor south of the Horse Guards, but from capacity for command. But *then* promotion and retirement will need no "scheming." It is "true 'tis pity—pity 'tis true," the "Scheme" does not consider the interests of the aged General so much as at all satisfies GENERAL SHUTE, or as might have been expected. In fact, it may be said to thrust General Non-Shoot into the background with an indecorous alacrity that, having regard to the tenderness of those dear old veterans' toes, may (and no doubt will be) called, in the Military Megatherium and the shady side of Pall Mall, and seventy-five, "indecent," spelt with a good many double d's.

But what can't be cured must be endured even by fine crusty old veterans, whose half-pay we should delight to see doubled, and who—on the retired list—would be cheap at the money.

As to the temporary retirement of Officers of lower rank and fighting years, let's hope we mayn't lose many, and that those we do lose won't be the QUEEN's best bargains. The simple answer to all the pleas for delay—TREVELYAN's, CAPTAIN O'BEIRNE's and NOLAN's, MR. RYLANDS' (who would have preferred a money Bill), and SIR H. HAVELOCK's, who summed up smartly against the





## EXPERTO CREDE.

Tourist (on approaching Hostelry). "WHAT WILL YOU HAVE, COACHMAN?"

Driver. "A WEE DRAP 'WHUSKEY, SIR, THANK YOU."

Tourist. "ALL RIGHT. I'LL GET DOWN, AND SEND IT OUT TO YOU."

Driver. "NA, NA, GIE ME THE SIXPENCE. THEY'LL GIE YOU AN UNCO SMA' GLESS!"

scheme as "unjust, ineffective, and suicidal"—is that something *must* be done, and that is the best the Royal Commissioners and the War Office see their way to doing. MR. HARDY defends the scheme on all the points on which MR. TREVELYAN attacks it, but that is a detail. The real reason for passing it is that "something must be done;" and whoever knew the right thing done under that condition? Even MR. HARDY admits the scheme is "tentative," or, as LORD HARTINGTON puts it, in plain phrase, "a temporary expedient to meet a temporary purpose, under which all questions of Re-organisation must be held quite open."

Of course, under the circumstances, there was nothing for it but to negative the Trevelyan Resolution by 139 to 77, and much more two dilatory motions by MR. FAWCETT and SIR G. CAMPBELL, which came on its heels, by 123 to 63 and 124 to 30, respectively.

**Tuesday (Lords).**—LORD HARROWBY tried to quicken the tardy steps of law in Lancaster. The LORD CHANCELLOR promised a fourth assize, and more power to the Commission, if nothing else would do. Civil justice, it seems now-a-days, is as lame as criminal. HORACE wrote:—

"Raro antecedentem scelestum  
Deseruit pede pœna claudo."

We should write *sape*.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND moved the Second Reading of the Canal Boats Bill, which will secure some sanitary educational and humane supervision of the poor wretches who now grow up uncared-for in the foul atmosphere of those floating slums. The Session will not have been altogether barren of blessing if it brings them within reach of a paternal Government kinder than their too often brutal fathers.

The Irish Prisons Bill, too, was forwarded a stage. It travels the same road as the English. If we could say as much of Irish Juries!

(Commons.)—SIR STAFFORD could not oblige DR. KENEALY with information as to the designs of the three Emperors for the partition of Europe. When the Turkey in Europe is cut up, Europe will, of course, follow. After the Bird the Dish.

In Supply, when it came to the vote for money to pay the South African

Annexation Bill, MR. COURTNEY had a final deliverance of his much exercised mind over the Transvaal transaction. O'DONNELL, with bated breath, if not whispering humbleness, followed suit; while MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, MR. E. JENKINS, from the Opposition point of view, and MR. LOWTHER, from the Official, defended a transaction, which, however out of the usual line of English policy, *Punch* believes with them, to have been unavoidable, and the means of averting far worse evils than the worst even an O'DONNELL can lay his tongue to.

SIR J. HAY brought up the DE HORSEY naval duel, at the unEnglish odds of two to one, *Shah* and *Amethyst* against *Huascar*. As nobody quite knows the facts, it would have been wiser to postpone a Parliamentary action as unsatisfactory as the naval one.

MR. EGBERTON held the Admiralty brief, and put the points in his instructions effectively. MR. BENTINCK defended the Admiral, and attacked the Admiralty; SIR W. HARCOURT fired into ADMIRAL DE HORSEY, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL into SIR W. HARCOURT, MR. GOSCHEN into the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE into everybody who had attacked the Government; and the subject, like the action, then dropped, with nobody much the worse for the all-round fire, or much the better.

Supply wound up a cheerful evening, with a duett from PARNELL and O'DONNELL over the Transvaal Vote, that sent away Members merrily at three in the morning.

**Wednesday Morning (Lords).**—Who dare say "*De minimis non curat Lex*," when a Duke brings forward a big Bill against a little Beetle? The Privy Council is to receive powers for its eradication. Imagine my Lords abroad, not "in the meadows to view the young lambs," but in the potatoe-fields to "eradicate" the Colorado Spear-bearer! Sublime spectacle—or rather, sub-Paris-green spectacle!—as lime is useless against the seven-lined shield of the winged invader. The Council is to be empowered to prohibit importation, destroy crops, and make compensations; and those who sell, or keep the plague, are to be fined. So let our friend, the Manchester Naturalist, be on his guard, or he may be snapped up, like an incautious fish, by the ever-watchful heron.

(Commons.)—New writ moved for Westminster. The RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH having been promoted from the command of H. B. P.'s Railway Book-stalls to that of H. B. M.'s Fleet. May he show himself as unmis-takeably the right man in the right place as First Lord of the Admiralty as he has of First Lord of the News-paper and the Railway Volume. The way he has done his work in the House and the Treasury augurs well for him in his new functions. He can't know anything about ships, but he's the man to *know* that he knows nothing. What a gain that will be!

In Supply, a long fight to cut down the Irish Police Vote, PARNELL and O'DONNELL, of course, prominent. Altogether Obstruction rather looked up to-day, PARNELL talking out the expiring Acts Continuance Bill. Better, after all, wreak his wrath on "expiring Acts" than expiring Members.

**Thursday.**—The Lords on Commons' Amendments—as a rule approvingly. No such awful catastrophe as collision of the Houses in prospect.

On the East India Loan Bill LORD SALISBURY spoke with becoming gravity of the impending famine in the South, and disclaimed, for the Government, any intention of showing less liberality in relieving it than its predecessors. LORD NORTHBROOK bore witness to the need and the will to avert it—if not the way, and wound up with words worth quoting.

"If nations did not grudge the employment of all the means in their power for the carrying on of war, they ought with infinitely greater reason to tax their energies to the utmost for the preservation of human life."

EARL FEVERSHAM waived the Eastern Question, that the Sphinx might proclaim, with due Sphinxian solemnity and oracular obscurity, that the Eastern policy of the Government had been clearly expressed and consistently maintained, and that it is one of "strict but conditional neutrality"—under the condition that the interests of this country should not be imperilled. Her Majesty's Government have no reason to doubt that Russia will, in an honourable manner, observe the con-



ditions she has promised to observe; but, in any case, it is the policy of Her Majesty's Government to maintain them.

There, JOHN BULL, is your pillow for the recess, to sleep on with both ears—stretch they never so widely.

(*Commons.*)—After a string of *variorum* questions, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER appealed to MR. BENTINCK to waive his Eastern Question; whereupon WHALLEY insisted on shoving in his oar, and, after being twice pronounced disorderly by the SPEAKER, was silenced under the new rule, without—as he afterwards, not unreasonably complained—being “heard in explanation.” So

“Order in disorder rooted stood,  
And rules on rules were ‘gainst rule overruled.”

MR. PARNELL had another onslaught on the Expiring Laws. Why won't he allow their R. I. P. to be quietly written in the usual Continuing Act? Like a lady's letter, the Session seems destined to carry its sting in its tail. Here is GRANT DUFF, within a few days of its finis, raising the question of LORD LYTTON's doings beyond our North-West frontier—the stationing of troops at Quetta, 267 miles in advance of our frontier line, the old advance-post of the Indian Alarmists. GRANT DUFF, LORD HARTINGTON, SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, with LORD LAWRENCE, in another place, are all of one mind, that our best Indian policy is one of “masterly inactivity.”—*Quies*—or if you like the reading *Quetta—non movere?* and that “least said, is soonest mended,” in Beloochistan, will be “soonest mended.”

*Punch* could have wished that either LORD G. HAMILTON or SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, had found themselves able to disclaim for LORD LYTTON any policy of the stirring kind, as distinctly as they disclaim it for the Government. But both spoke with the elaborate wordiness of men who had a great deal to hide. “*Khelat*,” has a disagreeable likeness to “*Celat*,” in the improved pronunciation.

*Friday (Lords).*—The Amendment of the Metropolitan Street Improvements Bill objected to by the Commons was retracted, and the interests of LORD SALISBURY, with the assent of the Noble Lord (who defended his agents, however) were sacrificed to those of the Public.

LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD COLCHESTER, said that reports, circulated by the Austrian Press, as to the policy of the British Government respecting the partition of Turkey, were unfounded. The British Lion is not waiting to take his share of Turkey.

(*Commons.*)—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, amid Ministerial cheering, declined to tell MR. MONK whether or no the Government intended to quarrel with Russia if Russian troops should temporarily occupy Constantinople.

To the question, what steps the Education Department had taken to protect the children in its schools against the *Priest in Absolution*, LORD SANDON gave MR. WHALLEY a patient answer. The Department could only enforce the Conscience Clause. MR. WHALLEY subsequently read an explanation of his conduct at the previous sitting, and, later in the evening, rambled, amid the usual indications, on the influence and intrigues of the Vatican and the Jesuits in bringing on the Crimean War.

A little Bill reached a Third Reading, another passed through Committee. There was more talk about Russia and Constantinople, and the Destructive Insects Bill was read a Second time. Else, nothing was done or said more memorable than the remarks of MR. WHALLEY.

The House in discussing the Sale of Food and Drugs Amendment Bill was Counted Out at 11:10. And so, as MR. PEPPYS would say, “betimes to bed.”

#### SEASONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO LET, for CLIMBING, a SWISS PEAK. Never yet attempted, and may be had for the Month or the Season. No view from the top. No Alpine flora. What is not ice is granite. Avalanches regularly laid on. A probability, almost amounting to a certainty, that one attempting the ascent will break his neck and that of his Guide. Terms reasonable.—Address, ALPENSTOCK, Nomatterhorn, Switzerland.

WANTED, by a Gentleman intending to visit the chief Continental Capitals, a Second-hand Suit of Check Tweeds, Three Red Flannel Shirts, a Pair of Knickerbockers to match, and a serviceable Pair of Shooting Boots.—Address, FREE AND EASY, Manners Street, Camden Town.

WANTED, by several Ladies who are about to travel, a knowledge of the French and German Languages.

#### A Natural End.

THE Kilkenny Cats lately had a Meeting on the tiles, to decide who should be their head. They separated without coming to a conclusion. The only conclusion Kilkenny Cats come to, is not “heads” but “tails.”

#### LATE ON THE MOORS.



THE House of Commons used, of yore,  
Betimes to get the Session o'er,  
Without postponement, heretofore,  
A-going out a-shooting.  
The Twelfth of August saw the House  
About the hills in quest of grouse.  
Its Members then had too much nous  
To let absurd Obstructives chouse

It out of time by  
vain debate,  
On useless motions  
—idle prate,  
Which now has  
kept them up  
so late  
From going out  
a-shooting.

#### Chorus.

Punctually, upon  
the day,  
Casting politics  
away,  
Tramping o'er the  
heather gay,  
A-going out a-  
shooting.

Although the corn was ripe and brown,  
This year they had to stay in Town.  
The grouse for them no bringing down!

No going out a-shooting!

Through six or seven determined bores,  
Home-Rulers from Hibernia's shores,  
They couldn't close St. Stephen's doors,  
And cut away unto the moors.  
There grouse were waiting to be shot,  
But found they had a respite got;  
For Members—Irish-bound—were not  
A-going out a-shooting.

It seems an ominous event,  
On August's Twelfth, when Parliament,  
Has always joined, with one consent,  
In going out a-shooting.

Perhaps the safety of the land  
Might such a sacrifice demand.  
But that perverse Hibernian band!  
Your House should ne'er their nonsense stand.  
If e'er they try it on again,  
Be down upon them there and then,  
And promptly let them know you're men  
A-going out a-shooting.

#### Barnum's Aphorisms.

EVERYTHING is a Mermaid that comes to my net.  
WASHINGTON's Nurse was worth two Gorillas in the Bush.  
A Poster in time saves nine out of it.  
Make play while the run lasts.  
You can fill a Silk Purse out of a Woolly Horse.  
The uglier the Monster the better the draw.  
The more queer Birds of a Feather, the more the Public will flock together.  
Truth lies at the bottom of a Sell.  
Do, or you will be done, by.

#### Note from 'Arry de Cockaigne.

“Some good catches of salmon” (the *Globe* lately informed us) “have been made by the fishermen from Goole and the neighbourhood, owing to the fact that neither grampuses nor porpoises have made their appearance in the Ouse this week.”

WHEN our old Cockney friend, 'ARRY, who is weak in aspirates and spelling, read the above, he exclaimed, “My! Fancy what a lively place to live in, this 'ere, where they 'ave a grampus and a porpus in the 'ouse every week! My!”

“HUNG BE THE HEAVENS WITH”—WHITE!—*Alba notanda dies.*  
August 9, The Wedding Day of the Lady Mayoress.





### A NEW PROFESSION.

*Very Small Boy (in answer to Inquisitive Lady).* "Oh, TED'S GOING INTO THE CHURCH, AND TOM'S GOING INTO THE ARMY, AND MALCOLM'S GOING INTO THE NAVY, AND JACK'S GOING INTO THE CIVIL SERVICE, AND BOB'S GOING INTO MEDICINE, AND ARTHUR'S GOING INTO LAW, AND GUS'S GOING INTO BUSINESS, AND I'M GOING INTO KNICKERBOCKERS!"

### ECHO'S ANSWERS

*To a Cockney Inquirer who consults her concerning the inevitable Annual "Outing" and its probable issues.*

*Inquirer.* What subject sets me worrying and doubting?  
*Echo.* "Outing."  
*Inquirer.* My Wife suggests for family health's improving?—  
*Echo.* Roving.  
*Inquirer.* What's the first requisite for taking pleasure?  
*Echo.* Leisure.  
*Inquirer.* The second (for a slave to matrimony)?  
*Echo.* Money.  
*Inquirer.* You say that Woman of all founts of mischief—  
*Echo.* Is chief.  
*Inquirer.* What is this close agreement of my women?  
*Echo.* Omen.  
*Inquirer.* I fear for me they'll prove a deal too clever?  
*Echo.* Ever.  
*Inquirer.* What is the manner of my buxom MARY?  
*Echo.* Airy.  
*Inquirer.* And what's her goal in every hint and notion?  
*Echo.* Ocean.  
*Inquirer.* How recommends she Ramsgate, shrimpy, sandy?  
*Echo.* 'Andy.  
*Inquirer.* Whereas I hold it at this season torrid?—  
*Echo.* 'Orrid!  
*Inquirer.* And hint, with a vain view to scare or stop her?—  
*Echo.* 'Oppor!  
*Inquirer.* (Meaning the *Pulex*.) Answers she politely.  
*Echo.* Lightly.  
*Inquirer.* How then am I inclined to view the mater?  
*Echo.* Hate her.  
*Inquirer.* What feel I when she hints at sea-side clothing?  
*Echo.* Loathing.  
*Inquirer.* Mention of what makes all my family scoffers?  
*Echo.* Coiffers.

*Inquirer.* Then if I storm, what word breaks sequent stillness?  
*Echo.* Illness!  
*Inquirer.* What feels a man when women 'gin to blubber?  
*Echo.* Lubber.  
*Inquirer.* What is the show of patience that may follow?  
*Echo.* Hollow!  
*Inquirer.* What would the sex when it assumes that virtue?  
*Echo.* Hurt you.  
*Inquirer.* What's the result of halting and misgiving?  
*Echo.* Giving.  
*Inquirer.* What is man's share anent this yearly yearning?  
*Echo.* Earning.  
*Inquirer.* What's the chief issue of this seaward flowing?  
*Echo.* Owing.  
*Inquirer.* How long before I'm free of tradesmen's pages?  
*Echo.* Ages!

### AN UNCOMMON COWARD.

THE *Standard's* Correspondent with the Turkish Army in Armenia, in temporary default, perhaps, of news more distinctly warlike, transmits a panegyric upon Turks; in the course thereof supplying the subjoined information:—

"My new Servant was very willing, and soon showed that he was honest, but at the same time childish, awkward, and cowardly. The Turks love their children too much, and spoil them; they do not keep them at work, and treat them even after their marriage as little children for whom father and mother must work, and whose faults must be forgiven. Of course, these faults assume a very grave character in some children; but my Servant is too cowardly to do an act of violence."

He, therefore, could never have had a hand in "Bulgarian Atrocities." He would never have behaved like a brave Bashi-Bazouk. But what other Servant, except some Irish Gentleman's, could be described by his Master as too much of a coward to commit a dastardly act?

"GOOD TEMPLARS."—For opening their Gardens to poor children.





## A GLORIOUS HARVEST!!!

FARMER BACONSFIELD. "BLESS YOU—BLESS YOU—MY NOBLE SONS OF TOIL!"







## A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.



UR *Excitements and Amusements at Boodle's*—*The Trimmer*—*The Walk Wanted*—*The Composer's Lecture*—*Limits to Exercise*—*Calm Contemplation.*

THE POET HAMLIN MUMLEY, POGMORE the Composer, and MILBURN, have set the Trimmer to catch the Eel in the Pond.

This is, at present, our chief excitement. We go to bed at night, early, wondering if there'll be anything on the Trimmer in the morning. We get up early, and go down to the Pond to see if anything is on the Trimmer. No, the Trimmer has not been touched during the night. Every hour, somebody, generally two of us, go up to the Pond, and look with increasing curiosity at the Trimmer. Our first impulse is to take it up. Our

second is to let it be there a little longer, and give it a chance. We begin to speak of it as something with a character to redeem.

BOODELS explains to us that it is no use taking it up, as when anything *has* been caught, the Trimmer turns up of its own accord in the water, and floats topsy-turvy.

Throughout the day we walk at intervals up to the Pond, and stand on the bank silently watching the Trimmer, as if a friend had been drowned in the Pond, and this were the tombstone over his watery grave.

The Trimmer *does* not turn up. But we go on, expecting this to take place. In fact we are like four *Micawbers* "waiting perpetually for something" (the Trimmer) "to turn up." MILBURN is always wanting to "rout it out with a pole," and is invariably restrained by the Poet or by BOODELS. The Composer thinks that a "musical situation" might be got out of it "somehow," and suggests as an idea *The Troll of a Trimmer*. MILBURN instantly says, alluding to the Composer's Oratorio, "There were no Trimmers in the Ark! ha! ha! ha! Unless they had to 'trim the boat!' ha! ha! ha!" But nobody laughs, as it is felt that MILBURN is a fool for rushing in where angels (ourselves) dare not tread.

As the day wears on—it is a very hot day, and I fancy there is a smell from the Pond (which suspicion BOODELS resents as a libel on his place, "because," he says, "if there is a smell, it's anything but an unwholesome one"—but BOODELS won't allow there can be anything unhealthy about his place—that's his one strong point)—the excitement of visiting the Trimmer begins to pall upon me. I want to walk out somewhere—to a hill if possible, if there is such a thing in the neighbourhood—"Lots!" replies BOODELS, indignantly), and get some fresh air. This desire for fresh air also annoys BOODELS. It is a slight on *his* air. He becomes sarcastic, and pretends to apologise for his place not being by the sea-side. *He* doesn't perceive any smell from the Pond. *He* doesn't complain of the atmosphere. *He*, in fact, finds it very pleasant.

But then BOODELS has the place on a lease for some considerable time, and, of course, he is not going to depreciate the Pond by (as it were, to put it proverbially and vulgarly) "crying stinking fish," not even if the Trimmer should have already caught the Eel without having turned up, and the Eel were being boiled in its native sun-heated water.

BOODELS does *not* want a walk, and *he* won't come. He says, "When you come back I'll walk up to the Pond with you and see how the Trimmer's getting on." Bother the Trimmer! Will the Composer, POGMORE accompany me? I find he is in the drawing-room at the piano, accompanying himself. I happen to look in at a moment when he has got into some difficulty with an E flat which oughtn't, by rights, to be in a chord in his composition, but which has got in somehow, and produced such a marvellous effect that he has begun to think of writing a treatise on the "Unexpected seventh" and revolutionising music generally.

"Walk!" he cries out impetuously, appearing as violently horrified as though I'd asked him to come and commit a murder in the lane. "Walk! my dear fellow!" (the tone in which he says "My dear fellow!" implies "You confounded idiot, to come in and interrupt a Composer!") "I can't walk *now*. Any other time I'll

be delighted; but—I really can't now!" And he bends, inquiringly, over the forefinger of his right hand, which he has not yet removed from the astonishing E flat.

It perhaps flashes across him, that, considering me as his probable librettist, he may have treated me rather cavalierly in shouting at me as he has just done (for he *has* shouted, and no one likes to be shouted at), and so he turns to me while still sitting and stooping over the key-board, as if he were either the tuner, or a naturalist in search of an insect that had slipped out of one of the cracks between the notes—(by the way, why shouldn't a Composer who writes all his airs in C Major—as I should if I were a Composer—be called a "Naturalist," and another who might confine himself to D a "Two-Sharpist," and another, who might stick invariably to F Major, a "One-Flatist"?) But though I interrupt the Composer with the question, he simply replies, "It couldn't be done"—and says more politely, "I can't come now, because I've hit upon something which may turn out of the utmost importance. I think," he says, "I can resolve the D into the dominant without a recurring seventh"—or words to this effect. "If I can do this" (whatever it is), "it will be," he exclaims, "a most invaluable discovery."

POGMORE, it strikes me, is treating Music as if it were Astronomy. This is a new light to me, and I am always, not only ready to learn anything, but interested in acquiring knowledge from experts.

"But," I say to him, "you can't discover notes as you can stars."

"Of course, you can," he replies. I am inclined to ask him if, instead of a telescope, he uses a stethoscope with which doctors take soundings, but I feel that POGMORE is not in the vein for this remark, so I only beg him to continue his instruction.

"Well," he says, still with his finger on the E flat, as though the loss of this note involved ruin, "well, in music you know, there are millions of sounds which cannot be represented on the piano. There wouldn't, you see, be room for such an instrument in any house, and it would take several hands to play it at once. Now the ambition of every Composer is not merely to produce a composition for an instrument where he is limited to thirteen notes more or less defective, but to evolve new sounds and fresh permutations and combinations of sound from the illimitable system of Harmony existing in nature."

Dear me! What an Oratorio the Ark will be! I must try and think of a libretto for POGMORE.

"But," I mildly insinuate, "you can do all you want with a piano."

POGMORE scorns the idea. "My dear fellow,"—by the way, he might just as well be out walking and talking, as lecturing me in a room with the thermometer at something terrific—"My dear fellow, the piano is a most defective instrument. For instance, do you think for a moment that all the sounds of which Music is capable are exhausted in an octave? You," this to me, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, "can make more sounds than those." Certainly I can. "You can sing notes that are not on the piano?" Can I? well yes—perhaps I can.

"Then," I say, struck by a new idea, "if one had never heard a piano so as to be restricted by its limited capabilities," this is the view I begin to take of pianos in general, "then every man would have invented an instrument for himself, reproducing the sounds peculiar to himself, and by unity of these instruments we should, long before this, have obtained one grand harmonicon, so to speak."

"Well," says POGMORE, rather taken aback by my sudden grasp of the idea, "the question would be where could such an instrument be placed, for the scientific Philosophy of Music teaches us, that, in all probability, musical sounds are commensurable with space."

Dear me! But why won't he come out for a walk? If I could only keep him interested, perhaps he will, because I can suggest that *he* can talk as we walk along. I'm afraid I can't hook him yet; an attempt to pull him out would only result in his breaking away with the hook in his jaw. But I encourage him, on the chance of getting a companion.

"For example. You understand," he continues, "that there must be some sounds between C and D?"

"Yes—I do." (Would this be a good point for suggesting the walk?)

"The first sound that occurs to you is half C and half D—that is C sharp."

Precisely; but we're rather wasting time, because he might be saying all this to me on the top of the hill that I want to go and see.

Without showing any signs of stirring, POGMORE continues:—"Now where is the quarter of C, or the eighth of C, or the sixteenth, or the hundredth? Where are any of those fractional infinitesimal sounds which must exist as parts of a whole?"

"Quite so—where are they?" I say, and I twiddle my straw hat as a hint.

POGMORE is wound up. He is giving me the result of recent scientific training, and I believe is practising on me for his own benefit.





## INOPPORTUNE.

*De Brown (on a Visit in the neighbourhood, thought he'd like to see his friend Lord Wickworth's Collection of Old Masters). "CAN I SEE THE PICTURES?"*

*Upper Servant. "WELL, I 'ARDLY THINK YOU CAN—JUST NOW. WE'RE JUST A-GOIN' TO 'AVE OUR LUNCHEON. 'ADN'D YOU BETTER LOOK IN AGAIN BY'MBY!"*

"Again," he says, "this one black note, that represents at the same time both C sharp and D flat, must be a very imperfect invention. It is impossible that C sharp and D flat can be the same sounds."

"Quite," I say; then I add, as persuasively as I can, "You'd be all the better for a little exercise, and come back quite fresh to work."

No. He won't move. He simply says, "Don't stop for me," and turns once more to the piano. "I say," he calls out as I am quitting the room, "you might turn over the *libretto* while you're out walking. And when you come back I don't mind walking with you as far as the Pond to see how the Trimmer's getting on."

Hang the Trimmer! Where's the Poet, HAMLIN MUMLEY; perhaps he'll come. There he is in the middle of the lawn, not far from the Pond. He and the Peruvian Goose together, facing one another at a distance of about six feet, and contemplating each other in a drowsy stupid fashion, as if they were both waiting for an inspiration. On coming up towards them, I notice that while the Poet is regarding the Goose with interest, as though he were mentally commencing a poem, beginning with, "O, strange Peruvian Goose, whose —, &c." The Goose, on the other hand, is apparently fast asleep. The Poet has mesmerised the Goose, and as MUMLEY seems to be unable to remove his eyes off the bird, the Goose has mesmerised the Poet.

*Happy Thought.*—The Pond has already suggested *The Butler and the Eel* as a ballad. Now the next is *The Poet and the Peruvian Goose*.—The collection of poems to be called *The Boodels Ballads*.

I rouse MUMLEY from his lethargy. The Goose opens his eyes and wobbles his tail. Will the Poet come out for a walk? There is, I tell him by way of inducement, a beautiful view from the top of some hill near here. No. He thanks me; he will another day, but just now he is rather anxious about the Trimmer. Why not come down as far as the Pond (that is, about ten yards), and look at the Trimmer? *That*, he adds, "will be exercise." MILBURN comes

in through a gate, flushed and hot. "I'll go with you. Where?" he shouts.

"Ah, it's too late now," I say, evasively. "I only wanted a little exercise."

"If you want exercise, old boy," he shouts, though I'm quite close to him, "you go into the field there where the cow is. Ha! ha! ha! She's as mad as a hatter, and she'll give you some exercise. Ha! ha! ha! I should like to see you cutting round the field, with the old cow after you! Ha! ha! ha!"

MILBURN JUNIOR's jokes are most offensive; and he is always seeing fun in what might result in some most serious, if not absolutely fatal, accident. Suppose I *did* go into the field, supposing the cow were to run at me, and I couldn't get away quickly enough, would MILBURN ever forgive himself, for, as it were, having dared me to the encounter?

"I wonder," cries MILBURN, "how the Trimmer's getting on." And off go MUMLEY and MILBURN to the pond. Where can I go for exercise? To the Trimmer? No, I will *not* go to the Trimmer. Then where? This opens my eyes to the fact that the boundaries for exercise within the BOODELS' domain are limited. For example, when you want to walk in the Kitchen Garden, you are strongly advised not to, on account of the bees. This is enforced by BOODELS with a story of how the bees (not *his*, but *some* bees of his acquaintance) once swarmed on a man in a garden. The man was standing still just as the Poet does when he thinks he has an idea, and one bee came on to his nose. The man, having considerable presence of mind, didn't attempt to brush it off, as he knew that he would be stung. The bee remained on the tip of his nose. To this bee came another, and clung on to the first bee; then came a third, and clung on to bee number two: then came a fourth, and so on, until gradually, within an hour, nearly a thousand bees had swarmed and were hanging, in a bunch, from his nose. He dared not stir; he couldn't speak; he couldn't be fed; no one could venture to come near him until the bees had finished swarming, and they often take a couple of days to finish swarming. Fortunately for him, these bees got it





### CATCHING A TARTAR.

Governess. "DO YOU KNOW, ERNEST, THAT I HEARD OF A LITTLE BOY NOT OLDER THAN YOU, WHO CAN READ AND WRITE WELL, AND WHO HAS BEGUN LATIN——"

Ernest. "OH, I SAY, WHAT A JOLLY GOOD TEACHER HE MUST HAVE!"

over in about three hours' time, when the Gardener came with a hive, and took the swarm. The man never stood still in a garden again as long as he lived. (*Boodels' Anecdotes of Country Life*, a companion to *The Boodels Ballads*. Clearly a valuable compilation. Shall ask BOODELS if he has any objection to my compiling such a book. Most interesting, and would destroy many popular fallacies as to the unalloyed enjoyment of the country.)

So the Kitchen Garden is tabooed. Well, why not the Meadow? Why not? because of the cow. She is so uncertain. She chivied the Butler the other day, and he only narrowly escaped by jumping into the ditch. But what was the Butler doing there? I ask. "Oh! he had gone out to catch the pony," BOODELS replies, as if catching the pony was a Butler's ordinary routine business.

Well, how about the Paddock? A walk about there, eh? The pony is in the paddock, and he is good-tempered enough with the Butler, but he is inclined to be vicious with strangers,—unless they've got bread to give him. This bars the paddock.

The Farm-yard, then? Oh, you can't walk *there*, it is so mucky. "But," says BOODELS, "if you want to get exercise and do some good, you might take a stick and beat about for rats, they swarm by the pigstyes as big as rabbits, and you stand a fair chance of killing some." Declined, with thanks.

There is only one other place left; the Stable-yard. "Ah," says BOODELS, "you'd better look through the gate first, and see if Gripper is chained up. Sometimes he is loose." Gripper is the bull-dog, with a fixed idea of everyone, except the Butler, the Postman, and the Baker, being burglars.

Then there is nothing to do unless I take a walk alone. I am

### THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S BILL.

(A Song for the Season.)

AIR—"The Lass of Richmond Hill."

"The Destructive Insects Bill introduced into the House of Lords by the DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, passed its Second Reading, without discussion, August 8th, 1877."

In Colorado dwells a pest  
We don't want here, I'm sure,  
Potato crops it doth infest—  
A curse without a cure!  
This pest if once it entrance win,  
Will work us woful ill.  
But our main hope is centred in  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!  
This Yankee scare  
Had best beware  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!

How happy should we Britons be  
To hear the pest had flown!  
We need him not this side the sea,  
So let him keep his own.  
But, lest invading tricks he try,  
We'll just prepare this pill,  
And fright that blessed Beetle by  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!  
This Yankee scare  
Had best beware  
The DUKE OF RICHMOND'S Bill!

### Tremendous Fighting in Asia Minor.

A BATTLE of the elements is not an uncommon occurrence, but nobody, perhaps, ever heretofore heard or read of such an action as that announced in the subjoined telegram to the *Evening Standard* from

"CONSTANTINOPLE, August 6.—An official despatch from MOUKHTAR PASHA, dated the 5th inst., announces that an engagement has been fought between the river Arpa Chai and the Russian camp at Ani, beyond the frontier."

In a battle between a river and a camp, the river, one thinks, would be likely to get the best of it. The river could sustain no injury from being under fire, but what would become of the camp if it were under water?

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF IT.—"Grouse Prospects." The disagreeable ones of being killed, or wounded.

dissatisfied. BOODELS rises from the chair in the tent. He has a remedy for all ills, an excitement that never fails. It is this:—

"Come," he says, "I don't mind walking with you as far as the Pond, to see what the Trimmer's doing."

And then for the fourteenth time we all four stand again on the bank, silently regarding the Trimmer. The four *Micawbers* waiting for the something to turn up. As we began the day so we end it . . . And this is life in the country! Dinner time.

### Black Raptures.

"THE KING OF DAHOMEY is said to have jumped for joy on hearing of the loss of the oil he had been induced to pay for his bad treatment of British subjects; and when he heard that the *Sirius* had broken down and was compelled to return to England, his delight was unbounded."

So we see that His Dahomeyan Majesty is not like a Pennsylvanian delighted that he has "struck ile," but that his ile has struck; and no wonder, being a nigger, that he delights in a break-down.

### William the Woodman.

THE attention of Liberal politicians should be directed to the circumstance that a manufacturing town of some importance in Devonshire returns no Member to Parliament. Otherwise, if—which of course is impossible—Greenwich should ever prove unfaithful to its illustrious Representative, surely MR. GLADSTONE would always be safe to find an appropriate asylum at Axminster.



## A NEW "LILLIPUTIAN ODE."

Out of Town,  
Turning brown—  
Prince and Queen,  
Curate, Dean,  
Upper Ten,  
Hardworked men,  
Tailors, Earls,  
Jaded girls,  
JONES and SMITH,  
Kin and kith,  
Spouses, Wives,  
Swarming hives,  
Children, maids,  
Buckets, spades,  
Lasses, lads,  
Shawls and plaids,  
Boxes, trunks,  
Parsons, Monks,  
Filling trains, and boats, and  
bunks.

Gone away—  
Cleric, lay,  
Millionnaires,  
Happy pairs,  
Painters, proctors,  
Lawyers, doctors,

Wise and stupid,  
Mammon, Cupid,  
Plain and pretty,  
West-End, City—  
From the House  
To the grouse,  
From St. Paul's  
To the Gauls,  
From the Board  
To the sward,  
And the surf,  
And the turf—  
Every belle,  
Every swell,  
Every loungee from Pall Mall.

Street and Square  
Silent, bare,  
Drive and Row  
Dreary, slow,  
Windows dark,  
Empty Park,  
Empty shops,  
Vanished fops,  
GUNTER, GRANGE,  
What a change!

HOWELL—JAMES—  
Where your dames?  
Where the broughams,  
And the grooms,  
Kettledrums,  
Wasted sums,  
Escapades,  
Wild canards,  
And long dances with the  
Guards?

What a flight  
Day and night!  
What a range  
For a change!  
Country Park,  
Scarbro', Sark,  
Country Eden,  
Norway, Sweden,  
Grousy moors,  
Transvaal Boers,  
Land o' Cakes,  
Italian lakes,  
Rhine and Rhone,  
Blarney Stone,  
German Spa,  
Seat of War,

Rhyl and Ryde,  
Ambleside,  
Alpine height,  
Isle of Wight,  
Ilfracombe,  
Erzeroum,  
Margate, Margvern, and Khar-  
toun!

Youth and prime  
Tramp and climb,  
Plunge and swim  
In ocean's brim,  
Fish and shoot  
In tweed suit,  
Sketch and paint  
Peasant, saint,  
Promenade,  
Gallopade,  
Table d'hôte,  
(Try the goat!),  
Don't be stiff,  
Never tiff,  
Have few wants  
In your jaunts,  
And write often to your Aunts.

## THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

(From Mr. Punch's Own Extra Special Correspondent.)

ISCHL, August 9, 1877.



THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY and AUSTRIA met to-day. No one was present save Your Own Correspondent. I managed to conceal myself without difficulty. I thought it better to hide, so that their Majesties should be able to converse without the embarrassing presence of a

third party. The Emperors seemed to be in excellent health. They wore mufti, with the exception of their head-gear. The EMPEROR WILLIAM had assumed an Austrian kepi, and the EMPEROR FRANCIS-JOSEPH a Prussian helmet. This mutual compliment seemed to give pleasure to both, and their congratulations to one another were at once hearty and merry. After the customary salutations, the following important conversation took place:—

"Pleasant weather, Sire," said FRANCIS-JOSEPH.

"Magnificent!" replied WILLIAM.

Here there was a pause, and cigars were produced. After they had been lighted, the Austrian asked, "All well at home, Sire?"

The German pondered for a moment, and then answered heartily, "Quite, thanks. Nothing wrong chez vous?"

"Nothing," returned FRANCIS-JOSEPH, and then he added, with a smile, "I see you are beginning to talk French again."

"Force of habit," said the elder Emperor. "I learned the language as a boy, when I entered Paris for the first time."

"A propos—how is BISMARCK?"

"Enjoying himself. And ANDRASSY?"

"Very well, I believe."

And then there was another long silence. The Austrian was the first to speak.

"Have you heard from our Cousin ALEXANDER lately?"

"Not very lately. Have you?"

The conversation now turned upon Berlin Sausages and Vienna Beer. After these two topics had been very fully discussed, the EMPEROR WILLIAM observed, "By the way, you have nothing very important to say to me?"

The Austrian considered for nearly an hour, and answered slowly, "No—not at present." Then, in turn, he asked, "And you, Sire, have nothing very important to say to me?"

The EMPEROR WILLIAM replied, briskly, "Just now—certainly not." Then their Majesties smiled, and their left eyelids slightly drooped, but immediately afterwards resumed their normal position.

"Good day, then. By the way, BISMARCK sends kind regards to ANDRASSY."

"And ANDRASSY wishes to be remembered to BISMARCK. Adieu, Sire."

"Au revoir!" replied WILLIAM, and the meeting of the Emperors was at an end.

I may add that all other reports you may receive of this interview will be inaccurate, and concocted solely with the purpose of influencing the quotations of the Stock Exchange.

## CONFESSORS AND COUNTERFEITS.

INSTEAD of playing at Mass, Ritualist Parsons should now and then attend it—that is, if they would like to know what a real Mass Priest thinks of them. MR. TOOTH, or MR. MACKONCHIE, or indeed DR. PUSEY, in so far as he sides with the Priest in *Absolution*, might all of them have been edified by a Sermon lately preached at Liverpool by MONSIGNOR CAPEL, an Ecclesiastic of an Order whom Protestants, indeed, may accuse of casting dust in people's eyes, but must, at least, recognise as the Original Dustmen. Had the Dustmen of Ritualism had the advantage of hearing that discourse, they would have heard themselves described by an authority, if there is any in the world, on the subject of Auricular Confession, as follows:—

"He said that men had arisen who had imitated the practices of the Catholic Church—men who had pretended that they were Priests of God, with sacrificial power, and that to them was given the right of pronouncing Absolution upon him who had sinned."

No doubt if MONSIGNOR CAPEL did not by these "Men" mean Ritualist Clergymen of the Church of England, he will hasten to say so. Of course it will grieve him acutely to find that he has been imagined to represent gentlemen whom he considers true Priests as pretenders and heretics. But, then, whom did he mean to disavow and repudiate when,

"He pointed out that while the Catholic Church gave authority for the Confessional, those who had undertaken Confession in the Church of England had no authority to do what they did, and were acting contrary to the Thirty-Nine Articles by which they were bound. They said they were one of the branches of the Catholic Church, but he protested against such a statement. The Catholic Church had no relationship with them."

"The Disowned" is a title under which, if not copyright, a competent buffoon could write a religious novel of a more than commonly comic nature. This might be a work which would bear illustration capitally. The characters in it all taken from real life, and delineated in their "vestments," could be represented as jackdaws in peacocks' feathers, for instance, with effect and truth which would doubtless be appreciated by MONSIGNOR CAPEL, and at least acknowledged by the whole of Christendom, both Roman Catholic and Protestant; for the Ritualists themselves are the only Denomination in the world who do not consider the sacerdotal pretensions of Ritualist Father-Confessors humbug.





### 'SEEING OTHERS AS OTHERS SEE US.'

*Traveller.* "A GLASS OF ALE, PLEASE. AND LOOK SHARP! I WANT TO CATCH A TRAIN!"

*Potman (who has been improving his opportunity in the absence of the Landlord).* "SHOULDN' BE JUSHT FIED SHERVIN' YOU, SHIR! 'PEARSH T'ME YOU'VE HAD MORE 'NSH GOOD FOR Y' ALREADY, SHIR!"

### "WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."

*SCENE—The Official Residence of the Premier. The Cabinet Council is over, and the Ministers are preparing to depart.*

*PREMIER.* Good-bye, my dear fellows, and I hope you will all enjoy yourselves. I hope I shall not have to bother you by another summons for some time to come.

*Mr. Secretary Hardy.* But how about the Army?

*Premier.* Oh, don't let that trouble you. If you have time, you may just look in at Aldershot.

*Lord Salisbury.* And the Indian Famine?

*Premier.* Like Christmas—comes once a year. I am sure I can leave that in your hands. If it is too much for you, refer the matter to the authorities out there. They seem to be full of zeal.

*Mr. First Lord Smith.* I really feel I don't know quite as much as I could wish about Naval Administration.

*Premier.* No more did PIGOTT about Stationery. When in doubt consult your Naval Lord. You might go on a yachting cruise together. Why not take the Channel Fleet to Cowes?

*Lord John Manners.* I confess I feel a little misgiving about the success of my new Post-Cards.

*Premier.* Confer with MR. GLADSTONE. Post-Cards are his spécialité.

*Mr. Secretary Cross.* I should like a few hints about this awkward Detective Affair.

*Premier.* Apply to MR. KURE, of Bow Street and Millbank—a really clever fellow, I should say, from his cross-examination.

*Sir Stafford Northcote.* Don't you think we ought to think over the new regulations to prevent obstruction of business in the House?

*Premier.* By all means think them over. We know nothing about that sort of thing "in another place." And now, my dear friends, have you anything more to suggest or inquire about? (*A silence.*) Then good-bye to you all, and may you enjoy yourselves. (*Exeunt all the Ministry with the exception of the Foreign Secretary.*) And now, my dear DERRY, that those troublesome fellows have gone, you and I will have some fun. We'll teach them to leave us in town this hot weather!

[*Whispers for five minutes in Foreign Secretary's ear.*

*Lord Derby (smiling).* But won't they make an awful row?

*Premier.* Of course they will—but not until next February! And now for telegrams to Portsmouth, Gibraltar, Malta, and Constantinople!

[*Scene closes.*]

### THE CRY OF INDIA.

CAN it be that familiarity breeds contempt even of Famine?

Is it possible that England, horror-stricken as she was into liberal humanity when, three years since, she first heard of Hunger threatening some six millions of lives in Behar, has now hardened her heart, and closed her hand against the news that the same awful presence is darkening over eighteen millions in Madras alone—to say nothing of Mysore? We do not, we will not, believe it. Is it because England helped to save so many in the last famine that she cannot yet realise how many have already fallen, how many will yet fall, in this so much worse want, and so much wider dearth? She has not yet shaped into a fact in her rather slow imagination the horrible truth that the slow sure hand of Hunger has already wiped out of life more than half a million men, women, and children—the population of Liverpool; that Pestilence dogs the steps of Famine to glean the blighted life she leaves; that, if more help be not given than the Indian Government can give, this huge tale of death may be told twice or thrice over before the tardy rains have brought up the crops that are to feed the starving myriads of Madras and Mysore. Help is needed not only to buy food, but to find and pay agencies for the distribution of grain and medicine.

Ever first in such work, London has at length lifted the wide sluices of her bounty, and the stream has begun to flow through. Let the dribble become a deluge, or rather a vast irrigating fountain head, whence the life-saving streams of agency and aid in food and medicine, may be disbursed over the hungry land that in the last famine had reason to bless the benevolence of England, and let us hope and pray, may not have reason to curse her backwardness in this.

### GERMS.

(*Respectfully addressed to the President of the British Association.*)

IF *ovum ab ovo* we grant, in the term  
Comprehending as well as egg, seed, spore, and germ,  
If all life from an egg sprung at primal creation;  
Nor, save from an egg, know we aught of creation,  
Then, granted that germs, whether wafted on breezes,  
Or in fluids conveyed, cause zymotic diseases,  
Typhoid fevers, for instance—when should they be dated?  
Were the germs of disease with our Cosmos created?

Or was there but one germ,—O theory splendid!—  
Whence germs of disease with all else have descended?  
In their separate eggs if you catch things, or hive 'em—  
"Omne vivum ab ovo"—how came the first "*vivum*"?

Suppose that the germs that cause typhoid are shed  
By live things in sewage developed and bred,  
Where abode they in days before cesspools and sewage,  
When the young earth was pure of such savoury brewage?

By what sowers, and where, were these typhoid germs sown,  
Long ere man yet existed or typhoid was known?  
And did germs, first created all good, by degrees  
Get developed through time into germs of disease?

Were they old as the hills, and the seas, and the shore,  
Did they elog the first herbage that Earth ever bore?  
In existence how long had they probably been,  
When our pedigree reached the Aescidian Marine?

These are questions which vainly may puzzle the mind—  
But if Doctors from fever can rescue mankind,  
Small matter if plague-germs be facts plump and plain,  
Or germs that don't germinate save in the brain.



## PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



— SATURDAY, Aug. 11.

—"Loving those well that they must leave ere long"—their little Bills to wit—my Lords were at work betimes, advancing

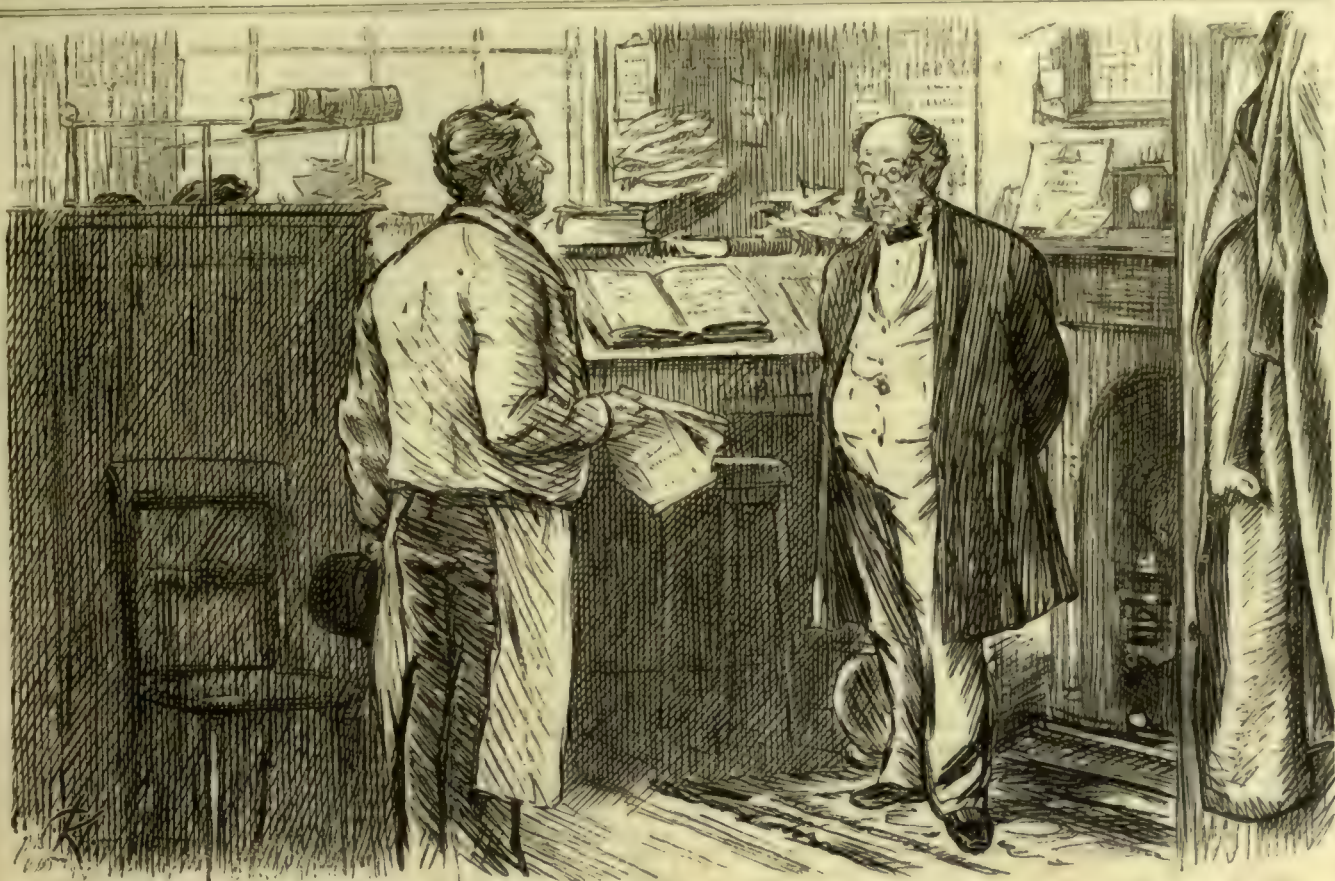
Turnpikes, Fisheries, Irish Courts, Police Expenses, and Colonial Stocks a stage, and making a beginning on the Appropriation Bill, and other Bills of course which mark the close of a Session, as the appearance of the cheese the end of a dinner. Their Lordships kept up to the last their character for all work and no talk, while the Commons, on this the last day of their labouring life, were keeping up theirs for all talk and no work. Even while the CHANCELLOR was rattling Bills through their stages like crack four-horse coaches, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT was chaffing the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and discharging his latest load of international cram (see *Wheaton*, Art. "Piracy"), in the case of the *Shah's* attack on the *Huascar*. SIR WILLIAM thinks ADMIRAL DE HORSEY has gone too fast and too far in concluding the *Huascar* a pirate, and pitching into her as such. SIR WILLIAM contends, with his usual power of making and putting a case, that requisitioning (from British bottoms) two-dozen pints of pale-ale, a hundred cigars, and four launch-loads of coal, paying for the one in Peruvian currency, and for the other not even vouchsafing that airy substitute for coin, with other escapades less excusable on the strong plea of dry throattles and empty bunkers, do not amount to acts for which the gallant Admiral, if he *had* captured the brothers CARRASCO and their crew, could have brought them up to the Old Bailey on a charge of piracy with much

prospect of a true bill from the Grand Jury. SIR WILLIAM denies that there was, on the part of the *Huascar*, that degree of force and violence which is required to constitute piracy. On the other hand, seeing that the coal-requisitioning boat's-crew was commanded by an officer armed with sword and revolver, there is point in the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's rejoinder, that if "taking" under these circumstances be not taking with force or violence, neither would abstraction of SIR WILLIAM's purse by a foot-pad pistol in hand, supposing SIR WILLIAM wise enough to render up his money without resistance. At all events our Admiral on the South American Station has quite ground enough in the acts of the *Huascar* for the land-lawyers as well as the sea-lawyers to found a good case on; and JOHN BULL, no more than Jack-Tar, will feel disposed to call him over the coals for it, but rather to treat him Billy-Taylor fashion, and "werry much applaud him for what he's done."

IF ADMIRAL DE HORSEY  
On *Huascar* used force, he  
Has a HOLKER to fight for him,  
And prove legal right for him:  
So, to wise WILLIAM's law,  
He may safely say "Pshaw!"

On Third Reading of the Consolidated Fund Appropriation Bill, MR. FAWCETT called attention to the distinction that might be taken between the "strict neutrality" promised by the Government through its organs in the House of Commons, and the "conditional neutrality" promised in another place. He suggested that while the Parliamentary Cats were away the Ministerial Mice might take it into their Upper House heads to play—the mischief; and wanted to know, if anything of that kind were in contemplation, whether they would promise to call the Commons together to see the fun. There was no harm in asking, though no doubt the Professor expected the answer SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE gave him, "That Government are fully aware of their Constitutional obligations, and mean to give effect to





### CULTURE FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

*Philanthropic Employer (who has paid his Workpeople's expenses to a neighbouring Fine-Art Exhibition).* "WELL, JOHNSON, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF IT? 'PICK UP AN IDEA OR TWO!'"

*Foreman.* "WELL, YER SEE, SIR, IT WERE A THIS WAY. WHEN US GOT THERE, WE WAS A CONSIDERIN' WHAT WAS BEST TO BE DONE, SO WE APP'INTED A DEPPERTATION O' THREE ON US TO SEE WHAT IT WERE LIKE; AN' WHEN THEY COME OUT AN' SAID IT WERE ONLY PICTURS AN' SUCH, WE THOUGHT IT A PITY TO SPEND OUR SHILLINS ON 'EM. SO WE WENT TO THE TEA-GARDENS, AND VERY PLEASANT IT WERE, TOO. THANK YER KINDLY, SIR!"

them,"—in other words, that the question of Peace or War is for QUEEN'S decision, not Parliament's, and so can more easily be answered when the Collective Wisdom is dispersed to the four winds, which ought to blow wisdom far and wide as her scattered Members.

It was more comforting to be reminded that the Government has defined our "interests," and has undertaken that nothing but an attack on them shall move England from her neutrality. This would be quite satisfactory, "if"—as the Spartan said. "A great deal in an 'if.'"

House adjourned to Tuesday at half-past one, its last day. Never did a Legislature on the edge of Dissolution more cheerfully contemplate its latter end. It has saved its St. Grouse after all. Thanks to that holiest of holy days falling on a Sunday, the most conscientious of Members may be on his moor on Monday, and not have shirked a stroke of his Parliamentary work, or missed a score of his Parliamentary talk.

(Tuesday).—The usual closing performance of the favourite Constitutional Interlude, "The Queen's Speech," by Her Majesty's servants, the united Companies of both Houses. Here is the cast:—

*The Queen.*—By the LORD CHANCELLOR, the DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, the EARL OF HARROWBY, and LORD SKELMERSDALE.

*The Opposition.*—By seventeen Ladies.

*The Ministerial Majority.*—By the EARL OF REDESDALE, the EARL OF LONGFORD, LORD FORBES, and LORD SUDELY.

*Chaplain.*—By the BISHOP OF ELY.

*Black Rod.*—By SIR W. KNOLLYS.

*Ugly Rush.*—By Members of the House of Commons.

*Costume.*—For Her Majesty's Commissioners, cocked hats and Peers' robes. For the Ministerial Majority, morning dress of the period. For the Ladies, tie-backs of the time.

We cannot say much that is favourable of the performance. It was as wordy in style as usual, and even more than usually unsub-

stantial in matter, grammatical however, and making the most that is possible of the very little that has been done during the Session.

The curtain falls on as ghastly a *tableau* as it has ever been our lot to assist at—its principal figures, War, attended by even more than its usual horrors and atrocities, Famine with a gaunt hand gripping the throat of a gigantic but gaunt and ghastly Southern India, a confused dance of Kaffres, Dutch Boers, and British Colonists, and, crouching in the back-ground, a group of four miserable little Bills, blushing under a sense of their miserable insufficiency to represent "the achievements of the Session."

Strange to say, the most prominent feature of the Session was not reproduced in this closing performance. BIGGAR, PARNELL, and O'DONNELL did not figure on the programme.

So ends the Session of Seventy-Seven:  
May we see few of the self-same heaven!  
Of Acts 'twas empty, of words 'twas full:  
Write o'er it, "Much cry, and little wool!"

### FORBIDDEN CARGO.

WE read with pleasure in the *Times* of the 15th inst., under the heading of "The Canal Boats Act," that, by that Act, already law, but not coming into force till January 1st, 1879, no canal boat will, after that date, "be allowed to carry about infectious diseases." Who shall say after this, that the Session of 1877 has been a fruitless one? To be sure, it is rather startling to know that such cargoes may be carried until the 1st of Jan., 1879, and worse still, that the Act does not extend to Ireland or Scotland. You may still, even after January twelvemonth, ship, or rather boat, fever, small-pox, and measles, per Canal, in those quarters of the British Isles with impunity, like coals, timber, corn, or any other equally wholesome commodity.



## A NORTHAMPTONSHIRE ELECTION ADDRESS.

Though he has "had no time to coach himself up for argument on 'obtuse' circumstances."—See MR. JOHN EATON'S Advertisement, *Wellingborough News*.



COUNTY Electors! British Farmers! Yeomen And Publicans! and other such like low men Who may have votes! For you I mean to sit, Although I don't know politics a bit. But, as the Tories say that they're in danger Of having for M.P. some Whiggish stranger, I, from your very midst, have been selected To be your Member. You are all expected To vote for one who is so well connected. LORD BURLEIGH's nod of old could shake a state: We've not had weight enough for that of late; But still, I feel that I can justly claim

Your votes, on his account, who bear his name. [Applause. Since you respect so great a local gun As my Lord EXETER, return his son. [Great cheering. I,—hem!— (Cries of "Go on!")

Yes, but—a fellow can't, you know, When he has gone as far as he can go. Besides, if I had anything to say, It's doosed hard to speechify all day. Talking's dry work, and listening but poor sport, And so I think I'd better cut it short.

[Candidate retires amid universal applause. Vote of confidence by an immense majority.]

## A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

More about the Trimmer—Hypothesis—Legendary—Signs of a Row—Discussion—Fresh Arrival.

WE have been gradually getting into late hours. Our sittings at night have been imperceptibly prolonged like those of Parliament. The amendments have been generally in the form of, "Oh, just one more pipe," or, "Just half a pipe before we all go," and then some fresh subject of conversation has turned up, though this less rarely happens than the revivification, at midnight, of a topic supposed to have been exhausted three hours ago. The time of rising has become uncertain, and the Butler is bothered. We had commenced life in the country meaning to go in for health—"Early to bed and early to rise." We had set the Trimmer overnight, and had been down to the Pond betimes to see what the Trimmer had been up to during the silent hours. The Trimmer—it was set three days ago—has not as yet distinguished itself. It has not turned up; and we, the Poet, the Composer, MILBURN, and myself, are still in the character of the four *Micawbers*—but we are now the four languid *Micawbers*, awaiting the turning of the Trimmer. (*Happy Thought*.—*The Turning of the Trimmer*, a political novel.)

BOODELS strolls down and looks at us indolently. He has seen his visitors doing exactly the same thing before; his visitors, indeed, having never had much else to do. The history of his visitors repeats itself. He knows exactly what chance there is of our fishing agent, the Trimmer, doing anything either for us, its employers, or on its own account.

Speaking of the Trimmer as our "fishing agent" leads me to consider what was the origin of the Trimmer, and, indeed, what was the origin of fishing.

It strikes me that the inventor of the Trimmer must have been some Gentleman in post-diluvian times—when the fish had got settled again, and business was being carried on as before the alterations—who was fond of bathing in his own Pond. This Post-diluvian Person was of a rude, uncultivated, savage nature, and of revengeful instincts. He was bathing, and the Eel, then less crafty and wriggling than he has since come to be by experience, seeing something that looked eatable, seized hold of his great toe. With a sudden yell the bather gave a tremendous leap, turned head over heels in the water, and the Eel, after clinging on as long as it could, was kicked off on to the bank. The Gentleman, having

righted himself, discovered his enemy, went at it viciously, but finding that he was unable to grasp the creature securely, he seized it with his teeth, and, being hungry, ate part of it, liked it, wondered how it tasted boiled, tried the rest boiled, liked it still better, and finally wanted more. But how to obtain it? Clearly, he must bathe again, and incur the pain of the toe-bite. (Had it been possible for this Person to have been subsequently converted to Christianity, he might have written a discourse on the Book of Toe-bite, and been made Bishop of *Eely*.) But though the Eel was to his taste, the pain wasn't; so he hired a boy; or, if in easy circumstances, compelled a Slave. The Slave remained in the Pond, and caught Eels, or rather the Eels caught him.

After a time the Eels would be exhausted, and so would the Slaves. Then one Slave, cleverer than the rest, made a sham foot and toe to save his own, and the Eels were caught as before. From this to tying the sham toe on to something, and putting it in from the bank, was a small jump, and thence to the Trimmer, the hook, and worm, nothing but a step. Of course the apparatus was not called Trimmer at first. Being a neat invention, it was called Trim; but the Person who improved on it called his the Trimmer. (*Happy Thought*. Another contribution to *The Boodels Ballads*, "*The Toe and Eel*.")

*Midday*.—Fourth day at BOODELS'. All by the Pond. MILBURN says this sounds like a parallel Cockneyism to "*All by the Sea*." His joke is received in silence; but he roars, and then explains it to us.

"Oh! yes," replies the Poet, testily, "*we* saw it. We're not idiots!" (MILBURN and HAMLIN MUMLEY the Poet don't hit it off exactly.)

"Talking of idiots," says MILBURN, "were you ever in Hanwell?" MUMLEY frowns. MILBURN continues, after laughing boisterously, "I don't mean as a patient; but did you ever go over the Asylum?"

No, the Poet growls, he never did.

"I did," says MILBURN, "the other day."

"Wonder they let you out," growls MUMLEY.

"Ha! ha! ha! that's your experience, eh?" retorts MILBURN.

We all feel that unless something turns up—either the Trimmer or a new topic—we are on the brink of a row. MILBURN winks at us and laughs. We do not encourage him. We all silently watch the Trimmer, as if it were an experiment in torpedoes. But MILBURN doesn't know when to stop. He resumes seriously, "I say, MUMLEY, though—joking apart," this conciliates MUMLEY, who thinks he is now appealed to as some one of above the average intellect, "you would be interested in the literature the patients are allowed to read."

"No doubt," says HAMLIN, gravely. "It must be, indeed, difficult to select works which shall suit these poor half-brained beings."

"Yes," returns MILBURN, in the same serious tone, "the Librarian told me that the selection has been most troublesome—in fact, almost impossible until last year."

"Ah," says HAMLIN MUMLEY, interesting himself, as we all do, being glad to find that MILBURN can talk rationally when he likes, "then last year were the patients of a different mental calibre?"

"Yes, they were very much below the usual standard."

"Indeed! poor creatures!" sighs HAMLIN MUMLEY, compassionately. "And did they ask for any particular books?"

"Yes," replies MILBURN, quickly, "they all insisted on having HAMLIN MUMLEY's New Book of Poems! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!"

"You idiot!" says POEMORE the Composer, smiling however. He owes MUMLEY one for having said that "good poetry was thrown away on music." The Composer feels that, to put it musically, through the instrumentality of MILBURN, he has "scored."

I laugh, because HAMLIN MUMLEY is confoundedly conceited about his one book of poems.

BOODELS, as host, takes it all seriously, and does not smile. He expresses his opinion that "he really does not see anything very funny in it; and for his part he (BOODELS), were he HAMLIN MUMLEY, would feel most gratified at having been able to relieve the monotony of the Lunatics' life." "I think," he adds, as if his opinion were a judicial summing-up for the defendant, "I should think, if I were MUMLEY, that a greater compliment couldn't be paid to my work."

"Hum!" growls MUMLEY, more hurt by this well-intentioned remark of BOODELS' than even by MILBURN's chaff. "Upon my life I don't see that."

"I do," returns BOODELS, shortly.

"Do you mean to say I ought to be highly gratified if only Lunatics read my books?" asks the Poet, warmly.

"If it alleviates their sufferings," replies BOODELS, "of course you should be."

"But," remonstrates the Poet, "I don't write merely to alleviate sufferings. My object is to elevate the mind."

"Well," retorts BOODELS, "then you can't begin with a better set of readers than Idiots."



If ever a storm was imminent, it is *now*, by the Pond, with the Trimmer cynically at rest. MILBURN has retired, temporarily, from the contest, but is delighted, winking at POGMORE (who himself intends to dash in presently when he sees an opportunity for bringing in music), nudging me, and emitting subdued chuckling sounds. MUMLEY is ruffling his feathers previous to making a crushing reply, when I am struck by a *Happy Thought*, of which I deliver myself at once: "MUMLEY needn't be annoyed at being popular with Lunatics. 'Great wits to madness nearly are allied.'"

For one second I see that HAMLIN MUMLEY is uncertain whether to take this as a genuine tribute to the greatness of his wit, or as a satirical compliment. Have I alluded to him as a madman at large, or as a great unfettered Poet? He, sensibly, decides for the latter; and, as the Parliamentary reports have it, "The subject then dropped." (By the way, what a complimentary descriptive title for a Poet would be, "The Great Unfettered!" *Mem.* Try it on some one.)

"Now," cries MILBURN, "let's take up the Trimmer." Agreed to *nem. con.*, as a distraction.

When taken up, there is nothing on it,—not even the bait.

"There!" says BOODELS, triumphantly, "I said there were eels in the Pond!" He is as pleased as if they'd been caught: more so, in fact, as there is still a future in the Pond for his guests, who, if they had been successful in catching the Eels, would soon be tired of their only amusement.

"But," I object, to BOODELS, "you said that if anything were caught, the Trimmer would turn up. It didn't."

"Yes, it did," he replies, "in the night. The Eel swallowed the bait, and went off. It must have been a very big Eel. I'm sure there is a very big Eel in this Pond."

The Butler announces a MR. and MRS. BUDDERMER. We knew they were coming, and had discussed them.

Fresh arrivals in a country house, if strangers to the guests in possession, are regarded by the latter as intruders.

We have all been on the very verge of a violent row among ourselves; we now unite (that is, without expressing ourselves openly to one another we have this co-operative store of sympathy) as against a common foe.

BOODELS has exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad!" and has hurried off to welcome his guests.

None of us like our host's appearing "so glad," and saying so before us, and then rushing off. It implies that he has had enough of us. We remain, sulkily, by the Pond.

"Who are these BUDDERMERS?" asks POGMORE the Composer.

We all simultaneously shrug our shoulders to show our ignorance of the BUDDERMERS, and our social superiority to everybody outside Boodels generally.

"I suppose," grumbles MILBURN, who has found another worm, and is making a horrid mess of it with the Trimmer's line and hook, "I suppose we shall have to dress for dinner."

"I shan't," says the Poet, determinedly. He professes to despise conventionalities.

"If you don't I won't," says MILBURN.

"I shall," says POGMORE. "I always do." POGMORE has some vague sort of notion that he raises the character of the musical profession by being dressed for dinner. MILBURN shouts,

"I say, why will POGMORE be like a hot roast joint? Eh? Because he'll be 'dressed for dinner.' Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Then he shouts again, "Do you see, eh? 'Dressed.' You know. Eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

But *we* do not encourage him.

"I'll do what everybody else does," is my genial motto.

Secretly, as there is to be a lady present, I decide on siding with POGMORE.

"I wish he wouldn't have company till we have gone," says the Poet. "It's so much pleasanter being all by ourselves here."

I agree with him, of course. But as we have been on the very verge of a row every evening except the first, and as we should have reached the culminating point to-night (after this narrow escape just now) I am not sorry that we have the respite of the BUDDERMERS. Besides, I point out to POGMORE, *à propos* of a libretto for the Oratorio of *The Ark*, we're now going to have just what you want in your subject—a little female interest. There is a MRS. BUDDERMER, and a MISS BUDDERMER.

POGMORE becomes interested in MISS BUDDERMER. He goes so far as to "wonder what she's like."

The Poet briefly observes, "I hate young girls."

We are silent. We march in to the sound of the gong for dinner.

"By Jove!" shouts MILBURN, rushing up to us. We all stop and turn, under the impression that the Trimmer has done something at last. He seizes POGMORE's arm. "There's an idea for your Oratorio. Gong sounds! March of all the animals two and two into dinner! Ha! ha! ha! Eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

He nudges me roughly with his left elbow, takes POGMORE by the arm with a jerk that makes him cannon against the Poet, and then walks his victim off like a prisoner, still roaring in his ear,

"All the animals—ha! ha! ha!—into dinner—ha! ha! ha! First-rate notion, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

"I hear," groans POGMORE, faintly, vainly trying to extricate himself. But he can't. MILBURN has got him, and shaking him and shouting at the unfortunate Composer of the future Oratorio, he literally pushes and hoists him up-stairs.

## "THE FIFTEEN OES."

(NOT CAXTON'S.)



O! HENRY, DR. STEELMAN says the children are looking delicate, and that they ought to go to some sea-side place. Don't you think I had better write to my sister, who, you know, is at Dawdlebank, and ask her to take lodgings for us at once? (*Mater.*)

O! do as you like, my dear; but I really had hoped we might have done without going to the sea this year, and stayed quietly at home. You know there are eleven of us now. (*Pater.*)

O! how jolly! we are all going

to the sea! (HENRY JUNIOR, EDGAR, ATHELING, and EDWY.)

O! Mamma, we have not a thing to wear! (*Girls.*)

O! what a quantity of Luggage! (*Pater, on the morning of departure.*)

O! what ever can have become of that little black box with the brass nails? (*Mater, at the terminus at Dawdlebank.*)

O! Mamma, think, how delightful!—the WHISSENDINES are here, and close to us at No. 10. (MISS EMMELINE (18), on reading the *Visitors' List*, the morning after arrival.)

O! how annoying! I never would have come, if I had known the WHISSENDINES were here. That young WHISSENDINE will be perpetually running after EMMELINE. (*Mater, to herself.*)

O! MASTER FREDDY, what have you been doing?—O! MISS MARY, what a mess you have made of yourself! What will your Mamma say? (*Nurse daily, hourly, on the sands.*)

O! what on earth am I to do with myself here for the next five weeks? (*Pater, after three days' experience of Dawdlebank.*)

O! HENRY, what do you think Mrs. JIGLITT has charged us for "Washing of Linen"? (*Mater, after examining first weekly bill.*)

Oh! how dear everything is at Dawdlebank! Much dearer than in London. (*Pater and Mater.*)

O! those boys! (*Pater, Mater, sisters, and servants twenty times a day.*)

O! how it rains! (*All the family in Mrs. JIGLITT's dining-room set.*)

O! how thankful I am we are all safe home again! (*Mater—by anticipation—a month hence.*)

## SHORT, SHARP, AND DECISIVE.

To MR. PUNCH—SIR,

Now that an incautious Manchester naturalist may, without meaning it, have made a beginning of the Colorado Beetle among us, it seems to me nothing more than the duty of every Manchester manufacturer to do his best to make an end of it. Now, we have in this great city and its neighbourhood a system of beetle-fining applied to twills, which I am satisfied would be effective in finishing the Colorado. Let every one of these insect pests that may be caught be at once carried to the nearest beetling-shed, and then put under a system of wooden block-pestles, with faces of from five to six inches square, worked with arms of about four feet long, and a fall of from three to four feet. Depend on it we should not hear or see much more of Mr. Colorado.

Yours,

Manchester, August 16th.

BEETLE-CRUSHER.





## AN EPICURE.

"Oh, GEORGE, I'M ASHAMED OF YOU—RUBBING YOUR LIPS LIKE THAT, AFTER THAT DEAR LITTLE FRENCH GIRL HAS GIVEN YOU A KISS!"

"I'M NOT RUBBING IT OUT, MAMMY—I'M RUBBING IT IN!"

## BULL'S EYE ON BOBBY.

"Quis custodiet ipsos  
Custodes?"

By your leave! 'Tis my eye, not yours, must look,  
And closely, too, into this darkling nook.  
This is no time to turn off lights, nor try  
To hush things up, or "square" them on the sly.  
Not more for JOHN BULL's than for BOBBY's sake,  
From BOBBY now BULL's hand Bull's-eye must take,  
Till best and worst he for himself has seen.  
If Scotland Yard be foul, what place is clean?  
Compact 'twixt Crime and Constable! My friend,  
If there have been such games, those games must end.  
Rascality's contagious, like the itch,  
And rogues may taint rogue-catchers: touching pitch,  
And touching it *sub rosa*, in a mask,  
Is, and has still been, an unwholesome task.  
Justice must lay her sleuth-hounds on the trail  
Of lurking villany, and if they fail,  
Lured off the scent, the criminal community  
May dodge the Sword of Justice with impunity.  
I'd have no French VIdoco in BOBBY's shape,  
Masked in familiar helm and coat and cape,  
Nor yet a flat by the first sharp beguiled;  
Neither a Dogberry nor a Jonathan Wild,  
Is my ideal guard of public purse  
And public peace: each in his way's a curse.  
Fiction has fabled, 'till the 'oute detective,  
Like the king in Egyptian perspective,  
Has loomed so large upon the public view,  
He takes the mob in, and their masters too.  
The Argus of the Penny Dreadful School,  
Shrunk to a vulgar cross of knave and fool!  
Meanwhile a rogue's a rogue. Thief's revelation  
Aimed at Thief-takers, needs corroboration.

Lives that contrive, and that detect, rascality,  
Can scarcely claim to stand on an equality.  
You may be sure JOHN BULL, if he lends ears,  
Gives not belief to all that Bow Street hears,  
Nor finds the British Public in the crowd,  
That for Informer against Force is loud.  
Ere I believe I would have solid ground;  
So, by your leave, I'll take a close look round.  
Consid'ring what I pay, 'twere rather hard,  
Were Crime's head-centre found in Scotland Yard!

## POLICE AND POTATOES.

An Order in Council under the Destructive Insects Act, provides that—

"If the owner of, or any person having under his charge, any crop of potatoes or other crop, or vegetable, or substance, finds, or knows to be found, thereon, the Colorado Beetle, in any stage of existence, he shall, with all practicable speed, give notice of the fact of the same being so found to a constable of the police establishment of the place where the same is found. The constable shall forthwith give notice thereof to the Local Authority, and the Local Authority shall forthwith give notice thereof, by telegraph, to the Privy Council."

In the meantime is the person who first finds the Colorado Beetle required to squelch him and stamp him out, or else, besides giving notice of his having been discovered, give him in charge to the policeman? Is BOBBY enjoined to destroy him, or bound only to collar the Colorado Beetle, and take him up, and beyond that, do no more than run him in? If so, whilst correspondence concerning him is going on between the Local Authority and the Privy Council, may not the Colorado Beetle detained at the station-house contrive to escape out of custody, and proceed anew to devour potatoes, and, with his peculiarly prolific power, diffuse his family over the fields?

THE GREATEST M.P. LEFT IN TOWN.—Big Ben.





### BULL'S EYE ON BOBBY.

MR. BULL (takes Policeman's lantern). "THANK YOU. I'LL JUST HAVE A LOOK ROUND MYSELF. STRIKES ME THE PREMISES AIN'T AS CLEAN AS THEY MIGHT BE!"







## ON THE MOORS.



Hey! over the heather we tramp, tramp,  
 With a barrel for right,  
 And a barrel for left;  
 And a barrel to keep off the cramp, cramp,  
 cramp!  
 Whatever the weather,  
 A tramp in the heather  
 Will be certainly more or less damp, you  
 know—  
 And Glenlivat's the very best Gamp!  
 Hey! over the ling we go, crack, crack,  
 crack!  
 With a whirl and a shock  
 Falls a bonny black-cock;

And a brown-grouse comes down on his  
 back, back, back.  
 If you ask why the third  
 Did not bring down a bird—  
 'Twas a cork that flew out with a smack,  
 you know—  
 Whiskey-corks have that very queer knock!  
 Hey! down on the bracken we sit, sit, sit;  
 With a barrel laid here,  
 And a barrel laid there;  
 And a barrel just tilted a bit, bit, bit!  
 The damp's rather risky;  
 And JAMIESON'S whiskey  
 'S the very best thing to cure it, you know—  
 And turn a miss into a hit.

## SWEEPINGS OF THE SESSION.

(Picked up in the Lobby.)

GAG and Strait-waistcoat (ready for use).  
 Addressed to MR. PARNELL.  
 Couple of new Standing Orders (a good deal  
 out of order). Labelled, "The CHANCELLOR  
 OF THE EXCHEQUER."  
 Four Resolutions, (unclaimed,) but sent to  
 MR. GLADSTONE on the chance.  
 A Reputation (the better for wear). Believed  
 to belong to LORD HARTINGTON.  
 Pocket-book, containing order on Co-opera-  
 tive Stores for Cardinal's Hat, receipt for  
 entrance fee to Brotherhood of Holy Cross,  
 Comic Song, and several unpublished Explana-  
 tions. Marked "MR. WHALLEY."  
 A few rare Old Jokes (a good deal used). Re-  
 turned, with thanks, to SIR WILFRID LAWSON.  
 Wrong End of a Story (facts and figures  
 considerably mixed). Belonging, in all proba-  
 bility, to MR. HOLMES.  
 Gottenburg Coffee Cup (cracked). Supposed  
 the property of MR. CHAMBERLAIN.  
 Home-Rule Windbag (quite burst). "Wait-  
 ing to be called for" by MR. BUTT.  
 Pass to Colney Hatch (to admit seven).  
 Claimed, by telegraph, by "a few Irish Mem-  
 bers." And  
 Bundles of Unfulfilled Promises (bulky).  
 Re-directed, without thanks, to Downing  
 Street.

## Frank, at all Events.

WE extract from the *Daily News* :—

**TO GERMAN.**—WANTED, a CLERK in  
 Merchant's Office; one who eschews onions and  
 Limbourg cheese preferred.

Is there such a phenomenon?

## WONDERS, INDEED.

The Electric Telegraph is a wonderful in-  
 vention. More wonderful inventions are many  
 of the telegrams from the Seat of War.

## THE COMPANY OFFICER'S "VADE MECUM."

*A Guide to the New Royal Warrant.*

Q. Will you tell me how you became an Officer?  
 A. By undergoing a special training and then passing a competi-  
 tive examination at the hands of the Civil Service Commissioners.  
 Q. Now that the Purchase System is abolished, how is entrance to  
 the Army obtained?  
 A. By genuine hard work. The Cavalry and the Line are now on  
 the same footing as the Gunners and the Engineers.  
 Q. Is there no other mode of entering the Service than that which  
 you have just mentioned?  
 A. Yes, by serving in the Militia. But in a short time this mode  
 of entrance will be as difficult as the other.  
 Q. You imply that a Commission in the Army is now only to be  
 reached by considerable study and through an expensive education?  
 A. Certainly. It is further a proof that its holder is a person of  
 more than average intelligence.  
 Q. What are the duties of a Subaltern?  
 A. To be up with the lark, to see the rations weighed, to attend  
 guards, parades, drills, barrack-room inspections, and field-days;  
 to be constantly on the alert, and generally to give his time for the  
 service of the regiment.  
 Q. Are there not also court-martials, and inquiries to be attended to?  
 A. Yes, a great many. In fact, a Subaltern on service can  
 scarcely call an hour his own.  
 Q. Does he find any material difference between his last school  
 and his first regiment?  
 A. Little but the exchange of scholastic discipline for military.  
 He has to act as a prefect, a senior, or a monitor, with the regiment  
 for his school, adult privates for his fags, and Field Officers for his  
 masters.  
 Q. When he is promoted to a Company does he enjoy more leisure?  
 A. Certainly not. He has now the duties of a Subaltern, *plus* the  
 responsibility of keeping accounts.

Q. Is he not also answerable for the discipline and well-being of the hundred odd men under him?

A. Certainly. By the Queen's Regulations he is invited to become the father of his Company. He is at once a military leader, a magistrate, and an accountant.

Q. Then a Subaltern and a Captain have to live lives of great drudgery and responsibility?

A. Unquestionably. Besides their regular military duties, too, they have to undertake certain vague but arduous obligations of a general character, and to keep up the credit of the regiment to which they have the honour to belong. For all these services they receive a salary at which a City clerk would turn up his nose.

Q. What encourages them to persevere in this life of toil and anxiety?

A. The hope of promotion—the chance of becoming a Field Officer by fifty, and possibly a General in old age.

Q. And what is now likely to be too often the end of their aspirations?

A. When they are in the very prime of life, and thoroughly-trained soldiers, they are to receive an invitation, which is also a command—

Q. A military command?

A. No; a civil one—the invitation to retire!

## Not so very New.

In a recent advertisement of a certain Company for building Mansions and an Hotel on a site not a hundred miles from Whitehall, we find the following frank avowal :—

"The custom of living on flats has largely taken root in London, and, now that the merits of the system have become recognised, it may be said to have become rather the fashion of late."

Is it only "of late" that the fashion of "living on flats" has taken root in London? We should have thought it one of the oldest "plants" going.





### AMPHIBIAL AND APPROPRIATE.

(SEAL-SKIN BATHING-DRESSES. MRS. GRUNDY CAN'T HAVE ANY OBJECTION.)

### CAUCUS ON THE COLORADO BEETLE.

YESTERDAY, at Elm Grove, a multitude of Rooks, congregated from various rookeries in the United Kingdom, held a Caucus to consider an important announcement concerning themselves and the expected Colorado Beetle. The Caucus was attended with much cawing.

The Senior Rook, No. 1, presided, and a younger member of the *Corvidæ* of that feather, Rook No. 2, acted as Secretary.

The Secretary read a report, which had gone the round of the papers, on "The Colorado Beetle Scare." That was no false alarm. The Colorado Beetle had actually arrived, and no mistake. One had lately been found alive, in the Cape mail-bag, lately used to convey an American mail, between Plymouth and Bristol. Lucky that it was only a single case and a mail too. Had there been a female as well, the couple might have bred *in transitu*, secreted their *larvæ* inside the letters, and then let themselves and family out of the bag, and availed themselves of the machinery of the Post Office to disperse their plaguy race over the United Kingdom. The DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON had one sent him the other day from Liverpool. He had directed it to be preserved in spirits of wine. That was probably the wisest way of preserving it, unless under precautions like those no doubt duly taken by the "Manchester Naturalist," who had been the first to give the little stranger a welcome in England, and at the Berlin Agricultural Museum, where, as stated in the report he had the honour of reading, "numerous Colorado Beetles are being carefully nursed and tended, to afford naturalists an opportunity of studying the habits and customs of the unwelcome stranger." Likewise near Cologne; at which place PROFESSOR GERSTAECKER with other zoologists is directing anti-Colorado measures; he "having discovered that the beetle, when depositing its eggs, proceeds in a regular curve," whence "the dangerous insect can be traced and destroyed with greater certainty." In the meantime, no doubt, the unwelcome strangers were carefully confined, and would be as carefully

annihilated, as soon as the naturalists had finished studying them. But what if the measures taken against the Colorado Beetle should fail? Then would arise the question which rendered that insect an object of so much interest to the present assembly; as they would understand by a passage he would read them from *Land and Water* :—

"There is one point we wish to call attention to—it is the preparing for the dreaded invasion of the Colorado Beetle by a studied preservation of its enemies. These enemies are, without doubt, Rooks. We wish to persuade the owners of rookeries that by sparing the young Rooks next spring, they would double the defensive force in the country against the expected invasion. Spare the rook and you will stamp out the beetle. The rook is the true 'beetle-crusher.' (Cheers.)"

It was an ill wind that blew nobody good, and the advent of the Colorado Beetle would, if *Land and Water* were right, be doubly advantageous to Rooks. Whilst gaining them protection, it would yield them food. But was *Land and Water* right upon that point? Could they eat the Colorado Beetle in its *larva* state, as they ate the Cockchafer? Was it nice? That was the question.

The President could not say. *Land and Water* argued from the Cockchafer to the Colorado Beetle; and certainly the *larva* of the former, as well as that of the latter, devoured potatoes. But the Cockchafer grub had, as they knew, the peculiarity of being very oily and fat ("Hear! hear!"), which made that grub particularly good grub (laughter), and indeed some utilitarians had suggested that it might be rendered an article of human food. Now nobody had proposed to eat the grub of the Colorado Beetle. It might be nice and beaksome—and it might not.

Rook No. 3 had read in a newspaper that for gatherers the Colorado Beetle was a nasty thing to handle, blistering their fingers' ends. If that were true, its *larva* might also be nasty, and injurious to eat. Suppose that sort of grub disagreed with them?

The President said the proof of the pudding was in the eating, and they could ascertain the qualities of the new grub only by trying it. For that purpose he would recommend the formation of a Tasting Committee, composed of experienced Rooks, who would proceed with their habitual caution. Conditionally on its being reported excellent, he would propose the resolution that this meeting pledges itself heartily to pitch into the Colorado Beetle.

Rook No. 4 observed that potatoes were more generally grown in gardens than in open fields. Would it be safe for Rooks to feed in gardens?

The President said that no doubt an Act would be passed rendering it an offence highly penal to kill a Rook, if they took to eating the Colorado Beetle. He advised that steps should be taken, if possible, to make their resolution to pitch into him known to gardeners and farmers.

The resolution having been seconded, put, and carried amid unanimous caws, the Caucus terminated.

### A Gallican Question.

THE *fête* of the Assumption was celebrated on Wednesday last week by the Bonapartists at Chiselhurst and in Paris. But that was the Fifteenth of August. Did not the Napoleonic Assumption occur on the Second of December?

RITUALISTIC MOTTO.—"Confession is nine points of the Law."



## CESSANTE CAUSA CESSAT EFFECTUS.

Good and gallant GORDON PASHA writes from Darfour to say, that though he has put down the importation into Egypt of great caravans of slaves with *shebas*\* round their necks, he can't prevent their importation in driblets of four and five. No wonder, while there is a brisk demand in the KHEDIVE'S dominions for the imported article, that there should be a steady supply from Darfour and Kordofan. If the KHEDIVE really wishes, in deed as well as word, to stop slave-hunting in Darfour, he has only to stop slave-owning in Egypt. Can he—and, if he can, will he? These are the two questions. There is little good in GORDON spending his life to stop the main channel of this foul stream, while its tributaries are allowed to dribble their "fours and fives" into the receptacles of the Egyptian slave-dealers, and the harems of the Egyptian slave-owners.

\* Heavy wooden yokes, made of tree-stems. The wretched slaves have to carry their own trunks.

## DE PROFUNDIS.

HERE is a genuine, plain-spoken, and modest utterance of gratitude, which it does one good to read in these high-falutin' times:—

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would be so kind to put these few lines in your newspaper. I wish to thank Her Majesty the QUEEN for the First Class Albert Medal which LORD ABERDARE was commissioned to present. And next, I thank MAJOR DUNCAN for presenting me with the Medal of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Then I wish to thank the LORD MAYOR and the subscribers to the Mansion House Fund, and others, for the money I have received from them; and I wish to thank the Members of Parliament for their kindness in presenting me with a watch and chain. I wish to say I am very proud of the rewards that I have received; and little did I think the public would take as much interest in it as they did when we were working to rescue the men.

ISAAC PRIDE, Collier.

Porth, Rhondda Valley.

Of course, ISAAC, you *didn't* think it. If you had, you wouldn't have done it. You're the sort of Pride to be proud of.

THE FIRST THING WE WISH TO HEAR OF THE OBSTRUCTIVES NEXT SESSION.—Their Amendment.

## HOSPITALITY.

"OH, SIR—SIR!"

"BEG YER PARDON, MISS?"

"WOULD YOU—A—WOULD YOU LIKE TO WASH YOUR HANDS IN PAPA'S DRESSING-ROOM?"

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE AT THE SUMMER THEATRES.

(At the Adelphi—Gaiety—Criterion—Brief Report.)

SIR,—Of course every MR. FUNNYMAN who sees MR. PAUL MERITT'S Melodrama of *The Golden Plough*, at the Adelphi, will say that there is a good deal of Meritt in the piece. And MR. FUNNYMAN is right. There is considerable merit in the piece considered as an "Adelphi Drama of the good old school." But why the good old school? The essence of a Drama of this type is and must be seduction and murder, which scarcely belong to any school deserving the epithet "good;" and however dissatisfied an audience might be, should Virtue not triumph over Vice, yet the sympathy of the spectators, such is human nature, whether at the Adelphi, or elsewhere, is invariably with the Villain, if he be only clever enough, and if, which is a great point, he give evidence of a certain amount of geniality. *Robert Macaire* is an example in point. He is clever, he is genial; and once, in the well-known piece (adapted by MR. SELBY long, long ago), this model Villain shows signs of a heart. At the end of that exciting Drama (which of late has degenerated into a One-Act Farce) the audience were glad that *Robert Macaire* should be shot in attempting to escape, and should thus fall to "the bloodhounds," represented by three determined Supers, dressed as Gendarmes, instead of dying "by the hand of the executioner."

So it is with *Shadrach Jones*, the Highwayman, played by MR. EMERY in *The Golden Plough*. By the way, if this part were not played by MR. EMERY, it would be simply nothing, and as it is it goes for very little. Story? Bless you! MR. MERITT, unlike the needy Knife-grinder, has plenty to tell—too much, in fact; but

of dialogue worth hearing he has very little. And as for the comic scenes, which, in the hands of the late MESSRS. WRIGHT and PAUL BEDFORD (who were "the light" and heavy "of other days"), served as a foil to the villany, and relieved the tragic gloom of the murderous MR. O. SMITH (Alas! FOGGIE JUNIOR wonders what on earth MR. FOGGIE SENIOR in the Stalls is talking about when he mentions these names)—of this relief, I say, there is absolutely nothing, for the part of the Doctor cannot be considered as a relief—except when he has an exit. *The Golden Plough* will in time come to be a regular stock piece for the Provinces, and is sufficiently exciting to keep the interest of an audience alive for two hours and a quarter, so that the Adelphi management is to be congratulated on possessing an attraction at this time of the year. The Children's Pantomime is played first, and is worth the children's attention. It is played by juvenile Pantomimists, by little Clowns, Harlequins, Columbines, and a pair of little Pantaloons. "I suppose," observed a small Boy who had been intensely delighted with the performance, "I suppose they'll grow up by Christmas." He was looking forward to Boxing-night, when he should see the real thing, full grown, full blown, of which this daringly out-of-season but excellent Summer Pantomime was only the infancy.

The Gaiety gives "nichts wi'" H. J. BYRON, playing his *Weak Woman* and his burlesque of the *Bohemian G-yurl*. MISS E. FARREN comes back as fresh as a daisy, and as welcome as the flowers in May. MR. ROYCE is capital as ever as *Count Smiff*, who cannot get an opportunity of singing "*The Heart bowed down*"—a first-rate burlesque idea—and MR. E. TERRY immensely funny as "another good costermonger wrong," accompanied by his performing dogs. MISS KATE VAUGHAN is more charming and graceful than ever, if that be possible; MISS M. WEST, who takes steps to please, and invariably pleases by the steps she takes; and sprightly little MISS AMALIA,



complete the cast of a Burlesque Company, which is, at the present moment, unequalled in London.

Our Boys, it is needless to say, is still going on at the Vaudeville, and in these sad times of rumours of war it is refreshing to be certain here, at all events, of a *Lasting Piece*. The vulgar, but occasionally amusing farce adapted from *Les Dominos Roses* is yet being played at the Criterion; but, with the exception of the bills of fare, such as they are, of the Princess's, the Globe, the Haymarket (under Mr. Rowe, who relies upon his *Brass*), and the Alhambra, with the novelty of a ballet exhibiting very brilliant and novel costumes, graceful groupings, and a dramatic story, there is little stirring just now in the Theatrical World. Should any bright particular star shine, look for an immediate report of the discovery from the observatory of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## NO PLUMS!

An Autumn Eclogue.



SCENE—Somewhere in Kent. Present, POMONA, taking a somewhat fruitless survey of a plum-orchard. To her enter PUER, reading the Gardeners' Chronicle.

Puer. I say, you know, such a sell is too bad!  
 Pomona. Can't help it, my dear lad.  
 Puer. What! you a goddess, and can't "square" the seasons?  
 Pomona. There may be other reasons.  
 Puer. Walker! A nice look-out! No Apricots!  
 Pomona. Last season you had lots.  
 Puer. Can't live on last year's fruits. Then, scarce a Cherry!  
 Pomona. Spring winds were nipping, very.  
 Puer. Oh, blow the winds! A paucity of peaches!  
 Pomona. The prospect patience teaches.  
 Puer. Gammon! Then Nectarines are non-existent!  
 Pomona. Boreas was so persistent.  
 Puer. Old Boreas is a bore, and you're—a muff!  
 Pomona. Currants were quantum suff.  
 Puer. I say, no "shop." Latin in the Vacation!  
 Pomona. Excuse me a quotation!  
 Puer. It all comes beastly hard upon us fellows.  
 Pomona. A fine crop of Morellos—  
 Puer. Insult to injury. Worse than crabs or sloes.  
 Pomona. Goosegogs—you'd heaps of those.  
 Puer. But hang it, we're to have no Apples. Fancy!  
 Pomona. Apples are always "chancey."  
 Puer. Look here, POMONA, no more larks next year.  
 Pomona. I'll do my best, no fear.  
 Puer. You and Vertumnus ought to square the orchard.  
 Pomona. If Phœbus will not scorch hard—  
 Puer. Even with plums and pears we'd be content.  
 Pomona. Well, you see Parliament—  
 Puer. Oh, one expects short-commons from the Tories.  
 Pomona. O tempora! O mores!

Puer. An autumn without fruit's a rummy season.

Pomona. Ills haunt a good plum season.

Puer. The deuce they do! What do you mean by "ills?"

Pomona. Stomachic pains and pills!

Puer. Just you send plums next year; I'll risk the rest—

Pomona. Well, well, I'll do my best.

[Exit PUER, munching an unripe windfall.]

## PONGO-ISMS.

### HIS HUMOROUS OBJECTION.

POOR MR. PONGO caught a cold the other evening. His medical attendant suggested gruel. This Mr. Pongo at once rejected.

"I cannot," he informed his Manager and Secretary, "I cannot even appear to have a liking for anything of the *caudal* kind."

The gruel was not forced upon him, and the next morning Mr. Pongo was better.

### HIS FELLOW-FEELING.

MR. PONGO was much interested at being told by an elderly Lady that she had a Nephew in the Navy who was "a regular young monkey." Being of a serious turn, Mr. Pongo at once consulted his Chaplain-in-ordinary as to the propriety of instituting a series of missions to the Young Monkeys in the Navy, commencing with the Powder Monkeys.

### HIS LIBERAL VIEWS.

MR. PONGO is much annoyed that the shilling paid for admission to the Aquarium does not permit the visitor to make a call on him without paying an extra fee of one or two shillings.

"Old BUNKUM BARNUM was quite right," says MR. PONGO, emphatically. "This Exhibition ought to be thrown open for one shilling. The shilling should comprehend *all* the amusements in the place, and there should be no extra charges (except for a few reserved seats), not even for programmes. This would make the Aquarium, if the entertainment were first-class, the most popular resort, whether for winter or summer, in the Metropolis."

MR. PONGO is right. Now anything particularly worth seeing within the Aquarium involves extra payment. This repels ordinary pleasure-seekers; and boys home for the holidays (the great patrons of this style of amusement) would rather visit the Zoological or Polytechnic (specially this latter place, where the one shilling covers a multitude of entertainments), than waste their limited capital on the "extras" of the Aquarium. The charge to see Mr. Pongo "privately" is three shillings!! Mr. Pongo protests. Mr. Pongo says he will accept any invitation to dinner, but this style of interviewing him at three shillings a head, is too much for everybody. Again Mr. Pongo is right.

To the Londesborough Collection the admission is conditional on purchasing a Catalogue for sixpence!! In fact, a visit to the Aquarium, if the theatre be also included in the day's work, will mulct the thoroughgoing *first-class* holiday-maker of half a sovereign at least. "This," as Mr. Pongo says, "should be seen to and altered before the Winter Season commences." And again Mr. Pongo is right.

### "THE YEAR ONE."

EVERYBODY nearly knows that Geology has proved Mother Earth to be an immensely older lady than her sons, until lately, ever imagined. They, themselves also, from an Address lately delivered to the Geological Section of the Associated Sages at Plymouth, by MR. PENGELLY, F.A.S., on "Cavern Exploration in Devonshire," appear to have been in existence, as a race, at a date incalculably long ago; one race having preceded the Hyæna amongst the inhabitants of this island, and another having been previously contemporaries of the Cave Bear; the two races, troglodytes both, having been "separated by a wide interval of time"—a width of ages. A dim idea of the antiquity of Man may be derived from the statement that—

"The entrances of Brixham Cavern were completely filled up, and its history suspended not later than the end of the palæolithic era. Nothing occurred within it from the days when Devonshire was occupied by the cave and grizzly bears, reindeer, rhinoceros, cave lion, mammoth, and man, whose best tools were unpolished flints, until the quarryman broke into it early in A.D. 1858."

At some future meeting of the British Association, a lecture delivered by some eminent Geologist will perhaps supply data for the construction of a Prehistoric Chronology. A.D. and B.C. comprise eras of almost momentary duration in comparison with the geologically conjectured age of this planet. The "palæolithic era" was preceded by we know not how many other eras B.P.E., and who dares venture to suggest the figure which ought to be assigned for the veritable A.M.?



## THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER—NEW STYLE.



AW—WICHARDS! What's the time? Eleven!  
That's half an hour—why, gwacious heaven!  
Quite half an hour—that I've been sittin'  
Pottin' birds, and Seltzer splittin'!  
Jove! I think I'm almost done up!  
WICHARDS!—aw—just put this gun up!  
The fl'ars had better get their luncheon.  
They're everlastin' munchin', munchin'!  
Don't know how they do it, I'm sure—aw.  
WICHARDS!—a she'wy 'nd Angostura!

And—WICHARDS! you can bring my nag up,  
When you've helped me count my bag up:  
Aw—twenty bwace—a mod' wate slaughter!  
Two bwace and a half of Seltzer water;  
Taurus, a half bwace; and—aw—there is  
A bwace or two 'f Apollinaris.  
To square the bag up, there's—let me see!—  
P'waps a dozen pegs of eau-de-vie;  
And—aw—I've missed a bwace of sodahs.  
Numbah 'f guns, just thwae bweech-loadahs!

## TO PUNCH,

CHIEF SCRIBE OF THE BRITISH BARBARIANS DWELLING IN THE LAND OF THULE, IN THE  
CITY OF LONDON.

LEARNED as I am in the wisdom of the Egyptians, and the letters and arts of the Greeks and Romans, let it not surprise thee that I have but lately cared to give eye or ear to what passes in the small and remote island of Britain, cut off by the breadth of a Continent from the Inner Sea and the Great Father of Rivers.

But now that the barbarians of Britain whom my deified JULIUS stooped to conquer, sailing even as far as Nile, have cast their gold into my Canal which the Franks have reopened, and have even dared to lay daring hands on one of the Obelisks which I set up in the City of Om, before the Temple of the God Tum,\* and which the insolent OCTAVIUS dared to have transported to the City of Alexander, as a token of his triumph over her whose charms vanquished him as they vanquished the mightier JULIUS, I am moved to write to thee, that my wish may be made known to the people of thy chief city, whither I learn that my Obelisk is to be carried at the cost of one ERASMUS, of the caste of healers. I marvel that one of so base an order† should have dared to connect his most abject name with aught that hath borne mine.

Nay, I must needs have been vexed that my Obelisk should again be moved even by worthier hands. Better a grave in the sands of Egypt than the proudest site in the chief city of your small, remote, and barbarous Island. But even there I would have such honour as Barbarians can do me. If my Obelisk may not stand before the House of the God Tum—for I hear you never see the face of that God, save in a veil of clouds, and so have no temple in his honour—let it not be set up in a low or hollow place, still less where it shall be looked down upon by buildings of the Barbarians loftier and larger than itself. For so would it but be buried again, not in the dry and pure sand of my Egypt, but in the heavy masses of your dirty clay, piled up into what you call towers and temples.

Already I hear there is a model of my Obelisk set up before the temple of your God Talk, among the High-Priests of that God, whose images stand near his house. Not so; let my Obelisk stand alone, where it shall be highest, as befits a pillar set up by CLEOPATRA to the God of Day.

You have, I hear, in your chief city a House of the Muses, wherein I learn that you have heaped up much spoil of the Egyptians—images of their gods, and the books of their priests

\* The City and Temple of the Sun God, whence Cleopatra's Needle was brought to be set up in Alexandria in the ninth year of AUGUSTUS.

† The healers of the sick ranked very low among the Egyptian castes.

and scribes, and coffins and bodies of their dead. Let my Obelisk stand before the House in which these are gathered together. So the Pillar will remind them of the God Tum, and will itself not be altogether severed from that land of Egypt which gave me adoration as a goddess and a woman; and if you have mathematicians among you with skill enough to mark the steps of Time by lines on stones around the feet of my Obelisk, so that its shadow might fall thereon in honour of the God Tum, if perchance, in the changes of the universe, he come to shine upon you, this, methinks, were well also.

But I will not that you leave my obelisk where its wooden image is now set up, to look small among larger and higher edifices, and to do honour to your God Talk, whom I know not, and not to the God Tum, whom I worshipped while I lived in the light, and honour even in the lower darkness, for he was Brightness, and I was the brightest.

Your mistress (as she was all men's),  
CLEOPATRA.

## DEAD SEASON DONATIONS.

FOLLOWING the lead of the Lancashire excursionists who, with an eye to the fitness of things the other day, presented MR. GLADSTONE with "an excellent walking-stick," the subjoined little list of holiday gifts has been carefully knocked off by "One Who Knows."

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—Turkish Smoking Cap, elaborately embroidered with the legend, "Silence is golden."

LORD DEBBY.—Tight rope (with piece of chalk and balancing pole complete).

MR. W. A. SMITH.—A Broom (warranted to sweep clean.)

SIR JAMES INGHAM.—Half a dozen Ventilators (to be left at Bow Street).

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—Illuminated copy of "Hope told a flattering Tale."

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.—A Box of Beetle Paste.

MARSHAL MACMAHON.—A Safety Valve.

MR. WHALLEY.—A full-length Portrait, in oils, of MR. TOOTH.

MR. CROSS.—Ticket for Circular Tour in Scotland Yard.

MR. PARNELL.—A permanent Seat in the Shipka Pass. And

MR. PONGO.—The Franchise.

THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND  
YARD.

It is satisfactory to find that COLONEL HENDERSON in his last year's Report on the Army of Society under his command, gives, on the whole, a good account of BOBBY. As the French Marshal remarked on the British Infantry, so, with slight variation, may it be said of our Foot Guards Blue, that the British Police is the best in Europe, only, unhappily, there is not enough of it.

In what other European country than this, it may be asked, would it be possible for the manager of a theatre to produce a Christmas pantomime, the principal fun of which consists in violent assaults on the Police?

In London, during 1876, according to COLONEL HENDERSON, the number of cases in which the Police were assaulted, amounted to 3,941. Does this include the assaults in the Pantomimes? Let us hope so, or if not, JOHN BULL, with all he owes to BOBBY, ought to be a good deal sterner than he is in punishing those who assault him.





DELICATE CONSIDERATION.

*Considerate Little Girl.* "PLEASE, MR. KEEPER, WILL IT HURT HIM IF I GIVE HIM A CURMANT OUT OF MY BUT?"



## NON NOSCITUR À SOCIIS.



MR. GLADSTONE, in his intervals of wood-cutting, has recently employed his leisure in receiving little gifts from enthusiastic admirers. On accepting a walking-stick, the Member for Greenwich the other day made quite a touching little speech. To save the Ex-Premier as much trouble as possible this sultry weather, *Mr. Punch* begs to supply him with a few common forms to be used as occasion may require.

*On Receiving a Sugar-Stick.*

It is a most excellent stick—good to look at and good to suck at; it is luscious in the mouth, in short—“short and sweet,” you know, is a proverbial phrase—has all the qualities of a first-rate sugar-stick. Not that I should like to have to suck a foot or so of this stick; sweet as it is, it would, probably, disagree with me. Ladies and Gentlemen—I may say, *young* Ladies and Gentlemen—what we have to do is to strive to be as good and as sweet in our own characters as this stick is in the humble capacity it bears. For is not this stick, like most stump-speeches—my own not excluded—a choice specimen of sweet-stuff? Excuse the joke, and forgive my playfulness. “*Dulce est desipere in loco.*” And for this, Hawarden is the *locus* on a holiday like the present, to holiday Excursionists like you, who have made this present to me.

*On Accepting an Umbrella.*

It is a capital umbrella. Its makers may be proud of their work. I should not like to receive a bang on the head from this umbrella! It has all the qualities of a good umbrella. It will keep off the rain, and serve at need as a protection from the sun. My friends the Advertisers (who have so kindly presented me with this

umbrella), let us attempt to make our own lives, on one point especially, like this very useful article—an article which, I understand, can be supplied to the Public at the very reasonable figure of Ten-and-Six. Whether in the private or political business of life, don't let any one be able to turn us inside out!

*On Acknowledging the Gift of a Hat.*

It is a very handsome hat. Almost too handsome for use—at least at election times. I should not like to have this hat knocked over my eyes. It is really a good one—good to look at, good to wear instead of the shocking-bad billy-cook I have now donned in my favourite character of the humble wood-cutter. It is light on the head, and, in a word, has all the qualities of a good hat. My dear friends, what we have to do is to make our heads like this hat—impervious to wet—heavy wet especially—and well-lined.

*On Accepting a Big Drum.*

This is one of the best drums I have ever played upon; yet I should not like this drum to be banged at three o'clock in the morning outside my bedroom door if I wanted to sleep. It is a capital instrument—full of music. Oh, my friends, let us be like this drum. Let us make noise enough at least, if there is not much in us but noise, and let our cry be, with the Grecian sage, strike, but hear me!

*On being Presented with a Case of Cheap Claret.*

It is really a very nice wine—for the money! Not that I should like to have to drink a bottle of it. It has many qualities—it has a good colour, and it is not likely to get into one's head. I believe it would



also make very excellent vinegar. Wine merchants, let us imitate this claret in our own lives. Let us be good to look at, good in the market, and (if occasionally acid) always reasonable!

## AMONG THE ROSES.

### IN BULGARIA.

"Owing to the devastating war in Bulgaria, total ruin and annihilation have overtaken the rose-crop in the valley of Kazanlik, and the neighbouring districts. . . . All these places are devoted to this peculiar and beautiful husbandry; the roses are grown by the field-full."—*Our Own Correspondent.*

FAIR Flora stood upon the trampled ridge  
Where erst her myriad roses wooed the eye,

Now reddened with a deeper dye—  
The ghastly crimson of ensanguined feet  
Which flying beat

In headlong haste across War's brazen bridge.  
She stood, pale horror on her tender lips,  
Her bright eyes dim and dark with pain's eclipse  
While the smoke smouldered westward on the wind  
That bare Bellona's hoarse, far-echoing shout  
Harsh on the ears of startled humankind.  
Where'er she gazed, the wreck of hideous rout  
Blotted her ancient pleasaunces. The earth,  
Of old heaped high with sweet rose-petals, now  
Was piled with mangled dead. From Flora's brow  
Had fled the winning smile of summer mirth,  
As lifting eyes of horror to invoke  
Help out of Heaven the sad Flower-goddess spoke:

"How serve a race that stains my loveliest gift  
With fierce Bellona's blood-dye? Here indeed  
The ministries of Beauty and of Thrift  
Were late united. But War's harpies heed  
Nor labour's gain nor loveliness's dower.

Alas! my well-loved flower!  
Broken thy charm, thine augury belied,  
Before the ruthless storm of hate and pride.  
Crescent or Cross, methinks, had fittier wreathed  
Its ensign with the blooms that lately breathed  
A sweeter incense than the Churches know  
O'er all these ravaged homesteads night and day,  
And made these fields with brighter blossoms gay  
Than deck the altars where great organs blow  
Praise to the God of Peace.

Your fruitless flutings cease,  
Ye pipes with mouths of gold! What music now,  
Save War's shrill trumpet and hollow drum?

All brass and string besides be dumb,  
Whilst Christian hate with Moslem fury closes  
In murderous conflict 'midst my trampled roses.  
And which the most accursed? Furious man  
Has made a Golgotha of Gulistan,  
Till fiends among my roses might laugh loud,  
Taking my wreaths of red and white to shroud  
War's hideous horrors and Hate's helpless prey.

And yet but yesterday  
They made the land like Beulah with their blooms,  
And not a purer, sweeter air perfumes  
The Vale of Cashmere than late breathed among  
These squares of fragrant husbandry, now flung  
A prey to battle's never-satiate maw.

What wounds were those you saw,  
Ye blue skies, and bright waters, and pure blossoms,  
In men's hearts, children's limbs, and women's bosoms?

No more! I must away  
From where Bellona shares with Belial sway!  
He holds a girl's fair tress in bloody hands;  
With mailed foot on a crushed rose she stands.  
With that foul pair sad Flora may not cope,

But flies, in far-off hope,  
When this dread Carnival of Carnage closes,  
Once more to dwell with Peace among the Roses."

### IN BRITAIN.

I sat among the Roses: Row on row  
Their blossoms clustered, in the golden glow  
Of English August, round a garden nook  
Whence, in midday hush, glad eyes might look  
O'er sweeping slopes of corn-land, stretching far  
To where in the bright east the azure bar  
Of circling ocean gleamed against the sky,  
A silent witness of security.

Couched at their Sage's feet  
A troop of English maidens clustered, sweet  
As their own roses, and as gay  
As the light dancing in the leaves' glad play.  
With them mild age and manly youth together  
Basked in the light of home and harvest weather,  
Until I sighed, and said—

"Yon eastward skies  
Look clear, my maidens, as your orbs of blue;  
But cover that which if those orbs but knew  
By startled onlook, it would something dim  
Their frolic sparkling. Boys, your length of limb,  
Stretched lazily, would leap at the black work  
Among the Roses, yonder, where the Turk  
Redhanded grapples his redhanded foe.  
Well that these balmy breezes do not blow  
Echoes from those far Rose-plots to our own!  
For Childhood's shriek and outraged Woman's groan  
Would mar our Summer music. Yet, perchance,  
Some thought of poor Bulgaria may enhance  
Our stolid, silent British thankfulness  
For long immunity from battle's stress,  
For peace, and pleasant hours, and happy love  
Amidst our English Roses here; may move  
Unpartisan Compassion to its task  
Of even-handed helping. Here we bask  
In sunny safety; there the smoke of war  
Sweeps o'er the bloody track of battle's car,  
Whose ruthless course is over homes and hearts.  
Here, as the breeze yon leafy screen disparts,  
Sweet pink-flushed petals, shaken from the bough,  
Fall on the close-coiled tress that crowns your brow,  
My fair-haired beauty, like a soft caress  
From lips I need not name; but there,  
Where through wrecked Rose-fields woman-slaughterers press,  
The severed blossoms fall on bosoms bare,  
Leaving a stain of redness not their own.

Poor Flora, lately flown  
From that so desecrated Paradise,  
Looks in on us, methinks, with mournful eyes,  
Pleading with her more favoured children here,  
Safe screened from lust's assault and battle's fear,  
For pity and for help. Eternal shame  
If party war-cries, in whatever name,  
Deafen our ears to that appeal!  
Prove we that no one-sided clamour closes  
Our hearts to the large kindness which can feel  
For sufferers of whatever race and creed?  
That we can spare them help and pitying heed  
From our blest homes of peace among the Roses."

## MY FIRST AND LAST DAY WITH THE GROUSE.

Being MR. GREEN's true experience of the Twelfth.



I GLADLY accepted my Cousin's kind invitation to join his Grouse-shooting party. Socially speaking, it is about as good to possess a Moor as to possess a title; and to be known to be related to a man who has a Moor may stand one in good stead matrimonially. When I tell MRS. PRETTYMAN and her daughter that I've been shooting Grouse on my Cousin's Moor, I can do it in a way to suggest that I have a contingent remainder in his line: and they'll never stop to





## TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

Cabby (indignantly holding out Shilling). "COME, I SAY, WHAT D'YE CALL THIS 'ERR!?"

Facetious Fare. "'HEADS'!—So IT IS! HAND OVER!" [Objections!]

inquire whether my Cousin is really lord, in fee, of a Moor well stocked with Grouse, or only rents some acres of wild common, still clothed in its primeval heather.

I am started off on my beat at ten—alone—with Dog, Keeper, and Bag-carrier. I wish they had sent me with a party, so I might have escaped notice. Now I feel three pair of eyes, Dog's, Keeper's, and Bag-carrier's, are looking down upon me!

This is the beat where, Keeper tells me, "LORD ROCKET once got thirty brace on the twelfth."

The sight of my beat somewhat startles me,—my conception of a Moor being derived from the Addington Hills, near Croydon, where the heather is purple, and not deep. Here I am shown miles of quite brown ling, very deep indeed, and no mere hills but good-sized mountains.

"Capital cover," says Keeper, as we enter it. I should think so: I would undertake to hide a flock of sheep in it.

I tramp the heather gallantly for an hour or two, getting cramps in my legs, but no grouse. Keeper declares the birds are as wild as hawks. It was very different in LORD ROCKET's time, he says: his Lordship got six brace off the hill I'm now on. "He was qualified to hit them, *he* was." I take the backhander becomingly, but it's my firm belief that LORD ROCKET is a mere myth brought out by the Keeper to impress strangers with proper respect for the Moor.

I soon learn one thing, that long habit has developed in pointers a manner of talking with their tails. When my dog stands still and wags his tail, he means to say: "A bird is, or has been here. On the whole I think it's gone; but look out." When he stiffens his tail to a point (that, I'm told, is why he's called a pointer), he means to say: "A bird is here, but its specific nature I'm not sure of." Nine times out of twelve it's a lark.

It is, indeed, remarkable that moor-larks do not soar and carol like ordinary larks, but sit skulking in the heather, simply, I believe, for the fun of making the dogs mistake them for grouse. Keeper spies pointer a long way off, generally on a higher level than I am. "Have a care!" he says to me, which means that I am to rush off to where the dog stands. Dog's tail is pointed, so I fairly expect a grouse. Two flutterings occur simultaneously, one in my heart, the other in the heather—the latter from a lark who chirps off merrily. The first time this happened, my gun went off from mere excitement. So did the lark, I suppose from the same feeling. It's a nasty trick they have.

It is now one o'clock, and I feel nearly dead with fatigue. I feel it was cruel to send me on a beat by myself, like a policeman. I sit down to eat my lonely lunch. I am told that this is not in accordance with the precedent set by LORD ROCKET. "His Lordship never sat down once; nobbut ate a bun as he walked along." Hang LORD ROCKET! I hate him!

After luncheon—which I haven't in the least enjoyed, thanks to LORD ROCKET—Keeper says, "We should by rights take that little strip back."

"By all means," I reply; but *that little strip back* means a belt of enormously rough heather, right over the top of the hill we have just descended. I toil back up the steep slope and stumble through the cruel bushes mechanically, hopelessly. Keeper says, "There *should* be some birds on the top, but there's no telling." Of course there's no telling; and of course there are no birds—not for me.

All this time I have been nearly roasted by the sun, when suddenly it sets in to rain. It's a cold, drizzling, wetting rain. I ask Keeper whether he thinks it will be a wet afternoon. He replies, that it's "only heat." On the contrary, I find it decidedly cold.

The ling soon gets as slippery as sea-weed, but Keeper doesn't suggest returning home; and as I know dinner was ordered at eight, I shouldn't like to sneak home, in an unsportsmanlike style, at five. So I plod on.

The rain (or heat) quite benumbs my hands. I suppose I enjoy this very much; for, after all, it is sport. I wonder what bags the rest of the party are making? I have only got two brace, though it's wonderful how many birds Keeper declares I've killed, which fly away notwithstanding. I must have killed quite ten brace; and I shall count them, if any one asks what I've killed.

All of a sudden Dog, in ranging, frightens a bird away, without pointing it. Keeper's wrath is extreme. He belabours wretched Dog with his ramrod, which is also his walking-stick. He calls him a monkey-faced brat, and the poor animal's whines might be heard all the country round. I wonder he doesn't bite. I should think he would bite me if I beat him like that. The Bag-carrier watches the castigation soberly and silently. I haven't the moral courage to say a word. When it's over, the poor brute positively fawns on Keeper, as if he considered him the best friend he had in the world. Such meanness is disgusting! One would think he thought the beating came from me. After all, dogs must be very like men, and love best those who lick them most. THUCYDIDES, I believe, has some such remark—of men, not of dogs. He knew nothing about pointers.

We have now come to a large peat bog, studded with little islets of heather. It's no longer walking, but jumping, with the danger of a peat-bath, and possibly a peat-grave.

I no longer feel cold, but hot, both in mind and body. All of a sudden Keeper cries, "Mark!" as an old cock grouse emerges from his hiding-place, and crows defiance at me. In taking aim, I lose my footing. I believe I hear Bag-carrier laugh as I fall into what I believe will prove a bottomless bog. Thank goodness, I go no further than my knees; but my nerves are shaken: and I boldly tell Keeper I'm going home. He accedes, scornfully, and looks as though he thought the ghost of LORD ROCKET would haunt both of us for ever.

On the way home, Dog suddenly makes a dead point, and I stand expectant once more. This time it isn't even a lark, but only a Daddy Long-legs. Yet I had to go up a considerable hill after that Daddy Long-legs. I deserve some champagne. I hope I shall get it.

As I trudge home dead-beat I can't help thinking that if, as MR. RUSKIN says, it is a nobler occupation to try to make wild birds tame than tame birds wild, I at least have done my little to encourage wild grouse to lay aside their timidity of man. However, I forget my fatigue in the delightful anticipation of talking over my prowess to MRS. and MISS PRETTYMAN. They know nothing about grouse-shooting, except that it's a very fine thing, and that all who take part in it are very fine fellows.

I deserve some compensation for all I have suffered; to say nothing of the sovereign I shall have to give Keeper, and the half-crown to the boy who has carried the bag. I don't feel either of them has earned his money.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL.—Counts in the House of Commons.





### STUDY AT A QUIET FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

"Now, then, Mossou, your form is of the manliest beauty, and you are altogether a most attractive object; but you've stood there long enough. So jump in and have done with it!"

### A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

*The New Arrivals—Opinions—The Ladies—Etiquette—Re-arrangements—BOODELS' Information—Chatting—A Thorough Bore.*

BOODELS' great merit is his superlative valuation of his friends. The more recent his acquaintance with them, the more brilliant they are in his eyes—like new furniture or patent leather boots just sent home. When BOODELS makes new friends, he likes them to be sent to his home at once, just as he does with new purchases. Consequently, the BUDDERMERS, whom he first met quite recently at Scarborough, have already arrived, and we have been prepared, by BOODELS' enthusiastic description, to see something exceptionally brilliant. MRS. BUDDERMER—BOODELS always speaks of the lady first, giving you to understand that she has generally been the attraction—"Mrs. BUDDERMER," he says, "is simply the handsomest woman he has ever met. She is so charming, so unaffected, and her dresses are the most expensive things you ever saw, and her taste exquisite!" Mr. BUDDERMER (he is not always so enthusiastic, we notice, about the husband) is a very clever man. He is connected, says BOODELS, with several scientific societies, and there's hardly a subject on which he is not thoroughly well informed. "He writes, I believe," BOODELS adds, "for the *Saturday Review* and *The Quarterly*."

"So do I," cries MILBURD, winking at me.

"You!" retorts BOODELS, contemptuously.

"Yes I do," MILBURD returns. "I write for the *Saturday Review*—to the office, whenever I want it, inclosing sixpence-half-penny, and they always send it. Ha! ha! ha! Eh?" Then turning to me, and alluding to BOODELS, "He thought I wrote articles for the paper. Ha! ha! ha!"

"And Miss BUDDERMER?" I ask, anxious to return to the subject and nip MILBURD's fun in the bud.

"She is his daughter by a first marriage," BOODELS answers.

"One of the cleverest and most amusing girls I ever met. There isn't a novel she doesn't read."

"Pretty?" is the natural inquiry from his audience.

"She's very pretty. In fact," he goes on, feeling that he has not said half enough about her, "she is, simply, the prettiest girl I've ever seen, I think. And she's an heiress with about fifty thousand pounds of her own. She dresses magnificently. Such diamonds! But so has MRS. BUDDERMER; they're literally smothered in diamonds."

"What's old BUDDERMER then?" asks MILBURD, who affects to be no respecter of persons. "A money-lender? Eh! Ha! ha! ha! He's old Shifty-per-Shent. Ha! ha! ha!"

BOODELS is thoroughly annoyed with MILBURD.

"They are my guests," says BOODELS, sniffing indignantly; "and, if they're not good enough for you, you can go."

"All right, old boy!" returns MILBURD with the utmost good-humour. "I don't mean anything, you know. I'll get old BUDDERMER to lend me a few thousands, and then marry his daughter in order to pay him back. Ha! ha! ha!"

MILBURD has been asked here expressly because "there never was such a fellow for a country-house as MILBURD for keeping everyone in such good spirits," and not a day—not an evening—has passed, without everyone being on the verge of a row with some one (generally with BOODELS himself,) in consequence of MILBURD. MILBURD has a most good-humoured and pleasant knack of setting everyone by the ears, and then retiring, as it were, from the field of battle, occasionally returning, conversationally, to see how the fight's going on, and just joining in, siding first with one side then with another, just to keep the game alive. As for himself, he only says the rudest things in the heartiest manner; and as he hasn't an idea of what delicate consideration means, nobody likes to attempt a repartee with him, because he is sure to reply with something personal and peculiarly objectionable. Again, you can't do much, in the cutting retort line, against a strong young man, whose never-failing repartee is a whack on your back with his big open palm, and a shout of "Hallo! old boy!" in your ear, as though he were calling to you a mile off; and don't you wish he were? He always has "a gallery" with the servants. MILBURD at dinner poses for them, and is stronger in broad farce (in "clowning," the Poet MUMFLEY calls it) than in comedy.





“DISPUTED EMPIRE!”









## A FACT.—(FREE TRANSLATION.)

*Custom-House Officer.* "HAS YOUR DOG BEEN VERIFIED?" *Brown.* "WHAT DO YOU MEAN?"

*Custom-House Officer.* "HAS HE BEEN PASSED BY THE VERIFICATOR, LIKE THE REST OF YOUR 'BAGAGES'?" *Brown.* "MY DOG'S NOT A 'BAGAGE'!"

*Custom-House Officer.* "HE IS VERY LARGE FOR A DOG! HOW WOULD YOU THAT WE SHOULD KNOW IF HE DOES NOT CONTAIN OBJECTS OF CONTRABAND, PARBLEU!"

This evening the presence of the new arrivals causes an alteration in the table arrangement. HAMLIN MUMLEY the Poet, who has been, till now in the Vice-Chair, is deposed to make room for MR. BUDDERMER; "because," says BOODELS (who has his own views of the strictest etiquette) "he is the older man, and you can't put a bachelor at the bottom of the table when there's a married man present."

Somehow we, of the previous established party, are inclined to resent this. We are all older friends of BOODELS than this MR. BUDDERMER, whom he only met last year at Scarborough. "A Jew money-lender, or a swindler, for anything BOODELS knows about him," insists MILBURD.

BOODELS takes an opportunity of informing us, pointedly before MILBURD, that the BUDDERMERS live in the best society; that they are out every night during the season, except when they are giving most splendid parties at their own house; that they have the most beautiful equipage in London; that they go to the PRINCE OF WALES's garden-parties; that there isn't a State Ball to which they are not invited; that privately, without anyone knowing much about it, she (MRS. BUDDERMER) visits the QUEEN at Buckingham Palace, "and is" (BOODELS informs us the more emphatically because he detects MILBURD winking) "constantly at Windsor; not, of course, when anyone's there, but as a private friend. But," BOODELS adds, as though he were afraid of having committed some breach of confidence about his Scarborough acquaintances, "don't talk of it before them."

"No, I should think it would be a sore subject," says MILBURD, giving me a painfully sharp nudge. But BOODELS pays no attention to his remark.

We are all of us oppressed by this greatness being thrust upon us. For my part, when I am dressing for dinner on the first evening of their arrival, I feel inclined to go to bed, and leave the BUDDERMERS to BOODELS.

POGMORE, MUMLEY, and MILBURD are all more or less sulky about it, and agree that the charm of the place will be thoroughly destroyed by this incursion.

Consequently, we are all late for dinner except MILBURD, who, after abusing MR. BUDDERMER as a money-lender, and the whole party as, probably, "swindlers" who have gammoned BOODELS at Scarborough, has dressed rapidly, has been down in the drawing-room a full quarter of an hour before anybody else, has thoroughly ingratiated himself with the new arrivals, and has conciliated BOODELS to such an extent, that I overhear our host in the recess in conversation with MRS. BUDDERMER, informing her that his old friend MILBURD is the cleverest, wittiest man he has ever met, that he'll keep you in a roar of laughter, that he is the life and soul of every Country House. "And," he adds, in order to increase his present house value, "he is a most difficult man to get hold of, he's always engaged."

"I think," I hear MRS. BUDDERMER observe to BOODELS, "I remember meeting him at Brickfield, the DUKE OF STRAWBURY's place, two years ago."

"Very likely," says BOODELS, carelessly. Had MILBURD himself told him of his having been in such aristocratic society, BOODELS wouldn't have believed him, but, taking it on MRS. BUDDERMER's authority, it assumes the greatest importance as a fact, and MILBURD's value has gone up immensely in the market. In future, BOODELS' account of MILBURD will be, "Don't you know him? Oh! he's

a very old friend of mine. He's the wittiest, cleverest fellow you ever met. It's most difficult to get him to come and stay a few days, as he's always with the Prince, or at the DUKE OF STRAWBURY's place, or with some of our greatest swells."

MRS. BUDDERMER is a rather tall, elegant lady. There seems to be a great deal of velvet and glitter about her, also lace. She is the first person you see on entering the room, and the first person who sees you. You recognise her voice as MRS. BUDDERMER's, though you've never heard it before. She is still a handsome woman. Her eyes invite you to come up and talk as an intimate friend at once. MUMLEY is caught. The Composer is caught. I am caught. We are all caught in order, hooked, landed. She is the Trimmer—very much the Trimmer—and we are the Eels. HAMLIN MUMLEY, who came in like a sulky lion, is going on like a silly lamb. POGMORE the Composer, who assumed indifference (everyone comes into the drawing-room in his own peculiar manner, both before and after dinner), is now standing by MISS BUDDERMER, pointing out the beauties of the garden. I want to take my turn with MRS. BUDDERMER, but MILBURD is with her, and if I go up now, he is sure to say something unpleasant, personal, about myself. He has no tact. BOODELS, however, introduces me, and leaves me. MRS. BUDDERMER acknowledges my presence, but resumes her conversation as if I were a parenthesis in the middle of a sentence. MILBURD ignores me. I feel inclined to walk away, but then I am sure they would laugh at me behind my back. What they are talking about, I haven't the slightest idea. BOODELS should have chosen another moment for introduction.

"I don't think he was always like that," she observes to MILBURD, taking up the thread of their previous conversation which I had interrupted.

"Yes," replies MILBURD, "after her escapade. You see it was a very unpleasant affair." They don't even throw me a hint to catch hold of. It's very awkward to feel "out of it," but I do.

"Of course. But it was her fault making it so public."

"Partly. How did you like the ponies?"

"The creams? Oh, they were very pretty, but they were so slow, and she used really to flog them unmercifully."

"She used. You know what they used to say in the Park? No? Didn't you hear? They used to call them the Whipped Creams."

"The whipped creams!" repeats MRS. BUDDERMER. "Oh, that's very good." Then she laughs. She has beautiful teeth. But while she laughs at MILBURD's wretched nonsense, she's only pretending to laugh, I'm sure—she looks at me as much





### "THE WAY WE HAD IN THE ARMY."

Colonel (of the pre-Examination period—to studious Sub). "I SAY, YOUNGSTER, YOU'LL NEVER MAKE A SOLDIER IF YOU DON'T MIND WHAT YOU'RE ABOUT!" Sub (mildly). "I SHOULD BE SORRY TO THINK THAT, SIR!"

Colonel. "I SAW YOU SNEAKING UP THE HIGH STREET YESTERDAY, LOOKING LIKE A METHODIST PARSON IN REDUCED CIRCUMSTANCES!—HOLD UP YOUR HEAD, SIR! BUY A STICK, SIR! SLAP YOUR LEG, SIR! AND STARE AT THE GIRLS AT THE WINDOWS!"

as to say, "Do talk, do join and relieve me, I'm sure I'd much rather talk to you than him, and if you begin perhaps he'll go."

As the Poet and the Composer, early next day, express a very favourable opinion of Mrs. BUDDERMER, I wonder if they felt this attract as well as myself.

"MR. BOODELS has no Lawn Tennis ground here, has he?" she observes, as a chance to me.

"No, he hasn't. Do you play, MRS. BUDDERMER?" I ask.

"A little. I began it last year."

"You don't play, do you?" breaks in MILBURN to me, loudly and rudely. He has had his innings; why can't he let me have mine? I feel a presentiment that he intends saying something objectionable so as to make me appear ridiculous before MRS. BUDDERMER. These are his tactics invariably.

"Not much," I reply, and am going on to talk to MRS. BUDDERMER on more interesting subjects, when MILBURN laughs loudly, and says—

"You ought to play regularly two hours a day. That would fine you down a bit. Ha! ha! ha!"

If I retorted that "While I was playing Lawn Tennis he ought to go to school and learn manners," he would reply, "Well, you teach me—you're old enough." And I should be obliged to take it all good-temperedly, although if for this sort of thing I could, with moral and physical safety to myself, call MILBURN out into the garden, now, on the spot, and shoot him, I would. I don't mean to say that I feel sanguinary and revengeful, but I should just like to shoot him sufficiently to give him a lesson; and I feel that if every one could shoot MILBURN whenever he was rudely personal, he would soon be stopped without being destroyed, and Society would be considerably the gainer.

The dinner-gong fortunately sounds at this moment. POGMORE has to escort MISS BUDDERMER, who is small, with light frizzy hair, and a pair of eye-glasses which she is perpetually using. She is a sharp, quick talker, and is far older in manner than her step-mother.

MR. BUDDERMER is portentous. He is bald. On the strength of

this he is accredited with intellectual superiority. MILBURN says "he is a very clear-headed man," but explains that he alludes to the absence of hair. He has a philosophic beard, and if in classic drapery, would be an excellent model for MR. POYNTER, or MR. ALMA TADEMA. He is opinionated, and argumentative. He reads everything, and apparently learns leading articles off by heart. He is impervious to MILBURN's jokes. He is one of those nuisances who will read the newspaper aloud to you at breakfast. He is down first (that we found out on the morning after his arrival), and seizes the *Times*, leaving only the advertisement portion on the table. He destroys everyone's enjoyment of the news of the day by telling it us beforehand, picking out bits here and there, prefacing them with such exclamations as "Dear me!" "Only imagine!" "Bless my soul!" or "That's very remarkable!" or "That's very strange!" in order to induce someone to ask him! "What's very strange?" "What's very remarkable?" and so forth, when he invariably reads the paragraph aloud in the most impressive manner.

If (as happens after an experience of three mornings) no one takes any notice of him, he begins, "There's a bad accident at Duddlebrook Junction"—and then reads it; or he observes, "I don't think a Magistrate is justified in saying"—then comes the *Police News*. MILBURN does the state some service at the close of the fourth breakfast by saying, "I wish you'd keep that to yourself! You're so confidential! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

MR. BUDDERMER the Bald (the Poet calls him "Baldest the Beautiful") takes the hint and the paper; with which he disappears every morning, and there is the greatest difficulty in finding it again. This is his revenge.

The Bald One is now vice-chairman of the hospitable board at BOODELS.

### MARS AND HIS STAFF.

THE two newly-discovered satellites of Mars have been christened General Routine and General Red Tape.





### HIDEOUS ATROCITY.

AS SEEN BY MCFUSSY AND HIS PARTY IN THE BAY OF ISMID. THE CAÏQUE-MEN SAID  
IT WAS ONLY FISHERMEN, BUT WE KNEW BETTER!

### ALARMING INROADS OF THE C. B.

OUR public offices, usually so calm, not to say stagnant, at this season of the year, has been thrown into such commotion through the thoughtlessness of Entomologists in America, and the recklessness of Naturalists at home, that *Mr. Punch* is astonished that the following startling occurrences have not ere this found their way to the daily journals through their Own Correspondents in Whitehall and Somerset House.

On Monday last one of the sorters at the Post-office in St. Martins-le-Grand, named MURPHY, had not returned at night as was his custom, to the bosom of his family. On search being made next morning, the wretched man was discovered in the Parcel Post Department completely covered, from head to foot, with a moving mass of Colorado Beetles, which had escaped during the night from the small card-board receptacles in which they had traversed the ocean in the mail-bags of Cunard and Black Ball Steamers. Nothing was left of the unfortunate MURPHY but his skin.

The Adjutant-General's Office was thrown into consternation on Thursday by the appearance on the wall behind the Adjutant-General's chair of an insect which was speedily identified, by the aid of field-glasses, as a Colorado Beetle of the largest size. The Aide-de-camp present on duty promptly sent an Orderly for a potato, while the Adjutant-General and several Field-officers present took advantage of the high ground offered by an adjacent sideboard to reconnoitre the enemy. Skirmishers were thrown out, on the arrival of the potato, in the persons of the Aide-de-camp and the Orderly, and after a flank movement on the Beetle, the potato was unmasked, and the enemy, making a dash at its favourite fruit, was drawn to an ambuscade represented by the official inkstand. At this moment the sideboard gave way with a crash, and the Adjutant-General and his forces fell back on their rear, where they were when our Correspondent sent off his dispatch. We shall try to report the conclusion of the engagement.

A cleaner in the House of Commons was taken out in a violent fit of hysterics on Friday, brought on by the approach of two Colorado Beetles, from under the Benches where the Obstructive Irish Members used to congregate. The Sergeant-at-Arms was sent for to expel the intruders, but though sliced potatoes have been plentifully scattered about as a bait, no further trace of them has as yet been discovered.

### THE OLD STORY.

(Scientific Version.)

SCENE—Mount Edgcombe.

TIME—During the Meeting of the British Association.

PROFESSOR EDWIN BROWN, F.R.S., to  
DR. ANGELINA JONES, M.D.

At the Professors' Ball to-night  
Our orbits crossed; and still  
Throbs on my arm of fingers light  
The sweet magnetic thrill.

Like twin spheres through ellipses due,  
A double constellation,  
We moved to rhythmic music true,  
In axial rotation.

The blood-corpuscles in my heart  
Were stirred to sweetest tones,  
As into voice electric start  
Pulses of telephones.

We met again, and yet again,  
And, unlike gravitation,  
The psychic force which made us fain,  
Increased by separation.

My senses you the more seduced—  
Such Cupid's master malice is—  
When to your elements reduced  
By chemical analysis.

"To iron in her blood is due"  
(I said) "that cheek's rare crimson;  
Her silken tresses' golden hue  
Means prevalence of brimstone.

"To protoplasm her cells were wrought  
From ether's vortex-rings,  
While, for her rearing, sunbeams brought  
Their wave of golden wings.

"Her feelings may be all resolved  
To cerebral attrition;  
Mere energy," I said, "evolved  
From brain-decomposition."

In vain! With love I glow the more,  
The more I analyse you,  
Sum up your elemental score,  
And but the higher prize you.

Then speak, Automaton divine,  
And save me from distraction;  
Let our two lives in one combine  
By mutual attraction!

Thanks, love; the sun withdraws his light  
In cirrhous vapour-masses;  
His beam, which noon combines to white,  
Through rainbow-glories passes.

Like him our spectrum let's extend  
Past visual rays far-shining,  
Nor know of love or life an end,  
In new force-forms combining!

### Too Obvious.

MR. PUNCH hereby gives warning that having already received one hundred paragraphs ringing the changes on the name and feat of MR. CAVILL—to the effect that CAPTAIN WEBB's rival having got out of the water fifty yards from the shore cannot be said to have completed his swim across Channel without Cavil,—all future perpetrators of the same will be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the waste-paper basket.

FOR CANTABS. — "Smith's Prize" for 1877. Appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty.



## THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

(The Observer HAWFINCH.)



"What, dostn't know what that there is,  
For folly to 'scape thy lips?  
That monster as meaks thee stare is,  
Thee Mooncalf, the Moon's Eclipse.  
There was prawnfuts to foowarn thee  
If theed'st sense and eyes to look,  
Why, didn't thy Almanac larn thee?  
Or ca'stn't thee rade thy book?"

Says Dick, "I bain't no scollard,  
But that there zign in the sky,  
Wun't a zoon wi' war be folle'd,  
Or a fammun or plag bimeby?"  
Yaa, Dick, thee wanted'st swishun,  
At Sunday School, 'tis true,  
But loor, by sooperstishun  
How thee bist ate up too!

HE zummer day was ended;  
The sky wus clear and bright;  
The Moon wus shinun splendid,  
Like a cheese o zilveee light.  
The zilunce wus unbroken,  
Whilst, restun arter tile,  
My pipe in pace a smokun,  
I zat athurt a stile.

Till that there son o' labour,  
DICK DUMPER, he come by,  
And says, "How bist thee, neighbour?"  
In aanswer, "Chuff," says I.  
"But what look'st thee so glum at—  
Like an owl at an air-balloon?"  
"I thinks as how there's zummat  
The matter wi' the Moon."

And sure aloft just peepun,  
There I zee like what med sim  
A gurt brown counter, creepun  
Upon the Moon's left rim;  
Which sight made Dick to holler,  
"Tis like a dragon's snout,  
The Moon a gwiun to swaller."  
An ignurnt cowntree lout!

No faith in zigns dwoan't pleeace,  
That, what a zign thee 'st call,  
Is the Earth on the Moon's bright veeace,  
A vlingun a shade—that's all.  
Zigns han't no zignifications,  
He's a donkey and Simon Pure  
As belaves the ass-severations,  
O' ZADKIEL and FRANSUS MOORE.

We watched the Eclipse, like many,  
Till the Moon turned copper-brown,  
And her veeace looked like a penny,  
Instead o' a half-o'-crown.  
Then agens't the hour o' closun,  
Fore the Rising Sun they'd clear,  
And drive us all whoam to dozun,  
We went for our drops o' beer.

## TRUTH IN A HOLY WELL.

PERSONS about to proceed on pilgrimages to such sacred places as Lourdes and La Salette should meditate on the following illustration of

"RELIGIOUS MANIA.—Two young girls in a fit of religious enthusiasm have drowned themselves in the religious well at Marpingen, in Rhenish Prussia. The miraculous power of the well—a recent Ultramontane discovery—gave rise a short time ago to painful disclosures, which necessitated the interference of the police."

But whether or no the well at Marpingen has the power of curing, it certainly has that of killing. Like all wells which are deep enough, it occasionally drowns people—and no wonder. If it had only refused to drown those religious enthusiasts, the two young girls who jumped into it in a paroxysm of their disorder—what a miracle that would have been for the Ultramontanes! Miraculous wells in general, we would profanely suggest, are different from the well wherein Truth lies.

## DRY GRAZING GROUND.

ACCORDING to the *Meat and Provision Trades' Review*, CONSUL PERCEVAL, at Port Said, invited to report on the cattle that could be supplied to England from his district, returned LORD DERBY the following answer:—

"My Lord,—With reference to the Foreign Office Circular of the 19th ult., I have the honour to inform your Lordship that, the whole of my district being desert, there are no sheep or cattle thereon."

What was the Foreign Office thinking of to request information respecting the amount of animal food obtainable from the desert about Port Said? Any one must have known it could supply nothing, except in the form of the veritable pun, "The sand-wich is there."

EX-NILO.—The Nile refuses to rise as usual. No doubt MR. STANLEY has succeeded in turning off the upper waters into another channel. The D. T. will in due time inform us.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN AT A BALLET.

SIR,—A Ballet! a very pet of a Ballet! I haven't seen such a thing for years. Do you remember what *Box* said to *Cox* as a reason for his not having seen the Bosjesmans, a popular exhibition when that old farce was new. "No, sir, I haven't seen them. My wife wouldn't let me." Of course, this was not the reason for my not having witnessed a ballet for years, but still I thought I could not better improve the occasion offered by the fact of Your Representative's Representative, his *alter ego* (or his other eye), being at the sea-side, than by dropping in at 10 P.M., a most convenient hour, at the Alhambra, in order to see MR. THOMPSON'S *Yolande*, to which I had alluded in my letter last week. Let me at once say that MR. JACOB'S music is light, graceful, and, where necessary, dramatic; and that MR. CALCOTT'S scenery, specially the Japanese Scene, with cascade of real water, is most picturesque. The costumes again, specially the Japanese, are thoroughly novel, and the combination of colour grouped on the stage is as effective as anything hitherto produced at this place.

"Story, God bless you," a ballet generally seems to say, like the needy Knife-grinder, "I have none to tell you;" but this is not so with MR. THOMPSON'S *Yolande*. The novelty in the *Yolande* is the fact of there being a story, though not a very strong or long one, told in pantomime by four principal characters, of whom MLLÉ. GILLERT does far more than mere posing, posturing, and dancing. She acts, and her fall, after the capitally fought duel with M. A. JOSSET, in the first scene, had it been in a melodrama, would have electrified the house. The interest of the story ceases, unfortunately, with the first Scene, which, as I have hinted, is a little drama in itself.

I see by the programme that this "*Romantic Ballet and Action*" was "*invented and designed*" by MR. ALFRED THOMPSON, while the dances were the work of MONS. A. BERTRAND, of the Grand Opéra Paris. Clearly, then, the Author of the Ballet invents the actions which are to translate his story to the Public. How does he do it? Does he go through it in his own study? Does he try all the

business, all the "action" of the scene by himself to himself, and "not say nothing to nobody." I am deeply interested.

I should like to write a ballet. *Enter Antonio. Antonio strokes his face three times to indicate*—What? I don't know. Who knows? I can imagine actions for love (which would be breach of promise cases, and others in the Court of LORD PENZANCE), also for hunger, and despair; but what does a ballet-dancer mean by stroking her own face with her right hand, unless she wishes to convey the idea that the person she is in love with has (or has not) a beard? Why does she imperiously point to her right toe? Why does she spread out both her hands and shake her head at the public, and then run away? Why do lovers in ballets always have a little game with a rose or a bouquet, the gentleman dancer offering it and withdrawing it, and the lady running away, under his arm, to the other side of the stage? Where did this originate? Is it the custom of any country whatever? If so, where? And aren't they tired of it by this time?

*Yolande*, it is true, has this hide-and-seek bouquet dance in it, but otherwise it is novel and original, and it is a step—or rather steps—in the right direction, that is, in the direction of a ballet of interest as well a ballet of action. But if I am asked to write a ballet "of action," I should consult a solicitor, a dancing solicitor, of course.

Hoping that the Alhambra Company generally will appreciate the interest of *Yolande*, and recommending the stayers in town to see it, I remain ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## Apropos Acrostic.

PARNELL.  
O'DONNELL.  
NOLAN.  
G'RAY.  
O'GORMAN.

BIGGAR is omitted in deference to the Anthropoid's feelings.



PROTECTION V. RESTORATION.



If walls had mouths as well as ears, "Save us from my friends" might be the cry of many an ancient building. Next to wanton Destruction, their most deadly enemy has been wilful Restoration—the Restoration that consists in pulling down all that testifies to the time between the original erection of the building and the present day. Old buildings interest most of us, as a rule, more through their associations than their architecture. And even reproduction of the original architecture is, in most cases, felt to be dearly purchased by removal of the association-pegs.

We read the history of Church or Castle in its incongruities—the Early English body grafted on the Romanesque head, and supported on one Decorated and one Debased lower-extremity. Old Time looked in on us through those Flamboyant eye-holes in a Norman face, and winked at his own revenges in the shape of Jacobean doorways or Queen-Anne woodwork on Gothic walls. And what if, as WORDSWORTH says, "A Juggler's balls old Time about him tost?" There was life in even the wildest of the old Boy's vagaries, and he never jumped over a style without leaving you something to learn, if only in the measurement of his footprints.

But your scientific restorer won't stand any of old Time's nonsense. He shuts him in the stocks of style, and denies him the right of even making his mark, much less leaving his record on those old erections, which from "dead," walls he made living by his hand-writing.

At last Restoration has gone such lengths in destruction of all traces of the past in our Cathedrals and Churches that those who love to question the past, and take an interest in its record, have been roused to protest, by forming a society for "the Protection of Ancient Buildings," not against old Time, but his enemy, the new Trim. This Society numbers, among its members, many of our most distinguished artists, and lovers of Art, and has for its Secretary one of our foremost poets.

Here is their explanation of the need which has brought such a Society into being:—

"No doubt," they say, "within the last fifty years a new interest, almost like another sense, has arisen in ancient buildings; and they have become the subject of one of the most interesting of studies, and of an enthusiasm religious, historical, artistic, which is one of the undoubted gains of our time: yet we think that if the present treatment of them be continued, our descendants will find them useless for study and chilling to enthusiasm. We think that those last fifty years of knowledge and attention have done more for their destruction than all the foregoing centuries of revolution, violence, and contempt.

"For Architecture, long decaying, died out, as a popular art at least, just as the knowledge of mediæval art was born. So that the civilised world of the nineteenth century has no style of its own amidst its wide knowledge of the styles of other centuries. From this lack and this gain arose in men's minds the strange idea of the Restoration of ancient buildings; a strange and a most fatal idea, which by its very name implies that it is possible to strip from a building this, that, and the other part of its history—of its life that is, and then to stay the hand at some arbitrary point, and leave it still historical, living, and even as it once was."

Most people who have shivered under the chill struck by some brand-new and intensely old building fresh from the hand of the Restorer, must have felt the sense of emptiness which follows the removal of alterations, every one of which was alive with the spirit of the time in which it was made, and the substitution of the modern antiquity due to the Restorer's more or less genius guided by his more or less knowledge.

The Society do not hesitate to say,

"Of all the Restorations yet undertaken the worst have meant the reckless stripping a building of some of its most interesting material features; while the best have their exact analogy in the Restoration of an old picture, where the partly perished work of the ancient craftsman has been made neat and smooth by the tricky hand of some unoriginal and thoughtless hack of to-day."

Not that the Society would let time and weather work their will on venerable walls. They call upon those who have to deal with them

—"to put Protection in the place of Restoration, to stave off decay by

daily care, to prop a perilous wall or mend a leaky roof by such means as are obviously meant for support or covering, and show no pretence of other art, and otherwise to resist all tampering with either the fabric or ornament of the building as it stands; if it has become inconvenient for its present use, to raise another building rather than alter or enlarge the old one; in fine, to treat our ancient buildings as monuments of a bygone art, created by bygone manners, that modern art cannot meddle with without destroying."

And they conclude, as *Punch* concludes with them,

"Thus, and thus only, shall we escape the reproach of our learning being turned into a snare to us; thus, and thus only, can we protect our ancient buildings, and hand them down instructive and venerable to those that come after us."

A MENAGERIE ON THE MOVE.

A Protest from a Timid T. G.

"A CURIOUS FREIGHT.—The Chatham and Dover Railway Company has, through its Continental Manager, Captain GODBOLD, arranged to deliver at the Alexandra Palace, within twenty-four hours of its collection in Paris, the caravan of Nubian animals now being exhibited at the Jardin d'Aclimatation in that city. The collection, which includes seventeen racing dromedaries, eight giraffes, three rhinoceros, five elephants, buffaloes, and goats, hunting dogs and ostriches, will be transported under the care of the fourteen Nubian hunters who captured the animals."

BLESS my bones! What next, I wonder! Surely this must be a lark.

Dessay this 'ere sort o' thing was very well in Noah's Ark, Where the beasts was on behaviour—leastways, I should hope they were,—

But the Zoo a-going by rail! It's jest enough to raise one's hair.

Never liked them Iron-Roads, Sir! too much row and risk for me.

But this notion simply is the horriddest I ever see.

Wasn't busts and spills and smashes dangers quite enough, but what

They must add the chance of being crunched or swallowed to the lot?

Well boxed up? Oh, don't tell me! Why jest suppose there came a smash;

All the beasts as wasn't killed for liberty 'ud make a dash.

Whereupon—oh! g-r-r-r! it's gruesome. What a very lively go, Bolting down a ten-mile cutting followed by a buffalo!

Special train? Oh, very likely. But there's others on the line, And this Jamrach lot might chance to be in front or rear of mine.

I confess my very madder chills at picturing me or MARY Faced by a Rhinoceros or hunted by a Dromedary.

Nubian hunters too. How nice! Great thick-lipped darkies, I suppose,

Nearly na—; leastways, with little in the way of Christian clothes.

Almost worse than t'other warmints; don't like Ostriges and such, But a bare black Nimrod brandishing his spear,—oh Moses! it's too much!

I don't ride by rail no more if this 'ere sort o' thing prewails:

I should always be a looking out for claws and teeth and tails.

Couldn't take my forty winks but I'd expect to wake and see

A tiger hooking MARY off, a sarpint making eyes at me.

Dissent and Disestablishment.

THE Ritualistic extravagances in All Hallow's, Southwark, alleged to have been introduced by the Rev. G. W. BERKELEY, Vicar of the District, are denounced in an address to the BISHOP of ROCHESTER voted the other night at a public meeting, in a report of which it is related of Mr. BERKELEY that:

"His preaching included the necessity of Disestablishment, the Real Presence, Purgatory, and Prayers for the Dead."

The necessity of Disestablishment is an addition to Roman doctrine, apparently of Mr. BERKELEY's own. Ritualistic parsons do not generally preach it. But Disestablishment, although not a point of those Clerical Dissenters' preaching, is, if they are permitted to persist in their fooleries, very likely to be the result of their practice.

Unseasonable and Seasonable.

Hot Politician (who wants to have an argument, stopping a friend just as he is getting into a cab). I say, are you for the Turks?

Sporting Friend (with gun-case). Blow the Turks! I'm for the Moors!

[Drives off to Euston Square.





"FROGGY WOULD A-WOOING GO!"

### A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

*The Dinner with the New Arrivals—The Vice-Chair—The First Topic—Dinner Cantata—A Suggestion—Prelude—Finish of First Movement—Notes on the Weather—Some of our Excitements—The Blusher—Plunging in—An Awkward Prospect.*

At dinner on this first evening with our new arrivals, the BUDDERMERS, the order of conversation is as follows:—First, the weather, by way of prelude (as I subsequently suggest to POGMORE the Composer, who might do worse than write a Cantata in Eight Courses, and a Dessert, entitled *Dinner*,—to my mind a most expansive idea), led off by BUDDERMER in the vice-chair, looking as wise as he is bald. In his gravest and most philosophic manner, after having settled himself on his seat and arranged his napkin to his liking, BUDDERMER, with the air of a man of science intensely interested in the probable forthcoming solution of a problem which has been apparently disturbing his rest for days, puts this question to the Poet—

"What sort of weather have you been having here lately?"

In breathless suspense, and in strained silence, only broken by the Butler handing the soup, we await MUMLEY's reply. We, as

it were, hang on the Poet's lips. We are all (I feel sure) trying to recall what sort of weather it has been during the last three days at Boodels, just as boys in a class, dreading individually lest the question put by the master to number one should be passed on to them, scrub up their wits to try with all their might and main to remember the right answer. We are all becoming mentally confused as to whether it was or was not fine on Monday last, and are inexpressibly relieved when MUMLEY, with greater presence of mind than could have been expected of a Poet in such an ordinary affair, deliberately replies—

"Well, it has not been much to boast of."

Whereupon the strings of our tongues being loosened, we shake our heads, the strings of our heads are at the same time loosened also, and declare that MUMLEY is right, and that the weather has not been much to boast of. Then BUDDERMER, in the vice-chair, being a man of vast conversational resources, seizes the opportunity to tell us what sort of weather he had (from his account you would think that Providence had arranged the weather for his special annoyance) when he was in Wales this time last year; which reminiscence gives the cue for Mrs. BUDDERMER to observe to BOODELS, "You know Wales, of course, Mr. BOODELS?" and BOODELS, whose thoughts have been far from the subject of conversation, having been engaged





## NO MISTAKE, THIS TIME.

*Lodger.* "DEAR ME, MRS. CRIBBLES, YOUR CAT'S BEEN AT THIS MUTTON AGAIN!"

*Landlady.* "OH NO, MUM, IT CAN'T BE THE CAT. MY 'USBAND SAYS HE BELIEVES IT'S THE COLLIERIARDA BEETLE!"

in calculating whether the fish would go all round or not, and whether he hadn't been helping too plentifully, replies, "Yes—Wales. Oh yes, charming"—sending off a plateful—"beautiful,"—sending off another—"I mean I didn't like it at all—(to SPURLING, the Butler), eh? one too many?—oh, that's all right,"—and he takes the extra plate himself, rejoicing. Then there is a pause. Everybody wondering to themselves what everybody else would like to talk about.

POGMOORE the Composer finding the silence oppressive, comes out with, "So you didn't like Wales, eh, BOODELS?"

But the Butler is whispering something in his master's ear, and there being nothing in POGMOORE's observation calling for immediate attention, no one takes any notice of it, except MILBURN, who looks up at him pitifully, touches his forehead, and then resumes his eating, whereat POGMOORE looks angry, colours up, is just going to say something sharp, but thinking better of it, dashes in again at a remaining bit of fish, and we relapse into silence.

Murmurings of "No, thank you," and "Thank you, yes," to the Butler's assistant (a hireling) going the rounds with sherry, set us talking again.

Mrs. BUDDERMER leads off with a note of admiration—"What a very pretty place you have here, Mr. BOODELS!"

BOODELS, pleased, admits, diffidently, that it is a pretty place. His smile of satisfaction expresses, "Yes, Nature and myself have done it. 'Nature and Boodels' is the firm."

Mrs. BUDDERMER continues, "And at the end of your garden I think I saw a considerable piece of water. Is it a river?"

"No," BOODELS explains, "it's not a river. It's fed from the river. It's a pond."

I know, and we, the *habitués*, all know the remark that is sure to come from some 'one of the new arrivals. We eye one another as much as to say "You'll see," and are silent.

It comes gravely and oracularly from BUDDERMER the Wise in the vice-chair, or in the Wise-chair, at the end of the table.

"There ought to be a lot of fish in your Pond, BOODELS."

This makes BUDDERMER one of us; he has made the remark, and we can now talk to him in a brotherly spirit.

This observation about "fish in the Pond," is the key to the freedom of Boodels. We are all down on BUDDERMER the Bald at once. We tell him

of the Trimmer and its marvels; we recount wonderful stories of the Eel that must be seen to be appreciated, and which has never been properly appreciated, in consequence of never having been seen. BUDDERMER bites; even he, the stoic, the grave, the bald, the wise, even he becomes excited, and, but for the decencies of society, he would rush from the table down to the Pond, and set the Trimmer. The Pond certainly has a marvellous attraction. If, one day, from that Pond should arise a Nix (which does not mean a Nothing, but a sort of German freshwater Mermaid), who should captivate a visitor, perhaps BUDDERMER the Bald, and descend with him, fascinated, to the bottom of the Pond, never to return, or to return only once, when there would be such a row with Mrs. BUDDERMER (who would naturally want to know what had become of him, lately) as would either send him back posthaste to the Nix, or keep him terrified on land until the Nix came to fetch him—and then—oh, what a scene!—to be described hereafter appropriately on the piano by the Composer, and celebrated in verse by the Poet. But this is romance.

Then Mrs. BUDDERMER winds up this new movement in the dinner cantata with,

"I hope it will be fine enough for us to go out after dinner, and walk down to the Pond."

And Miss BUDDERMER, who is (shy and blushing and jerky, and who hasn't spoken as yet, but who has been looking about her through her little eye-glasses like a frightened fawn, or as a frightened fawn would if it had eye-glasses and were disturbed while feeding, even she observes nervously to me, "Yes, I should like to walk down to the Pond."

BOODELS is afraid that it's not warm enough for *al fresco* amusements after dinner.

While they are discussing this, and going over the old subject of the Trimmer and the Eel, in which, BUDDERMER, who gives out that he is a fisherman, evinces an immense interest—[By the way, all wise-looking, grave, bald men profess themselves fishermen; they disappear at certain seasons of the year in order to keep up the illusion, generally returning very much sunburnt, and with fierce-looking imitation insects of unnatural patterns, more calculated to frighten the fish into fits than catch them, complicated tackle, nasty awkward hooks, brown baskets and straps—but no fish]—while they are discussing these important piscatorial matters, and while Miss BUDDERMER, the nervously near-sighted, and myself are privately and separately determining what we shall begin to talk about to one another, I will just enter a few notes *à propos* of that most important subject in a Country-House, viz., the Weather.

I often see in the paper a heading, "The Weather and the Crops." At Boodels we have no crops, but plenty of weather.

Our first excitement in the day has invariably been, and will ever be, to go down to the Pond and see what the Trimmer has done in the night; for the Trimmer, being a disappointed, rakish kind of fishing apparatus, does nothing all day, in consequence of having been "out all night." The Trimmer, apparently, while out all night, generally shows signs of having got into bad company, as it has invariably been robbed of its bait, and presents itself to our eyes, under a very careless and untidy aspect. But that the bait has been taken by fish, proves incontrovertibly that there must be fish in the Pond to take it. If what the old proverb says about the sea is true, viz., "There are as good fish in it as ever came out of it," then how excellent must the fish in BOODELS' Pond be that have never come out of it at all!

But the visit to the Pond is not our host's first excitement. No, his is the state of the weather. Before he enters the breakfast room, he stops before the glass in the hall, and taps it sharply; sometimes frowningly, sometimes smilingly, sometimes with an air of hopeless resignation. Then we, in the breakfast-room, inquire after the glass, more as a matter of politeness, as one might inquire after the health of BOODELS' grandmother or other relative, than from any confidence in the meteorological soundness of the barometer. And BOODELS replies reservedly that "it's going up," or "going down," or that "it hasn't moved," or he looks suspiciously at MILBURN, and wants to know "if anyone's been touching the glass," which implies either that something awful in storms is being threatened on an evidently fine day, or that the index marks "set fair,"



when the rain is coming down in torrents. MILBURN, in an injured tone, assures BOODELS that he wouldn't think of doing such a stupid thing, and BOODELS sits down to his egg and toast with a very incredulous air.

The next excitement for BOODELS (after a fierce tirade against BUDDERMER for having disappeared with the *Times*, the *Telegraph*, and two amusing local papers, with which literature in his hand, and in his pockets, we generally, after a hot pursuit, run him to earth in a small secluded arbour, at the end of the kitchen-garden) is again in connection with the weather. He retires to the Library, and looks himself in. When he re-appears, it is with a Weather Chart, which is a piece of paper, scored all over with musical lines, over which runs a zigzag kind of continuous crotchet, indicating (according to BOODELS) what direction the wind has been taking since yesterday morning. We then walk out, and look up at the weather-cock, which is a perfect genius of eccentricity. I make my own private annotations and remarks. They are as follows:—

BAROMETER.	WEATHERCOCK.	ACTUAL WEATHER.
Fair.	N. and N.W., then suddenly S., then S.E., but chiefly N. and N.W.	Rain; dull and muggy.
Rain.	E. N.E. Round again to S.W. Round again to N.E. Generally eccentric, but chiefly E.	Hot. Our best summer day. Lovely sunset. Hardly any breeze to speak of where we are, but then the Weather-cock is some forty feet above us.
Stormy.	N., N.E., N.W. Pretty steady to-day; probably tired of its eccentricity yesterday.	Sun shining; very hot; scarcely any air. First appearance of wasps; birds singing; insects humming; flies on Pond; fish leaping out to catch them. Trimmer unmoved.
Fine.	The Arrow going round and round, then stopping, then wagging convulsively, then round again quickly, like the needle on a game of chance making the circle of black and red.	Steady downpour of rain, so that you can hardly see through it.

Evidently, as regards the Barometer and the Weather-cock, two of a trade never agree.

The climate at Boodels is remarkable. When it is hot, it is intolerably hot. The atmosphere, laden with scents of flowers, is so heavy, that the visitors stretch out their hands to push it away from them, and make a hole in it for breathing through; after this effort they lie on the grass and gasp for breath, like so many freshly-caught fish on the bank of a stream. They drag themselves to the Pond, in the hope of a breeze. But the Pond on such a day appears to have become too lazy even to ripple, and is stagnant. A scum has collected on the surface, and there is most decidedly an odour, an unpleasant odour. BOODELS, on this being hinted to him, resents it as a cruel aspersion on his Pond, intended to take away its character. He says,

"If there is a smell" (and he doesn't smell it, he says), "it is only vegetable, not animal, matter; and decayed vegetable matter in a Pond is, as every chemist will tell you," he adds emphatically, "rather beneficial to health than not."

His guests say,

"Oh, indeed! Is it?"

But they avoid the Pond on these peculiarly beneficial days.

If it's so remarkably healthy, BOODELS might make a good thing by turning his house into a Pond-Cure Establishment during the summer.

When it's not oppressively hot at Boodels in July and August, it is so warm and humid, that the subject of conversation is the value of certain mineral waters considered as medicines for torpid livers and bilious headaches. The male guests try to rouse themselves, and go for walks (there are no games at Boodels—BOODELS not playing any himself), and the female guests (we are divided like an opera chorus) pass their day in "lying down," taking tea in their rooms, and reading novels. Fortunately MILBURN has discovered a friend of his near at hand at whose house is a billiard-table. BOODELS is glad to hear of it, and informs his guests of other people in the neighbourhood who have lawn-tennis grounds and bowling-greens, and who will be only too pleased to see them.

Further Notes.—I remark that the morning in this country-house (and in most country-houses that I've visited) commences with the sound of laborious pumping, as if a wing of the house were on fire and the engines had suddenly arrived. Even the pump, suffering from the climate at Boodels, has become congested, and endures

agonies every morning. Its last hydraulic groan is a sigh of relief, when its tortures are at an end.

A little later, I see the result of all this pumping in my bath, where the water is of a light-brown colour with little bits of stick in it, like weak cold tea with a sediment. And about this water there is a bushy sort of smell, which clings to my sponge for days after, and is highly suggestive of the Pond on one of those "summy" days, which BOODELS declares are so highly salubrious.

If the Bel were to appear in my bath one morning I should not be surprised.

These are all subjects of conversation with which I can amuse Miss BUDDERMER, as a stranger to the place, at dinner. With one exception already recorded, she has not as yet spoken, but has been sitting very upright, very forward, on her chair (not being otherwise in the least "forward") and has been occasionally glancing out of the nearer eye, nervously, sideways at me, and simpering.

"Simpering" is the word. Till now, often as I have heard the expression, I have never realised its meaning. Miss BUDDERMER simpers. When not glancing sideways, nor simpering, nor eating, she is engaged in making jerky furtive investigations into what everybody is doing all round the table, and into all corners of the room through her eye-glass. When she uses this, she puckers up her eyes so closely as almost to close them. She "squinnies" through them; that is the word. She squinnies and simpers. I am wondering what topic will interest her, when, as a preparatory note to the key in which I am going to pitch my conversation, I cough. This startles her, she drops her glasses, blushes, regards me askance, blushes more, and then simpers foolishly, as though I had intended something rather *risqué* by my cough. Evidently to prevent misconception I must begin. I dash in with "Are you fond of the country, Miss BUDDERMER?" at which she blushes more than ever. In fact her face is suffused with blushes. If any observant stranger were to look at us two, now, at this moment, he could not avoid coming to the very natural conclusion that I was a villain of the deepest dye, who had, in a low tone, uttered something horribly rude, which has mortally wounded her maiden modesty, and that she is on the point of flying from her ill-mannered persecutor by quitting the table. The latter effect would come from her sitting so far forward, and so rigidly upright. I almost feel inclined to apologise, and to whisper, "Pardon me if I have unintentionally offended you, but I only said, 'Are you fond of the country?'"

I am pausing for a reply, but I can't help thinking that if BOODELS has asked as one of the guests, a girl who is bent on misunderstanding everything, and taking offence at nothing, we shall have a nice time of it. I should call her The Blusher. If I were a conquering hero like the late Iron Duke, this could be a new historical picture for the Boodels Gallery, recording my introduction to Miss BUDDERMER, as "The Meeting of WELLINGTON and BLUSHER."

She is catching the Speaker's eye; mine, sideways.

## PILGRIMAGES FOR THE PEOPLE.



A BRITISH house, in which a tragedy off the stage, that is to say a murder or suicide, has been enacted, becomes the object of Pilgrimages, such as in other lands are made to sacred shrines and fountains. It is well that the owner or occupier of such a house should know how to turn the notoriety of his property or abode to account. Here, with only nominal variations, is quoted from a contemporary some account of business done one day last week at a residence invested with that sort of notoriety:—

"SALE AT THE NUNNERY, BELHAM.—The recollections of the Bradshaw case have this week been revived in connection with the sale by auction of the furniture, plate, pictures, wines, and other effects, together with the library, which commenced yesterday, and will extend over to-day and to-morrow. The announcement of the sale has been the means of causing a very large number of persons to visit The Nunnery during the last three days. The particulars stated that the contents of the mansion would be on view on Monday and Tuesday, upon production of a catalogue, the charge for which was one shilling, and that each catalogue would only admit one person."

Of course this arrangement was intended merely to exclude in-



trusive cads, with whom gratuitous admission would have crammed the house, and crowded the premises, to their damage. But mark the effect of it:—

"On Monday the number of persons who went over the several apartments in the mansion was upwards of 700, notwithstanding that the weather was very unfavourable; whilst on Tuesday nearly 1,300 visited the place, great numbers of whom came in vehicles, which lined the road almost the whole of the day between the Tavistock Hotel, Belham, and Pooting Common, which The Nunnery immediately overlooks. Some idea of the interest and curiosity manifested in the sale may be inferred from the fact that the sum of £17 was taken on Tuesday for catalogues at the entrance alone, independently of those who arrived with it in their possession."

The sale, therefore, of the catalogue merely, must have realised what we, as well as Mr. BARNUM and his countrymen, might call a considerable sum. But the catalogue cost a little to get it up.

"The catalogue, which contains 733 lots as those to be sold, has a photograph of The Nunnery on the cover."

Now the expense of art, paper, and print, might have been saved by the simple expedient of a turnstile, with attendants to take money at the door. The pilgrims were attracted to The Nunnery by its tragic interest, and would have readily paid a shilling merely to be let in. The strength of that interest may be inferred from the statement that:—

"The sale took place on the first-floor landing, immediately adjoining the room in which the unfortunate Mr. BRADSHAW died. Most of the articles realised prices far beyond their value, and it was manifest that a desire to possess something belonging to the place prompted the biddings."

Only think how much money any person in possession of a house like The Nunnery, wherein a "tragedy" draws above a year after it is over, might make by rendering it a show place; throwing it open daily, or on certain days, according to convenience, as long as it might continue to attract pilgrims; for, of course, the name of such a house could not be perpetual, like that of SHAKESPEARE's for instance. It could not much outlast living memory. But it would remain a source of income for a long time; and in some cases this might make up for a difficulty in letting or selling it which might be experienced in a superstitious neighbourhood. A collection of razors, knives, daggers, pistols, bludgeons, boots, clogs, and other weapons, instrumental to the enactment of reporters' "tragedies," together with bits of rope, or any more easily procurable relics of great criminals; also a skull or two perhaps, and a real skeleton in a cupboard, to be seen within, might prolong, whilst intensifying, the magnetic attraction which a dwelling of that kind has for a sympathetic portion of the British Public.

## HOW TO WELCOME THE FOREIGNER.

A FOLKESTONE BURLESQUE.



### SCENE—

The Steamboat Stage at Boulogne. Enthusiastic Foreigner taking leave of his friends. Passengers hurrying from the Paris train to the Folkestone boat. General confusion. French maledictions and English oaths freely paid out by the Sailors belonging to the two nationalities.

Enthusiastic Foreigner. Good-bye, my friends. I go to England, to the land of freedom, to realise my dream. I brave the terrible sea. Good-bye—pray for me.

Encouraging Friend. Adieu, ALPHONSE. The sea is not so terrible. Look, it scarcely washes over the head of the Pier.

[The friends bid one another farewell with French effusion. Steamboat Official. Now you Sir, look sharp on board if you mean to go and don't keep blocking up the gangway.]

[Enthusiastic Foreigner hears English spoken for the first time, and is hurried on board. He waves his hand to his friends, and then tries to find a seat. He at last obtains a place near the funnel.]

Burly Englishman. Hi! I say. That seat is mine. Very sorry to trouble you, but—

[Enthusiastic Foreigner rises, apologises, and settles himself in another part of the boat.]

Accomplished Englishwoman. Pardong, Mossou, may set seat ay reservay pore les darmes—voo comprenny?

Enthusiastic Foreigner (raising his hat). Pardon, Madame.

[Is hunted from pillar to post, until he finds a place near the engines.]

The Steamer starts; passes by the excellent Café on the Pier, gives a plunge, a stagger, and then performs a series of the most brilliant acrobatic feats. The Passengers, their rugs and stools, are shuffled well together. The scene is too painful for further description.

First Fiend in Human Form (approaching Enthusiastic Foreigner).

Like my coat to put over your knees, Sir?

Enthusiastic Foreigner (faintly). Go away!

First Fiend in Human Form. Oh, yer'd better 'ave it. (Throws a wet mackintosh over Enthusiastic Foreigner's prostrate form.)

Second Fiend in Human Form (approaching Enthusiastic Foreigner). Now then, Sir, what's your class?

Enthusiastic Foreigner (more faintly). Go away!

Second Fiend in Human Form. Not until I've seen your ticket. Now, then, get it out!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (after a long and vague search in all his pockets). 'Ere it is. You are a miserable—

[Is overcome with emotion.]

Third Fiend in Human Form. By yer leave!

[Pulls an immense rope towards Enthusiastic Foreigner, who retreats slowly and painfully.]

Enthusiastic Foreigner (with tears in his voice). Stewart!

Fourth Fiend in Human Form. Coming, Sir!

[Hurries off to another part of the Boat.]

Enthusiastic Foreigner (addressing Official in Gold-banded Cap). Is it soon that we arrive?

Official in Gold-banded Cap. Why, bless you, we've only just left Boolong!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (thirsting for consolation). But the sea will calm himself soon?

Official in Gold-banded Cap. Why, it ain't begun yet! You wait till we get past Cape Greeny, and then you'll see a little dusty weather.

[For a couple of hours the Steamboat continues its antics. At the end of that time the Boat has arrived at Folkestone with a cargo of Passengers more dead than alive.]

First Fiend in Human Form (approaching Enthusiastic Foreigner). Now, Sir—if you please!

[Takes away his coat, and displays outspread palm.]

Enthusiastic Foreigner (in a dying voice). Go away!

First Fiend in Human Form. Now then, I say, none of this! I want to be remembered. What you please, Mossou. Arjong!—Money!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (seeing his tormentor). Go away! Ven shall we arrive ourselves?

First Fiend in Human Form. Oh, we have arrived. Now then, Sir, you must get up. We want this place.

[Shouts to his comrades. General confusion.]

Enthusiastic Foreigner (trying to overcome his weakness). At last I leave Purgatory for Paradise! I am in England—the land of the free—the land of hospitality!—the land which treats every man as a welcome guest, a much-loved brother! Ah, BRITANNIA, kind Mother, I greet thee!

[Gives up his ticket wearily and feebly, and lands.]

First Thorough English Gentleman. Oh, look 'ere, BILL, ain't he yaller?

Second Thorough English Gentleman. Ain't it prime, ARRY? Allo, Mossou, 'ow are you?

First Cad. Great fun! Had a bad passage, Sir?

Second Cad. Like a little mutton fat, Sir?

Chorus of Thorough English Gentlemen and Cads. Yah! Been sick, eh? Woa, Emma! 'Ow pale yer are! Yah! yah! yah!

Enthusiastic Foreigner (not quite so enthusiastic). And this is English hospitality! [Gazes in astonishment as the Scene closes in.]

### FOUR BOOKS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

Macaulay as a Poet. By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY. Johnson's Life of Boswell. Ossian's Macpherson, and Mrs. Pepys' Diary.





## A DIFFERENT THING.

*Paterfamilias.* "ULLO, SMYTHE! IS THAT YOU? HOW ARE YOU, OLD FELLOW? HOW MUCH BETTER THEY MANAGE THESE THINGS IN FRANCE, EH? SO JOLLY FOR A FELLOW TO BE ABLE TO BATHER WITH HIS OWN FAMILY, YOU KNOW!"

*Captain Smythe (wistfully).* "HAW—YES—OR ANOTHER FELLOW'S FAMILY, YOU KNOW."

## MORE HOLIDAY TASKS.

**EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.**—To write the history of the *PIGOTT* family.

**EARL OF DERBY.**—To reconcile the various telegrams, letters, narratives, &c., relating to the War.

**MR. GATHORNE HARDY.**—To pay visits to the "retired" Generals.

**MR. CROSS.**—To study the proceedings at Bow Street every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

**MR. W. H. SMITH.**—To construct and sail little model vessels.

**DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.**—To study Entomology, particularly the *Coleoptera*.

**LORD JOHN MANNERS.**—To collect postage-stamps.

**SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.**—To frame new and stringent Rules and Orders of Parliament.

**FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS.**—To inspect all the various sites proposed for *CLEOPATRA'S Needle*.

**EARL GRANVILLE.**—To deliver more speeches of the Bradford type.

**MR. LOWE.**—To make the tour of England and Wales (on a bicycle), and gather opinions on the question of County Franchise.

**MR. BRIGHT.**—To read the principal speeches of the principal Tories during the last thirty years.

**MR. GLADSTONE.**—To divide his time between correspondence, contributions to periodical literature, tree-felling, and the delivery of addresses to politico-social audiences from the terrace at Hawarden. In any intervals of leisure, to watch the Colorado Beetle, keep an eye on *CLEOPATRA'S Needle*, and perfect the Telephone.

**THE BISHOPS.**—To confess to one another the mistakes they have committed in their mis-treatment of Romanising Ritualism.

**THE IRISH OBSTRUCTIVE M.P.'s.**—To emigrate.

**MR. WHALLEY.**—To do penance in a white sheet on a market-day at Peterborough.

**PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.**—To grow strong again.

**THE LORD MAYOR.**—To collect half a million of money for the Indian Famine Relief Fund.

**MARSHAL PRESIDENT MACMAHON.**—To avoid what *TALLEYRAND* considered worse than crimes.

**THE GOVERNORS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.**—To move the School into the country.

**HERR WAGNER.**—To compose a new Opera, sparkling with popular airs.

**MR. RUSKIN.**—To cultivate a farm by spade-husbandry.

**MR. THOMS.**—To find a genuine Centenarian.

**THE COLORADO BEETLE.**—To cease to be a bugbear.

**FOLKS AT FOLKSTONE.**—To mend their manners.

**MANAGING MAMMAS.**—To pursue their "Autumn Manœuvres."

**MR. PUNCH'S SPORTING FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS.**—To despatch hampers of Game (*C. p.*) to 85, Fleet Street.

**MR. PUNCH.**—To keep his eyes and ears wide open.

## A NATION THAT PAYS.

By no means let an odious comparison be suggested by a statistical paragraph in the *Times* respecting

"CONSCIENCE MONEY."—The amount remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as 'Conscience Money' in the year ended March 31 was £14,823 4s. 3d., and to the Postmaster-General in Ireland £12, making £14,835 4s. 3d."

Of the Conscience Money remitted to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a fully proportionate amount perhaps came from Ireland. But suppose the sum received by the Irish Postmaster-General to have been the sum total remitted. Then, of course, that small sum is all that was due; and £12 of Conscience Money was the utmost of the arrears that had burdened Ireland's conscience. The smaller of the above two sums, in comparison with the greater, represents the comparative conscientiousness and punctuality of Irishmen and Englishmen in paying their taxes; and let nobody imagine for a moment that the ratio subsisting between the English and Irish conscience is as 14,823 odd to 12.

"ARS CELARE ARTEM."—The art shown in hiding the missing Gainsborough.





## ST. PARTRIDGE'S AND ST. STEPHEN'S.

KEEPER. "I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT YOU HAD HAD ENOUGH OF POLITICS. SEE IF YOU CAN'T DO BETTER WITH THE BIRDS THAN THE MILLS."



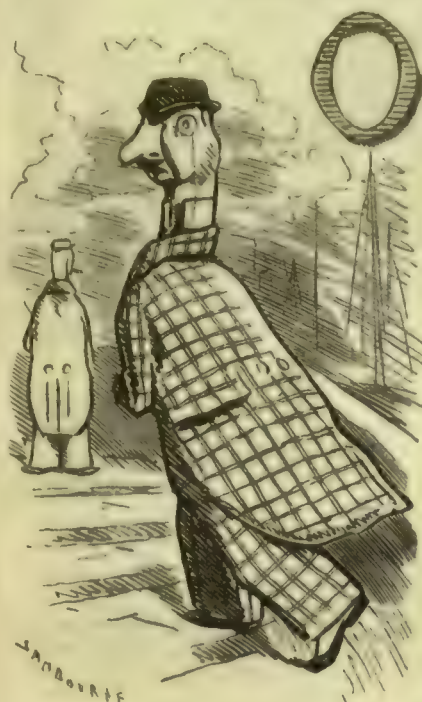




## QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(In Switzerland.)

## TAKING TICKETS.



SHALL we take a circular ticket carrying us everywhere, over everything, in all sorts of conveyances?

If we do, shall we not find that the route we have selected is the very one that omits the places we most wish to visit?

Shall we not consequently be haunted with the regret that wherever we may be going, we would far sooner go somewhere else?

If we branch off our route (as settled by circular ticket) shall we ever branch on to it again?

Will the Continental Bradshaw be of the least use to us?

Shall we be able to ask our way of the hotel-keepers, and will they not rather send us on to their friends in remote districts than help us in our difficulties?

What will become of our luggage if it is registered to one place and we booked to another?

Is it so very princely, foolish, and English, to travel by the fast train which contains only first-class carriages?

Are foreign bagmen so attractive that it is advisable to meet them on the common ground of a second-class carriage?

## EN ROUTE.

Is it worth while to take a *coupé lit*?

Are English refreshment rooms so very inferior to foreign buffets?

Is it better to spend "ten minutes of arrest" in dealing with a sandwich, or in attempting to get through a tough *table d'hôte* dinner?

Is it better to be haughty or urbane with the officers of the Customs?

Is it wiser to push your "bagages" forward, or should you hold them back?

If you see an official with a headgear that looks like the forage-cap of a Field-Marshal on half pay, may you, without offence, tip him like a railway guard?

## AMONGST THE MOUNTAINS.

After all, cannot the finest scenery be viewed better from the lowliest valley than the loftiest mountain?

After you attain fifteen stone can climbing be so very beneficial to the health?

Had you not better wait until you have got advice upon the subject from your doctor in London?

Is it worth while to get up in the middle of the night to see the sun rise?

Can you not imagine the effect in bed?

Is it worth residing a week amidst the clouds in a mountain hotel when you can get very much the same enjoyment out of a November in London?

After all, is it not the most satisfactory way of "doing" the Swiss mountains to sit in a shop whilst your alpenstock is being branded with the regulation "peaks, passes, and glaciers"?

## IN THE TOWNS.

Can you quite appreciate the change of air, with "Bass's Pale Ale" and "personally conducted" Tourists everywhere?

Do you come to Switzerland to purchase the most largely advertised "English goods"?

After you have bought a few watches, a dozen musical boxes, and a score or so of Swiss chalets, do you want any more?

After awhile, do not intensely blue lakes, white peaks, dark pines, monotonous wood-carvings, and artificial chamois horns grow a trifle monotonous?

Is it an advantage to meet the SMITHS at Berne, the BROWNS at Interlachen, the JONESSES at Geneva, and the ROBINSONS at Lucerne?

Even in your character of a Lover of the Beautiful, the Novel, and the Picturesque, do you not find the hour devoted to the *table d'hôte* the pleasantest of the four-and-twenty?

## PACKING UP.

Do you not think that Luggage was invented by some patriot to keep travellers at home?

Is it altogether wise to leave the packing to your wife?

Can this question be fairly considered after you have exhausted your strength and patience in sitting upon the boxes, in the effort to get them "to."

Did the Saints ever use strong language about luggage? And would they have been held excusable had they done so?

Is it not probable that under their vow of poverty was included the obligation to travel without luggage?

Is it better to put your wife's things in first, or your own?

After all, is it not the simplest mode to throw everything in and then to jump on the lot?

Is it not wise to retire to rest and defer packing, under all circumstances, till to-morrow morning?

## BY PRIVATE TELEPHONE.

(A Dialogue of the Day-after-To-morrow.)

## INTERLOCUTORS.

ANGELINA (out of Town for the Season).

EDWIN (in populous City pent).

Angelina. I've read the last page of the latest Miss BRADDON, I've strummed the piano until I am tired; I've sung—to myself—the last song you went mad on, I've done up my hair in the way you admired; And still it is raining, a down-pour quite steady, The sky won't oblige with the least bit of blue. I'm bored beyond bearing; and so, my dear EDWIN, My thoughts and my telephone straight turn to you.

Edwin. *En dernier ressort*, dear?

Angelina. Now do not be spiteful;

I'm really too tired to be talked to like that.

Edwin. Well, the chance of a chat is supremely delightful.

Angelina. That's very much nicer. Pray what are you at

In your den at this moment?

Edwin. Inquisitive darling!

How needless a question! I'm talking to you.

Angelina. Now don't be evasive; and, if you get snarling, I'll shut up the tube, and go—flirting.

Edwin. Pray do.

Is the flirtée at hand? (*Pausa longa*.)

Angelina (timidly). Are you there, Mr. HAUGHTY?

Edwin (coolly). O yes! Was just off for a turn in the Park.

Angelina. No, don't; and I promise I'll not be so naughty.

Edwin. 'Tis I was a brute!

[*Sounds of a somewhat inarticulately labial character are conveyed through the instrument.*]

Angelina (after an interval). You were pleased to remark?—

Edwin. That if some clever hand could contrive an invention

By which lips might meet through—

Angelina. You're very absurd.

Edwin. You think so? Assure you 'twas not my intention.

But there, it is much that your voice may be heard

In my den in the Temple, though you are at Dover.

Now what would LEANDER have thought of this scheme?

Angelina. Disdained it, of course. Ah! that youth *was* a lover.

Miss HERO most lucky!

[*Wafts a telephonic sigh from Dover to the Temple.*]

Edwin (fortissimo). Why Styx's own stream

Should not keep me from you, if—

Angelina. Ah! if! That's a barrier

Far worse than the Channel—to CAVILL or WEBB.

Edwin. Do you think 'tis from choice that in town I'm a tarrier?

'Tis fate, and the burden of "JINKS *versus* JEBB."

Angelina. Oh! is that what you're doing? Poor fellow!

Edwin.

Your pity,

Conveyed through long leagues in mellifluous tones, Brings balm to this prisoner pent in the City.

Angelina. The weather is clearing; that handsome DE JONES

With his drag's at the door. We are going out driving.

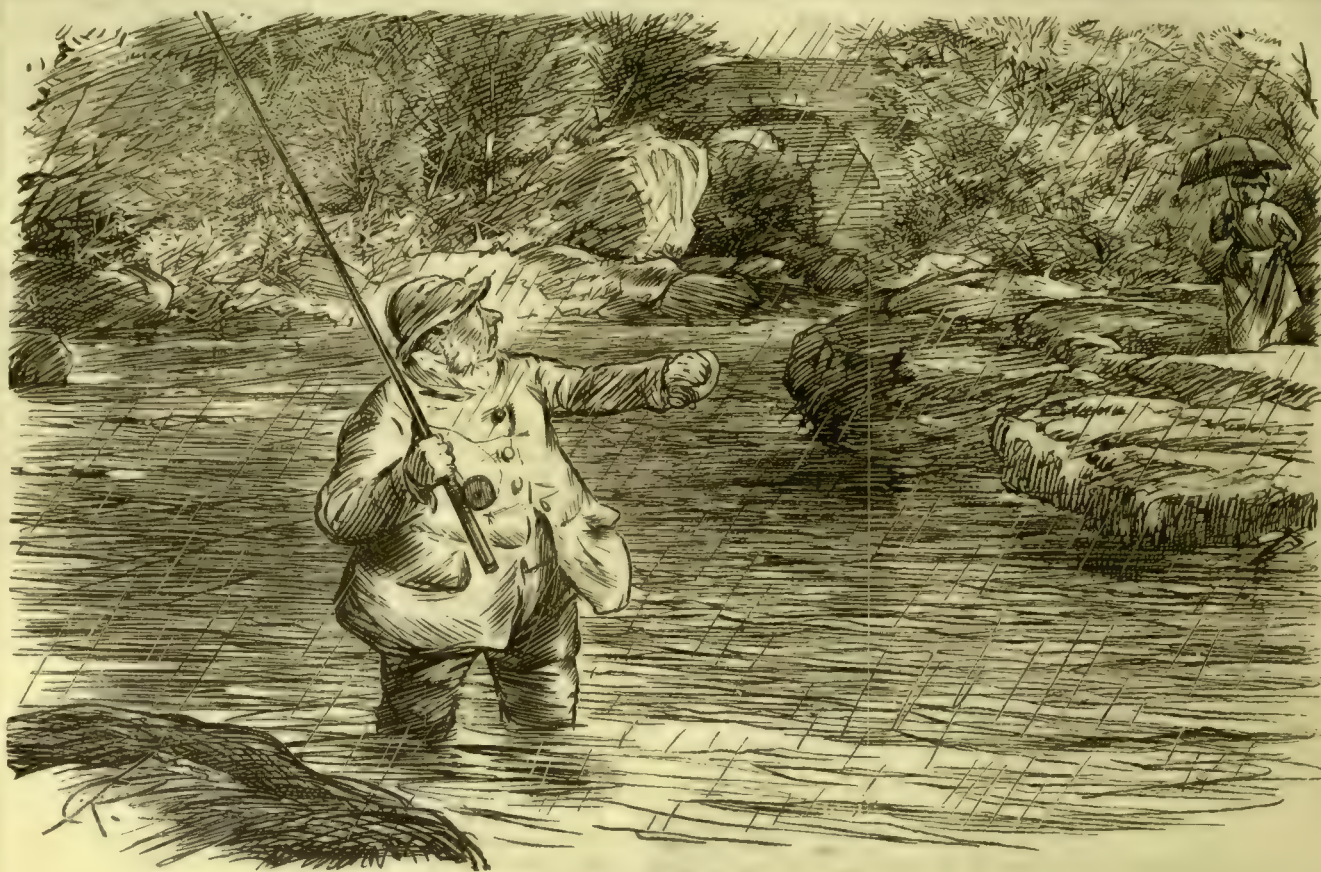
Edwin. That JONES is a ———

Angelina.

Hush! Telephonic abuse

Is an insult to science.





## WET AND DRY.

*Careful Wife.* "ARE YOU VERY WET, DEAR?"

*Ardent Angler (turning up his flask).* "NO; DRY AS A LIME-KILN—HAVEN'T HAD A DROP THESE TWO HOURS!"

*Edwin.* He's always contriving  
To be with you.

*Angelina.* Yes; but it's all of no use.  
His whiskers are wonders, his piebalds are pretty,  
He dines like a Crack of the Four-in-hand Club,  
But still he is a—well, what you said, though Miss ETTY  
Esteems him a Crichton!

*Edwin.* Oh, yes! there's the rub.  
These pets of God Plutus, who, like to the lilies  
Toil not, their heads void as their coffers are crammed,  
Have always the pull.

*Angelina.* Oh, you biggest of sillies!  
If I thought that your sulks, Sir, were other than shammed  
I'd—

*Edwin.* What?

*Angelina.* Tootle nonsense in accents so tender.  
But this is a telephone, Sir, not a flute.

*Edwin.* All sounds sent by you must be sweet—like their sender.

*Angelina.* Now if you get maudlin I swear I'll be mute.

*Edwin.* I shall come by express at 2.20 to-morrow.

*Angelina.* You will? I'm so glad. But be sure that you do.  
And now I must dress for our drive—to my sorrow.  
Be sure all the time I'll be thinking of you.

## TEA AND COFFEE POTHOUSES.

It is gratifying to the friend of Temperance, but also of Freedom—therefore the enemy of Restriction—to note and applaud efforts for the prevention and cure of dipsomania by voluntary means. Amongst these may be commended "Public-houses without Alcohol"—not that alcohol, pure and simple, is ever sold in any public-house, but only alcohol and water, usually strong of the water. Say then, perhaps, rather, Public-houses without Spirituous Liquors. Such public-houses are *bonâ fide* coffee-houses, where *bonâ fide* travellers, and others, can be served with tea and coffee, but nothing stronger. At a Meeting held the other day in JOHN POUND'S Memorial

School-room at Portsmouth, in order to the establishment of that sort of substitutes for ginshops and alehouses, Mr. COWPER TEMPLE—forward as usual in good and sensible works—made, according to a local paper, a speech "in favour of Workmen's Institutes and Refreshment Rooms, expressing his opinion that this was just the way to help the working classes to elevate themselves." Yes. To elevate themselves not as they are helped by Mr. BUNG; elevation of spirits followed by depression moral and physical, amounting too commonly to a degree of prostration as low as the gutter.

In connection with this subject it may be remarked that some of the medical papers have been urging that, since there is no reason why taverns should be exclusively devoted to the sale of intoxicating drinks, their proprietors should undertake to sell milk. A particularly good suggestion. Milk proper would probably have a larger sale than at any rate milk punch among the working classes, and might even be preferred by many of them to Cream of the Valley. Whilst the public good requires that drunkards should be kept away from the public-house, wherein they indulge in that cream, and its congeners, to excess, the liberty of the subject demands that public-houses shall not be shut in the faces of the sober public. Milk, the produce of the dairy, and not in any measure of the cow with the iron tail, is naturally just the very thing wherewith to wean toppers from intoxicating liquors.

## Trafalgar Square Improvement.

THERE is no accounting for tastes, and especially the taste which contemplates a position in front of St. Stephen's as the fittest place for Cleopatra's Needle. To that very peculiar taste, however, a more suitable situation might surely have been expected to commend itself in "the finest site in Europe." Imagine the Egyptian monolith set up alongside of the pillar which commemorates the Hero of Trafalgar—and the Nile. There would be congruity for you; with the additional advantage of a charming comparison between the Obelisk of Cleopatra and Nelson's Column.





### A SLIGHT "MALONGTONGDEW."

*Angelina.* "THERE ARE TO BE ILLUMINATIONS AND FIREWORKS, AND THEY'RE TO FINISH UP WITH AN 'EMBRASEMENT GÉNÉRAL.' WHAT CAN THAT BE?"

*Edwin.* "WELL, 'OMBRASSEMENT' MEANS TO 'KISS'; SO I SUPPOSE IT MEANS A KIND OF A SORT OF A GENERAL KISSING ALL ROUND."

*Angelina.* "HORRID IDEA! I WON'T GO NEAR THE PLACE, AND I'M SURE YOU SHAN'T, EDWIN!"

[Our readers, who know French better than E. and A., are aware that embrasement, with only one "s," has a totally different meaning.]

### THE LATE ECLIPSE.

MR. PUNCH has received the following letter from a Correspondent, who desires that it may be inserted. He cannot publish it, however, without remarking that, judging from its contents, it may possibly have been intended for the columns of one of his contemporaries.

To the Editor.

SIR,—It is with great regret that I have delayed so long in addressing this letter to you, as I feel that science will suffer through the oversight. Immediately after the Eclipse I wrote out a long telegram, which was duly despatched to the Post-office. Will you believe it, Sir—that it was returned, with the remark that its meaning was unintelligible? Lord JOHN MANNERS should see to this. However, I have preserved my notes, which I now forward to you. I may preface them by stating that, to be in good time, we dined at six o'clock, and finished our coffee at eight precisely.

8'10.—Looked out for the penumbra. Could not see it. The moon seemed to be rather unsteady, and staggered about between the chimney-pots.

8'20.—The moon still unsteady. Penumbra nowhere. As the air was chilly, we thought we had better take a little hot brandy-and-water.

8'40.—After our third glass we again looked at the moon. It was very vague indeed—in fact it was most difficult to define its shape.

The penumbra seemed to be dodging behind the trees. No amount of whistling would make it show itself.

9.—Fourth glass of brandy-and-water. Moon still vague.

9'40.—Shadows on the moons (there were two of them by this time) were distinctly visible. The first moon seemed to be blue with dark brown spots—the second pink.

10.—Stars all over the place, and six moons of various shapes.

10.30.—Ninth glass of brandy-and-water. We were perfectly charmed with the eclipse. The moons (now straw-coloured) danced a quadrille for our amusement. So far as we could make out, Venus, Neptune, and Mars, were mixed up with the penumbra.

10.40.—End of the eclipse. After we had taken our tenth glass of brandy-and-water we could see nothing.

There, Sir, is my Diary. In its original form it was less intelligible, as it was written at moments of great excitement. However, I have touched it up and yet preserved its original air of truthfulness. I cannot conclude my letter without declaring the late total eclipse to be one of the most extraordinary things I have ever seen in my life.

Yours obediently,

ONE WHO ADMIRES ASTRONOMY.

*The Hermit's Retreat, Coniac, France.*

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

APPOINT a Smith our Admiralty-Chief?

Why not—seeing iron-clads oft come to grief?

### PAST AND PRESENT;

*Or, Detraction Made Easy.*

HERE'S to the Past! 'Tis safe to praise  
The ghosts of vanished glories,  
To laud the lights of other days,  
Old Whigs or ancient Tories;  
To vaunt the men of earlier times,  
The belles of other seasons,  
The sweetness of forgotten rhymes,  
The power of dead men's reasons.

Dead dames than ours were *not* more fair,  
Nor buried heroes stronger.  
But then they share this virtue rare—  
They stop the way no longer.  
It nothing costs to feign regret  
At glory's waning crescent,  
And optimistically set  
The Past against the Present.

But here's a still astuter plan—  
Pet dodge of the detractor:  
Take the to-day of some great man—  
Wit, Statesman, Artist, Actor—  
Which, with a dolorous display  
Of half indignant sorrow,  
Compare with his bright yesterday  
And ominous to-morrow.

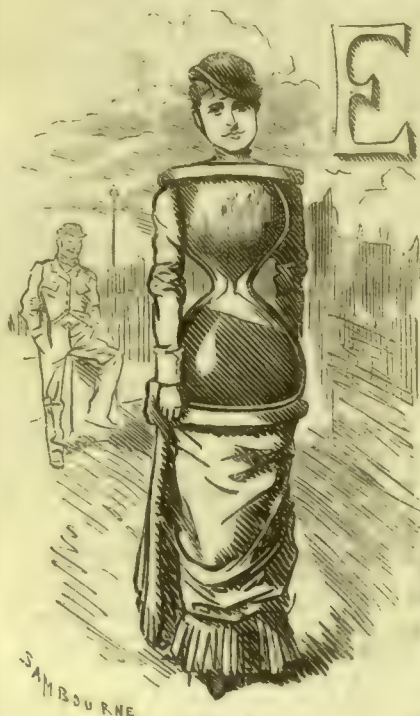
"Alas!" you sigh, with tear in eye,  
"That such a reputation  
Should ruined be so recklessly,  
And court humiliation!"  
And then you pull a solemn face,  
And shake a boding noddle  
At one who is his time's disgrace,  
And *was* its pride and model.

To mourn the wit once wont to shine,  
Now robbed of all its glitter;  
The eloquence, of old divine,  
Now blatant, bald, and bitter:  
That's the sly game by which a name  
Is blurred 'neath slander's haze,  
Which once, you groan, was voiced by  
Fame,  
And theme of all men's praises.

There never was a present time  
When *present* praise, you granted;  
But snowy robes show up your slime,  
And contrast's all that's wanted.  
Detraction knows no daintier toil,  
No trick more safe and pleasant,  
Than brightening Glory's past to spoil  
The splendour of its present.



## BARS TO WEDLOCK.



XCELLENT MR. PUNCH,

I AM a young man, and I am a younger son: and living chiefly on my wits, I enjoy, it must be owned, a somewhat modest income. Small as it is, however, I sigh for some fair one to share it; but, alas! I sadly fear my sighing is in vain, while mutton chops are sold at fourteen pence a pound, and house-rents are so high that I am forced to live in lodgings.

Besides, young Ladies now-a-days are nurtured in such luxury that a dinner and a drawing-room are their least of vital necessities. Half the girls I know could not exist without a carriage; and their life would be a misery if they married without the prospect of a lady's-maid, a lap-dog, and a mansion in Belgravia. Consider, too, the wondrous rai-

ment they now wear, and the wondrous sums their loving fathers have to pay for it. I doubt if my whole income would find my wife in pin-money, and I would wager that my year's expenses in cigars would be enormously exceeded by the cost of her new bonnets.

How dear a wife must be to the adorer of her charms may readily be guessed by glancing at the fashion-books. Not merely her costumes, but her jewels and gimcrackery, seem daily to increase in value and variety. For instance, see this notice of a *châtelaine* made lately for a Swelless of the Period, from whose silver belt there dangle a full dozen of fine nicknacks such as these:—

"Scent-bottle, memorandum-book, card-case, manifold knife with instruments, dog-whistle, silver flask and cup, dressing-comb, mirror with locket, elegant purse, small telescope, glove-loop, pedometer, chased silver revolver, cartridge-case, and egg-shaped box containing powder and puff."

If a Lady wants to make a little noise in the world, she cannot well do better than decorate herself with such a portable museum. What a cheerful companion she would be in a sick room, with all her toys and gimcracks jingle-jangling about her! With gongs in her fingers and bells on her toes, she would hardly make more music when moving in society.

Some of the things catalogued are rather masculine than feminine in their general utility, and Ladies carrying such weapons as a knife and a revolver might be suitably provided also with a cork-screw and cigar-case. I am not by nature nervous, or of a timid temperament, or I might tremble at the notion of marrying a person with a pistol at her belt, and formidably armed besides with a powder-box and (puff) ball. But I own I should be frightened at the prospect of maintaining a wife begirt with scent-bottles, and drinking-cups, and nicknacks in chased silver, all betokening luxurious and listless ways of life. Better to live simple and in solitude and in Spartan-like simplicity (with now and then a cosy little dinner at one's Club) than run the risk of being dragged by your wife's *châtelaine*, and her costliness concomitant, into the clutches of the Jews, and the whitewash of the Court.

In this belief believe me yours most fixedly,

Greek Street, Friday.

EPAMINONDAS BROWN.

## A Doubtful Gain.

MINE hosts of the Schweizerhofs at Lucerne, Schaffhausen, and Zurich have agreed to strike out *bougies* as well as *service* in the bill, "merely making a small addition to the charge for *logement*." It will be the first "small addition" we ever heard of in any of these excellent establishments, where, in our travelling tours, the bills had a way of taking to themselves wings and soaring up to heights of compound addition, to which our sweating purse toiled after them in vain.

## MANUALE DEL VIAGGIATORE.

REVISED EDITION.

(Specially designed for the Use of the British Tourist in Italy.)

## ON GETTING UP.

You have called me very early.

It cannot be more than half-past two in the morning.

Why cannot I have some shaving-water?

Is that a Brigadier sitting on the dressing-table?

He has taken my purse.

He has also taken my hair-brush, my false collars, my penknife, my *Bradshaw*, my dress-boots, my sticking-plaster, and my cheque-book.

It is very cold.

I would rather not go out into the street with the Brigadier.

Where is my hat?

## ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

These stones are very hard.

I have on my thin slippers.

The Brigadier has on his stout top-boots.

This road must be seventeen miles long.

Where is a four-wheeler?

Here is a thunderstorm.

The Brigadier has the umbrella.

I would rather have the umbrella than the handcuffs.

## AT BREAKFAST-TIME.

We have walked thirty-two miles since sun-rise.

I should like some breakfast.

This hotel has windows like Newgate.

Show me to the *salle-à-manger*.

Is not this the coal-cellar?

I should like good coffee, hot rolls, fresh butter, fried fish, ham and eggs, cold meat, pigeon-pie, and muffins.

Why is the Brigadier laughing?

There is a water-rat in the corner.

Here is the dry bread and cracked pitcher.

The Brigadier is fond of practical joking.

## ON GOING TO BED.

Can I not have a four-poster and a warming-pan?

They will give me neither a pillow, nor a feather-bed, nor a mattress, nor a counterpane, nor a hammock, nor a wash-hand-stand, nor an easy-chair, nor a foot-stool, nor a boot-jack, nor a thermometer, nor an explanation!

Here is my rheumatism.

Where is a night-light?

This place is full of spiders, and earwigs, and beetles, and lizards, and blue bottles, and scorpions.

I cannot sleep comfortably on the floor of the coal-cellar.

## BEFORE A MAGISTRATE.

The Gaoler is as incorrigible as the Brigadier.

The Prisoners' Dock is most uncomfortable.

I would rather receive back my purse, my hair-brush, my false collars, my penknife, my *Bradshaw*, my dress-boots, my sticking-plaster, and my cheque-book, than return again to the coal-cellar.

Italian Tourists in England do not walk on the treadmill at Bow Street.

The Magistrate is blundering dreadfully.

I would rather write a letter to the *Times* than trust to the blundering Magistrate.

Who is to reimburse me for this outrage?

Which is the way to the English Consul?

Here is the Brigadier with the thumbscrew.

Is nobody going to assist a Traveller in distress?

Will no one take off these handcuffs?

Where is the British Lion?

## Deadly-Lively.

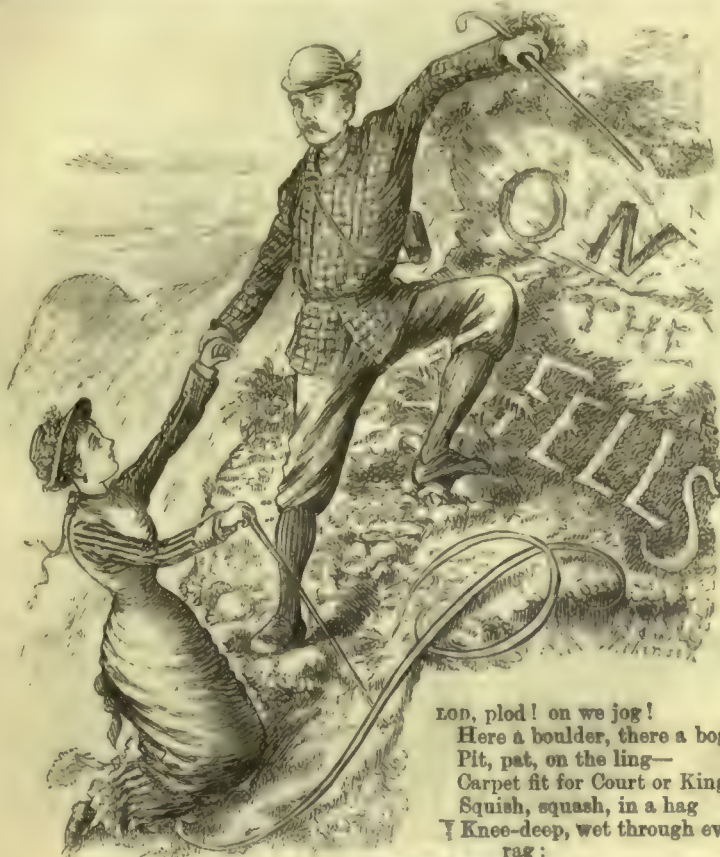
THE *Liverpool Daily Post* is an English newspaper; but it contains, *mutatis mutandis*, the following advertisement:—

PATRICK M'GARRY, DECEASED. — TO PRINTERS. — IF PATRICK M'GARRY, who some short time since left Leicester, and it is believed, came to Dublin or Liverpool, will communicate with the undersigned, he will hear of something to his advantage.

PAT and TIM, St. Andrew Street, Dublin.

Save for the nationality of the advertisers, as deducible from their address, they might be imagined to be believers in spirit-rapping. But the citation of a dead man to communicate with the living is no evidence at all at all that an insane superstition has extended its stultifying influence over the minds of Irishmen.





Lod, plod! on we jog!  
Here a boulder, there a bog!  
Plit, pat, on the ling—  
Carpet fit for Court or King:  
Squish, squash, in a hag  
Knee-deep, wet through ev'ry  
rag:

Flip, flop through the brake—  
Sun our backs will surely bake!  
Scrunch, scrunch, over shale—  
Big stones flying down the dale:  
Slip, slap—down we fall  
From a boulder like a wall:

Crick, crack—there we go!  
Something's given way I know!  
Piff, puff!—winded, quite!—  
Here's a shady ghyl in sight.  
Jump, bump—down we sit.  
Let us—stop—and rest—a bit!

### A WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

(From the Riding Representative to the Editor, for himself and his partner Pig: a most important statement.)

SIR,

SILENCE gives consent; so, as I do not consent, I cannot hold my tongue. "Break, break, my heart, for I won't hold my tongue," as that vacillating young man Hamlet would have said if the Divine WILLIAMS had given him the pluck of a Bumble Bee. Sir, in the *Daily Telegraph* for September 6th, I find in a letter from an estimable Correspondent, writing from *ESKI-DJUMA*—(I don't believe in the place a bit—for don't I know every step of the country? Have I left a stone of the road unturned? No—and I do not find *Eski-djuma* on my map, though there is *Wicksi-djuma* and *Mountin-djuma*—but no matter—perhaps the names have been changed for the worse since I left)—in Bulgaria, the following paragraph:—

"Outside the khan to which I have already alluded I noticed a wonderful daub, put there with the view of ornamenting the wall. From the subject, the artist must have been a Bulgarian, and as it was very characteristic, I take leave to describe it. First of all was a gigantic building in bright blue, supposed to be a tank house; next was a blue locomotive; then one carriage of the same hue, and after it a yellow one; on each of these a yellow lion was perched in what seemed to me a most uncomfortable position. Looking out of the windows of the carriages were to be seen some very curious animals, who were gazing at a Turkish officer who, hanging by his neck to the branch of a tree with red leaves and blue trunk, had as executioner a Bulgar, who stood underneath in ecstasies at the fate of the Moslem. *Alongside the Bulgar was a pig, also blue, laughing gleefully at the expiring Turk.* I should add that the Bulgar had one arm round the trunk of the tree, while with the other he was seemingly beckoning to more Bulgars to 'come on' and see the fun."

Observe, Sir, the details; one of which, about the Pig, I have italicised; for it is this *Porcus Ridens* that is the very sign manual and warrant of my picture. For that this is my picture, only shamefully altered, I will swear before any three Magistrates in any three of the best shires of England. I painted it, Sir, with a view, i.e., I painted the view with the prospect, or the prospect with the view, (whichever you like, *mon petit chéri*) of exhibiting it at Hawarden,

and making a pretty good hatful. But of course I had not painted a Turk hanging and a Bulgarian laughing; no, it was *vice versa*.

But, to my tale. One evening, when crossing the trackless desert (a very difficult job after dinner, with the snow twenty feet deep at every step), I suddenly missed the picture which I had been carrying under my arm. I searched every hole and corner. I charged the Pig with having taken it to his Uncle's (Song—"My Uncle's in the Snow!"—homely ballad for Christmas time), and popped it as one of his "*pignora cara*," or "dear pledges;" but HERR GRÜNTZ swore by the tomb of his grandmother, and by his own honourable character as having come of a littery stock, that such an idea had never for one second entered into his Hog's head. I believed him then; but now—alas! my confidence in him is shaken. I found him rolling on the floor, and regularly splitting his sides of bacon over the above paragraph in the *D. T.* In fact, had I not been acquainted with his abstemious habits, I should have thought him under the influence of *D. T.* But, no, he was as sober as a judge—it would be invidious to say which judge, so I leave the particular example to the imagination of your readers. Sternly, I took the paper from under his snout.

Then I read the description.

No, Sir, the artist was not a Bulgarian; 'twas I! Alone I did it! But who stole the picture? And who substituted a Turkish Officer for my hanging Bulgarian gentleman, and turned my unhung Turk in ecstasies, into a Bulgarian? *Mutato nomine fabula narratur*—*D. T.* How could I have shown this at Hawarden? Let the Correspondent explain. Let him send me the picture, carriage paid, and I will undertake, at my own expense, to wash off the overdaub, and discover, below, the original beauties of the Old Master, as the affectionate Pig now calls me. I had intended to style this work of art, "The Hanging Committee," and may do so still. The Pig laughing is a wonderful likeness, only I didn't paint him "blue;" the thief who stole him is guilty of this vandalism, this atrocious atrocity. Everyone knows the *Blue Boar* as an old English ale-house sign. Is this a clue to the identity of the thief? Now mark, Sir, how very nearly the truth came out. Here is the conclusion of this most estimable Correspondent's account, the italics being mine, and merely lent for the occasion:—

"Now this was a (direct insult to the Turks, especially as the Pig in their eyes is very unclean, and I said as much to an old Bulgar, who seemed to be watching me very anxiously, upon which he said the man hanging on the tree was not a Turk, and tried to turn the conversation. If some Turkish saphie or soldier with an artistic eye were to pass by the khan, the ancient Bulgar would probably feel rather sore next day."

Who was the Bulgar old man who was "watching so anxiously?" Is there not guilt in his anxiety? How did he know the hanging man was not a Turk? Of course in the original, in my design, he was not a Turk, and the old man knew it. Just send that Bulgar old man over here, and I'll show him what it is to have an eye for colour. I'll colour it for him, the Bulgar old dog!

However, I only write to warn the public in case Mr. BARNUM should turn up with it, at the Egyptian Hall, in the course of next month, and advertise "The Missing Picture."

I remain, Sir, yours most Picturesquely,  
THE AUTHOR OF "*THE RIDE TO KHIVA*."

"De Mortuis," &c.

THE *Times* quotes M. VUILLLOT ON THIERS in the *Univers*, as follows:—

"He is a celebrity for the moment; he was busier than anybody, but about nothing, bringing down everything to his own level. This is a poor way of filling a coffin. He had not time to know himself; God did not leave him time to die. Now see him, perhaps, among those who wish they had never lived."

A delicate suggestion of a possibility. No one can say that M. VUILLLOT presumes to judge. See the difference between a reticent Ultramontane and an outspoken Ranter.

TOOTH AND TAIT.

MR. TOOTH wishes to hear the living voice of the English Church. Hasn't he a *Tête Parlante*?





"THE LITTLE REMINDER"; OR A STOP-WATCH ON THE PORTE.

### A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

*The Dinner Party at Boodels—Aristocratic Anecdotes—Trump Cards—The Blusher—The Game Played Out—A New Topic—The Grampus.*

THE dinner progresses. Mrs. BUDDERMER regales BOODELS with tales of the aristocracy. I am able to catch a few words here and there. She has, I notice, the art of ascertaining, first of all, whether her listener knows anything at all about the subject on which she wishes to talk, and then the amount of her information and gracious confidences is in inverse proportion to the extent of the other's knowledge.

When Mrs. BUDDERMER is perfectly sure that her audience is utterly unacquainted with the people and the style of life that form the staple of her conversation, then *their* ignorance is *her* bliss, and she pretends to assume that they *do* know as much as she does (which is probably true), so as to secure their interest, and their vote afterwards, when she is absent.

"We couldn't," she imparts in confidence to BOODELS, "we couldn't, *you know*, go to Lady MOUNTGARRET's this season—dear old thing! You know how eccentric she is."

BOODELS bows affirmatively, though I am convinced he is as profoundly ignorant of who or what the lady in question is, as I am myself, or, perhaps, as Mrs. BUDDERMER is, who is perfectly happy to receive her information about the aristocracy, at fourth hand, from dapper little Captain HANGERON, who frequently favours them with his company at dinner, and from old Lady TATTEL, who dines out on her title every night of her life, and whose anecdotes of high Society are the delight and glory of the BUDDERMERS' select circle at Bayswater.

"She has," continues Mrs. BUDDERMER, still speaking of Lady MOUNTGARRET, inclining herself slightly towards BOODELS to impress him with the notion that this is for his ear alone,—"*she* has such *very* odd people about her now, you know, ever since poor Lord DUMMELIN made that fearful *faux pas*, which everyone was talking about the whole season,—weren't you *dreadfully* astonished when you heard of it?" she asks BOODELS.





### THE HOPE OF THE FAMILY.

*Adjutant (Bachelor).* "Now, McALISTER, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO THAT SOLDIERS ARE NOT TO CARRY BUNDLES IN THE STREETS!"

Boodels doesn't like to admit, point blank, that he is so utterly out of the world as not even to have heard a whisper of what "everyone has been talking about the whole season." So he replies, with some diffidence—

"The fact is, Mrs. BUDDERMER, I live so much in the country that I am not in the way of hearing all these scandals." Here he thinks, he has shown sufficient humility, and accordingly retrieves his character by adding, "But I recollect having heard something about the affair you mention."

If Boodels means that he recollects having just this minute heard of it, for the first time, from Mrs. BUDDERMER, he has given us what might be termed a colourable imitation of the truth; but if he intends to convey the idea that he had been, at some time or other during the season, informed of all the details of the lamentable scandal in question, it is, to say the least of it, a *suggestio falsi* for the sake of humouring Mrs. BUDDERMER, keeping up his own reputation "as a man who could go into the best society in the land if he would only take the trouble to step out," and also with a view to assisting the conversation.

"I don't know what Society's coming to, I'm sure!" exclaims Mrs. BUDDERMER, throwing up her eyes and wringing her hands in elegant despair, "as dear old TATT—Lady TATTEL you know"—Boodels bows and nods, and steals a glance at his guests as much as to say, "Yes, yes, Lady TATTEL, old TATT of course. I know what she's talking about—bless you, I'm acquainted with all these swells, only I don't mention 'em before such fellows as you and MILBURN." "Well," continues Mrs. BUDDERMER, "dear old TATT who was dining with us the other day, when that naughty old man who knows everything he shouldn't—Lord BAXTAYRES, you know, I mean him, of course, everybody knows dear old BAXY, as we call him." Boodels nods affirmatively, and Mrs. BUDDERMER proceeds with her account of some terrific scandal, in which the highest personages in the kingdom are implicated. We listen, we all listen, we can't help it, breathlessly. Even MILBURN is awed. Then, strange to say, everyone gradually joins in the conversation with an anecdote of some person of quality, with whom he (the speaker) is on the most familiar terms, and of whom, up to this moment, when the opportunity for producing him as though he were a trump card only to be played at a right moment has arrived, he has been totally oblivious.

BUDDERMER the Bald plays into his wife's hands by pretending to deprecate her mentioning what he hints she had heard only in confidence, whereupon Mrs. BUDDERMER retorts that surely they are now among friends who probably have heard most of the details (of whatever scandal they may be talking about at the moment), and she protests she thinks it better to state the facts, than to

allow a false impression to get abroad. BUDDERMER shrugs his shoulders, elevates his eyebrows, and gravely strokes his beard, in the character of a Philosopher who, like a Stylites on a pillar, could afford to look down on these mundane absurdities and give them their proper value.

Miss BUDDERMER becomes more and more nervous. In trying to keep up an under-current of conversation, so as to avoid the aristocratic whirlpool into which everyone is being drawn, I ask her, "I suppose you've been engaged every night during the season?" whereat she blushes so deeply, that it quite pains me, and I feel bound to explain that what I meant was, "Have you been out to parties every night?" To which she replies, simperingly, "Yes." Then with her profile towards me she regards me timidly out of one eye, (this is a wonderful movement of hers, and suggests a mixture of shyness and slyness), and with a little nervous titter asks, "Are you fond of dancing?" Then she looks away from me as if she'd said something, oh so bold and so dreadful, that once more I am quite pained, and I wait for her profile to come round to me again in order to give this one-sided view of her my reply. For a second she raises her glasses, looks at everybody comprehensively, but wonderingly, as if astonished to find them all still there since she last looked for them, and then as if startled by my cough, by which I had intended to attract her attention, she drops the glasses as though she'd been shot (she is perpetually acting the suddenly stricken deer), and the simpering profile is again timidly listening to my reply, which, as my lips for this especial conversational purpose only, are for falsehood framed, is to the effect "that I'm very fond of dancing; but it depends on my partner."

Whereat she blushes so nervously and looks so abashed, that a casual observer would swear I had just proposed to her. MILBURN, from the opposite side, breaks off in the middle of the general conversation about the Aristocracy to say to me, "Oh! you sly dog! I'm looking at you!" which makes me blush in my turn, and brings us (my partner and myself) into the stream of conversation for safety.

By this time the game of the Aristocratic Anecdote has progressed wonderfully; every one is doing his best to score. Boodels has played a Baronet, which has been trumped by a Literary Lord produced by HAMLIN MUMLEY the Poet. POGMORE then led a Roman Prince of great musical reputation who had once dined with him, and who knew the whole truth about what had happened at the celebrated gambling club in the Harz Mountains when LADY EMMA came to grief,—"The origin," puts in MILBURN, "of the new slang about 'Woe, Emma!'" (But MILBURN is passed over as though he had not spoken, and he has to content himself with winking at me and laughing; but I owe him one, and pretend not to notice him, as though he had said something too vulgar to be tolerated for a moment. As a rule, it is dangerous to trifle with MILBURN, as you never know how he will retort, but now it can be done with safety, as I am with a respectable majority.) And when POGMORE has finished this marvellous story in which Royal personages from all countries figure, there is a short pause for breath, and I with some diffidence play a Duke whom I had once met quite pleasantly and agreeably at somebody's Club one evening, and who wouldn't shake hands with me when I came across him again in the Lobby of the Opera, and I had to explain to him who I was, and why I wanted to shake hands with him. I then mentally swore a terrible oath that I would never speak to a Duke again—unless a Duke first spoke to me. However he is conversationally useful now, and, so to speak, I lug in the Duke by the heels. I play my trump thus:—

"I remember having heard something about what you've just told us," this to POGMORE, who is pleased at any corroboration, "from the Duke of DULWICH, with whom I was supping"—I choose "supping" as suggestive of the snug and familiar terms I would have them suppose me to be on with his Grace—"the other evening. The Duke—he's a capital fellow, old DULWICH, you know"—I say, addressing myself directly to Boodels, whom I at once implicate in the swindle; "you met him with me at Boulogne, and we all went to the fair together, and did the roundabouts." Boodels mutters something vaguely in the affirmative, and forthwith plays into my hands as an accomplice.



"Well," says MILBURN, loudly, when the audience is gradually recovering itself after this *douche* of Duke, "Well, I don't think,"—he is speaking in a serious tone, most unusual with him,—“you're right—at least, not from what the Duke said to me.” I look up. What does he mean? Does he know the Duke—*really*? “He always says what he really means to me,” continues MILBURN, “as I've known him for years. His son, EARLSWOOD, was at Eton with me. And whenever I have a spare week in September, I run down to Colney Castle for the shooting. It's the jolliest house to stay at anywhere—except, perhaps, Sandringham.”

No, no! this is going too far. The BUDDERMERS are gasping. Old BUDDERMER is staring reverentially at MILBURN, as though he were meditating going down on his knees and worshipping him. BOODELS is taken aback, though, in consequence of what Mrs. BUDDERMER has said before dinner about having met MILBURN at Lord BRIKFIELD's, he is not absolutely incredulous. MUMLEY is bothered, and POEMORE would rather believe than not. I won't. I say, boldly, “You've not been to Sandringham.”

Which seems to shock everybody, specially, to my astonishment, BOODELS, who asks severely, “Why not?” adding, “If MILBURN knows the Prince, he would be compelled to accept his invitation. Besides, I recollect some years ago”—and here comes out the real secret of BOODELS backing up MILBURN. He has a romantic, but an old story, (which I have never believed, and which I am convinced, he invented), about his meeting the QUEEN somewhere in the Home Park by accident, about his being introduced to the Princess MARY of Cambridge, about his requesting them to take their pick out of a pottle of strawberries, which he was eating all by himself under a tree, and how they laughed, and how he laughed, and how they invited him to the Castle, and how some of the Royal children had subsequently recognised him, merely from her Gracious Majesty's description, and how they had nodded to him out of a private box, and so forth, which being quite the trump card, wins the game, finishes it, and *nous revenons à nos moutons*, though the mutton having vanished, we are now at the chickens.

We all feel that our powers of invention and faculties of credulity have been exposed for the last half hour to too severe a strain. “By one consent,” as the Old Hundredth has it, we drop the conversation, and HAMLIN MUMLEY seeing that there is a chance for

him to air his opinions on English Poets, leads up to what he himself is going to say, by artfully asking BUDDERMER the Bald if he has read SWINBURNE's new prose book?

HAMLIN MUMLEY the Poet little knows the man whom he has singled out as fittest to hold the stirrup for him (MUMLEY) to mount his Pegasus.

Miss BUDDERMER, blushing and all profile, says aside to me, “Mr. MUMLEY has just given Papa what he likes to talk about.” I am all attention.

BUDDERMER the Bald pulls himself together, clears his throat, arranges his napkin, strokes his beard, and commences.

“SWINBURNE, as a writer of prose—”

Here the Butler begs pardon, and sets before him a couple of chickens to carve. BUDDERMER nods at the chickens, and recommences:—

“SWINBURNE, as a writer of prose, is perhaps as perfect a master—”

Here he suddenly starts and dashes his right hand upwards towards his bald head, as if about to brush off an irritating fly. It isn't a fly, however, that has disturbed him, but the hireling waiter who has a grampus-like habit of breathing heavily on you through his nose, which must be peculiarly refreshing on the top of BUDDERMER's head.

“SWINBURNE is, I was saying, as perfect a master—”

“Ock or champagne, Sir?” inquires the hireling Grampus confidentially in his ear, as if this inquiry must be entirely between themselves and go no further.

“Ock,” replies BUDDERMER, unconsciously imitating the uneducated Grampus; then correcting himself, he substitutes “No; champagne please.” Then, as the Waiter pours out the wine, he resumes, “—a perfect master of the English—Eh, what is it?” This, rather irritably, to the Butler, who is at his left elbow.

“Mrs. BUDDERMER will trouble you, Sir.”

From BUDDERMER's face, at this moment you can gather that Mrs. BUDDERMER does trouble him considerably. He wrinkles his forehead, unwrinkles it, then takes up the carving knife and fork, and just as MUMLEY thinks he sees a chance for what he is burning to say, BUDDERMER takes up the thread of his discourse while commencing to carve the chickens.

## HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.

(At Ramstone, Folkegate, and Elsewhere.)



*Eight o'clock.*—Wake early, with the shout of “shr-r-rimps” in your ears.

*Nine.*—Be regaled with the music (?) of a German band attempting to get through the overture to *Zampa* with a clarinet, a cornet, and a trombone, all more or less beginners.

*Ten.*—Breakfast. Weak tea, stale eggs, and sea-salt bacon.

*Eleven.*—Off to the sands for a bathe. Machine full of sand, sea dirty, and towels wet.

*Twelve.*—All the fun of the fair. Donkey-drivers, “comic” songs, and general vulgarity.

*One.*—Lunch. Sawdust sandwich and lodging-house sherry.

*Two.*—Rain. The only books in the house, *Bradshaw* and the second volume of *Only a Daisy*, by the authoress of *A Crushed Heart*.

*Three.*—More rain, with a dash of thunder and lightning.

*Four.*—Fine weather. Walk on the Pier in company with ‘ARRY, ‘ENERY, ‘UGH, and ‘UMPHREY.

*Five.*—Arrival of the Steamboat. ‘ARRY, ‘ENERY, ‘UGH, and ‘UMPHREY particularly facetious.

*Six.*—Dinner. Feeble soup, cold fish, and underdone mutton.

*Seven.*—Amusements of the evening. Town band dreadfully noisy and awfully out of tune. The *élite* of Clapham and Lower Tooting promenading on the Esplanade. ‘ARRY, ‘ENERY, ‘UGH, and ‘UMPHREY smoking and laughing in close proximity.

*Eight.*—The pleasantest hour of the whole day—devoted to taking the train for the Metropolis and returning to London.

## NATURALISTS AND NOODLES.

If the “bug that fear’d us all”—some of us, perhaps, rather overmuch—the “potato-bug,” does not get imported, to the destruction of our “Irish wall-fruit,” it will not be for want of fools. We are now in the dead season; but there is no reason to doubt the following scrap of news respecting live

“COLORADO BEETLES.—Yesterday morning a letter containing about a score of Colorado Beetles was found in the mail-bags at the Edinburgh General Post-Office. The beetles were put into a bottle of spirits of wine, and sent to the authorities in London.”

The voracity of the Colorado Beetle may have been exaggerated. Our climate and soil may kill it. Perhaps the rooks will eat up its *larvæ*. But it can hardly fail to be introduced into our potato-fields and garden-beds by the agency of an ass, or asses, such as the one whose donkeyhood is exemplified in the foregoing note. If living Colorado Beetles continue to be sent about by simpletons, and one of them does not sooner or later escape, it will be a miracle. People who not only keep them to study, but post them to others, mostly of their own class, may call themselves naturalists, but common sense calls them “naturalists.”

Fortunately the vermin, in the above instance, fell into wiser hands than those of the captors by whom, a few days previously, a potato-bug, taken alive in similar circumstances, was consigned in that condition to the Privy Council. Spirits of wine are the sort of surroundings in which alone Colorado Beetles should be preserved. Keep them in spirits, and as to fear for your potatoes on their account, keep up your own. Those conditions may be hard lines for the *Doryphora decemlineata*, but they will prevent the grub of that pestilent insect from playing Old Gooseberry with the potatoes,

A RECOMMENDATION.—The Ritualists’ Mission—Sub-mission.



## SEA-SIDE VIEWS.



OM JONES (in love).

The most heavenly place I ever was in. The sun is warmer, the sky bluer, the sea the calmest I ever knew. Joy sparkles on every pebble; Art spreads its welcome arms through every spray of seaweed. True happiness encircles me on every breeze, and Beauty is by my side.

Old Jones. Beastly slow. All sea and sky, and ugly round stones. You can't bask in the sun because there is none—it's always raining—and because the flints worry your

back. Confound the children, scraping up the wet sand and smelling seaweeds! It must be time for them to go to bed or to lessons or something. Wherever you sit there is sure to be a draught, and such heaps of old women you can't put your legs up on the seat. Hang it all, there isn't a young girl in the place, let alone pretty ones.

Young Brown (waiting for a Commission). Awfully dull. Quite too excessively detestable. Not a fellow to talk to, you know, who knows anything about the Leger, or draw-poker, or modern education, you know. Can't get introduced to Lady TOM PEEPER. Nobody to do it. Wish my moustache would curl. Pull it all day, you know, but it won't come. Lady TOM smiled, on the Parade to-day. Got very red, but I shall smile too to-morrow. A man must do something in this dreadful place.

Major Brown (Heavies). Not half bad kind of diggings. Quite in clover. Found LYDIA here—I mean Lady TOM PEEPER. Horribly satirical woman, though. Keeps one up to the mark. I shall have to read up to keep pace with her. I shouldn't like to be chaffed by her. Better friend than enemy. Poor TOM PEEPER! he must have a bad time of it! Can't say "Bo" to a gosling. And she knows it. That's why he never comes down here. Coast clear. Fancy she's rather sweet on me. By Jove! we had a forty-mile-an-hour-express flirtation before her marriage! Must take care what I'm about now. Mustn't have a collision with TOM—good old man, after all, if he is a fool. Take this note round, CHARLES, to the same place.

Mrs. Robinson (Materfamilias). Scarcely room to swing a cot, for baby. Thank goodness, all the children are on the beach. I hope MARY ANN won't let out to the other nurses that TOTTIE had the scarlet fever. He's quite well now, poor little man, and no one will be any the worse for it. Horrid! of course. No, it is not a Colorado Beetle, ROBINSON. They infest the curtains; we did not bring them with us in our trunks. Do go out and buy some insect-powder, instead of looking stupid behind that nasty cigar. Oh, and get some soap and some tooth-powder, and order Baby's tonic, and JANE'S iron—mind, sesqui-sulphate of iron (I suppose I must find the prescription), and a box of—what's that stuff for sore throats? And do hire a perambulator with a hood. And we have no dessert for to-morrow—you know, or you ought to know, it's Sunday. Some fruit, and what you like. Oh! and don't forget some biscuits for the dog. What has become of Tiny? Tiny! Tiny! I know he did not go with the children. I daresay he has eaten something horrid, and is dying under a chair. Dear! dear! who would be mother of a family with such a careless, thoughtless, quite too utterly selfish husband as you are. Of course you never remembered to-day was my birthday. I ought never to have been born. A bracelet or a pair of ear-rings—or, by the way, I saw a lovely châtelaine on the Parade. You might find enough to give me one pleasure since our wedding.

Robinson (Paterfamilias). I like the sea-side, I do. When will it be over?

## Quip and Compliment.

ADDRESSING the late Conservative Meeting at Manchester, Mr. ALGERNON EGERTON, M.P., Secretary to the Admiralty, said of the Government, that

"They had been taunted with having a 'policy of sewage,' but the fact

was there was nothing more important than a policy which paid attention to sanitary matters."

But who taunted them, if not some Members of their own Party? A policy of sewage necessitates an extensive employment of scavengers. Therefore it is eminently a Liberal policy. At continual war with vested interests in dirt, a policy of sewage intends especially to effect a Sweeping Reform.

## "MOVING ON."

(By the Undecided Traveller.)

THE Question before me is "Where shall I go?"

And it causes me much agitation,  
As to which plan is "*meilleur*," and what "*comme il faut*."  
Let me glance at the whole situation.

I've a great mind to—Have I? I would that I had!

Why, I haven't the faintest of notion!  
If I could but decide—oh, I should just be glad!  
Shall I travel by land, or by ocean?

I think I should like—but—I'm sure I don't know  
If I should. No; I'm sure that I shouldn't.

But, I might, after all, if I met So-and-so.  
Still—I don't think *he* could. No; he couldn't!

By the way, what's to-day? It's the third—no! the fourth!

Will that give me the time that I reckoned?  
I could go by the South—or, why not by the North?  
Ah! I ought to have gone on the second!

Yet, it doesn't much matter. The air here is good,  
And they give us most excellent diet;  
And to map out my journey I'm not in the mood;  
So, I think, I will simply keep quiet.

And I won't pack my things. I'll remain where I am.  
As to leaving, I needn't give warning.  
All fancies for moving, begone as ye came!  
After all—I could go in the morning!!

## TOMNODDIES' TREASURES.

INSTANCING the large prices given for cancelled stamps, rare in the market, the *Times* printed a paragraph headed "Fools and their Money." A member of the firm of Messrs. PALMER & Co., of Adelphi House, writes in reply to the leading journal a letter wherein he says—

"That they did give extravagant prices we are ready to allow, and so did we on purchasing the valuable collection you noticed for £800, but we hope you will not on that account class us as 'fools'; for, after all, we only collect stamps as others collect old china and out-of-the-way specimens of antiquity."

If these gentlemen simply did that, they would be even as those others who throw away their money. But they explain themselves:

"It may be a mania, and perhaps it is, but were you to look over the collection we have just purchased to break up for sale, I almost think you would pardon the mania from the interest you would feel in the sight of it."

Buying rubbishy stamps to keep is one thing; breaking them up for sale quite another. The results of that proceeding will no doubt demonstrate that Messrs. PALMER indeed are no fools. But that proof will be only additional evidence that stamp-collectors pure and simple belong to a class of persons proverbially ready to part with their money. Except at dealers' rooms, on sale to simpletons, the only fit place for a collection of such curiosities that one can fancy would be a cabinet in a Colney Hatch Museum.

## A Quiet Place.

THE subjoined advertisement in the *Sussex Express* will to most minds probably appear not altogether unintelligible. One can half understand it:—

A LADY wishes to find a good COOK, who is Deaf and Dumb, if any one will be kind enough to inform her where one is to be found.—Address, &c.

For what reason is it possible to imagine that anybody should wish to get a deaf Cook? Cooks are too often deaf to remonstrance. But the advantage of having a dumb servant, who could not gossip, and would obey orders without talking, is too obvious.

A WORD FOR THE PUBLICAN.—He is a host in himself.





## A LINGUISTIC OPPORTUNITY.

Mamma }  
 Maman } (together). { "LOOK, MAUD, THERE'S A NICE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL,—GO AND PLAY WITH HER, AND MIND YOU SPEAK  
 NOTHING BUT FRENCH!"  
 "TIENS, MADELEINE, VOILÀ UNE PETITE ANGLAISE QUI ME PARAÎT BIEN GENTILLE; VA DONC JOUER AVEC  
 ELLE, ET SURTOUT PARLE ANGLAIS TOUT LE TEMPS!"

## Louis Adolphe Thiers.

BORN, APRIL 16, 1797. DIED, SEPTEMBER 3, 1877.

"Madame, votre illustre mari a vécu!"—Words of M. BARTHE, in  
 announcing to Madame THIERS the death of her husband.

TURNED with the true French grace! and yet perchance  
 Bearing an import wider than he thought  
 Who so declared that strenuous fight outfought,  
 And THIERS a memory to mourning France.  
 The dead had lived indeed; a varied life

Of toil and eager strife;  
 Had played the Student's and the Statesman's part  
 On the world's busiest stage. That death-stilled heart  
 Had beaten high to its last pulse with hope,  
 True patriot heat, and courage prompt to cope

With France's foes wherever found,  
 Without her borders or within their bound.  
 And now, when wisdom calm and temperate zeal  
 So well might serve the menaced Commonwealth,  
 The patriot passes, and the sage is still;  
 Mute as the midnight Sentinel slain upon the hill.

But he has lived; and such a life should leave  
 A legacy of wisdom to his land;  
 Should bid her sheath above his tomb the brand  
 Of civil discord, and essay to weave,

Into one close-knit coil,  
 The chords long strained by party feud and broil.  
 A patriot to the core, he loved fair France  
 Before his best-loved theories. Every thought  
 Was still her power and glory to enhance;  
 For these he wrote and fought

Through all his fourscore years of strife and toil.  
 To wreath her brow with bay, to free her soil  
 From alien feet, to set her proud and fair  
 Before the nations, was his constant care.  
 Monarchy loving much, he loved yet more  
 The realm, whose'er its badge of headship wore;  
 And, waiving self, was willing to abide  
 That rule which Frenchmen would the least divide.  
 Will Frenchmen learn at their lost leader's grave

The lesson of his life,  
 Whose watchful wisdom oft availed to save  
 The State from wreck in days with dangers rife;  
 That were the truest tribute to his glory

Who "freed the territory."  
 Howe'er that be, no longer now he dwells  
 Amidst his books, his flowers, and his gazelles;  
 No more that long familiar face and form  
 Shall draw the general glance; no more his name  
 Shall sound as Safety's watchword in the storm;  
 No more that keen clear voice shall tumult tame.  
 THIERS has lived! Lives he indeed no more?  
 Nay, Frenchmen, let true patriot counsels prove  
 That in the Nation's memory and its love  
 "Petit Bonhomme vit encore!"

## MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

IN order to facilitate promotion in the Army, the preference in  
 selecting for commissions will, in future, be given to gentlemen of  
 a retiring disposition.

A BALLAD is advertised with the title "*Dear England.*" We all  
 know that our country is expensive, but really there is no occasion  
 to set the fact to music.





"THE BROKEN LINK."







## A NOTE OF WARNING.



BEARING in mind the approaching arrival in this country of that celebrated Monument of Antiquity, the Egyptian Obelisk, known as "Cleopatra's Needle," Mr. Punch desires to give timely and distinct notice to all those persons whom a long and bitter experience forewarns him are already meditating to overwhelm him with their playful contributions, that it is his inflexible determination to exclude from his columns all and singular of the following (amongst a host of others) essays and attempts at wit and humour:—

Any abuse and maltreatment of the common adjective needless.

Any allusion to Egyptian Hall.

Any suggestion to Mr. Punch to give an eye to the Needle.

Any such words and phrases (having evident reference to the Needle)—as point, pointed, pointless, coming to the point, the point of the joke, the point in question, the thread of the story, threading a way through the crowd, &c.

Any jests founded on "the Needles."

Any opinions to the effect that there is not a pin to choose between the various sites proposed, but that perhaps, on the whole, Threadneedle Street would be the most proper place.

Any indication of a design to drag in the Commissioners of Sewers.

Any such intricate reference to the country from which the Needle comes as is implied in the hope that it will meet with its deserts in its new home.

Any suggestion that it ought to be protected from the weather, the climate, the street boys, &c.—obviously only put forth as an artful device for introducing a Needle-case.

Any proposition that if there are engineering difficulties about the transport of the Needle, a number of the best sewing machines should be employed.

Any expressions of disappointment at the size or appearance of the Needle, finding vent in the terse criticism that it is only "So-so," or perhaps reviving the ancient vulgarism that it is "All my Eye."

Should his intending Correspondents feel that they must unburden themselves to some sympathetic soul, Mr. Punch would suggest to them to pass him over for this once, and to communicate instead, with the Authors of the next Christmas Pantomimes and Burlesques.

## A YARN OR A FACT?

VULGAR Credulity will jump, and Vulgar Incredulity laugh, at an announcement which has appeared in the papers respecting—

"THE GREAT SEA SERPENT.—With a view of encouraging a closer observation than has hitherto been afforded of any sea-monster which may appear from time to time, the authorities at the Admiralty have permitted the publication in *Land and Water* of the official reports forwarded to them by the Officers of Her Majesty's Yacht *Osborne*, in reference to the sea-monster seen off Cape Vito in June last."

Here, however, we see that reports of the appearance of something surmised at least to be possibly the Sea Serpent have actually been sent to the Admiralty by Naval Officers. Sailors now report to their employers as matter-of-fact that which they would once have recommended any narrator to tell to the Marines.

## PHRASES FOR THE PHILOSOPHIC.

"STRONG language," very truly remarked Mr. GLADSTONE the other day to some gentlemen from Tyldesley and Bedford Leigh, "is not necessarily violent language," and a little later, on giving vent to an expression of opinion somewhat emphatically, he added, "that is strong language, but it is not violent language, because it is exactly measured to the circumstances to which it applies."

No better definition of the legitimate scope and limit of strong language could possibly be given, but as there is not unfrequently some difficulty experienced by the most self-restrained in "exactly measuring" their words "to the circumstances to which they apply," the following neat little ready-made phrases, as likely to be in common request, may perhaps be found useful to the beginner:—

*On Putting on a Pair of Tight Boots.*

"Really these boots are extremely uncomfortable, though, no doubt, my bootmaker is an excellent and worthy man, who works conscientiously and laboriously for the benefit of his wife and large family, still I should like to make him walk fifty-five miles and back in these boots, and I am disposed to let him recover their cost from me, if he can, through the County Court."

*On having to take an Unattractive Dowager to Dinner.*

"I admit aged people are a necessity, but why cannot an old woman, who must be seventy if she is a day, dine at home? I like the SKIFFY-INGTONS, but why do they arrange their table so unwisely, placing that talkative fool with a heavy moustache near to CONNY TRAVERS? Really, it would serve the SKIFFINGTONS right were the floor to open suddenly and swallow us up, dinner and all. I wish it would."

*On being run over by a Bicycle.*

"Exercise is a wholesome and enjoyable thing, and nothing is prettier in its way than a bevy of bicycles going at full speed along a smooth road. I think I might have belonged to a Club myself had I not been knocked down and seriously injured on the ankle, to say nothing of damage to my hat and coat with mud by this rather mismanaged machine in which I am now entangled in the gutter. I have no personal quarrel with the owner, but were he to be put upon his trial for murder at the Old Bailey, I should receive the news with considerable satisfaction."

*On having the Gate shut in your Face as you just Miss a Train at one of the Metropolitan Stations.*

"Punctuality is, without a question, the soul of business, and nothing can be more commendable than the unswerving precision with which that ticket-inspector has just slammed the barrier he guards in my pathway. Still, he has left me shut in this gloomy passage to watch the progress of the departing train, and his indifference to my position is so unamiable that I have half a mind to report him up-stairs, in the hope that he may be dismissed by his superiors and ruined. At any rate, I regret that he did not jam his finger severely with his violence."

*On Meeting an Obstructive on a Staircase.*

"This is not at all an uninteresting adventure, for nothing in its way can be more instructive than the firmness and perseverance which, withstanding all argument and entreaty, often block the public way, to the serious inconvenience of others. Still, as it is my wish and intention to go up-stairs, I consider that I shall act wisely in throwing this man, without further ado, over the balusters."

*On arriving from one of the Channel Boats at Folkestone after a Rough Passage.*

"It is extremely pleasant, after the disagreeable experiences that have been furnished me by the last two hours and a half that I have spent on this steamboat, to meet with a crowd of one's fellow-countrymen who are evidently not only in the best of spirits, but deeply interested in one's condition. At the same time, in the absence of any local policeman or other official to take them all into custody as rogues and vagabonds, I should immensely like, had I only the strength to wield it, to be let loose among them with a large horse-whip."

*On Reading another Holiday Speech of Mr. Gladstone.*

"Well, this is very admirable in its way, and full of excellent copy-book headings and fine old platitudes. But, as I make it a rule to get through the whole of the *Times* daily, I wish that not quite so many people would insist on having a speech two columns in length whenever they happen to come in sight of the terrace at Hawarden."

## ARTICLED CLERKS.

THE Clergy should be distinguished as "Thirty-Nine-Articled Clerks."





## RURAL SIMPLICITY.

"BEEN TO SCHOOL, LITTLE LASSIE?"

"AYE, SIR."

"GOOD GIRL—THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU."

"THANK YOU, SIR. I'LL HAE TO BE STEPPIN'—BUT AWM GAUN TO SKEULL I' THE MORNIN'—WULL YE BE THIS WAY I' THE EFTERNEUN ?!"

## WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

WILLIAM SIKES was again brought up on Tuesday before the Magistrate at Bow Street charged with stealing a handkerchief.

Mr. HODGES prosecuted, instructed by the Treasury, and the prisoner was defended by Mr. MONTGOMERY, Mr. WIGGINS, and Mr. WILKINSON. The Bench was crowded with Dukes, and several Bishops found places at the table usually reserved for solicitors.

The first witness called was CHARLES BATES, alias "the Artful Dodger," who is now undergoing a term of imprisonment at Milbank. The witness wore the usual convict's garb; his hair was parted down the centre, and he appeared to be a person of remarkable intelligence and some education.

He deposed as follows, examined by Mr. HODGES:—Knew the prisoner perfectly well. He was called "the Brain Spiller." (Laughter.) Supposed he was called that because he broke skulls. (Roars of laughter.) He saw the prisoner take the handkerchief. There was no doubt about the matter.

Cross-examined by Mr. MONTGOMERY: He was eighteen years old. He had been in prison on and off for several years. He had been charged with robbing his mother, stealing from his father, and attempting to defraud his grandmother. He had also been charged with forging the names of seven-and-twenty different people. He supposed some of the charges were true. (Laughter.) He knew that he had been convicted on all of them. (Roars of laughter.)

Mr. Montgomery. Now, Sir, answer me this question. Do you think a convict's word is to be believed before that of an honest man?

Bates (indignantly). That is a most improper question, and I appeal to the Court. (Applause.) Let me tell my learned friend that an honest heart may beat under a prison waistcoat, and long hair does not always mean business aptitude, national honour, and hard-working integrity. (Loud applause.)

Mr. Montgomery (with great warmth). You must not call me your learned friend.

Bates. I retract the "learned." (Roars of laughter.)

Cross-examination continued: I have been tried for murder. I got off on an alibi. It was certainly rather crooked. (Shouts of laughter, in which the Bench and Bar joined heartily.) My maternal aunt did not like me before her death. I suppose she objected to me because I put some poison in her tea. (Laughter.) She found me out the first time, but the poison found her out the second. (Roars of laughter.) The money was paid by the Insurance Company. I had insured her life for £500. The prisoner had none of the proceeds.

Cross-examined by Mr. WIGGINS: The handkerchief I saw the prisoner take was a cotton one. That I will swear. It was not made of Indian straw. Of that I am certain.

Cross-examined by Mr. LOUIS GEORGE: Until I was sent to prison I was an innocent little boy. My parents took great pains with me. I was their hope and pride. I have always regarded the prisoner with feelings of affection. In my opinion he is a most respectable person, and is quite incapable of stealing a handkerchief.

Re-examined by Mr. HODGES: I am quite sure the prisoner took the pocket-handkerchief. I saw him take it. The theft occurred in the broad daylight. There could be no doubt about it.

Mr. HODGES then informed the Magistrate that although this was a preliminary inquiry it would be necessary for the Crown to call forty-two more witnesses. He was sorry to say that the case might take up some time, and therefore he would suggest that arrangements should be promptly made to allow for the Christmas, the Easter and the Midsummer holidays.

The Magistrate, after expressing an opinion that no time had been wasted, promised to consider the matter during the adjournment, and remanded the prisoner (for the forty-second time) until Thursday.





## GOOD FORM.

(You may speak to anyone in France, even to a bold Gendarme—if you are only decently polite.)

"I IMPOSE YOUR PARDON FOR HAVING DERANGED YOU, MISTER THE GENDARME, BUT MIGHT I DARE TO ASK YOU TO HAVE THE GOODNESS TO DO ME THE HONOUR TO INDICATE TO ME THE WAY FOR TO RENDER MYSELF TO THE STREET OF THE CROSS OF THE LITTLE-FIELDS?"

## GIVEN TO CHANGE.

ANNOUNCEMENTS from time to time appear in the papers, on the part of the Metropolitan Board of Works, enumerating changes lately made by those Authorities in Street Nomenclature. Several alterations were reported in a recent paragraph. For some of these there may be reasons known to the Board. For instance:—

"The suggestions before the Board include . . . a letter from the Vestry of Lewisham, inclosing a memorial from inhabitants of Jew's Walk, Upper Sydenham, requesting that the title of 'The Grove' may be substituted for that name."

"The Grove" is a name which many people think genteeler than Jew's Walk, and to ancient readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine* may suggest pleasant memories of "SYLVANUS URBAN"; though what is called "The Grove," in a suburban district, is not generally a *rus in urbe*, but rather the sort of thing meant by Dr. JOHNSON, when he said, "Sir, a grove of chimneys is better than a grove of trees." And those on whom the rates are levied which enable the Board of Works to effect improvements, pay their money, and may reasonably ask to be let take their choice. Some inhabitants, on the other hand, seem to acquiesce in queer names for their quarters. Accordingly we are told that—

"No alteration will be made in the name of Hocumpocum Lane, Newington."

Hocumpocum Lane may have a derivation. Perhaps it was formerly the residence of some famous wizard. The Board of Works do well, perhaps, to let it alone. May it not happen that, in giving streets and other places new names, and therefore residents new addresses, they now and then do ill? The number of letters which, in consequence of those changes, are delayed or fail to reach their destination, will perhaps be stated in some future return by the Postmaster-General.

## AN UNPLEASANT CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

*A Protest by a Person of Quality.*

"The yolk of a fowl's egg is equal in bulk to about three million mammalian eggs! . . . At any rate, no one can possibly urge any objection on the score that the Address lacks personal interest. In fact, the President has presented to his audience a page out of their own history, and has traced the successive stages through which we have all passed in our early embryonic development. Each member of the British Association, however noble his social lineage, and whatever noise he may make in the world now, can thus carry back the history of his existence to that feeble spark of life which manifested itself in the merest speck of animal-jelly."—*The Athenæum* on PROFESSOR THOMSON'S Plymouth Address.

"PERSONAL Intewest"? What atwoocious wot! THOMSON'S Address, a heap of trivialities—I should have wather called a howwid lot

Of wude, unintewesting personalities! This sort of thing is weally quite impwopah, And on all gentlemanly nerves must jar. It's time that somebody should put a stoppah "On pushing pedigwees so pwecious far Into the wealms of Chaos and Old Night." (A neat quotation that! I hope it's wight.) Some ancestwy is one of the essentials Of ewevy person wanked above a Cad;

But this pwepostewous fad For gwubbing among embwyos for owedentials Of lengthy lineage is most disgusting, And wight-down wevolutionawy too;

For, if there's any twusting These stowies—though I don't believe them twue—Who's to discwiminate 'twixt Cad and Swell? He Who's in the purple born has little pull Over the Snob, with empty purse or full, If both date back to a mere speck of jelly! Ape-pawentage was bad enough, but now Levelling Science deals a bitter blow, And has the howwid impudence to tell us We spwing fwom something wum called a *Vitellus*—(Which is the way in which these learned folk Speak of that portion of an egg called "yolk"). And that an *Ovum* infinitely small

Is origin of all.

Gad! Things are coming to a pwetty pass, When Men of Science, in this doosed queer age, Link ultimate pwotoplasm and the peerage, The stawwbewy leaves and the first "mulbewy-mass," The latter being their widiculous term For something prior to the *blastoderm*—Fwom which, though pwocesses I cannot follow—Of which the vewy names beat High-Dutch hollow—They twace, without the least weserve or mystewy, The most unpleasant pages of man's histowy; And then they pwate of "personal intewest!"

I weally must pwotest.

I feel no intewest in such wevelations. The *ovum* is a cell complete?—oh yes, No doubt—(though I should spell it with an S)—But what's the use of putting the gwadations 'Twixt "mewoblastic ova," and—say Me, In such a lot of beastly cwackjaw words—(Which often sound like swearing)—I can't see. And if the—haw!—*Vitelluses* of birds

(Or should it be *Vitelli*?)

Are equal to three millions of our own, What odds, since peers or poultry, all have gwown From that owiginal speck of animal jelly? Back to the Conqwewor's far enough to twace Any man's pedigwee, and if indeed Those pwecious Plymouth Pwyers should succeed In pwoving—to Society's disgwace—The Common Ancestor of fowls and man To be the cell of SCHLEIDEN or of SCHWANN, 'Twere better, who with pwopah pwide could doubt it? To say no moah about it!

VULGARIAN ATROCITIES.—*Mr. Punch* is ashamed to say that he has received by post several puns, of which the point consisted in the consonance of the noun-substantive "tears" with the name of the recently deceased French Statesman—mispronounced.



## LETTERS FOR THE DEAD SEASON.



THE following communications have been sent to 85, Fleet Street; but *Mr. Punch* cannot help thinking that (with the exception of the last) they all must have been intended for the columns of some of his contemporaries.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I think it right to send you an account of "the last dodge" of the swell mob, for the protection of your readers. Yesterday I left my house at ten, and at eleven a respectably-dressed man called upon my wife and informed her that I had told him that I wished all the furniture removed immediately. Suspecting nothing, my wife permitted the thief to fill some half dozen large vans with all the furniture

in the house, and the wine in the cellars. He even took the contents of our wardrobes. When I returned in the evening I found the house quite empty. As this man may be repeating this disgraceful and heartless trick in other places, I trust my warning is not inopportune.

Yours sincerely,

ONE WHO IS NOW ON HIS GUARD.

Kensal Green, North Kensington.

To the Editor.

SIR,—When I walked in my garden this morning I heard the note of the cuckoo. I have had a long consultation with all my neighbours, and they consider the occurrence most wonderful, considering the time of the year. Under these circumstances I think it my duty to report the matter to you.

Yours faithfully,

Dormouse Lodge, Muddelborough.

A. NOODLE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The other day on landing from the steamboat at the Westminster Pier (we had had a very wet passage from Charing Cross) a young fellow of twelve years old or so (it would be affectation to describe him as a gentleman) shouted out to me, "Ain't yer cold?" I am told that passengers are frequently subjected to insults as gross as this on the Thames.

Surely, Sir, this should not be permitted. It is simply disgraceful that a quiet, middle-aged, and corpulent traveller should have his feelings outraged on landing after a ten minutes' passage.

Yours indignantly,

Junior Wanderers' Club.

PENNY STEAMBOAT.

To the Editor.

SIR,—The other evening, at about eleven o'clock, on leaving the hospitable board of my friend Mr. BACKUS, I felt so severe a shock that I was thrown off my feet on to the pavement. Another of the guests found the road so insecure that he had to hold on to a lamp-post; whilst a third had to seek protection in the station-house, whither he was conducted by two constables. Considering that we all three felt the shocks, is not this strong evidence that an earthquake must have occurred?

Yours respectfully,

Hebe Cottage, Drinkington.

F. VON DRUNK.

To the Editor.

SIR,—There are many stories told of the exorbitant bills charged at Continental inns, but I think the following account, furnished by one of our English hotel-keepers, will throw everything else into the shade:—

	s.	d.
Bed ..	2	6
Dinner ..	3	6
Whiskey ..	4	0
Attendance ..	0	6

10 6

There, Sir! The dinner, miserably served, consisted of soup, fish, entrées, and a bird (a very small one). The bed-room was

actually on the second floor. The price charged for the whiskey, however, was not unreasonable.

Yours protestingly,

Batobeeborough.

MACSTINGY OF THAT ILK.

To the Editor.

SIR,—If it is not too late to send you an additional particular about the recent total eclipse, may I be permitted to say that the moon seemed at one time to be copper-coloured.

Yours obediently,

The Observatory, Sleepington.

T. HARDY SLOWBOY.

To the Editor.

SIR,—In your impression of yesterday's date I find that a person called "A. SMITH" was convicted of stealing a pocket-handkerchief. It is only in justice to my own respectability and to the satisfaction of my friends that I request you kindly to say that I was not the "A. SMITH" in question. I sign this with my initials to prove to you that my name is not quite the same as that of the thief already alluded to.

22, Lavender Water Grove, Lower Tooting.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

I think it only right to tell you that I have already seen an enormous gooseberry (weighing a ton and a half), and have been caught in a shower of frogs. I hear that the great Sea Serpent has been frequently observed, and is shortly expected off the Isle of Wight, and that the oldest inhabitant of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea (aged one hundred and three), is at the river side catching daily a large quantity of salmon. Trusting that these facts will save you the trouble of wading through a vast quantity of correspondence,

I remain, sincerely yours,

A RETIRED PENNY-A-LINER.

To Mr. Punch, 85, Fleet Street.

## GREASY.

HERE is a chance for a Cook:—

WANTED, an Earnest Christian Woman as COOK, not under twenty-five. One who has been in the habit of meeting with Brethren preferred. Apply, &c.

The place offered as above, in the *Exeter and Plymouth Gazette*, is evidently a situation in a "serious family" of the Plymouth Brethren persuasion. For a Cook in any other the habit of meeting with Plymouth Brethren would be deemed a decidedly objectionable antecedent. The rule would be, on the contrary, "No Plymouth Brethren allowed." No doubt the Advertiser trusts that a Sister of the Plymouth Brethren, answering for herself to the description of "an earnest Christian Woman," would never sell dripping, or otherwise embezzle kitchen-stuff, dressed or raw, or cheat by collusion with tradesmen, or in any other way, but would always, to the very best of her ability, do her employer's dinner, and never her employer.

## Address to Correspondents.

ALL you to *Punch* that contributions send,  
Keep copies of your articles at home.  
Then, if he tear your manuscript or sketch,  
He tears but paper; does not tear your wit,  
Your satire, humour, fancy, fun, or bosh  
His space exceeding. Whose were the more pains,  
Yours to transcribe your writings, each, or his  
To send you letters all? Be that as't may,  
Dear friends, take notice for the thousandth time:—  
Rejected articles *Punch* never does,  
And never did, and can't, and won't return.

## Fast and Slow.

How imbecile and silly seem all the stale, hackneyed, worn-out popular slang sayings of other days! "There you go with your eye out!" "What a shocking bad hat!" "How are you off for soap?" "Flare up, and join the Union!" "How's your mother?" "How's your poor feet?" What stupidity affecting sharpness bewrays itself in these obsolete impertinences! In respect of fun, and point, and cleverness, what a difference there is between all those and the sparkling exclamation with which the lively lower orders now continually salute each other and their superiors—"Whoa, EMMA!"

THE SATELLITES OF MARS.—Why, Pas, to be sure!





### A MODEL MAIDEN.

O FASCINATING DAUGHTER OF GAUL! CLEVER AND BRIGHT, PRETTILY SHOD, AND NEATLY CAPPED—BONNE, GRISETTE, HOUSE-MAID, OR MARKET-WOMAN—WHATEVER BE THY HUMBLE RANK, WHO WOULD NOT LOSE HIS HEART TO THEE!

### THE COMPLETE TELEGRAM-WRITER.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL has recently remonstrated with the senders of telegrams *à propos* of their extravagance in the use of words. His Lordship asserts that the cause of the comparative failure of this branch of the postal service (speaking of it as a commercial speculation), can be traced to the thoughtless verbosity of the public. If every one who sends a telegram would make his message as concise as possible, and would moreover cut out every unnecessary word, a deficit would very soon be changed into a handsome surplus. Always ready to assist in any undertaking of a national character, Mr. Punch begs to furnish his readers with a few model telegrams.

#### Specimen No. 1.

A very distinguished Statesman has been in the habit of welcoming excursionists to his grounds, and there regaling them with tree-felling and speechification. He receives a long and flowery letter from a representative of a band of his admirers, begging him to receive a deputation at his country seat, to see him out some timber and to hear him make a speech. The letter also asks for his opinion upon a number of subjects. Here follows the proper reply:—

From GLADSTONE to A. NOODLE, Bunkumborough.

Can't. Trees and Speeches cut for the Season. For opinions see pamphlets.

#### Specimen No. 2.

A Young Poet has long been in love with a beautiful girl. The beautiful girl has smiled upon his suit. All is settled; the day is fixed, and the ring is purchased. At the last moment the young Poet discovers that a rival has been paying his addresses to the lady of his heart, and that those addresses have not been regarded with sufficient disfavour by his soul's idol. Instead of writing a long and bitter letter full of taunts and reproaches, he sends the following telegram, which reveals his knowledge, frees his bride, and hints at suicide:—

From SHAKESPEARE SMITH, Battersea Bridge, to FLORIE, Rose Cottage, Tooting.

Know all. You may marry BROWNE. Just going to jump.

#### Specimen No. 3.

In a moment of madness a number of Voters have elected a most unpleasant person to be their representative in Parliament. On regaining their senses, they deeply regret their folly, and desire to escape from the consequences. In various manners they attempt to convey to their Member that they wish him to resign. Instead of writing a long defence of his conduct, he telegraphs as follows:—

From KENEALY, London, to Electors, Stoks.

Won't. You must learn to love me.

#### Specimen No. 4.

A body of Philanthropists are getting up a fund for some benevolent purpose. They have made it a rule to publish no names, but merely the amounts subscribed. They address a charitable person, whose signature appears in every subscription list, and request him to forward a donation. The charitable person, instead of sending a long letter full of excuses, telegraphs as follows:—

From CROESUS, City, to Good Samaritans, Cashbankington.

No. Hate anything anonymous.

#### Specimen No. 5.

Two Theologians have had a long and courteous correspondence upon some doctrinal point. After about the thirtieth letter, one of the Theologians suggests that the other may have been able to adopt the views he avows on account of some slight defect in his mental organisation. He makes this suggestion in the most guarded and friendly language, and awaits a reply. Instead of writing, the other Theologian immediately dispatches the following telegram:—

From SPURGEON MANNING to NEWMAN COLENSO.

Coming by the next train to punch your head.

#### Specimen No. 6.

A Minister has long enjoyed a reputation for great cleverness. He has moreover shown a strong objection to the restraints of Parliament. On several occasions this Minister had taken advantage of the House being up, to act with considerable recklessness. Parliament is not sitting at a time when the greatest caution is absolutely necessary for the proper manipulation of foreign affairs. The Wisest Man in the whole world sends the following telegram to the most cunning:—

From PUNCH, Town, to BEACONSFIELD, Country.

No larks. I've got my eye on you.

Having furnished the above models, Mr. Punch leaves the matter in the hands of his readers. He once more reminds them that the hope of the Post-Office Telegraph Department rests upon the Public's forbearance. If the bacon is to be saved, it must be saved by *pauca verba*.

### JOLLY PAUPERS.

At Bow Street, the other day, an alleged lunatic having been brought up for examination, previous to an order for his committal, if necessary, to a Lunatic Asylum,—

"The Surgeon from St. Giles's Workhouse said that NOKES had been under his observation in the Infirmary for some days, but neither he nor the Warden in charge of him could see any signs of madness in his conduct. He ate well, he slept well, and he drank well."

Did he? Then what a very exceptional Workhouse Infirmary St. Giles's must be! So perhaps is his Workhouse altogether—Guardians, Relieving Officer, dietary and all. Whoever before heard of any Workhouse in any part of which anybody ate well, slept well, and drank well, except in the Matron's apartment, or perhaps the Committee Room? Beggars, and, as such, paupers, cannot be choosers, especially of their domicile, but if an unfortunate person who had seen better days could select his asylum, and were asked to name it, the statement above-quoted might induce him to say, "Commend me to St. Giles's Workhouse."





### CLEAR THE COURSE!

OR, HOW TO TREAT THE FOLKESTONE CAD.

### SACERDOTALISTS AND SECEDERS.

THE principal ratepayers of Cuddesdon, Oxon, headed by two Churchwardens, have written the Vicar, the Rev. Canon FURSE, a letter requesting him to refrain from inviting the Rev. E. F. WILLIS, the Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon College, or any other Member of the "Society of the Holy Cross," to officiate any more in the church of that parish. The Vicar of Cuddesdon replies to them in many words, reducible to two, the *ex officio* form of refusal peculiar to another Vicar, of loftier pretensions than even those of the highest Anglican parson—"non possumus." First on the list of signatures to the Cuddesdon ratepayers' letter of objection to confederates with the *Priest in Absolution*, stands the name of JOHN CHILLINGWORTH. Is this JOHN a descendant of that WILLIAM who, having persuaded himself of Popery, did not pretend to play the Popish Priest, but honestly and consistently went over to Rome, and, after having had a little experience there, came back again, and vindicated the "Religion of Protestants"? A Chillingworth appears to be in

his place as Churchwarden of a Protestant parish, and, in that capacity, taking the lead of parishioners protesting against the sham sacerdotalism of pseudo-Roman Father Confessors.

Not that our friends the Ritualists are not Protestants also, just as much as CHILLINGWORTH the Controversialist or CHILLINGWORTH the Churchwarden. The Bishop of EXETER considers them ultra-Protestants. Referring to them, in a reply to a letter from the Mayor of Plymouth, he says:—

"It should never be forgotten that the position assumed by such men is in reality based on the exaggeration of the Protestant principle of private judgment."

They will submit neither to Rome nor Canterbury. Each has hitherto been his own Pope and his own Archbishop. However, according to the *Whitehall Review*, a considerable number of them, clergy and laity, are now organising a Church of their own; an opposition Church of England, under the denomination of "The Order of the Corporate Reunion." These are consistent pseudo-Papistical Protestants. Nobody can complain of seceders for conscience' sake. If Ritualists will only get out of the National Church into a Church of their own, they will be entitled to play at Roman Catholics as much as they please, and nobody will have any more right to blame or ridicule them than anybody has to censure or make fun of the Irvingites or the Sandemanians. Do the laymen of the "Order of the Corporate Reunion" include any members of the lower classes? If so, they might get up amongst them, as an invitation to Ritualists in general, the cry of "Flare up and join the Order!"

### LINES TO LORD DUNDREARY.

(On the Moons of Mars.)

POETS talk of silvery light  
In their verses on the Moon.  
Is the radiant Orb of Light  
Made of silver, like a spoon?

Such as that wherewith the blest  
In their mouths, 'tis said, are born.  
Wooden spoons befit the rest;  
Mimic metal, iron, horn.

Other spoons there are, to wit;  
Biped Spoons, that mooning go:  
In the "hollow muscle" hit  
By the winged Urchin's bow.

Mars has got more moons than we,  
Two to one, a sign on high,  
If it could suspended be,  
Like mine Uncle's in the sky.

Mars is but Earth's fifth in size:  
How then is 't his moons are two?  
It seems to Reason's purblind eyes  
One, a smaller one, would do.

A reason one can understand  
Why Venus should have sundry moons,  
'Neath which fond lovers, hand in hand,  
Might wander—sentimental "Spoons."

If Mars's moons the mind affect,  
And slates in Reason's roof unfix,  
Than Earth, a fellow might expect,  
Mars would have twice more lunatics.

Now, haply, on a battle-plain  
In Mars, if lunar influence works,  
Lie twice as many maimed and slain  
As all yon Russians or yon Turks.





## EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

At the Smoking Tub. "H.M.S. Twizzler."

Irish Naval Surgeon (on the Wrongs of his Profession). "BEDAD! THIN IT'S JUST THIS—THEY'RE TRYIN' TO GET US AS CHAPE AS THEY CAN—AND THEY CANNT DO UT!"

## CADS IN KENT.

THERE is generally something in what the divine WILLIAMS says, or makes his characters say. In the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth* a personage remarks that—

"Kent, in the Commentaries CÆSAR writ,  
Is term'd the civillest place of all this isle."

The suggestion that Kent might still retain the character given it by CÆSAR, follows. Perhaps the Kentish people still excel in civility, as a rule. But the reception given to passengers arriving from Boulogne appears to prove the folk, or a portion of the folk, of Folkestone an exception. Can it be that they are distinguished by their deficiency in this respect from the inhabitants of Dover? It is truly said that civility costs nothing. The converse also is true, and it is possible to lose by rudeness. Unfortunately, too, it is possible to make others lose. Hotel-keepers and tradesmen are interested in a question which concerns travellers, and may have a material interest in determining choice of route. Is it impossible that a public meeting could be held at Folkestone to take measures for deterring the Cads of that town from brutal behaviour?

## LATEST THUNDER FROM THE VATICAN.

OH, my gracious, *Mr. Punch*, do just look at this!

"Bishop O'CONNELL, of California, has announced to his congregations that, according to instructions received from Rome, no Roman Catholic can participate in round dances, under pain of mortal sin."

Goodness! Only fancy being wicked if one waltzes! How thankful one should be that one is not a Roman Catholic, at least if one is fond of "participating in round dances!" If such instructions come to London, as well as California, I guess the Cardinal will not make many converts here next season, at least among young Ladies, like,  
Yours, truly,

ANGELINA.

P.S. What a lovely phrase for a Gentleman to use!—"May I have the pleasure of participating in a round dance with you?"

## In Memoriam.

WAR's horror at its worst, the seeds of change  
Darkly at work for Nations, Churches, Kings,  
What is there in an old man's death so strange  
To give it rank among eventful things?

Nor King is he, nor President, nor Pope;  
He holds nor sword of strength, nor keys of power;  
Hangs on his life nor world-wide fear nor hope;  
If he was e'er "The Man," long past his Hour.

Yet but one Statesman's exit, and no King's,  
Could give such theme for thought, and tongue, and  
pen,  
As this small eighty-years-old *bourgeois's* brings  
The lightest hearts, and quickest wits, of men.

France, save the fraction that flings filth for flowers,  
Utters one voice of sorrowing regret  
O'er him who gave her his long manhood's powers,  
Whom Death, at eighty, found her soldier yet,

Unbowed beneath the burden of fourscore,  
Donning his armour for the self-same fight  
In which, a stripling, erst the flag he bore  
Of Might enthroned in Power, with Law-based Right.

What wonder France should sorrow so for him  
Who scorned what she scorns, held what she holds  
dear;  
Whose quick sense saw no truth, while it was dim,  
Content to rest in half-truth, while 'twas clear.

The sharpest-shaping, keenest-biting wit  
That kept alive the memory of VOLTAIRE;  
Most French of Frenchmen, apt with phrase to fit  
The unspoke sentiment that filled the air,

So giving it the concrete life that moulds  
A Party's purpose, People's mood, to Act;  
Finding, at need, the wanted word that holds  
A Nation's fancy, till it turns to fact.

Against such gifts, what was it that his pen  
At times postponed harsh truth to happy phrase?  
If, when he ministered as chief of men,  
The Statesman grasped at times the meaner praise

Of winning cleverly, than on the square?  
The Jury he appealed to were his peers;  
His history was their legend, written fair;  
His spice of false won for his truth their ears.'

Nor only France he glassed, in fleck and flaw;  
From youth he was the soldier-sworn of Right  
Set in the adamantine bounds of Law,  
For that was first, would have been last, to fight.

And therefore France, once more upon the verge  
Of that sad war 'tis still her fate to wage,  
'Twixt Might with Power, Right with but Law to urge,  
Took him for champion even in his age.

Prone as she is good service to forget,  
And fickle in her favour, as they say,  
Still in her heart she bore the man who set  
Weakness aside, and cast old age away,

Posting the world to raise her up a friend;  
Then, harder task, subdued his wrath and shame,  
His conquered country's interest to defend,  
And melt her conquerors to milder frame.'

Who, when concession's utmost boon was wrung,  
Despaired not of his country, stricken low,  
Beaten and bleeding, but her nerves re-strung  
In tune to his, weak wailing to forego,

With hardness to endure, War's debt to pay,  
And Peace's work with heart and hope set to,  
To earn the ransom she had wealth to pay,  
And envy of her conquerors thereto.

For this she mourns him—lays upon his bier,  
Tribute of common grief, the Civic Crown;  
And holds this little *Bourgeois*, henceforth, dear,  
Among her Great Ones to the dead gone down.



## A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

*The Philosopher—The Funny Man—A Nuisance—Excitements—The Commencement of a Modern Symposium—An Entirely New Character.*



THE Poet HAMLIN MUMLEY has no chance against BUDDERMER the Bald at Dinner, when the latter has commenced on one of his pet subjects, "the Prose of Modern Poets" handicapped as he is, too, by having to carve the fowls. Poor MUMLEY, who has let himself in for it, out of a desire to ventilate his own opinions, is compelled to listen, and though he makes a few bold attempts to insert the thin edge of his conversational wedge between the jointings of a chicken, yet they are eminently unsuccessful, as BUDDERMER has one eye fixed on him, and is down on him, at once, with the continuation of a suspended sentence, which it would have been the height of rudeness on MUMLEY's part to interrupt.

As BUDDERMER's views (which he has lately adopted from some magazine or critical review) are diametrically opposed to MUMLEY's, the latter is actually writhing at being

forced out of mere politeness to hold his tongue, while BUDDERMER flows on with what MUMLEY characterises very strongly afterwards, and in confidence, as "dash'd nonsense."

"He was talking," growls MUMLEY, "dash'd nonsense about Poet's prose."

"Yes," I reply, "as you couldn't have your say, we had all the prose and none of the *cons*."

Nobody laughs very much at this; certainly not so much as it deserves, and MILBURN doesn't laugh at all. He pretends to be looking away and thinking of something else, and he, rudely (rudely to my mind, because I should have liked the present company to have discussed whether a better thing than this of mine about *prose* and *cons* had ever been attributed to SHERIDAN, SWIFT, or SIDNEY SMITH), changes the subject by abruptly inquiring of BOODELS, "Is there much game about here?"

If MILBURN himself had uttered this *jeu de mot* (or this *bon mot* whatever it may be, perhaps a little of both, say a *bon jeu de mot*) of mine, he would have roared with laughter, himself, first of all, have dug two persons in the ribs, and asked them "if they saw it, eh?" then have explained it, laughing heartily all the while, to two more, and finally taken me (probably) by the arm, walked me into the recess of the window, and have repeated the joke, pointing out to me how really good it was, and how it didn't lose by repetition. And yet, when he hears a joke, a really good one, a witticism in fact from anyone else, specially from an intimate friend (I believe he detests all his intimate friends) he perversely *won't* see anything in it; or, if forced to give it his attention by reason of being asked by some one, a stranger of course, whether that (whatever it was) of So-and-so's wasn't very good, he either pretends that he hasn't heard it, or that he has heard it before, when it was first said, *originally*, and so much better by somebody else; and if the *jeu de mot* is absolutely and undeniably new, MILBURN will wink at the perpetrator and say, "Hallo! here we are again! *Joe Miller*: page three hundred and two, number six thousand and eighty-four in the books!" Unfortunately MILBURN having a reputation as an authority, the company will, one after another, observe, "Indeed! I did not know it was old;" then, "I fancy I've heard something like it before," and finally everybody will actually arrive at remembering it distinctly, being led thereto by MILBURN. The consequence is that the unhappy person who has said this genuine witticism, which would have been like a thing of beauty and a joy for ever in any society where MILBURN wasn't present, will be henceforth looked down upon as that most unpardonable of all social impostors, the man who sets himself up for a humorist above his fellows, and struts in plumes of borrowed wit.

MILBURN, as I have intimated, has been asked by BOODELS because he is popularly supposed to have such an inexhaustible flow of spirits, and in a Country-House "keeps the whole thing going"—but it strikes me that he "keeps himself going" by shutting up every one else in the most brutally loud manner, roaring and laughing, while he morally treads on your toes and gags you. In fact, if one has a good thing to say for the appreciation of the company, the best way (happy thought this) is to tell it to MILBURN alone first, secure his approbation and "Hall Mark," as it were, then to lead up to it at dinner, and get MILBURN to tell it, when one can seize the opportunity of correcting him in details. It is dangerous to try this more than once, as even in such a case MILBURN will betray his trust, and when you (who told him the story) say, "MILBURN, tell them what I was telling you this afternoon—you'll do it better than I shall," he will reply, "Well, no one could do it worse, because I really did not see the point of it." "But," you retort, "you laughed!" "I laughed," he will return, coolly, "because I thought it was a practical joke of yours to mystify me. I didn't think it was a story at all." This induces every one to cry out, "Oh, do tell it!" When, if you comply, MILBURN will interrupt, pretending to elucidate the gist of the story by means of cross-questioning, or he will undertake to tell the joke himself *as you told it him*, and thus make it intensely stupid by carefully omitting the point and the *raison d'être* of the jest.

MILBURN may, we all, I believe, *gradually* agree, be "the life and soul of a Country-House," but it must be when there is nobody there but himself.

We have two new excitements now besides the Trimmer, which is set daily by somebody, and watched with the usual sad interest from the bank by everybody. Capital opportunity for joke here—interest from the Bank—which would have set an ordinary company in a roar if MILBURN hadn't been present. In his absence somebody would have said it, and we should all have enjoyed the harmless pleasantry; but now, no one dares to joke; we wait for his (MILBURN's) jokes as the professional side-splitter, and, if he is silent, we are gloomy. And this is one of the effects of BOODELS having asked a man down here who is "so full of spirits, who will keep everybody going, and be the life and soul of the party." ("Keep everybody going wrong," I think to myself.) And POGMORE the Composer, who resents MILBURN's constantly recurring chaff about the Oratorio of *The Ark*, and in whom I confide, agrees with me.

One of the two new excitements, alluded to above, a Hare which comes out on the front lawn at breakfast-time and takes its meals in a painfully disturbed state of mind. Any sound at any distance disturbs that Hare. He nibbles, and runs away, and hides himself among the bushes. Presently, out he comes again very cautiously, as if he were trespassing, looks round, erects his ears, sits bolt upright like his toy counterpart that plays a drum with his fore-paws, decides that it's all right, and nibbles again. His action suggests the idea of his being uncertain about the arrival of some train (behind the laurel bushes) by which he has to go; this uncertainty weighs on his mind, and causes him to just take a nibble, then run off to see if the train has come in, then return, listen with ears erect to be quite sure that he doesn't hear a bell, or a whistle, and, then having satisfied himself of this, he squats down again and nibbles hurriedly.

We watch him from the window.

"I say, BOODELS," roars MILBURN, "I came down here for fresh air, and there's the same *hare* here every morning! Ha! ha! ha! Eh, do you see, old boy? Eh?" this to BUDDERMER, who is on the point of giving us an extract from the Newspaper. BUDDERMER not liking to be dug in the ribs, says, with a sort of grunt, "Yes, I see—*hare*—very good!" when MILBURN repeats it to everybody, still laughing loudly himself. Once, and once only, BUDDERMER the Bald, emboldened, perhaps, by some more than ordinarily strong tea at breakfast, comes out of his stronghold (being ordinarily entombed behind *Saturday Reviews* and Literary and Scientific Journals), to attack MILBURN. Expecting the support of the company, BUDDERMER looks up from his *Times*, and says, "Mr. MILBURN, you shouldn't laugh at your own wit!"

"It would be a precious long time before I had the chance of laughing at any of *yours*," is MILBURN's rough and ready retort—a retort which explodes in a tremendous ha! ha! ha!

BUDDERMER elevates his eyebrows and looks round on the company as if for assistance, but, meeting with only a frown and a reproving shake of the head from his wife, he succumbs, and revenges himself on society generally by waiting until everyone is engaged in conversation at the breakfast-table, when he walks off with all the newspapers, and cannot be found anywhere for the rest of the morning.

On this occasion even BOODELS is compelled to remonstrate with the bald philosopher when he turns up again at dinner, smiling blandly as if utterly unconscious of the wrong he has done to us.

One of BOODELS's strong points is the social gathering in the smoking-room in the evening. With our present party—a Composer, a Poet a Funny Man, a Philosopher and myself (as a link in the conversa-



tion—the Linkman)—we ought, he says, to enjoy a real symposium. Ladies are admitted if they like to come, and to stop there as long as they care to remain.

Hitherto before the Ladies and the philosophic BUDDERMER had appeared, we have lounged silently, yawned (much to BOODELS' disgust), and dropped off to bed one by one, professing a regard for health and early hours in the country. Now, however, there is a chance for some really intellectual conversation, and for two evenings we have discussed poetry, music, and literature, with MUMLEY, POGMORE and BUDDERMER as chief debaters. Long after Miss BUDDERMER has retired, Mrs. BUDDERMER settles down in an arm-chair, and is soon absorbed in a novel. She generally closes volume the third (her average is a novel a day) sharply, and saying to her husband, "Well, don't sit up all night talking," wishes the company good night and leaves us.

To-night MILBURN, who has gone out after dinner to play billiards with a friend, has received permission from BOODELS to bring his friend back with him. Being a neighbour recently arrived, BOODELS is delighted to make his acquaintance. MILBURN has told us that we shall all like DICK CALTOP immensely, "as he knows everybody, and something of everything that's going on."

At half-past nine we are in the smoking-room, and as it were "prepared to receive a stranger," when MILBURN enters introducing "my friend, Mr. CALTOP." We smile, patronisingly, as though the new arrival were a highly privileged individual about to be introduced to a most exclusive circle.

MILBURN in a free and easy manner introduces us to him, not him to us.

Mr. DICK CALTOP (about twenty-seven at most), not in the least overawed either by BOODELS, or BUDDERMER the Bald, or by the presence of ladies, nods familiarly all round, and, taking a pipe and a pouch out of the pocket of a very sporting-looking coat, remarks pleasantly,

"I see you don't mind a little bit o' baccy. Quite right: 'they all do it.' After you, Sir," to POGMORE, "with the light," and seats himself on the sofa, as though he had known us all for years.

"Rather rough on you," he says in a tone of good-humoured apology to BOODELS, "turning up at this time; but JEMMY," indicating MILBURN, "said I must; and Mother didn't say I musn't," here he winks at BUDDERMER, who tries to smile. "When he told me there was B. and S. on the tappy, I said, 'Right you are; that's good enough for me: I'm on.' And then once more he winks at us all round, gives a knowing shake of the head, and lights his pipe.

BUDDERMER frowns and strokes his beard with Oriental gravity. He has looked forward to a literary, scientific, and philosophic evening; so have I. I want to hear POGMORE on music, MUMLEY on poetry, and BOODELS on astronomy, orchids, and the Mealy Bug. And we have admitted among us the uncongenial element of a modern slang young man.

Miss BUDDERMER looks frightened. Mrs. BUDDERMER resumes Volume Two of her Novel. BUDDERMER ignores the new arrival, and sententiously addresses MUMLEY to this effect: "I suppose you have carefully read RUSKIN's last article in the—" when Mr. DICK CALTOP inquires of BOODELS, with an air of deep interest, "How are you off for rats here?"

And the evening has fairly commenced.

## MIRTH AT MANCHESTER.

INCIDENTALLY to the opening of a magnificent edifice, there was some good fun going on last week at Manchester. Several high jokes appeared in the local papers. Here, by way of specimen, is one from the *Manchester Courier* :—



**THE TOWN HALL BALL.**—To be Sold cheap, an Old DRESS SUIT and Pair of Boots; also, Pair of Kid Gloves, only cleaned twice, and Tie to match. This is a rare opportunity for Councillors and their friends who purpose attending the Ball. Or a Ticket will be taken in Exchange.

And here another from the *Manchester Guardian* :—

MR. BROWN regrets that he is unable to supply any more of the Council with his Dress Suits, as he cannot divide three among 666 applicants.

And here, from the last-named journal, is some

explanation of these and a lot of similarly satirical announcements :—

"THE OPENING OF THE NEW TOWN HALL.—On the reading of the minutes of the General Purposes Committee, the Mayor said he had been asked whether it was necessary for Ladies and Gentlemen to come to the reception and ball next week in evening dress. If people would look at the card they had received they would find it said evening dress, and he doubted whether any one would be admitted if they were not in evening dress."

The necessity of evening dress for admittance to a ball is supposed to have hitherto gone without talk in every centre of civilisation, Manchester, of course, not excepted. But—

"Mr. P. GOLDSCHMIDT said the question was more important than at first appeared, because, if people had no evening dress, it ought to be known that they would not be admitted, for it would be very hard to exclude them if they came in ordinary dress."

And Mr. Alderman BENNETT having said he hoped it would be distinctly understood that parties presenting themselves in anything but full evening dress, would not be permitted to enter the building—

"Mr. ASQUITH pointed out that there was no such intimation on the tickets as the Mayor had spoken of. He believed that half the tickets would be returned if evening dress was enforced."

Whereupon—

"Mr. C. WALKER said that, for instance, one Gentleman to whom he had given a ticket had asked if it was necessary to come in evening dress. On

being told that it was, this Gentleman replied that he had an evening suit, but it was some years old and much too small for him. As a new suit would cost him £5 or £8, he had to decline the ticket."

Balls are expensive things for poor or penurious Gentlemen. But the ball contemplated by the Manchester City Council appears to have been one of an extraordinary character—

"Mr. HARWOOD asked how it was that no ticket had been sent to a representative of the Primitive Methodist body. A name was on the list, but the ticket had not been sent.

"Mr. Alderman CURTIS said Mr. HARWOOD was mistaken. A ticket had been sent to a Gentleman connected with the Primitive Methodists."

The Primitive Methodists are hardly a class of persons that, out of the Manchester Municipality, would be imagined by any one to wish themselves represented at a ball. The Jumpers might, however, if any survive; likewise the Shakers, whose devotions include dancing. And the Baptists, some of them, might be willing to set an example by dancing "Spurgeon Quadrilles." Resuming debate after discussion—

"Mr. HILTON thought that if the rule about evening dress was enforced, it would lead to a large traffic in the sale of tickets.

"Mr. SCHOFIELD hoped that no one would be admitted who was not in evening dress.

"Mr. GRIFFIN thought the sense of the Council ought to be taken on the question. (No.)"

The sense of the Council may, to some eyes, seem to have been but partial. The MAYOR and Mr. BENNETT, however, will, perhaps, be generally allowed to have shown some. So probably will the debaters last quoted, and the concluding speaker—

"Mr. Alderman LAMB thought that Gentlemen who were not in evening dress should be admitted, but they would certainly be considered as black sheep. (Laughter.)"

Only black sheep is hardly the comparison for Gentlemen in morning costume, whether Shepherd's plaid, or fustian, or flannel jackets, or waistcoats and shirt sleeves, and trousers hitched up with a string under the knee. Physically at least, the resemblance is on the side of Gentlemen in evening dress, who, to go to a ball in regulation attire, have put themselves into decent mourning.

*A propos de bottes.* Unless dress-boots were insisted on at a Manchester Town Hall Ball, some Gentlemen would, perhaps, attend it in iron-bound anklejacks, or clogs; which might be dangerous.

## THERSITES AT A TOMB.

THERSITES voiding gall upon the grave

Of a dead chief whom rival hosts respected,  
Had surely sickened e'en the foulest slave

Whose breath the glad Greek breezes e'er infected.

To-day Thersites, dancing on a tomb,

Might bring the blush to cheeks of graveyard ghouls,

Whilst generous Gallie hearts are steeped in gloom,

Thersites safely snape, securely howls.

The Vernal Bully and the vengeful Scribe

God's acre now befoul, *sans* shame or fear.

That precinct should be shut 'gainst all their tribe;

Is it not Writ, "Dogs not admitted here?"





### A PATRIOTIC BRITON.

*Gigantic Frenchman (forgetting his native "Politesse" in his admiration of Robinson's Mastiff). "AH! SAPRISTI! ON PEUT BIEN LE DIRE, L'ANGLETERRE EST LE PAYS DES CHIENS ET DES CHEVAUX."*

*Robinson, 'U.Y.C., (still more gigantic, and with a Wife and Family to match). "AY DAY HOMS! AY DAY FAMS! AY DAY JOLL, PETTYONGFONGS! WEE, MOSSOO!!"*

### FOR INDIA!

JOHN BULL, loquitor (holding the Mansion House Subscription List, and, addressing Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE)—

A LIBERAL list! and Charity need not shame  
To sum her gift, though some who use her name  
May mouth too loudly, cloaking 'neath her cause  
Mere party heat and fussy self-applause.  
But she stands blameless—almoner of all.  
Before the claims which on her coffers fall,  
The purse of Fortunatus well might fail,  
The touch of Midas prove of small avail.  
Here is *her* tribute to a giant need,  
Which makes all lesser claims loom small, indeed,  
A people's rescue from the gaping maw  
Of imminent Famine! 'Tis a task to awe  
That freed Prometheus, Conquering Human Love.  
An arduous enterprise, that soars above  
Charity's stretch, for alien needs may share  
Her generous doles—but *this is my affair!*  
A true Imperial interest, as I hold,  
That well may tithe my Treasury's garnered gold.  
The net of Charity, though broadly cast,  
Misses the millions, and the draught at last  
Is slight and insufficient; great and small  
Should share this task—the duty lies on all.  
Better than bran-new titles, or the shows  
That awe on hordes barbaric would impose,  
Stronger than huckster sleight, or braggart boast,  
Than gleaming pageant, or than glittering host  
Should be the bonds and bars forced by the hand  
Of helpful care, to knit my Orient land,  
In closer union with my empire's heart  
Than power can win or policy impart.

Yon Famine-menaced myriads cry for aid;  
Of large response shall England be afraid,  
In poor renunciation of a claim,  
Whose full acknowledgment were fruitful fame,  
Adding to arms a higher conquest still,  
The nobler domination of Good-will?  
Not so, Sir! here's a piece of worthy work,  
A high Imperial task, I would not shirk.  
Open the National Purse, whose strings you hold,  
For here the Nation will not grudge its gold.

### NATIONALITIES AND NOSES.

MR. PUNCH,

GIVING evidence touching the "Charge against Detectives," Mr. Superintendent WILLIAMSON is reported to have said, with reference to a bill describing the personal appearance of the convict BENSON—

"I remember Mr. ABRAHAM asking that the words 'of Jewish appearance' should be left out, but they were afterwards inserted."

Could those words possibly have hurt the feelings of Mr. ABRAHAM? If so, why? No Briton south of the Tweed would object to the description of a rogue as having a face of the English type, or north of it care about his being stated to be marked by a Scottish cast of countenance. There are a great many English and not a few Scotch rogues; and what if there be a few Jewish, distinguished by the national features? No bearer of those features ought to be any more vexed because they are named than a Gentleman resembling JULIUS CÆSAR would be if he himself, or anybody else, were said to have the appearance of an ancient Roman. What Roman was ever ashamed of his national nose, and, as for ancestors, what is the antiquity of the Roman nation to that of the Hebrew? Believe me, Sir, your ever faithful Philosopher and Physiognomist,

SLAWKENBERGIUS.





## OUR FAMINE IN INDIA.

JOHN BULL. "YES, THIS IS VERY CREDITABLE, AS FAR AS IT GOES—BUT IT'S A MERE 'DROP IN THE OCEAN.' MAKE IT A GOVERNMENT MATTER, AND I'LL BACK YOU UP!!"







## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After a Visit to the Lyceum and Opéra Comique, He Reports to the Editor, and Throws in a Little Theatrical Intelligence Gratis.)



OUR HIGHNESS.—A piece by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, or a piece founded on a novel by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, demands attention from Your Representative. By whom *The Dead Secret* may have been dramatised for the Lyceum is not stated in the play-bills, therefore there is an additional interest in the production, on account of its being mixed up with *No Name*.

The author of the novel, we are however informed, had given his "express permission" (which is a very locomotive way of expressing it) for Somebody ("No Name") to turn his work into a play. *The Dead Secret* was not a good novel; its secret was so uncommonly dead that there was hardly any life in it from the first, and, though it might have furnished some material for a melodrama, yet it was not sufficient in itself for dramatic purposes.

The action of the Lyceum version of *The Dead Secret* is decidedly heavy, though the characters are well sustained throughout, and for the most part well played. There is one situation in Act III., where Miss BATEMAN (Mrs. CROWE) hears her daughter call her "mother" for the first time, which, as rendered by both actresses, is admirable; while the low, thrilling murmur of love, too deep for words, uttered by the mother, and her touching look of gratitude to Heaven before she bends over her child, are true touches of nature, which the audience are not slow to recognise. *O si sic omnia!* Oh, if it were all like this! But this, taken by itself, is worth the whole of *Sarah Lee*'s part, and that of the unhappy Ghost in the arras into the bargain. Alas! poor Ghost!

Mr. EDMUND LYONS is much to be commended for his portraiture of Joseph Buschmann, the old German with his musical-box. It is a well-considered and consistent performance from first to last; and is all the more praiseworthy seeing that Mr. LYONS appears as a very low comedian in a very stupid afterpiece of the old conventional farce character. By the way, didn't Mr. LYONS play *Courriel the Dandy* in the *Lyons Mail*? It was not a striking performance, but he must be a versatile actor, his present work being taken into consideration.

Miss VIRGINIA FRANCIS, too, as the young wife plays her part charmingly, but why those shoes for travelling? Her timidity in the Myrtle Room is especially good.

A cleverer child than "Little Nelly" has seldom been seen on the stage. She represents a mite of three years' old, and actually speaks like one. The audience were enthusiastic about her.

There is another of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's at the Olympic, which will be out ere this notice appears. Your Representative must get up his *Moonstone*.

A Melodrama that ought yet to make a hit, if it could only be placed on a large stage with good scenery, two sensation scenes, plenty of lime-light, a well-trained band of "supers," and all the appliances and means to boot, that either the Princess's or the Adelphi could afford, is *Liz*; or, *That Lass o' Lowrie's*. Almost every part in this piece by Messrs. HATTON and MATTHISON—founded on Mrs. BURNETT's popular novel (which not to have read argues myself unknown—but no matter)—is well and carefully played.

Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE as *Fergus Derrick*, the "mining engineer," is bluff, honest, and earnest. Occasionally I thought he was Mr. KELLY, of the Court Theatre, just as, occasionally, I saw a strong resemblance between Mr. GOULD's *Phil Lowrie*, "the worst man in Riggan" (I was glad to know this much, at all events), and Mr. IRVING's *Dubose*. It is all up with the worst man in Riggan at the end of the Second Act. Being unacquainted with the novel, I fully

expected him to re-appear in Act IV., converted, but he didn't, and as no one was tried or punished for the murder, Your Representative concludes that they are remarkably sensible people at Riggan, to allow a nuisance to be knocked on the head by two other nuisances, and give themselves no further trouble about the matter.

Mr. BARSBY, as a "late M.P.," interested me much. He was clearly an obstructive, only a respectable obstructive, and it is to be regretted that he did not mention up to what hour he had been able to keep the House sitting, so as to entitle him to the description of "Late M.P."

Anice Barholm, his daughter, was gracefully rendered by Miss ALICE GREY, whose remarkably pretty face your susceptible Representative seemed to recognise as fresh from the Surrey—like the famous Ratcatcher's daughter, "from t'other side of the water."

Mr. J. G. TAYLOR's "bit of character" as *Samuel Craddock*, is, I am inclined to think, one of the best things he has ever done. The make-up is most artistic, and the dialect—well, as Your Representative is not acquainted with the *patois* of Riggan, and as it is only partially intelligible to the limited Cookney experience, I have no doubt but that it is the picture of a Riggan man to the life. The Riggan dialect is, however, easier to follow than Welsh or Scotch.

Last, and first, comes Miss ROSE LECLERCQ as *Liz*, who plays with a power and tenderness that enlist all our sympathies, and win our hearts. The Authors are to be heartily congratulated on having hit upon this artiste for this particular part. I should like to hear our Mrs. MELLON's (Miss WOOLGAR's) opinion of this *Lass o' Lowrie's*. It is a most striking performance, and might save many a worse piece than this. The last Act would fare badly but for the personal interest which she has aroused in the audience; indeed, the weakness of the piece is in Act IV., while the strongest, at present, is the first Act. I say "at present" advisedly, because, if the piece should by any chance be placed on a larger stage, then the explosion in the Mine, when *Liz Lowrie* descends to save her lover, ought to be the situation of the piece, and this, fortunately, terminates the third Act. All that this scene is capable of is at once evident to anyone conversant with dramatic effect, and, therefore, of course to the gifted creature who writes this present notice.

By the way, I see that Mr. WILLS, Poet and Painter, is bringing out a piece at Drury Lane with the short, epigrammatic title of *England in the Days of Charles the Second*. As it is a dramatic version of *Peveril of the Peak*, why didn't he call it *Peveril*? Perhaps he was thinking of his success at *The Lyceum in the Days of Charles the First*, when HENRY IRVING walked and talked half an hour after his head was out off. Mr. CHATTESTON should have told the Poet that *Peveril* was a better advertising title than *England in the, &c.*

*Guinea Gold*, at the Princess's, was *Gooch'd* on first night; but since then the Manager has rushed into sensational advertisements, and given us "Overflowing of the Thames!"—may he soon be able to announce truthfully "Overflowing of the House!!"

On dit that Astley's is to be reopened for the winter with *Box and Cox on Horseback*. It will be—or they will be—superbly mounted, with *Mrs. Bouncer en Amazone* on a highly-trained steed. Considered simply as a spectacle, this ought to be a big success. The afterpiece will be *The Ride to Khiva*. Many people, to whom I have mentioned this, pretend to doubt the statement.

Why does this is not a conundrum—why does Mr. HENDERSON style his entertainment at the Folly "New Comedy-Bouffe"? Burlesque-Tragedy is intelligible, meaning a burlesque of a tragedy. Does "Comedy-Bouffe" mean a Bouffe of a Comedy? And why "new"? Aren't both the pieces old? What does it mean? Who cares? I don't. I shall go and see it. And, after all, as Mr. HENDERSON has chosen the name of "Folly" for his theatre, he is consistent in having a nonsensical bill. So here's to the New-Old-Comedy-Farce-Tragedy-Bouffe-Opera, with its two Composers and Siamese Authors.

We are to have LORD LYTON's posthumous play at the Court, and a revival of *The Unequal Match* (which I hope will strike on its own private boxes, and make a hit) at the Prince of Wales's.

I went to see a Ballet by the D'AUBANS, at the South London Music Hall. First part really good and amusing. It comes on at ten o'clock, and is well worth a visit, as far as the aforesaid first part is concerned. Don't let any one who chooses to stay beyond this write me an abusive letter.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—I hope to give you some account of the Leeds Musical Festival in my next. "Leeds must when *The Fire King* drives," as Signor WALTER AUSTIN (whose first work is to be produced here) playfully observed. Address all communications to me at "The Cat and Fiddle," care of First Violin, Leeds."

LATEST NEWS ABOUT THE MEMBER FOR BLARNEY.—Positive BUTT has become comparative butter.





## SACRIFICE.

*Good Templar.* "TUT—T—T—REALLY, SWIZZLE, IT'S DISGRACEFUL TO SEE A MAN IN YOUR POSITION IN THIS STATE, AFTER THE EXPENSE WE'VE INCURRED AND THE EXERTIONS WE'VE USED TO PUT DOWN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC!"

*Swizzle.* Y' MAY PREASH AS MUSH AS Y' LIKE, GEN'L'M'N, BUR I CAN TELL Y' I'VE MADE MORE PEESEH'NAL EFFORSH TO (hic) PURBORN LIQUOR THAN ANY OF YE!"

## SWEET SEPTEMBER.

(A few odd hours of it, as gathered from a Diary kept in the Country some day last week.)

6 A.M.—Rise, and look anxiously out of window. Glorious morning. Brilliant sunshine and cloudless sky. Glass in shade at 75°. Lark singing in the clear tranquil blue aloft. A regular summer's day.

7 A.M.—Get out cool suit, and dress leisurely. Glass rising. Write off to Town to stop the fifteen tons of coals I ordered on leaving.

8 A.M.—Glass nearly at 78°. Set out for river with a view to refreshing plunge before breakfast. Delicious haze of heat, and hum of insects everywhere. Notice wild myrtle out on hedges. Splendid day.

9 A.M.—Caught suddenly in blinding storm of snow and hail. Cold intense. Summer suit stiffens and freezes on me as I walk. Meet thousands of Swallows hurrying South.

10 A.M.—Reach river and find it a sheet of solid ice. Try to get home again to fetch my skates. Lost in snowdrift, taken back by keepers, and put into warm bath. Breakfast in a horse-cloth and Russian rug, on curry, cayenne pepper, and hot brandy and water over a blazing fire. Lark quiet.

11 A.M.—Glass down to 25°, write second letter, and re-order coals. Everything outside buried in snow. A regular winter's day.

Noon.—Change. Oppression and glare insufferable. Glass up at 84°. Lark out again and swallows all back. Everything cracking with the heat, and not a breath of air stirring. Give horse-cloth Russian-rug to beggar, re-counter-order coals, get under billiard-table and try to read novel on my back, sipping iced-water from a saucer.

2 P.M.—Glass still rising. Refuse to play in a cricket-match, or make one of a party going to look at some ruins five miles off. Refuse to play at billiards. Refuse to play at anything. Refuse to come to lunch. Glass at 91°. Refuse to move.

3 P.M.—Change again. Heat giving way to delicious cool inviting calm. Rapid arrangement of boating and fishing party. River

still as glass. Enchanting quiet autumn afternoon hush on everything. Temperature moderate. Rhythmical movement of oars tranquillising. Fish shy.

4 P.M.—Sudden and furious outburst of hurricane. Waters rise and sweep onwards, noticed swallows all going south again. Mast, oars, tackle, sheets, velvet cushion, rudder, and fancy wood-work moveable back all carried away. Willows on bank snap like fire-wood, and are whirled past in the air. Fish nowhere. Boat capsize, swim for my life with difficulty, out of water, and walk home.

5 P.M.—Hurricane entirely subsided. A perfectly charming evening. Air still and dry. Swallows all trooping back again. Sky clear as a lake. Pull off my dripping things, dress for dinner, and take a quiet stroll down to the terrace, and think over the coals.

6 P.M.—Fresh changes. Caught in whirlwind of drenching rain. Run, but come in wet through, and sit down damp for dinner. Thunderstorm at dessert, and fury of storm terrific. Wind, hail, sleet, and snow driving in at all the doors and windows. Swallows off in the dark. House struck with lightning, and to bed.

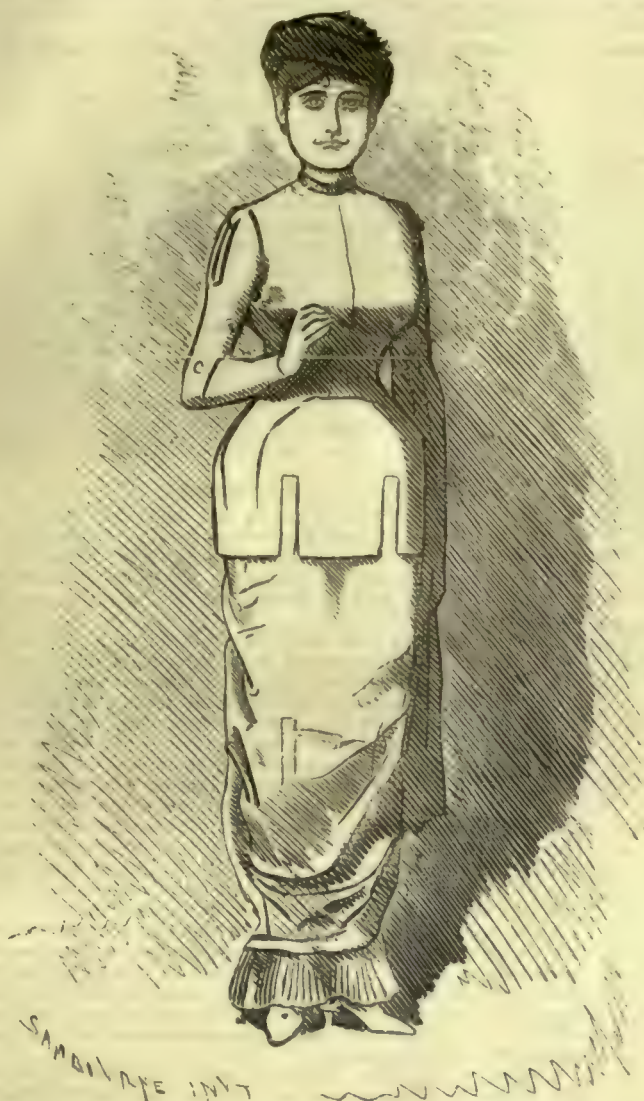
## A Fact for Fiddlers.

Most educated persons are familiar with the name of STRADIVARIUS, but not one of them can be aware that the celebrated fiddle-maker had so many names as those which appear to be assigned to him in the subjoined advertisement extracted from the *Bazaar* :—

VIOLA.—Excellent-toned Tenor Violin, made by ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENSIS FACIEBAT ANNO. Price 30s., or exchange for good riding saddle, or parrot and cage.

But the five names, ANTONIUS STRADIVARIUS CREMONENSIS FACIEBAT ANNO, as they stand above, are one too few. Perhaps that one was accidentally omitted. If the advertiser had completed his list, we should have been informed that STRADIVARIUS's surname was DOMINI.





A DUTCH DOLLY VARDEN.

## THE TOPICAL DRAMA.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I ADDRESS you as the protector of talent and the patron of genius. I am a dramatist, but, unhappily, up to the present time, have not been able to obtain a hearing for my pieces. Will you assist me? I know you will, and, knowing this, I ask you to publish this letter.

A celebrated playwright has recently produced a drama, founded upon that homely subject the periodical flooding of the Thames. He has called it *Guinea Gold*. Now I, Sir, have also written a drama upon homely subjects—subjects which are quite as interesting, I flatter myself, as that chosen by Mr. BYRON—entitled *Pennywise*, and it is to protect this piece that I beg of you to give my words the honour of type. Unless you comply with my request, such is the defective condition of our copyright laws, my ideas may be immediately appropriated by rival dramatists. For the sake of brevity, I cut out all extraneous matter, and come directly to the situations I wish to register.

## ACT I.

SCENE—*The Suburban Farm of ARTHUR TURNIPTOP. ARTHUR and PENNYWISE (his charming young wife) discovered discussing a luxurious air fresco breakfast. A glorious crop of Potatoes fills up the background of the picture.*

*Arthur.* And so you are pleased you have married me, darling?

*Pennywise.* Indeed I am. Yes, *ARTHUR*, were you as poverty-stricken as the poorest Church-mouse, still in my eyes you would appear the kindest of lovers, the honestest of men;—nay, why should I hesitate to speak the promptings of my heart?—the very best of husbands.

*Arthur.* My own! But have no fear, I have enormous wealth. Never shall you feel the cold blast of want. See—I swear it.

*Pennywise.* And yet all your wealth is embarked in those potatoes?

*Arthur.* Assuredly. But look how healthy they seem to be—they are as green as grass.

*Pennywise.* I could almost wish to see them wither, so that you could learn how *PENNYWISE* can love a poor man.

*Arthur (seriously).* Nay, do not joke upon such a subject. (*Enter CHARLES, his Friend.*) Why, *CHARLES*, what mean those doleful looks? (*CHARLES points sadly to the Potatoes, which begin to tremble.*) Eh! what! Speak, man—your silence kills me!

*Charles (with intense emotion).* The Colorado Beetle!

[*The Potato crop is eaten up by the destroyer before the eyes of the audience. ARTHUR buries his face in his hands. PENNYWISE bends over him, and CHARLES weeps silently in a corner. Tableau.*

## ACT II.

SCENE—*A Lodging-house overlooking Portland Place. ARTHUR and PENNYWISE discovered putting the front drawing-room to-rights.*

*Arthur.* Cheer up, *PENNYWISE*. Thanks to *CHARLES*, our friend, we have been able to secure this desirable house. We shall soon be able to fill it with lodgers, and then fickle fortune once more will smile upon us.

*Pennywise (sadly).* The legend "apartments to let" has long appeared over the hall-door, and yet no one seeks the shelter of our roof.

*Arthur.* Be reasonable, my darling. Now we can offer no attraction; but when it comes you will find the public will flock to us for rooms. (*Rubbing his hands gleefully.*) How they will fight for windows to gaze upon it all day. Take my word for it, they will never tire of watching its graceful proportions. (*Enter CHARLES, mournfully.*) You bring bad news! Out with it, man—I must know the worst!

*Charles (with intense emotion).* The monument is to be erected elsewhere. Portland Place is abandoned, and—ah! the news has killed them!

[*Bends over ARTHUR and PENNYWISE, who have swooned away in one another's arms. The Scene opens at the back and shows the ceremony of the planting of Cleopatra's Needle on English soil. Slow Curtain to soft music.*

## ACT III.

SCENE—*A Hovel in Seven Dials. ARTHUR and PENNYWISE discovered starving. ARTHUR is reading a newspaper gloomily. PENNYWISE is sleeping from exhaustion.*

*Arthur (sadly).* I have given *CHARLES* our few remaining pence. I see by the paper that the price of beef is as high as ever. Our last chance rests upon his silvery tongue. If he cannot cajole the butcher into parting with some food at a moderate rate, we are indeed undone.

*Pennywise (in her sleep).* Some gravy, please!

*Arthur.* Poor child! she is dreaming of her dinner. Dinner!—why, we have not had one for seven days. Oh, 'tis hard to die so young! (*Enter CHARLES.*) As usual—you bring bad news?

*Charles (reproachfully).* Nay, you wrong me. But come, eat!—here is meat in plenty. (*Producing food.*) You are very welcome to it.

[*ARTHUR eats heartily, and, when he has appeased his hunger, wakes PENNYWISE, who joins him in the meal.*

*Arthur.* How came you by this food? The butcher was kind, and let you have it for half its market value? (*CHARLES shakes his head.*) Oh horror! You did not steal it?

*Charles (proudly).* No; it is an honest purchase. It was fairly bought.

*Arthur (greatly relieved).* Oh, thanks for that—thanks for that! (*Enter Messenger.*) Well, boy, what is it?

*Messenger.* A telegram, Sir. (*Gives paper, and exit.*)

*Arthur.* I am pleased at this. I find by this telegram that I am now an Earl, and have twenty thousand pounds a year. (*Turning to CHARLES.*) And now how did you procure the food?

*Charles.* By buying it. Your lives have been saved by the cheapness of American beef!

*Enter all the other Characters, cheering.*

*Arthur.* Thanks, comrades. And if our kind



friends in front will but applaud, no one will be happier than PENNYWISE.

[Takes his Wife's hand.

Pennywise (pointing archly to the remains of the food on the table). And "a pound foolish."

[The Characters group themselves, and the Scene opens at the back, discovering a grand allegorical tableau, representing the Triumph of Industry and Commerce. Curtain.

There, Sir, if that piece does not run as long or even longer than Guinea Gold, why never call me again what I have the honour to sign myself,

Yours to command,

SHAKESPEARE, JUN.

Sheridan Chambers, Upper Grub Street, E.C.

## A SYMPHONY IN BLUE.

Or, Pessimism à la Mode.



LIPS that might lure old Time to play the lover! Eyes that might make the grip of Death unclose! What Cynic dares declare those skirts can cover A hint of azure hose?

A Blue? Ah well, the tints soft and shifting Of summer evening, when the roses drowse, Are blue, and so's the Danube deep - wards drifting, And so's a butcher's blouse.

And GAINSBOROUGH'S Boy was blue, and much old China, A Bobby's coat, and my look-out are blue. But gazing thus on Girtton-pride, sweet INA, Such memories fade from view.

*Les femmes savantes*, so long the theme of mockery, Were this their type, might satire's current stem. As Hebe's eyes to willow-pattern crockery Is this *Bas-Bleu* to them.

An iris-coloured robe hath this Egeria Of—who's the Modern Numa none may know. Wisdom with orbs the hue of the Wistaria Can scarce seem tame or slow.

She opens her lips. Ah! now for pearls and flowers, Should she of love or protoplasm speak, Talk of the roses thronging these green bowers, Or TYNDALL; faint blue streak!

"How quite too awfully lovely!!!" What, I wonder? Herself, the evening, or the rose's hues? Yon placid sky, the stream that slides thereunder. A dream of blending blues?

In pretty scorn the Blue-Bell's bud-mouth purses, A mouse mutine that's no mere hostile sham. "How dull you are! I mean these lovely verses Of dear OMAR KHAYYAM."

"Oh, the *Rubriyat*. Aren't they rather mournful? A trifle fatalistic, and so forth?" Ah me! those pansy eyes can look right scornful, And cold as the blue North.

A shower of SCHOPENHAUER'S dicta dreary. (Despair sounds strange from lips so round and red) Fall, till the world looks blue, and waste and weary, On my devoted head.

But she, the Sibyl of the modish *cultus*, Fire in her glance, and rapture in her pose, Mouths the blue-funk, with which the seers insult us, With cheeks *coulour-de-rose*.

What would the German Sage, the Persian Poet Have thought of such a Votary of their views? *N'importe*. Fair INA is—does she not know it? Bewitchingest of Blues.

Whelmed in a whirl of *teintes bleuâtres* wholly—Wistaria, violet, pansy, amethyst—She seems the Goddess of Glad Melancholy, This pretty Pessimist.

A call! She flies! A peal of silvery laughter Rings as the rose-walls veil her from my view. My life! Blue Rose! I sigh; then dawdle after Dreaming—till all is blue.

## UTOPIA-ON-SEA.

MR. PUNCH,

I AM a quiet man, and I am fond of quiet people, though it is difficult to meet with them in this busy, bustling age. I am obliged to live in London for some ten-twelfths of the year; and as I neither shoot nor fish, and have little taste for travelling, what I sigh for in the autumn is a quiet little watering-place, where I can pass my six weeks' holiday in quiet walks and talks, and baskings on the beach.

But where is this marine Utopia to be found? Where lies the tranquil sea-side town where no excursionists intrude, where no pianos can be heard, and no wandering musicians or bellowing fish-merchants are permitted to disturb the silence of the streets? Every year I seek and vainly sigh for that sea-shore, and every year my search appears to grow more hopeless than it has seemed before. I have tried our various coasts, I have even crossed the Channel in my autumnal quest, but though barrel-organs certainly are rarely heard abroad, the noise of a Casino is little to my mind, and I have small taste for the clatter and the scramble of a crowded *table d'hôte*. Colonel HAWKER tells us that, when used for a decoy, one French duck quacks as loudly as three English birds at least, and other female tongues in France can babble quite as loudly, though their gabbling may remind one rather less of ducks than geese.

Now, why should not a Quiet Sea-side Company be started, with capital enough to build a pretty watering-place, and let it out to quiet lodgers like myself? There must be many quiet people who would willingly take shares in such a speculation, if only for the prospect of enjoying now and then the comforts of the place. In case my hint be acted on, I may suggest a Code of Rules for preserving peace and order at Utopia-on-Sea:—

1. No Barrel-organs, German bands, or Black-faced Ballad-bawlers, to be permitted to approach within an Eighty-one-Ton-gunshot of the place.

2. No fine fresh Soles or Shrimps, or other fishy merchandise, to be hawked, except in perfect silence, in the streets.

3. No Donkeys to be hired for a gallop on the Sands, except such as without shouting can be urged to the utmost of their speed.

4. No Pianos to be played, except with windows tightly closed, and in houses where the walls and floors are so constructed as to let no sound escape from one room to the next.

5. No Beggars to intrude; no Cocoanuts on Sticks to be shied at on the Sands; and no Photographers to tout for business, as they do, at the tip-top of their voice.

6. No vixen Landladies, to pilfer your cold meat, and tea and sugar, and, when accused, to shriek out their conviction that "It must have been the Cat!"

7. No noisy little Boys to scream out "Morning Times!" or "Daily Telegraphe" but to spread the News in silence, by throwing it down areas, or slipping it under doors.

8. No Sea Gulls to be shot at, even with a rifle, and by the worst of Cockney Sportsmen, on pain of a smart whipping and a fine of Fifty Pounds.

9. No Pastimes or Amusements to be suffered on the Beach, except such as may be noiselessly and harmlessly pursued—for instance, basking in the sunshine, building castles in the sand, or with careful aim projecting pebbles on the Sea.

With such regulations to ensure the peace and comfort of its visitors, Utopia-on-Sea would speedily be famous as a really model watering-place, and then—well, then a railway would probably invade it; and then, alas! Excursion-trains would certainly be run thither, and then good-bye to its tranquillity, and farewell to its peace!

VAGABUNDUS.



# A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

Being the account of a "Modern Symposium" with a vengeance, or a "Nicht wi' Boodels o' Boodels." After which there can't be much more to be said or done.



COUPED deeply with Volume the Second of some most interesting novel, and with Volume the Third in her lap (on the "one-down-tother-come-on principle," as our new arrival, young CALTOP, would say), Mrs. BUDDERMER sits ensconced in a comfortable arm-chair in the corner. Miss BUDDERMER has retired. BUDDERMER the Bald is on the sofa, with a philosophic-looking meerschaum pipe, eager to air his latest opinions culled from the *Spectator*, *Saturday*, *Contemporary*, and *Fortnightly Reviews*. His great delight

they are above it; they are bent on discussing Ruskin and High Art. They both nod assent and dismiss me, as it were, as not coming up to their standard of intellect, and BUDDERMER commences instantly about "RUSKIN being, after all, a mere dilettante professor who—" just as POGMORE, tired of silence, and anxious to bring the conversation round to the only subject in which he is personally interested, observes to me (over their heads, as he is standing up to help himself to soda-and-brandy), "I saw you at the Wagner Concert. Didn't you think," &c.

But at this moment, whatever was to have been his question, it is lost in a reply made to CALTOP by BOODELS, who has become suddenly interested in the former's conversation, on account of his having judiciously praised one of BOODELS' little dogs (the nervous one that won't answer to its name, and is frightened at the sound of its own bells round its neck).

"Yes," says BOODELS, pleased with CALTOP, who is evidently a sporting man, and an authority on dogs and horses, "he is a very good breed."

"Oh, I can see that," says CALTOP, eying the little animal, which is curled up on the rug fast asleep; "he has all the points of a thoroughbred black and tan. You don't often see one like that now-a-days."

"No," says BOODELS; "I am rather proud of that dog."

"You used to have a pug," MILBURD says, from his side to BOODELS. "A lovely pug. You ought to have seen that," he remarks to CALTOP.

"Oh, I often saw that pug," cries CALTOP. "He used to come as far as the corner of the lane by Sir MARTIN CRUPPER's house, and then run back again. You know CRUPPER, don't you?" he asks of BOODELS.

No, BOODELS doesn't. As a matter of fact, he says, he has never cultivated his neighbours. Mrs. BUDDERMER looks up from her book at the mention of Sir MARTIN. BUDDERMER has caught the name, and evidently begins to have a better opinion of CALTOP.

"GEORGY MARTINDALE and Lord GRASSMERE, you know," says CALTOP to BOODELS, with a careless look round, which MILBURD replies to with a nod of intelligence, "were standing at Sir MARTIN's stable-door, and we often tried to coax your pug in, but he wouldn't come."

BOODELS is immensely pleased. He fills his pipe modestly, and almost blushes as he remarks that that pug was a dog for which he could have taken a first prize had he wished to compete at the Crystal Palace Dog Show. From this moment it is all up with RUSKIN and music. I think that even the interest of Mrs. BUDDERMER in Volume the Second is momentarily diminished. We all help ourselves (not for the first time) to refreshments. Pipes are replenished. Mrs. BUDDERMER, saying, pleasantly, that she is "quite accustomed to smoke" (which means that she intends to sit up for her husband), takes up Volume the Third, and then we settle down into talk about dogs, horses, stables.

is a philosophical literary conversation. BOODELS has looked forward to such a Symposium as is now represented in his smoking-room.

BUDDERMER has suggested the artistic channel into which the conversation is to flow, by saying profoundly (BUDDERMER the Bald is nothing if not profound) to MUMLEY, "Have you read RUSKIN's article on—" when he is interrupted by CALTOP's question to BOODELS—

"How are you off for rats here?"

CALTOP does not mean this as an interruption. But we are so placed, that no two of us can enter upon a conversation without cutting into, and right across, the subject of at least two other, if not three, separate conversations. BOODELS is obliged to listen to CALTOP, it being the latter's first visit; and besides he is a neighbour.

BUDDERMER, pretending to ignore the rat theme which continues as an accompaniment to his air, and worries him considerably, continues:

"I see that RUSKIN is going to bring out a new work on *Medieval Forms*. Now, judging from his—"

Here MUMLEY cuts in with a reply:

"Judging of RUSKIN from the *Fors Clavigera*, you were going to say? Well, it is hardly fair to form an opinion of a future Work by the opinions put forward in—"

I am deeply interested. I want to know something about *Fors Clavigera*. Is it a Poem? or a Treatise? or English? or Latin? But the more eagerly I attempt to listen to them, the more distinctly rises, under my nose, the account of a little Terrier Dog catching rats, which is being given by CALTOP to BOODELS, in a louder tone than he would have otherwise used, had not MILBURD from his end of the room cut in, and asked how "FANNY" (the Dog's name) was getting on.

"Oh, first rate!" replies the Sporting Young Man. "I am telling the Governor here," he alludes to BOODELS as the Governor, never having met him before in his life! "how she wired into that old rat under the barn floor. She *did* tackle him to-rights! Rather!" And here he pauses, as if dwelling on the recollection of a picture which beggars description.

Availing ourselves of this voluntary cessation, BOODELS turns slightly towards MUMLEY, and so do I, politely intimating by this movement that we wish to drop rats and take up RUSKIN. MUMLEY, who has the parole, is naturally pleased. Triumph of Mind over Ratter. BUDDERMER foresees his turn will come, and, without in the least attending to MUMLEY, rehearses mentally what he is next going to say. I know this by his shutting his eyes and smoking slowly, as if he were weighing his opponent's arguments.

"RUSKIN," says MUMLEY, with a contemptuous air, "flatters himself he has founded a school—but, in this respect, he *does* flatter himself. In what has he ever shown himself as either a critic, or a true student of Art in its highest sense, but a man of one, narrow—"

"Have you got that Fox-Terrier still?" asks MILBURD, not loudly, but in an under-current of voice, that takes away, as it were, the legs of the dialogue which, but for this, would go on swimmingly.

CALTOP nods, and, turning to BOODELS, asks,—

"Did you ever see that little liver-coloured dog of mine?" No, BOODELS hasn't; and, having said this much out of sheer politeness, he tries to catch up the Ruskin subject again, which, at the present moment, is stationary, merely keeping itself afloat by spasmodic efforts with the hands against the under-current aforesaid. These efforts are apparently unnoticed by CALTOP. I try to help MUMLEY and BUDDERMER, who are struggling! I say,—

"Didn't RUSKIN get a lot of Oxford Men to work for him during the Vacation at digging?" (It is all I know of Mr. RUSKIN, but I think it represents the latest popular idea about that eminent individual.)

If BUDDERMER, or MUMLEY, would only catch at this rope, it would save them; but they won't;





**"NO MISTAKE THIS TIME."**

ARRIVED AT LAST; BUT NOTHING SO VERY TERRIBLE, AFTER ALL.

Everybody suddenly remembers that he knows a dog that can do something. Even BUDDERMER commences a story about a valuable retriever which was given him some years ago. It interests nobody. He appeals to his wife for corroboration. She looks up for an instant, and says, "That horrid thing! I'll never have another in the house! It's all very well for people who understand dogs, but *you* don't."

After this, BUDDERMER refreshes himself, but is prudently silent.

"Ah," says CALTOP, "you should see Mrs. GEORGE BIGG's retrievers. GEORGE BIGG," he explains to everyone, "used to drive in the Park last season. You must have seen her." This to every one, beginning with BOODELS, who at once "thinks he remembers her;" then to BUDDERMER, who appears to be trying to recall *all* the people he has ever seen in the Park, in order to single out the lady in question.

"She used to drive four ponies," says MILBURD.

"Yes," returns CALTOP. "They were the Earl of SHORTLAND's. One of those ponies—Jessie, the black one—was no bigger than a Newfoundland, and one day when a boy fell in the Serpentine, she went for that boy, collared him, and brought him out."

"They wanted to stop GEORGEY BIGG's wife from coming into the Park followed by all these animals," continues CALTOP; "for he had a couple of goats, and three fallow deer besides the ponies. The police were inclined to be rather rough on GEORGEY, but he got six to four the best of 'em, and then bet BOSS GREEN—you know BOSS GREEN?"—this to MILBURD, who nods assent, and we all wonder who BOSS GREEN is, but don't like to inquire—"a couple of ponies that he'd take the whole menagerie right through to the Magazine, when all the four-in-hands were out."

"And did he?" I ask, vaguely, for I am not certain whether my inquiry applies to BOSS GREEN, GEORGEY BIGGS, or LORD SHORTLAND, or perhaps somebody else whose name I've missed.

"Did he?" exclaims CALTOP, as if utterly astonished at the ignorance displayed by my question. "I should rather say he did. They wanted to stop him. One Bobby tried it on, but GEORGEY—our JAEKY, as we call him—tipped the peeler a sparkler (he'd have made it warm for Master Bobby if he hadn't taken it), and then he went, full split, right up the drive, with all the animals careering after him, a regular buster, before you could say knife. The Duke couldn't start his team; it gave him fits! It was real jam to see little NORRIS, who was out for the first time, in a horrid state about his four greys. GEORGEY did the trick. They said he hedged the bet, but anyhow he copped BOSS GREEN's fifty quid."

"Rather rough on the Boss," I venture, with a mild attempt at suiting my conversation to my company.

"Oh, the Boss!" exclaims CALTOP, "he's a regular mug."

Everyone appears amused, and no one likes to ask what on earth CALTOP means. At this moment the Poet remarks that there's a fine moon, and opens the window to look at it. Mrs. BUDDERMER asks her husband to give her the slightest drop of sherry-and-water. This causes the Butler to be summoned to fetch the sherry; when he appears, POGMORE complains of the cold in consequence of the window having been opened. MILBURD agrees that it is cold, and CALTOP remembers that he'll probably have a chilly walk home. BUDDERMER casually mentions "hot grog" as the best preventive. BOODELS, as host, asks if CALTOP would like some hot grog before he starts, as, if so, the Butler can make a first-rate brew. CALTOP at first refuses, then alters his mind, and saying, "I really must go immediately after that," he, to use his own expression, "goes for that grog." MILBURD admits that he, too, is "Nuts on grog." I notice that whenever CALTOP, or MILBURD, likes anything, they are either "nuts on it," or it is "real jam" to them. Odd! POGMORE observes "That he doesn't mind if he *does* just take a drop of hot grog." Whereupon BUDDERMER begins to think that it wouldn't do *him* any harm, which evokes a look of surprise, and a warning, from his Wife, who, however, consents, after a very brief argument, to assist him with a mere sip. BOODELS hasn't taken hot grog for years, he says, and now they mention it, he rather feels inclined for it than otherwise. The only one who has any doubts at all on the advisability of hot grog is the Poet, who returns from the window (which we all insist on being shut at once) looking as if the moon had had some effect on his complexion.

"Have some grog," CALTOP suggests to him, with an aside wink to us; "just to show there's no ill-feeling."

As the ill-feeling, to judge by the Poet's face, is confined entirely to himself, and has regard to no one else, the administration of the hot grog is questionable. MUMLEY accepts and subsides into his arm-chair. The conversation re-commences on general topics, by which I mean, that, with the exception of MUMLEY, who is remarkably silent, we are all talking, more or less, at once. The Butler re-appears with double the quantity of hot grog that was ordered. This probably





### "A MAN AND A PASSENGER!"

*Sweep. "HELP US UP WITH MY LUGGAGE, MATE!"*

from a knowledge of human nature, and to save himself trouble. We all resolve ourselves into a tasting committee, and commence sipping.

"This is the sort of stuff," says CALTOP, "to walk home on."

Then he says what he would do were he waylaid by a footpad. This leads us to the subject of highwaymen; then to recent highway robberies; then to burglaries; then to anecdotes of eminent house-breakers, till Mrs. BUDDERMER's attention is distracted from her Novel, and she begs us not to talk on such dreadful subjects, or she won't get a wink of sleep all night. Whereupon BUDDERMER (whose hair seems to have suddenly grown wild round his bald head) facetiously offers her a "night-cap" of grog. This leads to an examination of the jug, which is found to be empty.

BOODELS rises gravely with a long cherrywood-stemmed pipe in his hand, which he has been carefully lighting every five minutes for the last half hour, and, with studied politeness, says,—

"Mrs. BUDDERMER, MILBURN will ring bell more grog."

Whereupon he reseats himself most carefully—his original intention, of walking as far as the bell, having been evidently abandoned.

BUDDERMER thinks quite pleasantly that we don't want any more, and beams on everybody.

CALTOP says that, as he has to go out and walk, another tumbler won't hurt him; and MILBURN (who has rung the bell violently and returned to his chair) announces loudly his intention of "seeing him through it."

MUMLEY the Poet wakes up for a minute, and asks, huskily, "What's time?" Receiving no reply, BUDDERMER alone taking any notice of it by making a movement with his left hand as though he remembered having had a watch somewhere once, but had recently got out of the way of consulting it,—his head drops again, and he is asleep. I notice all this clearly, but I do not feel inclined either to leave my seat and fetch the fresh grog from the table, or to join in any conversation. The Butler pours out the relay, and hands it round to everybody. BOODELS at this point becomes scrupulously particular as to the quantity of whiskey which the Butler has put into his particular tumbler.

"I never," he tries to explain, solemnly, to anybody who'll listen to him, "take more 'n 'arflass to thlee" (he means "three")

"to thlee plarts wate," by which he is understood to mean "three parts water," and we all nod at him gravely, like a consultation of waxwork doctors worked by machinery.

On being earnestly assured by the Butler that this proportion has been carefully observed, he consents to take the tumbler.

What leads us to talk of people's heights I don't know, but we do. CALTOP bets with POEMORE that BUDDERMER is taller than MILBURN. BOODELS says, with the knowing air of a man who can settle the question at once, "I've got pencil somewhere in my pocket. The best way's to make the mark on the door." However, as he can't find either the "pocket" or the "pencil," the subject is allowed to drop.

The next thing we become aware of is, that CALTOP has disappeared. No one saw him go. No one said good-night to him.

BOODELS suddenly recollects having said good-night to somebody, but "whether," he adds, always gravely, "it was to-night, or whether I'm thinking of some other time, I don't know." Then, after five minutes' silence, he calls to mind distinctly CALTOP having wished him good-night, and he is quite angry with BUDDERMER, who wants to argue with him on the impossibility of CALTOP having left unobserved by the rest of the party. However, he is certainly not in the room.

This leads to the subject of marvellous appearances; this to the disappearances of phantoms; this to ghosts; this to MILBURN's open avowal of general incredulity; this brings up POEMORE, who is fond at certain times of discussing the supernatural; this to a dash of theology, when BUDDERMER, who has got some theory in his head about stars being peopled by spirits, and the contents of whose fourth tumbler are now damaging the sofa-cover, makes vain efforts to remember and enunciate an argument on the *Plurality of Worlds*, which he has recently read.

"If," he says, with a pipe-stem in his hand, from which the bowl has long since dropped off, "if the creative power—I mean—s'pose I," here his eyelids droop, but he is aroused to wakefulness by accidentally putting his hand flop into the mess on the sofa, "s'pose I were to have to cre-ate a world—"

But at this point Mrs. BUDDERMER closes Volume Third with a sharp click, and says, sharply,—



"Create! You create! Nonsense! It's time you created to bed. Good-night, Mr. BOODELS."

BOODELS, as host, rises from his chair in order to open the door for Mrs. BUDDERMER. The door is on the opposite side furthest from BOODELS, and to reach it he has to get round the table. With his empty pipe still held to his mouth by one hand, he with the other guides himself round the edge of the table. Then, with one short and decisive step to the door, he grasps the handle, and opens it with such unexpected suddenness, that it backs on to himself and cannons him up against MILBURN, who catches at the chimney-piece. Recovering himself, BOODELS smiles and bows with the sort of excessive politeness that is to be seen on the part of the Comic Baron in the opening of a Pantomime, and when Mrs. BUDDERMER, [who has carefully taken the candle out of her husband's hands, and sent him on first into the passage where he tumbled over the mat and made the dog bark] has retired, BOODELS surveys us with a sad and sorrowful aspect, makes three attempts to light his candle, drops the match-box, then, having opened the door carefully for his own exit, he addresses us most solemnly, as if these were his last injunctions before being led off by the executioner,—

"I deprend p'n you put out glas," meaning that he depends upon us (the Poet, MILBURN, POGMORE, and myself) to 'put out the gas;

and with this, he too, after a difficulty with the rug and the dog, retires. We all laugh and look at one another: all, that is, except the Poet, who is now snoring heavily.

"Don't go—quite early—have 'nother pipe," is the last that I hear in a very drowsy tone from MILBURN, as I do manage to light a candle and get to my room, where, in the midst of undressing, it occurs to me that I haven't made my diary for several days past. . . . Evidently this carelessness mustn't be allowed to go on, I say to some one (not myself) in the looking-glass. I take out the book—the pens—the blotting-paper. . . . Odd—there doesn't seem to be any ink . . . and the neck of the inkstand is too small. . . . Ah! . . . I thought that would happen with such a stupid inkstand . . . over . . . Wonder . . . wonder . . . "The best thing," I am conscious of saying to myself—giving it as a sound and invaluable piece of advice—"the best thing is, . . . if you're tired, my friend, to go to bed. Nothing like going to bed . . . when you're tired. My dear fellow," still to myself, as somebody to whom I am imparting words of unutterable wisdom—very nearly unutterable, by the way—"my dear fellow—take my advice—and go . . . go . . . to . . . bed."

And somehow or other, all in a lump, I fall in, and become absorbed in the bedclothes. A steamboat sensation for a few minutes, as if in the Bay of Biscay in roughish weather . . . then we sail with the gale from the Bay of Biscay oh, and are fast asleep.

## THE FLEET AND THE FOREST.



F, whilst during two whole days the crews of three steam-launches, from as many powerful iron-clads, under the direction of their officers, having vainly tried to shell the hull of the *Forest*, were as vainly trying to blow it up with gunpowder, which, blowing upwards only, blew up nothing but water, why was the suggestion of the Portland fishermen, looking on in the meanwhile, that dynamite, which blows down as

well as up, should be used instead of gunpowder, not adopted?

There was a difference between those fishermen and sailors in Her Majesty's Service. That is, if, as may be presumed, the sailors were acting under the command of officers who have undergone a stiff and arduous examination on various subjects; and the fishermen were not. It is proverbial that an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy. But that "clergy" is exactly the sort of learning which enables a candidate to pass a modern examination, such an examination as he must undergo to be eligible for a commission in the Navy. At least so those who ought to know best have ruled. If the hull of the *Forest* was not blown up under the orders of officers who must be supposed to have known how to do it much better than fishermen, it ought to have been. People may talk of Nelsons and Dundonalds, and the exploit performed in the Basque Roads; but blowing up the enemy's ships in the enemy's face is a very different operation from blowing up a hull, in peace, floating about in the Channel. The hero of the Basque Roads and the hero of Trafalgar had mother-wit, which was all very well in their days, but what we now want is "clergy;" ability to answer catch-questions, and none of your original mind; which indeed seldom co-exists with that sort of ability. It may have taken clever fellows a long time to destroy a wrecked hull at their leisure, but if ever they come to be engaged in torpedo practice, and the like, in actual warfare, we shall then see what they can do. May the sight, notwithstanding, be reserved for Prince Posterity—if anybody.

## EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY EXERCISES.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—To write out, in large round-hand text, to decorate the walls of his dining-room in Downing Street, a couple of scrolls containing the chief mottoes of his Ministry:—"Surtout, point de zèle," and "Quæta non movere."

MR. GLADSTONE.—To pay a round of visits to the homes of the Home-Rulers, and give them a few lessons in the work of cutting down the Groves of Blarney.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.—To learn to box the compass, and to steam across the Solent without being sea-sick.

THE HOME SECRETARY.—To overhaul most thoroughly our present system of police, and devise some means, if possible, of restoring public confidence in the honesty at least, if not the skill, of our defectives.

MESSIEURS BUTT AND BIGGAR.—To put on the gloves, and practise for the Championship.

MR. WHALLEY.—To make a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and compile a little treatise, for the use of High Church Schools, upon the miracles he sees there.

THE MEMBER FOR STOKE.—To go to Jericho, and stay there until sent for by three-fourths of his constituents.

MAJOR O'GORMAN.—To make an under study of the part of Circus clown, and, for the purpose of quotation, learn by heart a hundred pages of Joe Miller.

MESSIEURS PARNELL AND O'DONNELL.—To sit up talking nonsense nightly till the small hours, so as to keep their tongues in training for next Session.

## A "JOKE" FROM PORTLAND.

SCENE—A Spot on the Shore, near the scene of a terrible Shipwreck.

Official and Subordinate discovered conversing.

Official. Well, where did you put 'em?

Subordinate. In a shed, among a lot of lumber, Sir.

Official. That's right. Got the boxes ready?

Subordinate. Yes, Sir. Good strong 'uns for the money.

Official. No unnecessary expense, eh?

Subordinate. Oh no, Sir. No trappings, nor nothing of that nonsense.

Official. We can't go to the cost of any bearers, you know.

Subordinate. Certainly not, Sir. We've got a nice roomy cart for 'em.

Official. Hum! Has the hole been dug?

Subordinate. Yes, Sir. The job was done as cheaply as possible.

Official. Coroner done with 'em?

Subordinate. Quite, Sir.

Official. Has the Parson been warned?

Subordinate. I believe so, Sir.

Official. Well, then, you can tell any one you like to go ahead with the Funeral.

## Injurious Approbation.

INSTEAD of attempting to gag the Republican papers, Marshal MACMAHON and his Ministers should, unless prepared to "submit or resign," have forbidden the organs of Bonapartism, Legitimism, and Ultramontanism to praise his Manifesto. They have let France know what to think of it.

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR" (a Mid-Channel reflection).—The Castalia.



## THE HORRORS OF HAIR-CUTTING.



For myself, I take precaution to forestall such observations by making a short speech, in my blandest tone and manner, whenever I submit my head to the mercy of the operator. While he swathes me in his sheet as if I were doing penance, I gently thus address him:—"I want my hair cut short, but not singed nor shampooed. I know it's thin and dry, but I want nothing put upon it, and you sell nothing I want to buy." By thus confessing my defects I give checkmate to his criticism, and if he must talk, his garrulity is vented on the weather or the war, or the winner of the Leger, or on any other matter, and not upon the theme which is at his fingers' ends, and whereon I well know he is burning to discourse to me.

ERENE MR. PUNCH,

ONE has heard of a dumb waiter, but who has ever heard or even dreamed of a dumb hair-cutter? What a blessing he would be, and what a crowd of customers would pretty quickly flock to him! Conceive the novelty and luxury of having one's hair cut without the chance of being pestered with remarks about its growth, or of being plagued with touting profers of quack nostrums to improve it!

CAVENDO TUTUS.

## THE RACE TO THE SLOW.

An odious comparison might be suggested by the following extract from a report of the races run at the "great autumnal meet" of the "Metropolitan and Suburban Bicyclists," held the other day at the Crystal Palace under the presidency of Mr. Lowe:—

"The slow race" was a most amusing affair, the racers having to go slowly, the rear one winning. The difficulty experienced was keeping the seat at a crawl, and more than one tumbled over in the attempt."

But, observe, the bicycle "slow race" is a *bona fide* slow one. Every competitor rides his own bicycle, and the hindmost rider wins. Besides, the slow bicycle race is a trial of skill. Riding the bicycle at a crawl may be seen with half an eye to be an accomplishment of which the cultivation is most desirable. Mr. LOWE, in the course of an address which followed the distribution of prizes, offered a suggestion—

"This was to his young friends who were bicycle riders, and it was that they should remember that they were, when riding the bicycle on the public roads, under exactly the same control and responsibilities as were people riding horses, and as no horseman would think of galloping through a crowded thoroughfare, so no bicyclist should think of running his bicycle at full speed through the streets."

If a bicycle clashes with a cab, or runs down a foot-passenger crossing the road, and causes a fatal accident, it is "the pace that kills." The art of riding slowly, therefore, is a point of bicyclemanship, and the cootermonger, or any one else, imagining any but a superficial similitude between the bicycle race, wherein the man in the rear wins, and a donkey race, in which the slowest ass is the winner, must be so undiscerning a creature as to be disqualified only by being a biped from running and being ridden in the race last named.

## BY PRIVATE TELEPHONE.

No. II.

INTERLOCUTORS.

JOHN THOMAS, *Mayfair*.JEMIMA JANE, *Mangoldwurzelshire*.

*John Thomas.* JEMIMA JANE, love, are you there?  
*Jemima Jane.* JOHN THOMAS, is that you?  
*John Thomas.* It are, my dear. Now isn't this extremely cum eel foo?

Our opporchunities for chat is so pertikler rare, whilst you're in Manglewurzelshire and I am in Mayfair; That ketching you permiskus like in this nice kind of way Is quite too awfully jolly, as the gushing gals would say. And how are you, my sweet J. J.?

*Jemima Jane.* Don't arst me, dear J. T. Poicks seem nuts on rural parts, but Town's the place for me.  
*John Thomas.* Poicks is mostly cannel,\* JANE, but parties in our station Is able to appreciate the charms of civilisation. *Ongees* is at you, I seppose; the Ogur's got his knife Likewise in yours devotedly; for, JANE, upon my life, Town's jest as dull as Country now; and but for KURN & Co. I think we'd all turn mouldy-blue, things is so doosed slow. All the more treat to talk to you, my dear. I'd het a pony, If Master knew the games we have with this 'ere Telephony, He'd make it 'ot for some of us.

*Jemima Jane.* The lot of 'em are out. The guns is going it like mad. Pray what are you about At Number Nine?

*John Thomas.* About done up, I do assure you, JANE, Which when you're absink all looks flat.

*Jemima Jane.* That's jest to make me vain. But how about BELINDA JONES?

*John Thomas.* Now, JANE my love, look here. Do sparkling fizz demean itself amixing with small beer? Such hints is quite beneath you, JANE, as one of the *bow mong*. She haven't got a mite of *chick* nor yet a taste of *tong*. Seppose I rounded on you, JANE, ahinting you was sweet On that wo-p-waisted *valley*?

*Jemima Jane.* His mustarcher's very neat, And genteel figgers I adores.

*John Thomas.* His nose I'll 'ave to tweak. Why hi could show the same, J. J.,—with stays and *cos-mytek*,

\* JOHN THOMAS may possibly mean "canaille."

If I would so demean myself; but not JOHN THOMAS,—no! Not if a barber's dummy was the *ackmy* of the bo.

*Jemima Jane.* JOHN THOMAS, you're not hup in hart.  
*John Thomas.* My 'art is hup in me,

Ahearing of you talk such rot. But think of his *espre*!

*Jemima Jane.* *Espre* be jiggered.  
*John Thomas.* Hush, J. T.! Such words is much too warm. But, it bad langwidge you must use, pray let it be good form. A double d, although perhaps it's wicked, isn't low; But, if you love me, drop such words as "jigger," "drat," and "blow!"

*John Thomas.* You're "having" of me nicely, JANE.  
*Jemima Jane.* To "have" you's jest the thing You've been a arsting me these years.

*John Thomas.* Well, shall we say next spring?  
*Jemima Jane.* That's sharp! But how about ALFONGS?

*John Thomas.* ALFONGS be —  
*Jemima Jane.* Neatly stopped!

Why, JOHN, 'twas only yesterday as he the question popped!  
*John Thomas.* What, he? That grinning jimerack fool? He dare, aknowing too

That you and I?— JEMIMA JANE, that precious Parlyvoo Will come to a huntimely hend. And you, what did you say?

*Jemima Jane.* I think I hear Miss HILDA's bell.  
*John Thomas.* Hi! Stop! Look here! J. J.

(This telephonic talk's too much—it tanterlises so)  
 JEMIMA JANE!!—Hooked it, by George!!!

(Five minutes' interval for execration.)  
*Jemima Jane (softly).* JOHN THOMAS, dear!

*John Thomas.* Hullo!

*Jemima Jane.* 'Twasn't Miss HILDA, after all.  
*John Thomas.* But 'ow about ALFONGS?

*Jemima Jane.* I hear he's jest received a pair of barber's curling tongs.

I said I'd answer him by post!  
*John Thomas (jubilant).* Hooroar! JEMIMA JANE!

You're jest the very jolliest brick. JOHN THOMAS breathes again.

Could one by telephony kies, I'd—  
*Jemima Jane.* There! No need to speak In haccents more perciser. We'll be home on Monday week.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT "THE FIRE KING."—Three cheers for Captain SHAW.

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.—That which strikes upon the Box.





### "LIBERTÉ—ÉGALITÉ—FRATERNITÉ!"

Mrs. Topsawyer de Tomkyns (of Bayswater, London, but staying for a Month in La Belle France) chooses to go out marketing with her French Cook.  
Fair Greengroceress. "BONJOUR, MESDAMES! QUE VOUS FAUT-IL CE MATIN, MESDAMES!"  
[Delight of ye haughty Mrs. T. de T.]

### FRANCE TO THE MARSHAL.

*In reply to his Manifesto.*

PLAIN speaking? Yes; perhaps a thought too plain:  
Imperial phrase could scarce sound more imperious.  
Yet, Marshal, in my mind some doubts remain.  
How fair a front may cover the mysterious!  
You woo me, as the Conqueror wooed his wife,  
With a most autocratic assiduity;  
But, as to clearness, well, upon my life,  
You do not "dissipate all ambiguity."

Men call you honest: you are apt to dwell  
Upon your honour. I've no wish to doubt it;  
Though, as a soldier, it were perhaps as well  
Did you declaim a little less about it.  
Yet honesty may be the tool of knaves;  
Though frank and most fair-spoken I may find you,  
My curiosity, I own it, craves  
To ask one question—"Who are those behind you?"

They crouch, they peer, they mutter. Ah! methinks  
I know the men,—much better than I trust them.  
I've tried them all before; my spirit shrinks  
From seeing them where they aspire to thrust them.  
You've no connection with the gang, you say;  
You simply hold your own with righteous rigour?  
Well, is it not a trifle strange that they  
Should back you up with such united vigour?

An honest soldier would not stoop to Art,  
*Ca va sans dire*,—pray pardon the suggestion,  
And playing consciously a double part  
With you, of course, is quite out of the question.  
But if among the "moderate men" you love  
These gentry in the rear can claim their places,

I have my fears the future may remove  
Fair-seeming masks from unsuspected faces.

You say, most fairly, 'tis for me to choose,  
But whatso'er my choice you still mean staying.  
The game of "heads I win and tails you lose,"  
Would seem a parallel to that you're playing.

"*J'y suis, j'y reste*," sounds soldierly, but still  
Your post is not a conquered fort, at present.  
If Marshal law means simply Marshal's will,  
The prospect's more despotic far than pleasant.

You tell me proudly you decline to be  
Radicalism's instrument. I'd ask you  
From other factions will you keep us free?  
Soldier, the warring "isms" well may task you.  
Blunt egoist of honour, in your rear  
Crouch thrice-tried tricksters. Free from Party leaning  
You may be, but while they are lurking near,  
Marshal, I still must ask, "What is your meaning?"

### A PROMISE FOR ITALY.

THE Special Correspondent of the *Times* at Rome, with reference to the POPE, and to a contingency only too possible at any moment, mentions that an oath is always administered to a new Pontiff, that "he shall maintain intact and inviolate the dominions of the Holy See such as he received them from his predecessors." Unless the Italian Government, in the meanwhile, shall have repented of their "sacrilege" of 1870, and re-established the Temporal Power, they can only hope that the next Successor of St. Peter will not hesitate to take that oath, should it be tendered him. The dominions of the Holy See being now purely spiritual, he, if he swears to maintain them such as he has received them, will simply bind himself to maintain them and them alone. Will the Cardinals ask him to swear that? Then the discovery of a *modus vivendi* approaches; and there is hope that Church and State in Italy may kiss and be friends.





“WHAT DOES HE MEAN?”

LA FRANCE. “AH, YES, MON MARÉCHAL, YOU MAY BE HONEST,—BUT WHO ARE THOSE BEHIND YOU?”





THE END OF THE WORLD





## A SINISTER SLIP.

Smith. "HULLO, BROWN! 'BEEN FOR YOUR ANNUAL COLLIS— I MEAN YOUR ANNUAL EXCURSION, YET!"

[Brown was highly nervous, and this malign suggestion quite upset him. He spent his holiday at home.]

## BISHOP ON BEETLE.

RIGHT Reverend Lord Bishop of MANCHESTER, may it please your Lordship, *Mr. Punch* loves potatoes. He rejoices in potatoes. He eats them daily at dinner. He could not dine satisfactorily without them, and is very thankful that he gets them. He particularly rejoices in mealy potatoes. He considers mealy potatoes orthodox; and trusts that on this point he holds with your Lordship. But to what purpose all this?

The other day, my Lord, *Mr. Punch* read "some," as *Mr. BARNUM* would say, of a sermon reported to have been preached by your Lordship at the reopening of Kirkham Church, in one sense, and preached, in another, at parties including the one who has just informed you of his partiality to potatoes. With reference to a note of warning from the trumpet of *Mr. BRIGHT*, intimating the possibility of England's decadence, your Lordship is represented to have named, as four "tokens" of a supernatural character, "the sword, the famine, the pestilence, and the noisome beast;" and as to the last-named "token," meaning the Colorado Beetle, to have spoken as follows:—

"They read of the plague of the noisome beast; and men and facetious newspapers—*Punch*, for instance—made themselves merry about the Colorado Beetle. They did not seem to think that perhaps this noisome beast which had destroyed many a harvest-field on the other side of the Atlantic might come here and destroy our own fair harvest-fields. He did not think that the Colorado Beetle was a thing to make jokes about."

*Mr. Punch* make himself merry about the Colorado Beetle, that would deprive him of the potatoes without which he could never again enjoy his dinner! *Mr. Punch* make jokes about the potato-bug! He would as soon think of making a joke about the other *Cimex* in any way that could represent it as anything but a most horrible plague and a particularly "noisome beast." For this creature is far more "noisome," at any rate, than that, and in so far certainly a greater "beast"—if a Coleopterous insect may be called a beast, which *Mr. Punch* does not deny, although Coleo-

## A CONJUGAL UNION WORKHOUSE.

ADDRESSING the Social Science Congress assembled at Aberdeen, the Earl of that ilk suggested the possibility of a distinction between poor and poor; "the idle and those who are scarcely deserving of pity" on the one hand, and, on the other, "the unfortunate who lapse into poverty through no fault of their own," but, being liable to the same punishment as the improvident paupers, "are thus repelled, and the public sense is occasionally shocked by the record of deaths incurred to avoid the workhouse." Not content with proposing a quite too awful breach of Political Economy, the noble Lord went on to say:—

"As a single illustration of my meaning, I may mention the enforced separation of married partners. Such a requirement, for instance, though generally necessary for the maintenance of order and discipline, might surely be dispensed with, at all events, in the case of the aged and infirm. To sum up the matter in a word, while for the many the workhouse properly partakes of the character of a reformatory, there are those for whom it is rather to be regarded as an asylum."

If "when Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window," it might be thought that the principle of the Poor Law would be best consulted, not by separating pauper couples, but by compelling them, provident or improvident, to live together. But perhaps conjugal affection can in some cases survive on molasses and skilligolee. Lord ABERDEEN seems to believe in "*John Anderson, my Jo*," as a song of married life compatible with indigence or even pauperism. But his idea of allowing *Mr. and Mrs. Anderson* on any account to enjoy one another's society in a Workhouse, is one that of course nobody connected with any such Institution could entertain for a moment, except possibly the Chaplain.

## Lecture-Room Emanations.

THE Cambridge Professors who cultivate the feminine mind at Girtton have taken to bicycles as a convenient transport to and from the scene of their labours. We are sorry to say that Undergraduates, in whom the bump of Veneration has as yet not developed itself, have taken to quizzing the respectable Coaches as they career along the Huntingdon Road on their velocipedes. The cry is raised by the unruly crew of "Whos! M.A."

pterous insects might perhaps more properly be termed creeping things. And the B-flat, as euphemists style it, if only a B as noisome as the P. B., is equally a "token." Q. E. D., your Lordship, is it not?

No, my Lord, *Mr. Punch* has never made fun of the Colorado Beetle itself. On the contrary, he was one of the first to warn all and sundry to deal with it as a most serious nuisance, to keep on the watch for it, and, as soon as caught, to squelch it. He was among the foremost in proclaiming the necessity of stamping the Colorado Beetle out. Herein your Lordship, he doubts not, will praise him, and not blame him, as some grave people blamed writers for having exhorted the Authorities to stamp out the Cattle Plague.

It is very true, my Lord, that certain persons having mistaken the Lady Cow for the Colorado Beetle, and otherwise, in relation to the last-named insect, made fools of themselves, some of *Mr. Punch's* young men have, with pen and pencil, appropriately illustrated their deeds—and words. *Mr. Punch* ventures to hope that your Lordship, on second thoughts, will not call that making jokes about the Colorado Beetle, nor consider the *Doryphora decemlineata* so very solemn a thing as to be incapable of being mentioned or delineated to a political or social intent without irreverence.

## Debtor and Creditor.

AT one of the late meetings of the Social Science Congress, a paper by *Mr. JOHN McLEARK*, a Scotch Advocate, on Married Women's Property, excited interest, "especially amongst lady-members." A report of it adds that—

"Miss LYDIA BECKER thought a wife should be her husband's first creditor."

That is, of course, she should trust her husband before all men. Nicely put, Miss LYDIA BECKER. But what will the Priest in *Absolution* say to you?





## ON THE SAFE SIDE.

*Stout Old Gentleman.* "WHAT DOES THAT BOARD SAY ABOUT WEIGHTS! P'RAPE I'D BETTER GET OUT, AND WALK OVER THE BRIDGE!"

## EUROPE IN TURKEY.

THE Special Correspondent of the *Times*, writing the other day from Therapia, after commenting with natural satisfaction on the fact that the present comparatively youthful Father of the Faithful is working out a silent, social, and political revolution among his subjects, by giving Parisian dinners, returning bows, handing about cigarettes, and offering chairs to aged Patriarchs, goes on to say:—

"More liberal views than his would not always be found among the Statesmen of constitutional countries; and one might reasonably expect, as well as hope, a good deal in the way of reform from ABDUL HAMID, if a long and peaceful reign gave him a fair chance."

No doubt the Special Correspondent is quite right; and the matter is one for sincere anticipatory congratulation. Still, as the advance of sweeping constitutional reform, as it were, hand in hand with a lighter sort of social refinement, suggests a novel but interesting aspect of history, *Mr. Punch* begs to offer the few following dates, which he has taken at random from a coming Oriental Primer, very respectfully to the consideration of MR. FREEMAN:—

1878. The SULTAN rides publicly on the knifeboard of a Christian omnibus through the main streets of Pera up to the gates of St. Sophia. Serious riots.

1880. Paper collars first worn in Constantinople on New Year's Day.

1882. An eleven of *Softas* play "All England" at Canterbury, making 13 in their two innings, MR. GRACE being against them, and walking out with his bat after scoring 7,056 runs in five days and a night. Serious riots in Constantinople.

1885. ABDUL HAMID walks about the streets of Stamboul in full dress on the fifth of November. Guy Faux Day solemnly observed in Turkey for the first time.

1887. Lawn-tennis played by the Ladies of the Seraglio in the gardens of the Golden Horn. Abolition of the *Yashmak*, and first appearance of five-guinea bonnets in Asia Minor. Serious riots.

1891. The "Young Turkey Eight" rows against Oxford, on the Thames from Putney to Mortlake, and goes down suddenly off the Soap Works. Time 57 minutes 19 seconds. Great rejoicings at Constantinople.

1892. Five o'clock tea, and use of Patent Filters, DU BARRY'S Revalenta Arabica, Glenfield Starch, Opera Hats, and Bicycles made compulsory on all adults between the ages of fourteen and ninety, by Turkish Act of Parliament.

1895. Severity of the penal code increased. Abolition of the bastinado, and substitution of British cross-examination.

1896. Opening of the first public-house in the Valley of Sweet Waters. Riot, and first appearance on the charge-sheet of a police-court, and fining five shillings, of the SHEIK-UL-ISLAM.

1897. Introduction of cheap and sound wines, of "his own selection," by GILBEY PASHA. General exodus of *Ra-hât-la-koûn* merchants, and collapse of the sherbet trade. Stamboul illuminated.

1898. Government importation of Trades' Unions, provincial Mayors, suburban races, Christy Minstrels, Obstructives, Penny Steamers, Music Halls, and Detectives.

1899. Cremation, and the use of Ginger-beer at dinner, made compulsory. Revolution.

1900. Return to the *status quo ante* at Constantinople, and final erection of permanent coloured statue to the memory of the late SULTAN at Madame TUSSAUD'S.

## A Passerine Plant.

A HERBALIST is stated, in a French paper, to have discovered that a herb called "passerage" possesses the inestimable property of attracting and poisoning Norfolk-Howards—of ignoble race, if occasionally partakers of noble blood. Every housekeeper, and still rather every lodger, would like to know what the herb called "passerage" is. But that it is so called not in English but in French, and is described in a French dictionary as one of the *Crucifera*, a literary costermonger might be tempted to suggest that "passerage" might mean sparrowgrass.

"THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND" (as sung by the British Butchers).—For further particulars apply at the American Meat Markets.





### A SKETCH IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

THE HUMBLE DAUGHTER OF GAUL (ABOUT WHOM WE WERE SO GUSHING IN OUR LAST) DOES NOT SHOW TO ADVANTAGE IN WHITE SATIN AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS; AND BIBI TARTEMPION, THE CHOSEN OF HER HEART, AND SUCH A JOLLY FELLOW IN HIS BLOUSE, IS NOT SEEN AT HIS BEST IN HIS BRIDAL ARRAY.

### THE GAME OF WAR—À LA RUSSE.

At one of the Battles of Plevna (that held upon the birthday of the Czar) the Emperor of RUSSIA was accommodated with a sort of Grand Stand, from whence his Majesty was able to view the conflict with safety and comfort. This is not the first time that the Russians have shown a desire to turn warfare into a spectacle. At the Battle of the Alma many Ladies from Sebastopol were present on the heights, and only disappeared when the victorious advance of the Allies made the booths literally too hot to hold them. Should this fashion become thoroughly established, we may expect to find the following letter appearing in one of the St. Petersburg Newspapers—say, for example, in that admirable specimen of Russian Journalism, the *Golos*.

(From Our Special Correspondent at the Imperial Head-Quarters.)

Thursday Morning.

Yesterday we had a most delightful entertainment. For some time it had been generally known in the Camp that great preparations were being made for a day's enjoyment at the Seat of War. All the Aides-de-Camp and General Officers not required at the front had been extremely busy in filling up cards of invitation intended for distribution amongst the fairest of the fair. The Couriers not only carried despatches to the Capital, but also scores of scented envelopes. Instead of discussions upon Military Tactics, conversations about Balls and Garden-Parties became the order of the day. Some of our younger Field-Officers had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in manœuvring—not in seizing fortresses, but in procuring "invites" for their female friends and relations; and many are the amusing stories that are told of the strategies to which some of these warriors resorted to obtain the much-coveted pieces of cardboard.

It was a delightful morning. The sun shone brightly, and the Military bands (which had been practising for days past) made the sharp, crisp air redolent of the softest music. The tents were decorated with flowers, and

the Sentries wore their Court Uniforms. The hospitals had been removed three miles to the rear, so that no ungainly sight should meet the view of the fair excursionists. Here and there little puffs of smoke in the distance told that a battle was going on somewhere. Fortunately the wind was in the right direction, and carried away the unsavoury vapour, so that there was no unpleasant odour of gunpowder in the Imperial marquee. On the contrary, the EMPEROR's tent had been profusely sprinkled with eau-de-Cologne and other refreshing scents. For months the Engineers had been engaged upon the construction of a road laid down with wood-pavement, so that the springs of the many graceful carriages carrying the fair guests to the Head-Quarters were not put to a test of unusual severity.

At noon the camp was thronged with Ladies wearing the most charming toilettes, which added to the glories of the scene. As usual, all the officers were a mass of gold and silver, bright helmets, and flowing plumes. The day commenced with a pic-nic in a most picturesque village which had been reduced to ruins by the bombardment of last month. A distinguished Stage-Manager from the Capital had made the most of his materials, and had rendered the little hamlet a perfect bower of bliss. Nothing could have been prettier than the quaintly-shaped walls decorated with artificial flowers, and the dismantled pump was simply charming in its new character of a crystal fountain. The *à fresco* meal consisted of all the delicacies of the season, and the gorgeously-liveried flunkies had no sinecure in their duty of opening bottles of sparkling champagne. At the end of the feast a most amusing incident occurred. At a signal from a General, a bombardment took place of tiny shells made of mother-of-pearl. Each Lady received one of these "projectiles," and found, to her relief, that it contained nothing more terrible than *bon-bons*. Playful shrieks and silvery ripples of laughter brought the pic-nic to a suitable conclusion. Later in the day the guests strolled to an observatory, where powerful telescopes had been planted. Through these glasses the movements of the troops in the far distance could be distinctly seen. A message was conveyed through the field telegraph to the officer commanding the troops at the front requesting him to have the kindness to order an attack to be made upon one of the enemy's forts for the amusement of the company. The desire met with a ready compliance, and for several minutes the guests were breathless with excitement. The younger Generals began betting with the fair sightseers about the fortunes of the fight, and in a very short time dozens of tiny kid gloves had been lost and won.

But perhaps the finest sight of all was the bombardment reserved for the evening. Immediately after the sun had set, and the land was lost in darkness, the heavens were illuminated with the fitful lights of a thousand explosive shells. Different coloured fires were also burned by the outposts, and a brilliant discharge of rockets from the Imperial Head-Quarters finished the display. After this, dancing commenced, and was continued until a late hour, when an Aide-de-Camp suggested that the carriages were in waiting. Taking the hint, the company immediately separated, declaring that they had never enjoyed a more delightful day.

As some complaints have been made that no supper was provided, it is only fair to state that the usual feast on such occasions was actually prepared, but that it was considered advisable, for military reasons, to dispense with its discussion.

It is now no secret that at about half-past eleven o'clock one of the enemy's shells exploded within five miles of the site of the Imperial Head-Quarters. Had this fact been known, the incident might have caused the greatest possible alarm and confusion amongst the guests.

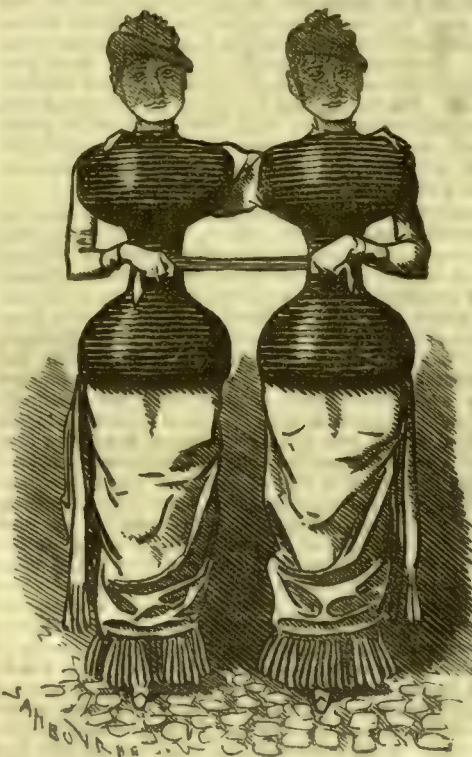
### Bloodshed and Baubles.

WHILE the Turks and Russians were slaying one another in numbers approaching thousands and tens of thousands at Plevna, telegrams from the scene of slaughter announced that Prince CHARLES of Roumania had been decorated with the Russian Cross of St. George, and that the Emperor of RUSSIA had received the grand cordon of the Star of Roumania. Brilliant illustrations of the vanity of human life!



## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Reports briefly on the Folly and Olympic, and is off on the Great Musical Festival at Leeds.)



EIGHO! The company at the Folly consists chiefly of two Kates and a Katherine, a Nelly, a Violet, a Rose, a Daisy, (isn't it nice!—O the Flowery Land!), a Louie (a Louie *d'or*, of course), and lots of other pretty names. Attractive this, isn't it? There are two young ladies with surnames only. One of these is an Angel, and the other is Imms. Of course they go well together, as an Angel should with Imms, whether WATTS's Imms or Imms Ancient and Modern. Fancy such a bevy of beauty! Ah! if I were not DIOGENES, would I be ALEXANDER (HENDERSON)? ALEXANDER is a great

commander, and I wish him success in his new campaign.

I didn't hear *Up the River*, or *Sea Nymphs*, but I was in time for *The Creole*. It is bright and pretty to the eye, full of life and movement. Miss KATHERINE MUNROE works hard to make something out of an uncongenial part. Miss NELLIE BROMLEY comes out strongly in the song where she imitates a tottering old man. That both ladies looked charming, *cela va sans dire*. Mr. HOWSON, as the *Commodore*, with the song of "*The Warbling Clobber*," is very good. The "Notaries" are not a patch upon the Gendarmes once so popular at the Philharmonic. Nor did I care about the "Kiss" song from *Bébé*. On the whole, however, Messrs. HENDERSON, REECH, and FARNIE have "scored" (to put it musically) a success at the Folly.

The Olympic deserves more than a passing notice, so I must return to *The Moonstone*, by WILKIE COLLINS, on the first opportunity, when I shall be able to report upon *England in the*, &c. Suffice it to say at present, without entering into details, that, like *The New Magdalen*, *The Moonstone* relies for its success on the dramatic strength of its situations.

Your Representative is a man of his word; he said last week he would go to Leeds, for the great Musical Festival, and faithfully has he kept his promise.

The arrival, at the Leeds Station, of Your Representative, was, I need hardly say, a triumph. The demonstration of one Porter was something to see. It was immense—for threepence. As for the Cabman, his enthusiasm was so overwhelming (he had been waiting for a job all day, he said, and this was the first money he'd taken) that he would willingly have removed his horse from the shafts, and have drawn the vehicle himself to the Queen's Hotel, had I only made it worth his while.

A magnificent spectacle the Hall, Sir, on the entry of Yours truly. Chorus of Ladies high up in the air, like sweet singing-birds, on either side of the Orchestra, and the male voices crowding the middle. Such a chorus! Such an audience! After bowing to the Mayor and the Committee, and intimating to Mr. WINGHAM that the business of the evening might commence, the band at once struck up the overture to the new Cantata, the *Fire-King*.

A prophet is not great, as a rule, I believe, in his own country, and if *Elijah* were given down in Judea, I've no doubt he wouldn't be thought much of, therefore as Mr. WALTER AUSTIN, the Composer of the new Cantata, is said to be "A native of Leeds" (and why not?), he ought to be highly gratified with the reception accorded to his work, and to himself, when cheered, at the conclusion, by the other natives of Leeds, who had *not* written Cantatas.

Mrs. OSGOOD and Madam PATEY did their best, the latter singing such a low note that the occupants of the front row of stalls looked under their seats, as if for something that the Lady had dropped, and which they were polite enough to pick up for her. Mr. LLOYD was enthusiastically and deservedly encoored (though the encoore was sensibly not taken) in a ballad of the Balfe style, "*The Past is but a troubled Dream*," which ought to be immensely popular everywhere, and would make the fortune of any drawing-room tenor; and in "*To Arms! To Arms!*" which he gave in such spirited style, as caused Your Representative to regret that the singer was not in a Tannhäuser-like suit of armour, addressing a crowd of chorus and supers attired as warriors of the most unlimited bravery. For success, the Cantata was, from the first tenor song, "insured at LLOYD's."

Setting aside the occasion of its production (and, undeniably, the work was not big enough for the great Leeds Festival) the Composer is to be congratulated on the *Cantata* itself, taken for what it is, and as affording much promise for the future. If in choosing this exceptional time for a first attempt, Mr. AUSTIN's friends showed more zeal than discretion, it must not be forgotten that in the North the reading of the old Proverb is, "Friends in Leeds are friends in deeds," and a young Composer cannot be blamed for jumping at such an offer.

But what of Professor MACFARREN's *Joseph*? Magnificently interpreted by Mdle. ALBANI, Mesdames EDITH WYNNE and PATEY, Messrs. SANTLEY, LLOYD, Signor FOLI, and the unrivalled Chorus, which is the crown and glory of the Leeds Festival, the new Oratorio achieved an unequivocal success. It was indeed a touching spectacle when the gifted Composer was led forward by his brother to hear the acclamations, which resounded from every part of the Hall.

Fresh from the scene, I confess myself unwilling to treat lightly one single detail of this great performance. For some future time I will reserve what remarks I have to offer on the libretto and style of Oratorios generally, where the sublime so often touches the ridiculous; but, for this present, I can only say that to have heard the first performance of *Joseph* at the Leeds Festival, and to have assisted, heart and voice, at the ovation given to Professor MACFARREN, will ever be remembered as a real and true pleasure by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## VERY INDIRECT DAMAGES.

(Being a few Items omitted, evidently by mistake, from a recent Bill of Costs.)

To Printer, for 500 posters offering a reward for capture of rebel ironclad.	£	s.	d.
	10	0	0
Refreshment for small garrison of Pacocha, and chairs on beach for same while watching combat in the bay.	0	5	9
New Hat for the President of the Republic, crushed while calming the feelings of the mob at Callao.	0	14	9
Consulting local Solicitor as to the bearing of International Law on the case.	0	6	8
Two glasses of Sherry for same.	0	1	0
Fee to Dramatic Author for suggesting effective phraseology in which to couch demand for reparation and damages from British Government.	0	5	0
To General Expenses incurred by the President while travelling about to ensure the safety of the State, say	63	0	0
<i>Douceur</i> to same for doing his duty in a crisis.	100	0	0
And, Indemnity to satisfy the outraged honour of the nation.	5	0	0

£179 13 2

N.B.—The above amount will not be received in Peruvian Bonds.

## A FEW NOVELTIES.

A SENSATION Drama that does not depend upon fireworks or shower-baths for its success.

A Newspaper that does not appear to supply a want in journalism and to offer tradesmen an excellent medium for Advertisements.

A Novel, written by a Lady, that is not too weak for males nor too strong for females.

A Club that is not opened with a view to obtaining a most exclusive list of members, by admitting men without ballot and minus entrance fees.

A Route to the Continent that does not profess to be the cheapest and most pleasant means of getting from England to the rest of Europe.

A description of a Battle that is not more or less influenced by the political opinions of the "word-painter."

And lastly (the greatest novelties of all), a comic Comic Song, a witty Witticism, and a new item of News.



## DELIGHTFUL DRESSES.



RESERVE, that the domain of Social Science is taken to include the province of Art. So at least it seems from the circumstance that a Section of the latter took part last week in the Congress of the former at Aberdeen, and discussed Art competitions, and taste for Art furniture, *bric-à-brac*, and china; thereafter likewise canvassed a paper read by Miss BURTON on "Beauty not incompatible with Labour." According to a report, which omits to say whether or no there arose any question if domestic service in the capacity of JOHN THOMAS or MARY ANNE was to be called "labour," and was injurious, or harmless, or even beneficial to personal appearance, and what effect, in point of beauty, hard work had, generally,

upon fishwives, washerwomen, and charwomen:—

"Miss LYDIA BECKER took part in the discussion. She insisted that the principles of Art might as well be applied to dress as to pictures. She approved the sentiment of a Frenchman who said that a well-dressed lady had a sense of inward tranquillity which religion could not bestow."

There is an appropriate smartness in this argument for smart dressing—if "smart" is a word applicable to dress designed upon any principles of Art. Probably, the Frenchman's idea of a well-dressed lady, whose dress inspired her with a peace of mind exceeding the serenity of a saint, did not exactly correspond to that of a Minerva or even a Venus in antique drapery. Nor is that perhaps the kind of dress which Miss BECKER means, for she can hardly have ever worn it, and yet she must have experienced, to understand, the sense her Frenchman declares to be enjoyed by a well-dressed lady. Perhaps it is her habitual frame of mind. Who would not go some way to see Miss LYDIA BECKER in the costume which so interiorly delights a lady well dressed?

Does not the sentiment as to dress, however, which Miss BECKER approves of, literally considered, savour originally rather of an *esprit fort*; although sympathy with it can scarcely have been acquired in companionship with "strong-minded women"? Let Miss LYDIA look out for very serious censure on her expression of that sympathy. She may expect to get severely preached at in an occasional discourse shortly to be delivered by a Right Reverend Bishop accustomed to understand epigrams, and other sayings, not intended for ears of his kind, in their literal sense.

## THE LAST OF A FEW DAYS IN A COUNTRY-HOUSE.

*The Morning after—Breakfast—Grumpiness—Everybody Wrong—Threatening of Storm—Chaff—First Disagreeable—Second—Third—All Disagreeables—Division—Parting Shots—The Last to Leave—The Telegram—The Note—A Cheerful Arrival—My Departure—BOODELS' Consolation—End.*

THE morning after the Symposium. Irregular breakfast. Dull morning. Leadens sky. Everything damp, specially the boots, which come up as if they'd been cleaned under the pump. A slimy chill about the atmosphere generally, such as one might feel for a minute or two after putting one's hand suddenly and unexpectedly on a pond-frog. The perverse glass in the hall is, of course, going up. The eccentric weathercook in the meadow is twisting about, restlessly, up above, as much as to say, "Here's your fine fresh air! Climb up here! Here's your fine fresh air at the top of the pole!"

As we drop in, one by one, to breakfast, Mrs. BUDDERMER (in a long green velvet dress, and a very pronounced gold chain round her neck, and tucked in at her waist somewhere, suggesting the idea of a Diana Vernon who had been made Lady Mayoress) holds up her hands, and pretends to be shocked. Miss BUDDERMER blushes and simpers. I observe to her, "We were rather late last night, Miss BUDDERMER." She replies, in her usual startled manner, "Yes—very." Then she blushes deeper than ever, simpers ner-

vously, and hurriedly putting up her *pince-nez* looks straight through it, earnestly, at the tea-urn, as if for protection.

BUDDERMER has, as usual, been down before any of us, and is seated on the *Telegraph* reading the *Times*. MUMLEY the Poet has intimated that he does not wish for any breakfast, and has gone as far as the Pond to look at the Trimmer.

MILBURD is less noisy than usual, and asks for a bloater. He speaks of himself as "feeling a bit chippy," and wonders how CALTOP got home. We all wonder how CALTOP got home; for, as no one saw him leave, there is a generally pervading idea that he is still in the house, having perhaps tumbled into the hat-and-cloak closet, and there passed the night.

BOODELS comes down, complaining bitterly of a headache. He will take nothing but very hot tea, and very dry toast. He remarks that he can't account for his feeling so unwell this morning, as last night he didn't sit up later than usual, and really did not take half so much as he ordinarily does. POGMORE the Composer, who looks pale about the cheeks and very red about the eyes, but who tries to keep up an air of forced gaiety, observes that *he* thinks everyone had too much last night.

BOODELS won't admit it for an instant. "You may have had too much," he says to POGMORE. "I hadn't; and I'm sure no one else had."

At this, the Bald Philosopher, from behind his newspaper, elevates his eyebrows, but makes no observation. POGMORE looks at MILBURD and myself significantly, and MILBURD says,

"Well, I fancy that CALTOP had as much as was good for him." Thereby evidently intending that the gentleman in question had taken more than was good for him.

"No," BOODELS replies positively, and really charitably, "I don't think so. In fact," he adds, which, by the way, shows his reason for acquitting CALTOP of inebriety, "I don't think anyone took too much. I know I didn't!"

"At all events," says POGMORE, sticking to his point, "no one can eat breakfast this morning."

"That's the weather," retorts BOODELS, becoming rather annoyed at POGMORE's persistence in charging him and his guests with an orgie. "Besides," he adds, looking round, "it strikes me everyone has made a very good breakfast."

"Capital!" cries MILBURD. To which sentiment I also respond affirmatively, feeling it due to BOODELS as our host.

"I'm afraid we kept you up very late, Mrs. BUDDERMER," BOODELS says courteously, but inquisitively, as if *her* evidence on the matter would settle the question.

"Oh, not at all!" she replies, cheerfully; "I'm accustomed to it. When we were at Swyllin—Lord LUSHBOROUGH's place, you know—in Hertfordshire—we used to sit up much later than that every evening."

BUDDERMER, having finished his papers, and probably foreseeing that he will be lugged in to corroborate his wife's recollections of the aristocracy, rises, stretches himself, walks to the window, looks out, and observes, "I wonder where the Hare is this morning?"

He refers to the hare, or rabbit, which has regularly come out to feed on the Lawn since we've been in the house. For a *bald* man, in the presence of such a professional wag as MILBURD, he could not have made a more unfortunate remark.

"Where's the Hare?" repeats MILBURD. "Why, that's what you must say every morning when you look in the glass! Ha! ha! ha!" And MILBURD roars. Then, seeing that Mrs. BUDDERMER is bridling up, that Miss BUDDERMER is blushing, and that everyone is made uncomfortable by this personality, he bursts into a guffaw, slaps BUDDERMER on the back, "Eh? Ha! ha! ha! Where's the hare? Eh?" Then, holding his victim's elbow, and addressing us, he shouts, "That's what he asks every morning! The long-lost hare! Eh? Have you got a strawberry-mark on your left arm?" This to BUDDERMER, who is stroking his beard, and trying hard to preserve his philosophic calm; but he is glaring dangerously. Under much of this torture BUDDERMER would go mad.

Unfortunately, MILBURD is not to be put down by any repartee, however brilliant, or by any retort, however rude. In either case he will simply repeat his own jest with louder laughter and more slaps on his victim's back, or digs in his victim's ribs. Nor is he to be put down by brute force, for MILBURD Junior is a cricketer, an athlete, and as strong as a cart-horse. He is a sort of Frankenstein's Monster suddenly become a stupid jester and perpetual practical joker, and we, *pro tem.*, are Frankensteins, each in turn.

Mrs. BUDDERMER leaves the room, followed by her daughter. BUDDERMER stalks out by the window, and the rabbit or hare, or whatever it is, frightened, makes a bolt into the laurels. He walks round the house, frowning, and subsequently is seen to join the Poet at the Pond. When we next observe them they are standing gloomily, about three yards apart, with their backs to the house, contemplating the Pond, while between them stands, sympathetically, the Peruvian Goose with the port-wine beak. The three are as motionless, with the exception of an occasional sign of life in the Goose's tail plumage, as if they'd been frozen up on the spot.





### AN ARRANGEMENT IN "FIDDLE-DE-DEE."

BOODELS is annoyed with MILBURD, who, in a huff, replies that BUDDERMER is an old ass if he can't take a joke. BOODELS begs MILBURD to remember that not everyone can stand chaff; to which MILBURD replies that those who can't had better remain in their own rooms. Pause: verge of row. POGMORE, with a view to changing the subject pleasantly, tells us that he is going to try something of his own composition on the piano previous to writing it out.

BOODELS, from behind the *Daily Telegraph*, growls out, "What more of your rubbish? Mind you don't bother the Ladies; and if you're going to strum on the piano, shut the doors!"

"Oh, I won't play at all, if you don't like it," says POGMORE, very angrily, grasping the door-handle.

"I don't mind," returns BOODELS, still reading the *Daily Telegraph*, as if he didn't want to be bothered. "I don't mind, as long as I don't hear it. That's all."

POGMORE quits the room in a fury. I do pity him. Fancy a young HANDEL being told by a friend not to "strum his rubbish on the piano!" In another second he has banged a hat on his head, and with both hands rammed into his trousers' pockets, he is walking with an agitated step, towards the Pond.

"Come," says MILBURD to BOODELS, "don't you talk to me about chaff! Why, that's far worse than anything I said to BUDDERMER."

But BOODELS takes no notice of the retort, and continues reading most provokingly. I have the *Times*. MILBURD leaves the room sullenly. After a short deliberation he takes one of BOODELS' favourite sticks (an ebony cane, with a silver lizard curled round the top),

and switching the flowers as he goes, walks leisurely towards the Pond. Now nothing irritates BOODELS so much as anyone walking off with this particular cane. I foresee a row when I catch sight, from the Library window, of MILBURD's proceedings.

I see the three at the Pond. All gloomy, as if meditating suicide. The two Ladies, wrapped up, are strolling on the paths. Presently they join the gentlemen at the Pond. Evidently a conspiracy.

Another moment, and I hear the Dog with the bells scampering about and barking; also another dog. From which I infer that BOODELS is in the hall getting his hat, previous to going out "for a turn."

There is a great rattling of the umbrella-stand, and a shaking of all sorts of things in the Hall.

Then the Butler's voice, "I don't know where it is, Sir."

Then BOODELS', angrily demanding, "Who cleans the Hall in the morning?" Then the Butler calling the Maid. Cross-examination of the Maid. She's certain she didn't move it. It was here this morning, she's sure. The Butler, too, will swear to having seen it yesterday. BOODELS more and more angry. He bursts into the Library.

"Have you taken it?" he asks, abruptly. "What?"

"My ebony cane with the lizard top." No, I haven't. But, I suggest, rather maliciously (because why should he always suspect me of taking everything?—as, a fact, he always does) "Perhaps one of the others has got it."

He won't go out without it; not even into the kitchen-garden. It has become a necessity. The Butler will go and ask if anyone's got it, and, if they have, he will bring it back. From the window we see the Butler on his way to the Pond. We witness his reception by the assembled conspirators. It is all pantomime action to us. It does not inspire confidence in the result. All that BOODELS has said, since sending the Butler, is, as he stood at the window eyeing the scene, "I hate practical jokes." This is meant as a warning to me, not to take one of his sticks.

The Butler returns empty-handed. With a half-grin he says (more to me than to his master), "Mr. MILBURD says, Sir, as he's very sorry, but in trying to catch the Eel, the stick tumbled into the Pond."

"Nonsense!" exclaims BOODELS, exploding.

In a second he is down at the Pond, myself after him. We are all at the Pond now. MILBURD insists on the stick having fallen in, and tells BOODELS, if he doubts him, to go into the Pond and see, and offers to buy him another, in the Lowther Arcade, for fourpence-halfpenny. This is too much. BOODELS accuses MILBURD of upsetting everybody, and of being rude to the BUDDERMERS. MILBURD appeals to the latter. The Ladies are sure that Mr. MILBURD was not intentionally rude; while BUDDERMER, who has suffered, most magnanimously, replies that, for his part, he doesn't mind being chaffed. "Of course, you don't!" returns MILBURD, enthusiastically, and with a hearty slap on BUDDERMER's shoulder that makes the Philosopher wince, and causes him to add with considerable feeling, "But I protest against being hit on every possible occasion."

MILBURD roars, and shakes the Philosopher's elbow, saying, "Why that's half the fun. You'll enjoy it when you're used to it. Let me give you a good whack now, and see how you'll laugh."





### "NEVER SAY DIE!"

*Mrs. Merrythought.* "SHALL WE WALK HOME THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD, LOVE, OR BY THE——"

*Mr. Merrythought (who will not look at the bright side of things).* "WHAT'S THE GOOD OF GOING THROUGH THE CHURCHYARD, MY DEAR!—I SHALL BE THERE SOON ENOUGH!"

BUDDERMER, however, retires a few paces, holding up his hand deprecatingly.

"No, thank you," he says, "one must draw the line somewhere."

"Yes, draw a line in the Pond," returns MILBURN the incorrigible, "and bring up the Eel and the Stick. 'I say,' he shouts to BOODELS, 'I dare say the Eel is walking about with it in the mud, and POGMORE can put him into his Oratorio. Solo for Eel on going into the Ark. Ha! ha! ha!'"

BOODELS walks away. It is of no avail that, subsequently, MILBURN reproduces the Stick, and pretends to present it, as a testimonial, to BOODELS from his admiring friends. This evening BOODELS draws our attention to a calendar, and shows us the dates he has arranged for certain guests to come.

He says, as if he were merely giving us hints on how to conduct an establishment, "You see if one didn't do this, I should never be able to get all my friends here. Everyone understands that, you know; and so I always name the day of arrival and of departure, so that *they* can arrange their own plans elsewhere. It's so much better to do it in this way."

Mrs. BUDDERMER, very shortly, agrees with BOODELS. "Oh, of course," she says, "it's the *only* way. You're quite right. You know I told you we couldn't stop beyond to-morrow, as JOHN and myself have to go home first, and then to the North to Kupford—Sir MINTON BURRIDGE's place. Sir MINTON is a connection of ours, you know, so we are bound to go to him, and we shall be *there* for three weeks or a month."

This is (as CALTOP would have said) "a nasty one" for BOODELS, who has now to pretend that the BUDDERMERS' departure quite takes him by surprise.

MUMLEY says he finds the atmosphere here uncongenial to composition, and that he wants to get somewhere where he can breathe. He explains himself as not intending any snub to BOODELS, by adding, "You see in some places I feel I am at once inspired! In others I don't." He has decided to leave to-morrow morning, to seek inspiration.

POGMORE gives BOODELS a parting dig by observing, "Sorry I must go, old fellow; but I must get on with what you call 'my

rubbish,' and to be in a room alone, with pens, ink, and paper, and a piano, is an absolute necessity for *me*."

"I'm coming to stop with you," says MILBURN in BOODELS' hearing to DICK CALTOP, who has driven round in a pony-trap in which he is seated at the door, having pulled up with a loud shout of "Woa, Emma!"

"Right you are!" replies CALTOP. "How's the Governor to-day?" meaning BOODELS, who speaks of himself as being *not* very well.

"Another good man gone wrong?" exclaims CALTOP laughing, whereat MILBURN laughs too.

"I thought you wired in a bit too much last night. I'm altogether rumbo," he admits; by which we take him to mean that he is not quite so well as might have been expected. This is how *we* translate "rumbo." "I'll take you now, if you're ready," he adds.

The Butler, hearing this, asks MILBURN if he shall pack up for him, as it won't take five minutes.

"Yes," cries CALTOP, "put 'em in the bag!" and within a quarter-of-an-hour MILBURN has driven off with his friend.

"I hate everyone going at once," BOODELS confides to me when they've all retired early. "It's so dull in a house which has been full of company."

It is. And that's the reason why I'm going away too. I don't like to mention this. Next morning, on pretence of seeing the Post off, who is going by the first train, I stop at the telegraph-office, and wire to a friend, answer paid, to send me a business message compelling my immediate presence.

All the guests leave before BOODELS is up. My telegram arrives just as he comes down to breakfast. I break its contents to him gently.

He tries to induce me to stay by hinting that "Now they've all gone, and it's quite quiet down by the Pond, *we may have some sport*."

"No," I say, pleasantly. "We must leave the Eel for another time." In fact I know well enough that he no more believes in the Eel than I do.

A letter by post for BOODELS. He brightens up.



"It's from DULTON!" he cries, delighted. Then he rings for the Butler, and says, triumphantly, "Mr. DULTON's coming down this afternoon," and he gives directions for my room being immediately prepared for the visitor.

I have a great mind to stay, and see if there is such a person, as it occurs to me that the coming of DULTON is about as real as the business of importance in my telegram.

BOODELS is in ecstasies about DULTON. "He is," he says, "the most charming fellow. His information on every subject is something quite marvellous. BUDDERMER couldn't hold a candle to him. Besides DULTON has his own original ideas, and BUDDERMER hasn't. He plays and sings delightfully, and never refuses when he's asked, as POORE does; and then he is a thorough musician. He writes in most of the magazines, and many of his poems are worthy of TENNYSON at his best, and he's not so conceited about it as MUMLEY is. DULTON will read his poems to you without affectation; MUMLEY won't; he thinks that he's throwing pearls to swine."

"DULTON," I observe, "must be a clever fellow."

"Clever!" cries BOODELS. "He is clever! And so funny! Real humour! not stupid practical jokes like MILBURN'S. Some of DULTON'S stories have kept me laughing—crying with laughter—for hours. And the way he tells them! I really do not know any one," says BOODELS, summing up, "who is so thoroughly good a companion as DULTON."

"Is there a Mrs. DULTON?" I ask.

"Ah, I hope she'll come too," replies BOODELS, who I notice, by not giving a direct answer to my question, confirms my suspicion as to the total unsubstantiality of the DULTONS: "for," he continues, "she is simply the loveliest woman I ever saw. A perfect lady! She goes about three times as much as Mrs. BUDDERMER, and into the very highest society—I know she often goes to tea at Windsor Castle in the QUEEN'S private apartments, who consults her on all

sorts of subjects; she's a great friend of the QUEEN'S—but she isn't always talking about the aristocracy as Mrs. BUDDERMER is. When people talk so much about it, I don't believe 'em."

Consequently, if all this is true, the DULTONS in their two selves represent, only in perfection, all the talents of the recent party. But I can't stop to see these *rare aves* without my telegram plan being discovered. So I congratulate BOODELS on the accession of DULTON, and, thanking him for a very pleasant time, take my departure.

As I am stepping into my fly at the door, a short man, in a suit of dittos, an old umbrella, and a dingy, out-of-shape wideawake, followed by a boy with a florid carpet bag, walks up, very warm and very dirty.

"Is M—M—M—M—Mister Boo—HOO—HOO—HOO—HOO—HOO—DELS in?" he asks, in a very loud voice, and with the most determined and provoking stutter.

BOODELS steps forward.

"Hallo, DULTON!" he exclaims; "I'm delighted to see you." And he tries to draw him out of earshot. But DULTON cannot be got out of earshot so easily.

"I've cur—cur—cur—cur—come down," I hear him saying, "to sus—sus—sus—see you. Der—der—der—did you get my lel—lel—lel—lel—letter, eh?"

DULTON may be the cleverest and brightest and most amusing creature in the world, his stories may be the most laughable, but his way of telling them must be wildly irritating. BOODELS is welcome to him. But what desolation, after a week of company, to be left in an old house, in damp, heavy weather, with only a stuttering man for a companion!

And so I return to Town, after my Few Days in a Country-House, —i.e., chez BOODELS of Boodels.

### PUNCH'S REVISED PROVERBS.



HE question has often been put to *Punch*, "What are Proverbs?" He gives the most classical answers:—

1. Wise Saws.
2. The Wisdom of Many and the Wit of One.
3. The Concentrated Idiocy of all the Ages.
4. Nothing in particular, and less in general.

The last definition is *Punch's* own; everybody knows where the others come from. But the time has arrived for a careful and

genuine revision of the most famous of these sayings, and in no periodical but *Punch* could an honest revision appear. This week he gives the following samples:—

1. *He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing.* Not a bit of it! Your friend borrows a sovereign from you; look at his face as he receives it; it's radiant! He goes a sorrowing? Not he. It's the Lender who goes sorrowing. The Proverb should be revised, "He who goes a lending will go a mending." That's another fact altogether and dreadfully true to experience. Hasn't *Punch* experienced it often? But he will not mention names.

2. *A Stitch in time saves Nine.* Nine of what? Let us have rhythm, as Mr. SWINBURNE used to say, or let us die! The proverb, in proper rhythm, would read, "A Stitch in time saves Stitches Nine." But who cares for stitches in time now-a-days? Nobody ever heard the proverb quoted by a tailor, and tailors know more about stitches than anybody besides. The present generation have no holes stitched. The hole appears, and the garment disappears. *Punch* suggests a revision which is a revision. He got it from a specimen English workman. It is—"A Kick in time saves Nine." That's what the English workman, the day after marriage, says to his wife, when he administers Number One with his nailed boots.

3. *The World knows nothing of its Greatest Men.* It is many years since *Punch* read HENRY TAYLOR'S *Philip van Artevelde*, and many years since anybody else read it. This is a quotation from it, but it ought to read, "The World knows little of its Greatest Men." Doesn't it? The World knows a little too much of them. Hasn't it had *Greville Memoirs*? aren't speeches reported by the yard every day? doesn't Mr. GLADSTONE write a letter every minute of his life? doesn't the *New York Herald* interview every growing giant? Pooh! HENRY TAYLOR wrote this in the green of his youth. If he had to write now, he would say, "The world grows sick with knowledge of its greatest men." And doesn't it?

There are nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine proverbs. *Punch* intends to revise them all.

### THE NEXT SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

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### Of the Leeds Choir.

WRITING of the magnificent performance of the unrivalled chorus at the recent Leeds Festival, a critic spoke of "its volume of sound." Our Representative says that this description is most inadequate: instead of "volume," it should have been "a whole library."





## METEOROLOGICAL.

*'Mistress (to old Coachman, who had undertaken the charge of the new Rain-Gauge). "WELL, JENKINS, HOW MANY INCHES HAS IT REGISTERED?"*

*Old Jenkins. "I KNOW NOWT ABOUT INCHES, M'UM, BUT I MUST A' EMPTIED OUT SOMEWHERE ABOUT A PINT OR A PINT AND A 'ALF!"*

## GAIN AND LOSS.

## HAWFINCH to BRIGHT.

THY discourse up at Rochdale, I read droo, Friend BRIGHT.  
About Ziunee and Art all thee sedst med be right.  
'Tis a wonder to think now what things we enjoys,  
Which our veathers know'd not, nor we nuther when boys.

We gooz fast in this raailwaay and steam-vessel age  
To what they and we used to by saail and by stage;  
And, for haste, what moor speed ood a martial desire  
Than the flash of a messidge by telegraaf-wire?

And 'tis true we're a gettun our likenusses done,  
As folks farmerly oodun't, by manes o' the zun.  
And the peapers be brought every marn to the door  
By the yeapeny poast, as they wuzzun't afor.

And the news by the people be purty well read,  
Eddicaishun and larnun so wide ha ben spread.  
Every clodhopper knows his Three R's a'most now;  
For we zends 'un to school 'fore we zends 'un to plough.

All that there's verree well, and, mooroaver, the fields  
Agricultural projuice moor plentiful yields.  
We meaks dree blades o' earn grow where one grow'd of old;  
And our root-crops has likewise increased manifold.

But the hedge-rows wi' roses as used fur to blow,  
High farmun's grubbed most on 'um up, thee must know.  
There's no doubt that supply have increased wi' demand;  
But the beantees o' Natur's nigh swep' off the land.

And we doan't use up all the mancoover o' towns,  
Though we spreads what we can on our medders and downs;

## DOCTORS IN DESTITUTION.

BE it hereby known that the British Medical Benevolent Fund, and especially its Immediate Relief Department, is in want of funds. Know all men, and not only medical men; know Ladies also: know all whom it concerns, that is, everybody with a guinea to spare, that there are many Physicians, Surgeons, and General Practitioners, and also Widows and Orphans of Medical Men, in states of sickness and poverty, for whose relief the need is urgent. To this end, as well as to that of providing more permanently for such victims of misfortune, the British Medical Benevolent Fund was established in 1836. Its President is Sir GEORGE BURROWS, and its Vice-Presidents include Sir RICHARD WALLACE, Sir W. GULL, Sir W. JENNER, Sir JAMES PAGET, and Mr. ERASMUS WILSON.

Whilst we send doctors to minister to the miseries which semi-barbarous aliens are doing their utmost to inflict on one another, shall destitute members of the Medical Profession remain uncared for at home? Shall they, rather than Indians, be suffered to starve?

The London Medical Schools opened on the first instant. In the introductory lectures delivered on that occasion, students were not, perhaps, informed, by way of encouragement to persevere in their profession, that the British Medical Benevolent Fund wanted support.

Perhaps there may appear some fitness of things in a suggestion which may be offered to the clergy. Could not reverend preachers of charity sermons especially advocate the claims of distressed and diseased medical practitioners in connection with the British Medical Benevolent Fund on "Hospital Sunday"?

## Young and Old.

THE statistical proof of the increasing average duration of human life is pleasantly supplemented by the want thus proclaimed in a morning contemporary:—

**WANTED**, by a respectable GIRL (age 44) a SITUATION as UNDER-NURSE in a Gentleman's family. Fond of children. Wages, £8.—Address, &c.

"Quite a young thing!" That is, of course, what a not very old woman of ninety would call a "respectable Girl aged forty-four." So, by parity of speech, a centenarian might describe a man of between forty and fifty as "a mere boy."

Zo the rest on't is pow'd into rivers, once clean,  
But the bottom whereof bain't no moor to be seen.

Art and Ziunee, and School, and improvun the mind,  
Ha done zum good to we, and the rest o' mankind;  
But look yander there, 'spite all their wonderful works,  
And zee what's gwiun on 'twixt the Rooshans and Turks!

Why, 'tis Ziunee and Art as supplies 'um the manes  
Wi' their arms o' precizhun o' blowun out brains.  
'Mongst fine things that our sires hadn't got, like their sons,  
Be torpedoes, britch-loaders, and aaity-ton guns.

Just thee think what a price mate have rose to a pound,  
And how scarce eyesters is where they used to abound.  
But there, graaizhurs must live—to own that I'll agree;  
And dear eyesters in Town doan't much matter to me.

There's one thing in the times thee comparest wi' these here,  
That was plenty, now rare, and that's good home-brew'd beer.  
Ale as sparkled and foamed, and as made the heart glad—  
But no stingo bain't hardly no moor to be had.

That wus draa'd from the barrel to comfort a chap.  
Woe the day when the Beer-Engine cut out the Chap!  
That's a present from Ziunee and Art to bewail:  
Art and Ziunee, between 'um, ha' rewun'd our ale.

## TOKEN AND SIGN.

ONE of the four evils which the Bishop of MANCHESTER denominates "tokens" is "the pestilence." Certainly a pestilence is now well known to be a token of dirt and defective drainage.

ROYAL BLUR.—King Indigo.





## SIX OF ONE, HALF-A-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.

Three of our Countrywomen Abroad. "WELL, I NEVER! TO TURN ROUND, AND STARE AT ONE LIKE THAT!"

## FROM THE TOMB.

"Socialism has removed to other countries, powerful and glorious, which are pre-occupied with it without making it a subject of alarm, for they know that real or affected fear serves only to render epidemics more dangerous, and they see that for moral epidemics the only efficacious remedy is time, reason, and liberty."—M. THIERS'S *Political Testament*.

Nor oft amidst the conflicts of to-day  
Comes counsel from the grave to point the way  
To a fair morrow; but the Sage, whose speech,  
Living, his land could wisely guide and teach,  
Speaks now, as from the shadows, with a voice  
Whereat all patriot hearts may well rejoice.  
A legacy of more than golden worth!  
Seen in its light, tongue-tricks of later birth  
Seem doubly fustian. How this Parthian dart,  
From a dead hand, hits humbug to the heart!  
Pierces with polished shaft of honest sense  
What pompous falsehood, what big-blown pretence!  
Ulysses' bow, bent even from the Shades,  
Should scare the squabbling suitors; and the trades  
Of Bogey-making and *Blague*-masking—crafts  
Whose lurking players shrink from Satire's shafts—  
May dread a hand which even from the grave  
Strips off the scare-crow rags, or trappings brave,  
With which the foes of Freedom are so prone  
To impair *her* aspect, or improve their own.  
Rig the Red Spectre in another guise;  
Flaunt it once more before the troubled eyes  
Of frightened France? Trick tyrant power again  
In plumes of "peace and order"? All in vain!  
Will the keen Gaul be gulled with such stale sleight,  
Thrice-exposed hocus-pocus? Must the blight  
Of fear-inspired fatuity fall once more  
On Freedom's budding promise? Which restore  
Of all the oft-wrecked rivalries, to make  
Fair France once more the reckless Gamblers' stake,  
Lost ever in the issue? Church or Throne,  
Flouting all peace, all order, save its own,

Stands self-condemned as a self-seeking sham;  
The Wolf who blames the blood-thirst of the Lamb.  
THIERS, from out his tomb, has torn the mask  
Off such false posturers; a patriot task,  
Whose fine achievement is a fitting crown  
To his long labours and his fair renown.  
Legality and loyalty both claimed  
For the Republic, not its foes! Well aimed,  
Keen Archer! France's would-be Masters whelmed  
With ridicule, each champion unhelmed  
With one straight lance-thrust from a biting wit!  
Fair charge i' faith! Will France not follow it?  
Sick as she is, is she not fain to try  
Her Patriot's cure—Time, Reason, Liberty?

## A FALSE POLONIUS.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a communication to the *Daily Telegraph*, refuting the statement that he had written a Greek merchant at Constantinople letters advising the Greeks to "unite with the Slavs in an attack upon the Turks," observes, with reference to a Special Correspondent of the *Telegraph*, who had sent that statement to that journal:—

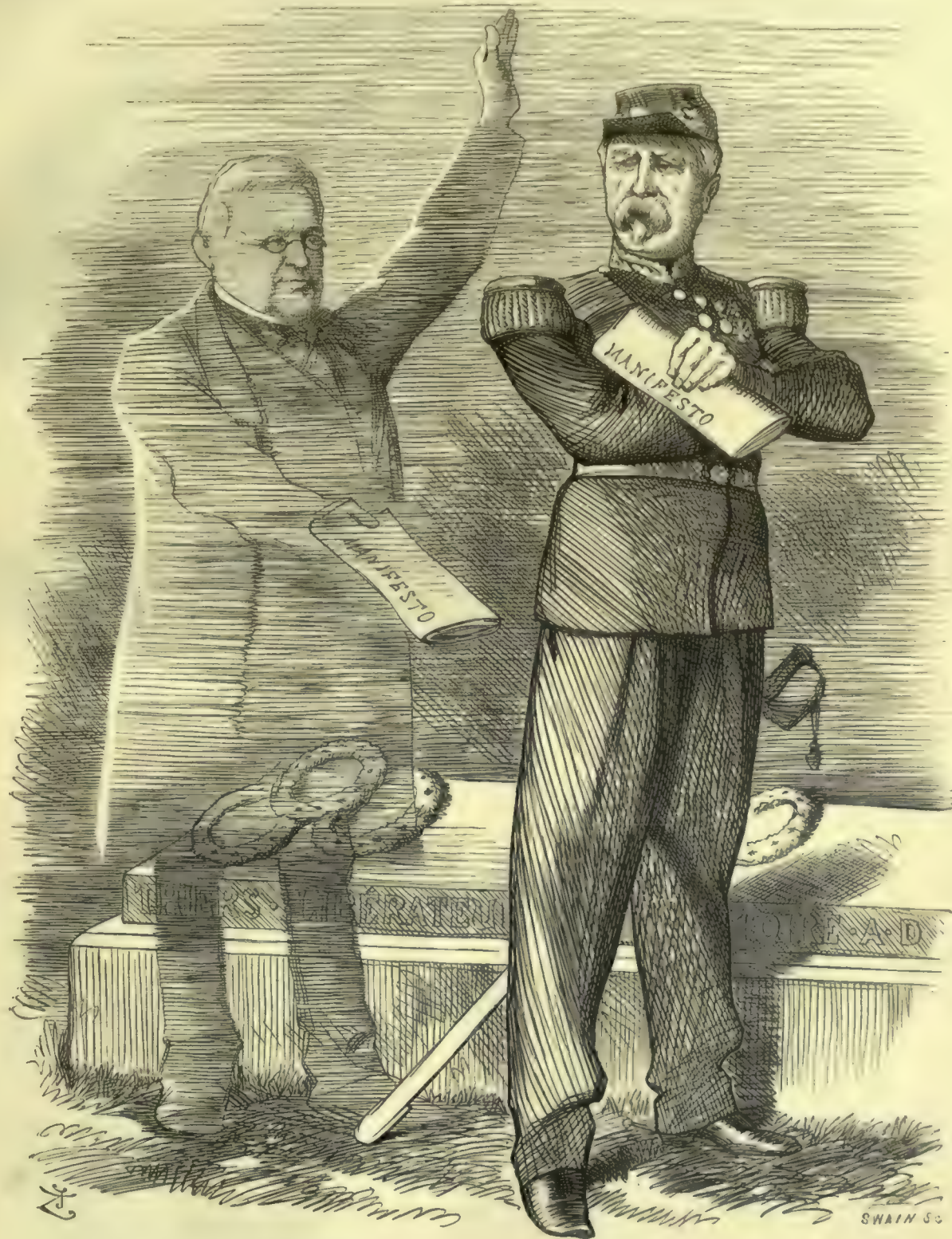
"It is, however, plain that he has been no more than a dupe in the business. There is some *Polonius* behind the curtain, and I call upon him to come out."

So did not *Hamlet*. What he did, everybody knows. "Dead, for a ducat, dead!" MR. GLADSTONE, of course, would not, if he could, serve his *Polonius* so; but if he could, and were to, *Polonius* would only be requited for stabbing in the dark. WILLIAM does not, like *Hamlet*, call his *Polonius* a rat. Would it, however, not be tolerably correct to give that name to a creature that gnaws at a reputation?

## BLOOMERS BY HALVES.

An advertisement in the *Post* announces the introduction of "CORDUROY JACKETS FOR LADIES." Corduroy *Jackets*. What next?





## TWO MANIFESTOES.

(A VOICE FROM THE TOMB.)

SHADE OF THIERS. "I AM NO LONGER A RIVAL! BE WARNED IN TIME! MAINTAIN THE REPUBLIC!"









## EGG-FLIPPANCY.

"CONFOUND IT, WAITER!—HOW LONG DO YOU KEEP EGGS?"  
 "TILL THEY'RE ATE, SOR!"

## FRIENDS IN COUNCIL;

OR, THE THREE CHAMPIONS OF CRESCENTDOM.

INTERLOCUTORS:

Mrs. SAIREY GAMP, Mrs. BETSY PRIG, and Mrs. P. M. G. HARRIS.

*Mrs. Gamp (with pardonable triumph).* BETSEY PRIG, my dear creetur, allow me to interjuce to you my pertikler friend, Mrs. HARRIS, which many's the time you've heard me speak of her, BETSY.

*Mrs. Prig (with excusable stiffness).* Your most obejent, I'm sure. Which heard you spoke of I've, to that extent, Mum, as crying "Wolf!" is a trifle to it. But to see you in the flesh—though not so werry much of it, Mrs. 'ARRIS—is a honour as I never 'oped for. (Sniffs.)

*Mrs. Gamp (deprecatingly).* But this is a time when all in our purfession ought to forget their litle differences, and stand shoulder to shoulder agin the common henemy.

*Mrs. Prig.* Which that's GLADSTONE—

*Mrs. Gamp (warmly).* A hojus, hinterferin' noosance!

*Mrs. Harris (coldly).* A factious firebrand!

*Mrs. Prig (seriously).* An un-English sentimentalist!

*Mrs. Gamp.* With no considerashun for party or the powers as be.

*Mrs. Harris.* With no calm superiority to himpulse.

*Mrs. Prig.* And no single heye to Himperial Hinterests.

*Mrs. Gamp.* No statesman!

*Mrs. Harris.* No gentleman!

*Mrs. Prig.* No patriot!

*Omnes.* Drat him!

*Mrs. Gamp.* Though I must say, BETSY, as you used to—

*Mrs. Prig (hastily).* "Used to!" SAIREY GAMP? In course I used to. Didn't I nuses him into notoriety? (And much good I ever got by it!) Wasn't his name as continuwly on my lips as—as Mrs. 'ARRIS's on your own, SAIREY? Didn't I give him pretty pet names, as stuok, and which, I must say, he never seemed dooly grateful for? But, Lor' bless you, SAIREY, he has had his day.

*Mrs. Harris.* And his Daily, too? Eh, BETSY?

*Mrs. Prig.* Percisely. Though, for the matter of that, Mum, he'll 'ave it agin, to a t on t'other side of his mouth, "hot without," and rayther a strong dash o' lemon in it—which that is tea à la Roose, as I'm given to understand.

He was once werry well, praps, for domestick dooties, but he ain't got no heye wotever for Himperial affairs.

*Mrs. Gamp.* No! That's my BENJAMIN's line. Bless yer, BETSY, he's as much at 'ome among Hasian Mysteries and Wizardries of the North as t'other one is in Arithmetick or 'OMER. Which proud and pleased I am, BETSY PRIG, to see you a-backing of 'im hup so persistent.

*Mrs. Prig (with dignity).* SAIREY GAMP, I am a Patriot!!! My loyalty ain't to persings or to parties, but to the haugust Mother of Hempires!

*Mrs. Harris (innocently).* Do I know the lady?

*Mrs. Prig (swellingly).* I mean eur native Ile, Mrs. 'ARRIS—our own hold England!

*Mrs. Harris.* I approve your principles, Mrs. PRIG, though your ways of putting them is not percisely mine. Of course we circulate in different speers, our clients is of different classes, and our language varies according.

*Mrs. Prig.* Why, yes, Mrs. 'ARRIS, I have not yet noticed that your language has the fine poetick turns—

*Mrs. Harris.* Poetic? Well, I'm sure. Anyways, in prose or verse, we are both patriots.

*Mrs. Gamp.* Which is jest what that GLADSTONE is not. Call it patriotism to play into the hands of them rascally Rooshians, and give 'em a chance of cutting us out in Ingy and elsewhere?

*Mrs. Prig.* Certingly not. None of your "perish Ingy" nonsense for me.

*Mrs. Harris.* And they 'ave the impudence to talk about sich things he've said with qualifications—

*Mrs. Prig.* Qualifications be jiggered! They upsets everythink. Bless yer, that GLADSTONE would qualify you into Colney 'Atch in no time, if you'd let him. Never take no notice of qualifications, Mrs. 'ARRIS. "Perish Ingy, perish British Hinterests!" that's their real meaning Mum, and it 'urts my patriot 'eart only to hear it.

*Mrs. Prig.* Ah, but we ought to be up and a' doin', SAIREY.

*Mrs. Gamp.* A doin' what, BETSY?

*Mrs. Prig.* Why a doin' them Rooshians to be sure—or else they'll be a doin' of us.

*Mrs. Gamp.* But that dear man at the 'elm has bound hisself to be neutral, BETSY.

*Mrs. Prig.* Bah! That's all along o' the St. James's 'All lot. No—BEN and BETSY are of one mind, only he can't speak out jest yet. I can and I mean to.

*Mrs. Gamp.* But don't that mean war, BETSY? And ain't you been a giving BENJAMIN credit for keepin' us out of it?

*Mrs. Prig.* Oh, but there's war and war. You're not in it, SAIREY—not in it, my dear creetur. BEN and I, we know.

*Mrs. Gamp (aside).* Well, I'm sure.

*Mrs. Prig.* Patriotism fust, philanthropy ar'terwards.

*Mrs. Harris.* The Rooshians pretends to rewerse that order.

*Mrs. Prig.* Pooh! Their philanthropy is—

*Mrs. Harris (sily).* Patriotism in disguise? They are looking arter their "Imperial interests" I presume, and that's patriotism, ain't it BETSY? (Aside.) I'll fog the old ooman, though she is a sailin' on my own tack.

*Mrs. Gamp (helplessly).* My dear creetur, you're a confuging of me dreadful.

*Mrs. Prig (contemptuously).* Patriotism? Rooshian patriotism? Pooh! All patriotism but ourn is a mixer of selfishness, swagger and reflex wanity. Why, bless yer, a Rooshian might call it patriotic to benefit his own country at the expense of ourn! No, we values patriotism too much to let others go snacks in the harticle.

*Mrs. Gamp (much relieved).* Ah! that makes it clearer, don't it, Mrs. HARRIS?

*Mrs. Harris (sententiously).* In the 'igh path of Hempire we cannot afford to be crossed by emotional Christianity or baulked by butchered Bulgarians.

*Mrs. Prig (warmly).* Quite so, Mrs. 'ARRIS!

*Mrs. Gamp (effusively).* Which Mrs. HARRIS, well I know, seldom puts her lips now to anything lower than 'ook, but sure I am that on sech an occasion she'll be 'appy to drink in a numbler bewerage the toast as I has the 'onour to propoze:—"Up with BENJAMIN and British Interests, down with WILLIAM and the 'despot Slav." Your own words, BETSY, Lor' bless yer! Which like-ways I drinks to you, my dear.

(Left drinking.)





"A RAT—A RAT!"

"POLONIUS BEHIND THE CURTAIN."

### WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH IT?

As the question of turning the site of the proposed New Embankment Opera-House to some use other than that for which it was originally destined, has once more come up for discussion, *Mr. Punch* trusts that the following suggestions which have been submitted to his consideration may materially assist the Metropolitan Board in their solution of what promises to be an extremely delicate and highly interesting problem:—

I.

SIR,—I have read with some indignation and astonishment a proposition in the *Times* of Monday last to raze the completed portion of the new Opera-House to the ground, and utilise the space thus procured as a pleasure-ground for children and nursery-maids. Now, Sir, I submit that nothing could be more monstrous than this. The Embankment, as it is, is already overstocked with these "haunts of the idle;" whereas, it must have occurred to everyone who has walked, on a cold winter's night, from Blackfriars Bridge to Chelsea Waterworks and back, that there is positively not a single spot on the whole six miles of dreary road where one can get a warm bath. Why then, Sir, let a golden opportunity be lost? A splendid pile of National Baths and Wash-houses, with the requisite tanks and chimneys, would not only prove a striking architectural feature on the Embankment itself, but be an invaluable boon to aged Peers and exhausted Members of Parliament, as well as to

Yours practically,

II.

SIR,—There cannot surely be two opinions as to what should be done with the basement of the proposed theatre. The elevation should be continued to a fitting height—say a couple of hundred feet, or so, higher than the adjacent Victoria Tower; and on the top of this should be placed, in a position where it could be easily described from all parts of the Metropolis at once, Cleopatra's Needle. This might be illuminated at night by four electric lights, while the upper part of the construction beneath could be let out in "flats" to invalids who had been ordered perfect quiet and change of air. Other portions of the building might be let out to fever patients, or foreign *savants*, while the cellarage might, on the Aquarium

URBS IN URBE.

principle, be devoted to an intramural collection of wild beasts. But this is merely a suggestion.

Yours uncertainly,

ONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW.

III.

SIR,—I am a Manager of some experience, and, spite the ungenerous opposition that has been offered to my spirited proposition, I still maintain that all that is wanted to turn the now halting venture into a genuine success is £500,000. I would make the house the central home of "National Drama," and with this amount, that ought surely to be forthcoming if raised by an issue of ordinary 14 per cent. Debentures, I would undertake to put on the roof within twelve months from the present date, and produce *Box and Cox* with a splendour and completeness of detail and costume that should defy comment, and satisfy the shareholders that their money, at least, had been well placed. This is what I am prepared to do. And I will go further. In the event of the £500,000 being forthcoming, I will myself take the theatre, from anyone who will let it to me, at £100,000 a-year. More than this in the interests of the National Drama I cannot do.

I am, Sir, yours perseveringly,  
AN OLD PUBLIC SERVANT.

IV.

SIR,—The figures of your "spirited" Correspondent are extremely erroneous, and though I am utterly indifferent as to the fate of the proposed undertaking, I must, in common justice to the general public, let them know that twice £500,000 would not suffice to produce *Box and Cox* and leave any balance available for a dividend. It must be obvious to the merest outsider that, after making due allowance for the requisite outlay involved in the cost of heavy scenery, elaborate properties, orchestra score, gas, printing of pass-slips to Gallery—to say nothing of the salary for *artistes* capable of filling such a rôle as that of *Mrs. Bouncer*—there can be little left out of a million of money for the purposes of carrying on what, as an independent spectator, I must denounce as an unnecessary and undesirable speculation.

Yours indifferently,

A MERE LOOKER-ON.

V.

SIR,—Could not what there is of the doomed building be closed in and fitted with shelves, iron doors, and blocked windows, and handed over bodily to the ill-fated Debenture-holders, as a common tomb for them all in perpetuity? Each, at his decease, might enjoy the privilege of introducing a friend; and thus, while the unfortunate investors would get some mournful return for their money, their property would stand for ever as a solemn warning to the too-sanguine enterprise of a thoughtless age. I offer this idea for what it is worth, and subscribe myself,

Yours miserably,

ONE WHO HOLDS ON.

VI.

SIR,—Cannot something be done, that, utilising the labour and capital already expended, shall give London a splendid public building on one of her finest sites? I am not particular as to what it shall be, though for one I should not have objected to a really National Opera-House, worthy the name. Anyhow, do let there be an end of the architectural eyesore that now defaces the Embankment and irritates

Yours patiently,

COMMON SENSE.





### TOO LITERAL BY HALF.

*Aesthetic Husband.* "JUST ASK HIM IF HE'S GOT THE SAME ARTICLE IN PEACOCK-BLUE, ELIZA."

*Aesthetic Wife.* "AVEZ-VOUS LE MÊME ARTICLE EN BLEU DE COQ AUX PETITS POIS?"

*Astonished Draper.* "PLAIT-IL, MADAME?"

### MR. PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEES.

NO. VI.—ON CERTAIN "LEGAL" AMUSEMENTS.

LADY SANSCEUR examined.

*Q.* I BELIEVE you are a Lady of position moving in good society?

*A.* Certainly. I have a town house, and also a place in the country.

*Q.* Now we will not trouble you to describe the amusements to which you are accustomed in the season, but will speak only of those that may be said to be technically of a legal character. Will you kindly tell us your usual haunts?

*A.* The Courts of Law at Westminster and the Central Criminal Court.

*Q.* When do you visit Westminster?

*A.* When any sensational divorce case is announced for hearing.

*Q.* Why do you go there?

*A.* To listen to the case. It is both amusing and instructive to hear the details of a story entailing dishonour and ruin on one's friends and acquaintances.

*Q.* But do you not sometimes find the details to which you allude rather embarrassing?

*A.* Oh dear no, as I am invariably kept in countenance by other Ladies of my acquaintance.

*Q.* Do you approve of French novels?

*A.* Certainly not, and I am surprised you should put such a question.

*Q.* If you object to French novels, why do you go to the source from which most of the plots are obtained?

*A.* A French novel is notoriously objectionable; a sensational divorce case is highly fashionable. I therefore shun the first and patronise the last.

*Q.* You say that you also visit the Central Criminal Court. When do you go there?

*A.* Whenever there is an interesting trial for murder on the list.

*Q.* What do you mean by an interesting trial for murder?

*A.* A case in which either the facts or the people are interesting.

*Q.* Will you please make your meaning a little plainer?

*A.* I call the fact interesting if there is any doubt about the manner of the doing of the murder—poisoning cases, for instance, come under this category. The persons are interesting when they are people of better birth and education than the ordinary assassin.

*Q.* Has the sex of the prisoners anything to do with it?

*A.* Oh yes, a great deal. A female prisoner charged with murder is far more interesting than a male murderer, especially if she is quite young and cries a good deal in the dock.

*Q.* But how can you tell that she is crying?

*A.* By looking at her through an opera-glass.

*Q.* But is not a trial of this class after a while rather wearying?

*A.* No, for it must be remembered that the cushioned seats on the Bench are very comfortable. Besides, if the evidence becomes monotonous, the male visitors lounging near you are always available for flirtation.

*Q.* But do you not miss your lunch?

*A.* Of course not. If you take a flask of sherry and some sandwiches with you, you should be prepared for all emergencies.

*Q.* What do you consider the most exciting part of the day's proceedings in an interesting trial for murder?

*A.* When the jury return their verdict.

*Q.* And the most amusing?

*A.* Of course when the judge puts on his funny little black cap, and passes sentence of death.

*Q.* Doubtless you are aware that the Ladies of ancient Rome used to take a great deal of pleasure in witnessing gladiatorial contests, which were invariably attended with bloodshed. Now what do you consider those gladiatorial contests to have been?

*A.* Tame in the extreme when compared with a trial for murder at the Old Bailey. I suppose (had I existed in those times) I should have gone to the former, but I am pleased I live in the nineteenth century, for I certainly prefer the latter. The struggle for life is vulgarised by a too open exposure of the death-wounds.

[The Witness then withdrew.]

### NONSENSE IN HEXAMETERS.

AN Eton Boy writes to complain of the stupidity of the nonsense verses they are obliged to turn out in the lower forms, as the lowest forms of nonsense. He wants to know whether a higher form might not be reached, without getting beyond the legitimate pale of nonsense, and, as an illustration, sends us the following version in hexameter of FOOTE's well-known incoherency—"So she went into the garden to get a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie," &c.

Ut vice pomorum fungatur caule, placentam  
Hortulum adit meditans; immani corpore at Ursa  
Ora tabernæ infert. Eheu saponis egestas!  
Hicce obiit dehinc mortem, temeraria at illac  
Omine tonsori lævo nupsit; Picalilli  
Joblillique aderant cum Garrabulis, Panjandram  
Magnus et ipse aderat, apice insignisque pusillo:  
Ludo captantes captabantur quoque, pulvis  
Calce cothurnorum donec sclopetarius exit.

### Sites for Cleopatra's Needle.

On the Pedestal of the Guards' Memorial, Waterloo Place, in lieu of the objects already there.

On the top of the Marble Arch, Hyde Park.

On the apex of the Dome of the Albert Hall.

On Fish Street Hill, to match the Monument.

In the Old Bailey.

In Ely Place, Holborn.

In Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

On a thousand other spots, equally suitable, and daily suggested by casual correspondents.

"MEAN SPEED."—Running away from your Creditors.



## HOW MOSSOO SHOT THE COCK-PHEASANT.

*The Gamekeeper's Story.*

He were a sort o' Frenchman, Sir,  
And called hisself a Duck:  
I never could make head or tail  
O' that there furrin muck!  
He came to stay wi' Master there,  
And brought his guns and that—  
But bless you, Sir! he could na' shoot,  
No more than this here hat!



The way that MossOO danced about,  
It really were a sight!  
He'd grin, and pull his be'rd, and shout  
And screech with all his might.  
He wore a thing across his nose  
Just like a kind o' shear:  
I think he said he were "my hop"—  
Which means his sight were near.

The Master and the Frenchman went  
To shoot the Spinney-Kivver,  
What reaches from the stable-wall  
Right down to that there river.  
A rocketing cock flew up at wunst,  
And MossOO he fired, and missed—  
How he did swear, and tear his hair,  
And shake his little fist!



MossOO he yelled, "I see him zere,  
Upon ze stable top!"  
With that he banged off right and left—  
I seed a summat drop;  
I ran to pick up that there bird;  
And 'neath the stable-cloak  
I found it sure enow—it were  
Our new gilt Weather-Cock!

## MILITARY AND MENIAL SERVICE.

OFFICERS of rank in the Army may have had their attention directed by impertinent buffoons to the following advertisement extracted from the *Western Daily Press*:—

**SERVANTS' REGISTRY**, Railway Viaduct, Victoria Street, Bristol.—WANTED, good Generals, Cooks, Housemaids, &c. Disengaged, all kinds.

It has also perhaps been remarked that the above announcement suggests the idea of a new United Service Club, the services respectively being the Military and the Domestic, and the Members of the Club belonging to both, or serving in the former, and wishing also to serve in the latter. Some may have asked the question whether Admirals as well as Generals are eligible for situations in which the shoulderknot would replace the epaulet, and part of the uniform consist of plush. Others, possibly, have pointed out that the Russians, if not the Turks also, are very much like the parties on whose behalf it is notified that they want good Generals.

## Wanted, a Magnanimous Millionnaire.

HERE is something rather worth extracting from a Number of the *Cologne Gazette*:—

IS there a magnanimous, rich, and lone Gentleman who would be willing to give to a young and beautiful Bride, who belongs to the best circles of society, the yearly interest of a capital of 30—40,000 florins Austrian Currency, to enable her to marry the man of her choice, one of the best and most noble of his sex? Please address "HERMENCE V. M.," care of MESSRS. HAASENSTEIN & VOGLEBS, Advertising Agency, Frankfort-on-the-Main.

There may be such a "magnanimous, rich, and lone Gentleman" among *Punch's* readers. If not, we are at a loss to imagine where our dear, interesting "HERMENCE" is likely to find one.

## WONDERS OF THE WORLD ABROAD.

Wonder whether, in a dozen years or so, it will be possible in Europe to find a nook or corner uninvaded by Cook's Couponists.

Wonder when French innkeepers will learn to hang a looking-glass so that you can see to shave, or even brush your hair at it.

Wonder when you'll see a salt-spoon at a *table-d'hôte*, or get a really hot plate handed for your mutton.

Wonder if, say in a century, foreign newspapers will ever grow to be as big as British.

Wonder when upon the Continent the rule will be observed of rigidly not smoking in the face of Ladies travelling.

Wonder in what age of progress foreign *politesse* will equal hearty English-born politeness.

Wonder when, among the other marvels of his Cookery, a Paris chef will serve you with a really tender steak, without a smack of cow or horse in it.

Wonder when it will occur to the mind of our cheap-trippers that churches on the Continent are not erected simply to be stalked about and stared at.

Wonder in what age of advancing civilisation civility may be expected from a railway guard in Germany.

Wonder when French editors will think it worth their while to print fresh foreign news in lieu of stale jokes and small twaddle.

Wonder when the Coming Man, while travelling abroad, will get a towel larger than a napkin for his bath, or find a bit of soap put, gratis, on his washing-stand.

Wonder when our peasants, and our parlour-maidens likewise, will learn to dress as neatly as their sisters on the Continent.

Wonder when Americans will cease to say "Amurka," and will speak of the French capital otherwise than as "Parrhus."

Wonder when it will be possible on any foreign railway, without the fear of being scowled at as a dastardly assassin, to pull the window down to save yourself from certain suffocation.

Wonder how long tourists who come from a free country will submit to pay a franc for a farthingworth of bed-candle.

Wonder when the French, who are so clever with their salads, will learn that it is sin to serve a *rosbif* without horse-radish.

Wonder whether in the present age of progress, when Temple Bar is doomed to death, and other cherished institutions are marked down for destruction, Old PARR, were he still living, might rationally hope for such extension of longevity as would enable him to live to congratulate himself upon the universal abolition of the *Pourboire*.

And—most amazing Wonder of them all—

Wonder when the British Nation will be suffered to possess such a public building as the Louvre, and be allowed to see its pictures after church-time on a Sunday.

## Crew and Cargo.

ACCORDING to a Lloyd's Telegram in an evening paper, announcing the destruction by fire at sea of the ship *Diego*, bound from New York for Liverpool:—

"The crew of the *Diego* consisted of 399 bales of cotton, 24,078 bushels of wheat, 1,038 barrels of flour, 710,270 lbs. bacon, 183,768 lbs. lard, and 308 hogsheads of tobacco, &c."

It is too much to be feared that a previous statement that the *Diego* had been abandoned, and that "the crew were rescued by the *Arklow*," is not exactly reconcilable with the foregoing account of them. How did they walk off?

## Celebrities and Statesmen.

OF LORD BEACONSFIELD and MR. GLADSTONE, compared with one another, it may be affirmed that if the PREMIER has gained the greater distinction as a literary man, the ex-Premier is the more distinctly a man of letters.





## CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

*Repentant Chairman of Quarter Sessions (who has been "Dining"). "DRUNK 'N 'CAP' BLE! 'EH FIVE SHILLIN'."—(Transfers Coin from left to right Waistcoat-pocket.)—"PAY 'T INT' FINISH BOX'N 'T MOBB' W'!"*

## A PROTEST FROM A PILLBOX.

MR. PUNCH,

I WAS SOFFY to see a letter in the *Times* from "A FELLOW OF HIS COLLEGE" entitled "Professionalism," of which the writer expresses "infinite satisfaction," with the novelty that for the first time in many of the Introductory Lectures delivered at the various Medical Schools on the First of October, direct recommendations were made to the medical student "to cultivate and practise in their highest attainable development any special attributes or faculties with which he might chance to be gifted"—namely, for example, a turn for music or drawing. Why, Sir, when I was an apprentice, if it had got about amongst a medical man's patients that he occasionally amused himself by painting or playing the violin or the piano, he would have been ruined. The rule then imposed upon him by Public Opinion was "Stick to your Profession," and that is what the student would then have been anywhere told in the Anatomical Theatres on the First of October. But now, forsooth, he is informed that an ear attuned to music will help him in auscultation, and that the practice of pencilling and colouring will facilitate him in discovering symptoms and in operating. All that, Sir, I call fiddle-de-dee, and stuff and nonsense. I say a man's profession ought to occupy his whole mind. It always did mine. For my part I don't know *God Save the Queen from Rule Britannia*; and as for drawing could never draw anything but a tooth, or a cork, or a conclusion—of course, a professional conclusion only. To which permit me to come by informing you that I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble servant, an old practitioner, whom you may, if you please, call a Philistine among Philistines of the good old medical school, one as big as

GOLIATH.

## A PLAYFUL POPULACE.

IT APPEARS that the London Roughts, always accustomed to amuse themselves more or less generally and often by assailing defenceless persons, have lately taken to the special pastime of spitting on the clothes and in the faces of ladies. Perhaps these diversions are superintended by the Police; but should not ROBERT have orders to suppress them, and take the roysterers indulging in them into custody? A year's imprisonment and hard labour might suffice to convince the roughest Rough of the injudiciousness of treating ladies, as *Shylock* complains that *Antonio* treated him. The addition, by statute, of a

sound flogging, would probably, in most cases, complete the demonstration. There is truth in the saying that we must "take the rough with the smooth," but that can be no reason why the use of the street should necessitate any one to submit to be ill used by the London Roughts, whom Prince BISMARCK would honour a great deal too much by calling them "Gentlemen of the Pavement."

## "PLACE AUX DAMES!"

MAKE way! She comes in her bright array,  
With an eager smile and a greeting gay,  
Like the dames of old on a festival day  
With the blood-zest duly flavoured.  
The Home grows tame to the tender thing  
Whom maudlin poets were wont to sing  
As the incarnation of Love and Spring,  
And she craves for change with the pungent sting

Of anguish sweetly savoured.  
The playhouse palls, and its puppets pale  
To stir her languorous pulses fail;  
Even the Gallic salt grows something stale;  
Half tired of Sin 'neath a modish veil,  
Of Vice well dressed and witty,  
She comes, unshamed, to a tragic stage,  
Where no mere posturing mimes engage.  
Can the tinselled scene or the pictured page  
Apply so well to a callous age  
The purge of terror and pity?  
Terror? Truly, no touch of fear  
That glance perturbs, that gaze abashes;  
Pity? When doth a womanly tear  
Bedew those litted lashes?  
She seeks diversion. To list and laugh  
To the tale of shame, at the legal chuff;  
To watch the writhings of law-trapped guilt,  
To hear, while counsel and convict tilt,

Keen thrust, retort laconic;  
To mark the sobbings of choking shame  
The stoic smile of a scoundrel "game,"  
The victim's spasm, the trickster's grin,  
The sickened shrinking of sentenced Sin,  
Yields pungent pleasure you'd scarcely win  
From aught that's histrionic.

"Good as a play!" cries the cynic Cad,  
When living folly, grotesque, yet sad,  
Before him struts and poses.  
*Grande dame de par le Monde*, you'd shrink  
From owning kinship's slenderest link  
With the low-born lover of gutter and sink;  
That daintiest of noses

With high-bred horror would tilt and thrill;  
Yet a ditch-course is but a ditch-course still,  
Though it winds amidst the roses.  
Where shame and sorrow are set on show,  
The despot, Fashion, has bid you go;  
The voice of modesty, faint and low,  
Her mandate promptly hushes.  
No need for delicate cheeks to glow  
At Dirt undraped when her shield she'll throw  
O'er modish sinner, and spare the show  
Of most inopportune blushes.

To such excitement, how tame, how slow;  
The Season's showiest crushes!  
Time was when she who had found sweet sport  
In the ghastly dramas of Judgment's Court  
Had been dubbed a fair-faced Ogreas.  
But *place aux dames!* The ancient grace  
Of a pitiful heart or a blushful face  
Were a clog to Woman's progress.  
Emancipation's levelling hand  
Breaks pity's bond and modesty's band,  
And the sex disports right gaily,—  
In modish vesture of motley hue,  
Midst scenes that reek of the shambles and stew,  
And fall in Fashion's approving view  
At the Theatre Royal Old Bailey.

LEGAL DEFINITION.—Professor TYNDALL, in his Birmingham address, observed that man had been described as a "cause-seeking animal." Very possibly he has, but may we not more properly apply the definition to a man of law, and especially a Barrister.



PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 13, 1877.



A FRENCH FIVE-IN-HAND LADEN WITH BRITISH TOURISTS.

THIS IS THE WAY WE GO TO THE RACES, ALL ON A SUNDAY MORNING.





RECEIVED WITH THANKS

TO CLEOPATRA, ERASMUS WILSON, AND THE KHEDIVE.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Retrospective, Nuncspective, and Prospective Remarks on Theatrical Matters generally, in an all-round Letter to the Editor.)

SIR,—When noticing the new piece at the Folly, I should have mentioned the funniest thing in *The Creole*—funny in conception, funny in realisation; and that is where the two Sailors sing “*All’s Well!*” to the *Commodore* in the last Act. This tickled me hugely. Having done justice to those who did justice to themselves and their Authors, I now proceed to say a few words on the Olympic programme.

If *Good for Nothing* continues to be the *lever du rideau* at the Olympic, it is well worth going to see on account of the fresh, unstaged performance of Miss GERARD in the rôle of *Nan*. This young Lady has true artistic feeling, and is not afraid of sacrificing a pretty face to the exigencies of the character. With careful study she has, I venture to say, a fair future before her in a certain line for which her voice, figure, and manner peculiarly fit her. The little Comedy in one Act (as the French say, never using the word “*farce*”) is well played all round, both Mr. PATEMAN and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON being very good in it.

*The Moonstone*, by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, must owe its success to

its dramatic situations. I have not read the novel, and therefore am better able to judge of the piece. It is undoubtedly clever, but, somehow or other, unsatisfactory. The situations are startling, coming upon you, that is, suddenly, after a considerable rest, and re-fixing the attention just as it is beginning to wander away from the subject. Mr. HARCOURT has made himself up so as to suggest a family resemblance between Mr. *Geoffrey Abblethwaite* and the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Mr. T. SWINBOURNE, as the Detective, is as sly and cunning as clever Detectives ought to be. For the moment he enters he suspects everything, including the water-bottle, which he examines most carefully, probably submitting it to a mental microscopic analysis. By the way, I wonder if Mr. WILKIE COLLINS got the notion of a Detective so fond of gardening from one of GABORIAU’s novels, either *La Corde au Cou*, or *La Chique Dorée*? I fancy it is in the former, but I won’t be certain. However, a similar character does occur in one of GABORIAU’s where the people who wish to employ the Detective go to his house *aux environs de Paris*, and find him in his garden dress and slippers, among his flowers and his family.

Mr. NEVILLE is excellent throughout. Since *Bob Brierly* and *Henry Dunbar*, he has never been seen to greater advantage. Perhaps Miss PATEMAN has by this time lost her train—it was a very express train. In her great scene with Mr. NEVILLE, where she



accuses him of the theft, she is really powerful. There was too much of *Miss Clack*, though, I've no doubt, this did not appear at rehearsal. If it had, it would have been curtailed by the dramatic common sense of both Author and Artists. Mr. HILL plays the Butler with a thorough appreciation of the humour of the character, which he never allows to be obtrusive. Mr. PATEMAN'S *Doctor* is, to my thinking, a most difficult and risky part most carefully played. The Drama is in the hands of a few people, and has, I trust, already proved an attraction to the many.

*Drury Lane*.—Here I went to see *England in the daze*, I should say "in the days," &c., &c. It struck me that we were not seeing the play as Mr. WILLS wrote it. Surely it must have got itself into a muddle at rehearsal. It is a very difficult matter to arrange a piece to suit all the present requirements of the Old National Theatre. I write "Old" advisedly as *Alexander the Great* (HENDERSON) is going to call the Queen's "The New National." The notion of "National" seems to me to exclude works even fairly adapted from foreign sources. So as to get over this difficulty (as the opening piece is to be an adaptation) why not name it the *International*? However, this is not in Mr. WILLS'S *England in the daze*, &c., so on we go again. There is some admirable writing, specially in the First Act; and two good telling and picturesque situations in the drama. The Author has taken all the names from Scott's *Peveril*, and then tried to make them do something that isn't in the novel. At least, this is what he himself intimates in the play-bill. But his characters have been one too many (it's a formidable array in the programme) for him; and whenever he has required them to do something new, they seem to have revolted individually and collectively against the dramatist, and obstinately gone in for *Peveril*. It is much as if Mr. WILLS had named his characters *Pickwick*, *Winkle*, *Snodgrass*, *Joe the Fat Boy*, and *Sam Weller*, and had then informed the audience in confidence, "Now, look out, for you won't see *Pickwick* played, but another story altogether, except in two instances, where I have retained the situation of *Pickwick* mistaking the Lady's bedroom for his own, and the episode of the trial." But the celebrated *Pickwickians* would no more lend themselves to this than will the *Peverilians*, who, retaining the names given them in their baptism by their godfather SIR WALTER, insist on "acting as sich." However, as a series of Tableaux, and as affording opportunities in the earlier part for Miss LEIGHTON'S declamations (a fine part this, the *Countess of Derby's*, considered only as a part apart from the whole), and for Messrs. EMERY'S and FERNANDEZ acting as *Major Bridgenorth*, and the unchristian *Christian*. Never has Mr. BEVERLY given the public more artistic work than in his view of Buckingham's Gate, a remarkable example of the perfection to which the art of scene-painting can be brought by a master-hand when dealing, not with such opportunities as are afforded by the extent of Drury Lane stage, with all appliances and means to boot, but simply with a "cloth" used as a front scene, and hanging as a gigantic landscape within a few feet of the spectators. The other scenes are all effective (when will they do away with those heavy worn-out borders, which so offend the eye?), but this is a gem of the first water-colour—a gem of size.

The Strand company's performance of the new comedy, *Family Ties*, is good all round, and has thoroughly satisfied that most difficult of all persons to please—the Author. In portraying the Anglophile Frenchman, who prides himself on being more English than the English themselves, a modern character entirely new to the Stage, M. MARIUS, as *Baron Victor de Karadec*, has won golden opinions from the critics and the public. As for the rest, we know when modest men are mum, and, *à propos* of "mumm," I may say that *Champagne*, or a *question of Phiz*, the new burlesque at this house, by Messrs. FARNIE and REECE, is a hundred times more sparkling and exhilarating than its French original, *Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*, produced at the Athénée ten years ago. Miss CAMILLE DUBOIS is a handsome, vivacious, and mischievous page (is it possible that she was but a few minutes ago the tearful *Mrs. Lennox* in the comedy?), Miss CLERMONT a musical Countess, and clever Miss LOTTIE VENN as sprightly and fascinating a *soubrette*, with one of the best songs in the piece, as you'd wish to see. Mr. PENLEY is very funny in his warlike costume, and Messrs. MARIUS and COX get encoored over and over again for their duett about "Did you ever catch a *Weasel asleep*?" Great credit is due to Mr. REED, the *chef d'orchestre*, for the "go" of the concerted pieces, and Mr. HALL is entitled to considerable praise for his ingenious arrangement which does away with the necessity of a front scene, and twice changes the entire stage as if by magic. The burlesque goes brightly from first to last.

We are to have a new burlesque, by Mr. H. J. BYRON, on *Faust*, at the Gaiety, with "all the talents" in it. Then, at the Royalty Miss SANTLEY and Mr. BROUGH in *La Marjolaine*. After awhile, M. CARL ROSA'S Company is to appear, I hear, at the Adelphi; but if so, without Mr. SANTLEY, I believe, which is a pity when English Operas are given. Then, in due course, there is to be Eccentric Farcical Opera, of the *Trial by Jury* and *Cox and Cox* order, at the Opéra Comique, where, I am informed, *The Wedding March*

(Mr. GILBERT'S free and funny adaptation of the *Chapeau de paille d'Italie*) is to be reproduced, set to music by Dr. SULLIVAN.

Is Her Majesty's to be opened for English Opera? And if so, does this mean *Lurline*, *Bohemian Girl*, *Bondsman*, *Maritana*, *The Lily of Killarney*, &c.? But for all this music where are the dramatic vocalists? Music, music everywhere, and scarce a soul to act! The demand creates the supply. When DONATO, the one-legged dancer, made a hit, up sprang a hundred Donatis, each gifted with one leg, and capable of dancing on it. London and the Provinces rose to the cry of "Go it, ye cripples!" How many Lulus have also bounded into existence? How many Zazels? How many who take astounding headers and terrific descents through space, and eagle flights in the air? I have no doubt they are all over the country, darkening the air with their eagle flights, and setting the walls ablaze with their advertisements. Therefore we may hope that the supply of dramatic singers—of singers, I mean, who can act—may be found to equal the demand created by the existence of seven Theatres where opéra bouffe, comic opera, serious opera, and musical burlettas, are to be represented. As for a trained chorus, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD keeps one always ready at any hour, and of course there's quite an Academy of Music under M. JACOBI at the Alhambra, where just now, besides the successful *Yolande*, the ballet of *Bayadères* in the last Act of *Indigo* goes so well as to earn an *encore* every evening.

And so, Sir, hoping you are as well as this leaves me, and many of them, I am all there as

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

### 'ARRY ON HIS 'OLIDAY.

Being an Epistle from that notorious and ubiquitous Person, luxuriating for the time in rural parts, to his Chum CHARLIE, confined in Town.



WHA' cheer, my dear CHARLIE? 'Ow are yer? I promised I'd drop yer a line. I'm out on the trot for a fortnit; and ain't it golumpshusly fine? Bin dooing the Swell pretty proper, I beg to assure yer, old man. Jest go it tip-top while you're at it, and blow the expense, is my plan.

Bin took for a Nob, and no error this time; which my Tailor's A 1. The cut of these bags, Sir, beats POOLE out of fits. (Are yer fly to the pun?)

And this gridiron pattern in treacle and mustard is somethink uneeek, As the Girls—but there, CHARLIE, you know me, and so there's no call for to speak.

My merstarsh is a coming on proper—that fetches 'em, CHARLIE my boy; Though one on 'em called me young Spiky, which doubtless was meant to annoy. But, bless yer! 'twas only a touch of the Green-eyed, 'acos I looked sweet On a tidy young parcel in pink as 'ung out in the very same street.

O CHARLIE, such larks as I'm 'aving! To toddle about on the sands, And watch the blue beauties a-bathing, and spot the sick muffs as they lands, Awful Habby and white in the gills, and with hoptics so sheepishly sad, And twig 'em go green as we chaff 'em; I tell yer it isn't half bad.

Then, S'rumps! Wy, I pooty near lives on 'em; got arf a pooketful here, There's a flavour of bird's-eye about 'em; but that's soon took off by the beer.



The "bitter" round here is jest lummy, and as for their soda-and-B., It's eka! to "fiz," and no error, and suits this small child to a T.

The weeds as I've blown is a caution;—I'm nuts on a tuppenny smoke.

Don't care for the baths, but there's sailing, and rollicking rides on a moke.

I've sung comic songs on the cliffs after dark, and wot's fun if that ain't?

And I've chiselled my name in a church on the cheek of a rummy stone Saint.

So, CHARLIE, I think you will see I've been doing the tourist to rights.

Good grub and prime larks in the daytime, and billiards and bitter at nights;

That's wot I calls 'oliday-making, my pippin. I wish you was here,

Jest wouldn't we go it extensive! But now I am off for the pier.

To ogle the girls. 'Ow they likes it! though some of their dragons looks blue.

But lor! if a chap has a way with the Sex, wot the doose can he do? The toffs may look thunder and tommy on me and my spicy rig out, But they don't stare yours faithfully down, as it's all nasty envy, no doubt.

Ta, ta! There's a boat coming in, and the sea has bin roughish all day;

All our fellows will be on the watch, and I mustn't be out of the way.

Carn't yer manige to run down on Sunday? I tell yer it's larks, and no kid!

Yours bloomingly,

'ARRY.

P.S.—I have parted with close on four quid!

## GREAT INDIGNATION MEETING.



A MEETING for the Abolition of Trial by Jury was held on Monday evening at the "Pig and Tinder-box," Mr. SPOUTER, Q.C. (Queer Card), occupying the Chair.

In opening the proceedings, the Chairman remarked that, as the matter for discussion was rather a dry subject, they had better whet their whistles while they were debating it, and so he begged the privilege of standing glasses round. (Cheers.)

Mr. TAILOR, of Tooley Street, said that, speaking in the name of the

entire British nation—"Hear!"—he considered trial by jury was an obsolete institution, and he thought that trial by journal should be substituted for it. (Applause.) In these days of penny newspapers and general enlightenment, what was the good of shutting up a dozen blockheads in a box, when their verdict wasn't thought worth a rush by persons of good sense—"Question!"—he meant to say by persons like himself, who formed their judgment of a case by reading a few fragments of the evidence reported, and then arguing the matter with some fellows at the bar—"Question!"—he meant to say at the bar of their usual public-house. (Laughter.)

Mr. DUNDERHEAD agreed that the best way to decide a case was not to hear the whole of the evidence adduced—"Hear!"—for the words of many witnesses were frequently conflicting, and this had a disturbing effect upon the mind, and might lead to a poor juror being shut up without supper for the night. (Sensation.)

Mr. DODGER held that speculative evidence should be ruled as inadmissible in Courts of so-called justice. His business being somewhat of a speculative nature, he had personal grounds for hoping

that all witnesses against him might be legally excluded when he appeared in Court. ("Hear!" and a laugh.)

Mr. SCRIBBLETON desired that the thanks of the meeting should be given to those clever correspondents of newspapers, who, with so much wisdom at the close of a long trial, used all their powers of reasoning to prove the verdict was unjust, and to criticise and censure the Judge's summing-up. (Cheers.)

Mr. NUMSKULL thought it monstrous that a weak and erring mortal—"Hear!"—should be entrusted with the awful power of passing actual sentence of, perchance, six months' imprisonment on any poor misguided pickpocket who, but for the police, might have led a happy life. (Applause.)

Mr. LDDYOTT remarked that, if any proof were wanting to show the utter worthlessness and wickedness of jury-trials, it might be found in the person of that poor afflicted Nobleman now resident at Dartmoor, who, through the mingled persecutions of Jesuits and jurymen, was slowly being starved, until when, with wasted figure, he would sink into the tomb. (Sensation.)

Mr. MEALMOUTH observed, with a sigh, that it was pitiable to reflect that in this noble Christian land there were at sundry times poor fellow beings—he might even call them brethren—"Hear!"—who, for a mere error of judgment, such as having stamped with hobnailed boots on their wife's stomach, or knocked down some old gentleman to relieve him of his purse—(Laughter)—were cruelly consigned to the confinement of a dungeon, and there mercilessly kept without even the comfort of a pipe. (Groans, and cries of "Shame!")

Mr. CLYFAKER said he heartily concurred with the last speaker, and would be jolly glad to drink his jolly good health. (A laugh.) He had more than once been a sufferer himself, and had felt the pangs of 'unger in a craving for a smoke. ("Poor fellow!") As for 'bolishing of juries, of course he was "all there"—("Hear!")—and he'd like to go the 'ole 'og, and 'bolish all the blessed Beaks. (Applause.) It was a [strong word] shame that gaoles should be kept up at the cost of the community, and the liberty of the subject interfered with by the Crushers, who went about like lions, seeking parties to devour. (Cheers.) What was the [strong word] good of being born in a free country, if a cove weren't free to collar what he took a fancy to? (Here the orator in his vehemence chanced to let his left hand touch his neighbour's watch-chain, and the gesture being construed into an attempt at larceny, a policeman was called in by Mr. MEALMOUTH, and the Meeting in confusion suddenly broke up.)

## FRIARS v. FREEMASONS.

THERE lately appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica* a profession of the principles of Freemasonry, in the form of a creed asserted to have been revealed by a penitent Freemason on his deathbed. It consists of twelve Articles, all the shameful particulars of which, however, may be said to be comprehended in the two last:—

"11. Possumus omnia facere quæ volumus absque levi etiam culpa."

"12. Ergo semper liberi sumus."

If the liberty to commit every possible crime at pleasure is what constitutes the freedom of Freemasonry, what a horrible system of immorality and impiety Freemasonry must be, and what miscreants, in theory, if not in practice, are all Freemasons! Freemasonry, at that rate, may well call itself a craft—the worst of all the crafts and snares of the Enemy. Holy Church is quite right in condemning it, and her POPE and her Prelates cannot but choose to declare any and everyone of her sons connected with it a heretic, and do, or would do, well to excommunicate him with bell, book, and candle. Of course, Cardinal MANNING could not possibly suffer the Marquis of RIPON to retain the chair wherein his successor is the Prince of WALES. If, that is—much virtue in an "if"—if the creed above quoted from the *Civiltà Cattolica* is a bona fide belief; and, if again, it is not a solecism to call *fides* in connection with such a belief *bona*. But is that Belief genuine? and, if not, is it a hoax on the *Civiltà Cattolica*? or is that journal a comic clerical paper, capable of rather unscrupulous satire? or are its conductors enthusiasts who, on behalf of their religion, don't mind bearing false witness against their neighbours?

## Origin of Species.

IRELAND is justly celebrated for pigs. The following certificate concerning pigs of an obviously Irish breed lately appeared in the *Cincinnati Commercial*:—

"The pedigrees of these animals are as fine and good as any animals I have ever bred since I originated this breed of swine. D. M. MAOIE."

May this declaration be taken to prove the converse of Mr. DARWIN's theory? Or does it rather seem to imply that some pigs—originated in America by an Irish gentleman—are bipeds?





### OUR CHINAMANIACS ABROAD.

SCENE—A Room in a Historic French Palace.

MILD (BUT FIRM) DAMEANOUR OF THE PRIGSBYS, WHO COLLECT ORIENTAL BLUE, BEFORE A "VASE EN PORCELAINE DE SÈVRES."

### ANOTHER NEW NOVEL.

WITH AN EXPLANATORY PREFACE.

To the Public from the Editor.

IN our absence our responsible Representative has pledged us to the production of a new Work. In the interests of the public, and to acquit ourselves of any charge of carelessness or want of discrimination, we publish his account of "how he did it," addressed to ourselves.

SIR,—This is how it was. I was seated in your *sanctum*,\* representing you, Sir, magnificently. In the Editor's absence, the *sanctum* is always locked up, so I have to send out for anything I want, which is a nuisance to be remedied in future. Through the glass doors I perceived, on the day in question the tops of two heads, and of one bonnet, just appearing above the grained portion of the glass. They were trying to peer in. Two peers and a peeress. Thinking that it might be the Duke of \*\*\*\*\*, the Marquis of \*\*\*\*\*, and the Princess \*\*\*\*\*. I stooped, and quietly stealing to the door, opened it suddenly.

They came in: in a lump; flop, like the tradesman in a pantomime, when he comes out of his shop in a hurry, and tumbles over the *Clown*.

They were *not* the distinguished visitors I had expected.

The party consisted of a short, stout Gentleman with a quick bright eye and astonished hair; a taller Gentleman, with an austere manner and a stubbly moustache, and (reserving the best to the last),

\* For the information of the general reader, it is necessary to say that our private office is divided into our *sanctum*, our *sanctum*, and our *sanctum*. When in our *sanctum* the clerk or outer-Tyler knows that we are at home to all comers. In our *sanctum* we are at home to *some* comers—

In our *sanctum*  
We'll see *some* comers;

But in our *sanctum* we are at home to nobody. There the wicked cease to trouble, and the leary is at rest. Our *sanctum* is fitted up like a diving-bell, after a style of our own.—ED.

an elegant Lady in a sky-blue dress, whose beauty, and umbrella, were of a type rarely seen in these islands. She was tall, aquiline, and determined. Instinctively I acknowledged a Presence. VICTOR HUGO Junior himself would have admitted as much. She would have served him for a heroine on a desolate island.

"We wish to see the Editor," they said.

"You might have looked all the day through that glass door," I replied, politely, "but you wouldn't have seen him."

"Young man!" said the Lady, coming down on me with the umbrella, reprovingly.

"We must see the Editor!" cried the two men.

"Must you?" I answered. Then, adjusting my lips to the speaking-tube, I called down to the clerk, "Mr. HOWARD DE COURCEY, send out for a foreign *Bradshaw* and a Map of Europe."

"Why those?" asked the Presence, sternly.

"Because, my dear Madam," I returned, "the Editor is somewhere on the Continent, and if you *must* see him, you have only to select your train, and—"

"This is trifling!" they all three said, as if they'd practised it together—tenor, baritone, and contralto.

I admitted that it was, and asked—what then?

The shorter Gentleman responded for the rest.

"You, Sir," he said, "are, I take it, the Editor's *locum tenens*."

I replied that I wouldn't be called names by him, or anybody.

They apologised so profusely that they got quite hot over it.

Then I requested the Lady to be seated. She was quite the Lady; she sat down, and sat up.

The little Gentleman recommenced:

"Are you a responsible person?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" was my ready but courteous reply.

"Because if you *are*," said Number Two, shinning the first speaker, to warn him not to offend me, "we have something to say to you. Permit me to introduce ourselves as the New Provincial Novel Company, Limited."

I bowed.

"Incorporated," the Lady explained, "to provide suitable reading

\* An extraordinary scene to take place in our office.—ED.











the million, and something as instructive as interesting for our Sunday subscribers."

"Good," said I.

"Very good," she replied, smiling. Then we all smiled.

After this intellectual refreshment, the Lady resumed,

"You have in your paper, Sir,—"

"Excuse me," I interrupted.

"I quite understand, Sir," she continued. "In the paper whose Editor you—*Editore absento*—"

"Hear, hear!" from the two Gentlemen and myself.

"You represent" (I bowed), "there has never appeared a work exhibiting Life in the Provincial Districts—Life in the North, with the real dialect of the Northern provinces as it is spoken by the local yokel."

"True," I observed, thoughtfully, for I was struck by her remarks.

"We," she said, extending her hand towards the two Gentlemen, and then lightly touching them with her umbrella as they were showing symptoms of drowsiness, "have a Novel, a strictly proper, highly moral, virtuous Novel, equally fitted for the domestic circle, the club, or the boudoir; written chiefly in the dialect of the North, and exhibiting the life and manners and customs of the Mining Population in their true light."

"I must confer with my chief," I said.

"No, Sir," they cried in chorus, "you must decide now."

And down went her umbrella on the floor.

I observed that I could not venture to pronounce an opinion, as I was no judge of Northern dialect.

"But your Editor is," they cried. "He will know that our work is true to nature."

Then they all three spoke in Northern dialect! I thought they'd have brought the house down. Marvellous! Awful! Then they showed me pictures! such pictures! women with torches going down into mines! murders! explosions!! wonderful escapes!!!

They whispered the terms in my ear. The Lady stood before me, her beautiful hair dishevelled; the men held me, one on either side, while above waved her umbrella.

I will not dwell longer on this painful scene. I succumbed. I signed the deed in your name. I agreed. If it turns out wrong, pity me, and forgive. They delivered their MS., which I sent at once to the printer's. If it turns out all right, send for me and congratulate. I have gone to stay with my grandmother on the East Coast. *Addio*.

\* \* *Editor's Note*.—The agreement having been entered into in our name by our weak and compromising Representative, we find, ourselves bound to produce this dialect Novel, but we have distinctly reserved to ourselves the right of disputing the accuracy of the spelling, and of the local colouring, on the truthfulness of which the New Provincial Novel Company, Limited, has staked its reputation.

P.S.—If successful, all *Dramatic Rights* are Reserved.

The first chapter of the Novel by the New Provincial Novel Company, Limited (but how it can be a Company when there are only three in it we don't understand, as "two's company three's none") will appear next week, entitled

## THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S!

The Authors explain the title as a real specimen of dialect. They say that the story will justify the title, the heroine, as will be seen from the first chapter, being above the usual stature, towers above the others, and so is spoken of in the dialect of that particular county as a "Towery lass." The sentence, in full and plain English, reads thus:—"That Lass who is so Towery (i.e., tall)," or "That Lass who so Towery (or tall) is," and rendered into Sangileshire language it becomes, as written, "That Lass so Towery is," or, as pronounced colloquially, "That Lass 'o Towery 's."

[\* \* This the Authors consider a sufficiently satisfactory explanation. Of course we are not prepared at this early stage to dispute about the correctness of this assertion of theirs. Perhaps we have never been in the part of the country where they speak like this: and, by the way, the Authors haven't said what part of the country it is. Where is Sangileshire? We will write and ask.—Ed.]

## WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.



MUKHTAR PASHA has issued a manifesto, in which his followers are requested to treat the Russians with kindness. On no consideration whatever are the Turks to mutilate the dead. "Do not torture and kill the wounded," says MUKHTAR, addressing his "children," "and do not pursue fugitives to slaughter them." This excellent advice, coming from such a quarter, will probably cause a number of proclamations of a similar character to be published, and *Mr. Punch* will not in the least be surprised if he is called upon to note the following:—

Berlin.

COUNTRYMEN,

You owe your existence as a nation to the destruction of

French power. Sedan and Metz united Germany for ever. So long as we are stronger than France, so long as we can maintain our frontiers, and keep Strasbourg, we are safe. But it is a good thing to be generous. Therefore, oh my countrymen, pour all your gold into French coffers, and do your best to unlearn your military duties. This is a beautiful theory, but perhaps, after all, it will be as well if you do not reduce it to practice. You understand me, and I understand you.

(Signed) BISMARCK.

FRENCHMEN,

I BELIEVE that only a Republic can save France. I am the Republic, and, therefore, I only can save France. M. GAMBETTA

Paris.

represents all that is bad. He would lead you into destruction. Still it is good to be trustful, and shows a nature without guile. Follow, then, oh my dear Frenchmen, M. GAMBETTA, and when you have followed him, do not hoot him much, and pray (I implore you) do not subject him to unnecessary violence. Do you not know that much hooting is rude, and savage violence unkind? Be considerate, then, with M. GAMBETTA, and treat him rather better than he deserves.

(Signed) MACMAHON.

MY CHILDREN,

FIGHT bravely and fiercely, but do not kill more Turks than you think really sufficient. Do not bayonet the dead, because this practice sadly deranges the uniforms. Prisoners, too, should never be shot when they can be properly guarded. Should this reach you when you are dying in the ditches, remember that I am safe and sound and really very comfortable. When you remember this, your last moments will pass away in peace.

(Signed) ALEXANDER.

PALS,

Look 'ere. In these 'ere days of what the nobles call civilisation we ought to be moving with the rest of 'em. If in the way of business you 'ave to smash in a skull or two, do it gently. Don't you use no unnecessary violence. I know it costs a deal, but, when you can, take my advice and use chloroform. When the value of the expected swag will run to it, in course. Chloroform makes 'em kick the bucket so much more heasier. Twig?

(Signed)

BILL SIKES.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND CUSTOMERS,

Capel Court.

BELIEVE me we have all been wrong. For many years we have been cheating one another and the general public. This is to be greatly regretted, and I must advise you all to turn over new leaves. In future be fair and honest in all your dealings. I may add, that you need not send any replies to me at the above address, as I am on the eve of inaugurating a magnificent speculation, which may necessitate my hasty departure (at any moment) for Spain, or at least Boulogne. The police are nowadays so very officious.

(Signed)

JEREMY DIDDLE.

On the Other Side of the Styx.

MY DEVOTED AND DISTINGUISHED FOLLOWERS,

I HAVE seen all your addresses, from MUKHTAR PASHA upwards and downwards, and strongly approve of them. Believe me that it is naughty to be naughty, and good to be good. If you stop at that point (and I see that that is your intention), take my word for it that the present excellent understanding which exists between me and you will run no chance of being disturbed. Persevere, my dear followers. Good intentions furnish, in my eyes, a better pavement than either wood or asphalt.

(Signed)

MEPHISTOPHILES.





### AN AUTUMN MANŒUVRE.

*Short-Sighted Captain.* "WHO THE DOOSE ARE THESE? ARE THEY OUR DIVISION, OR ARE THEY THE ENEMY? I'LL SOON SEE! 'TENTION! FIRE A VOLLEY! AT THREE HUNDRED YARDS! READY—P'SENT!"

### THE FUTURE HISTORIAN OF ENGLAND.

(*Vide Mr. WILLS's Letter to the "Times," October 4th.*)

It is with the greatest possible interest that we look forward to a new History of England by Mr. WILLS, Author of *Charles the First* at the Lyceum, *Jane Shore* and *Mary Queen o' Scots* at the Princess's, and, recently, of *England in the daze, &c.*, at Drury Lane. The learned and poetic Author has adopted, if we may trust his letter to the *Times*, for his principle of arranging facts, a new reading of the old proverb, which appears to be, "History does not repeat itself." Mr. WILLS will do for the History of England what NIEBUHR did for that of Rome. Reform of legends is clearly required, and our Author thinks that it is "*Niebuhr* too late to mend."

We regret our inability to do more than place before the public a mere outline of some of the chief discoveries which Mr. WILLS, in his researches, has probably hit upon as demonstrating the falsehood of much that has hitherto been accepted as history. The energetic and gifted Author will, it is confidently expected, prove, beyond all doubt, that—

KING CHARLES THE FIRST was never beheaded at all. That trustworthy witnesses have solemnly attested the fact of the Monarch's having been seen to walk and talk half-an-hour after his head was cut off—a circumstance utterly incompatible with his having been previously beheaded.

It will be put beyond all dispute that CHARLES retired into very private life, eking out a livelihood by selling "parliament" (a sort of gingerbread), old stamps at so much a dozen, and pipe-lights at a small shop in an obscure street between Temple Bar and Drury Lane Theatre. Which street is still uncertain. But the question was so constantly being asked at the time, both by unfriendly Puritans and friendly Cavaliers, that at last the locality itself came to be known as Which Street, or, in the spelling of that epoch, "Wych Street." The present Olympic Theatre probably stands on the site of King CHARLES's lodgings. He continued to keep up a certain state at the nearest public-house, and was well known to the box-keepers of Drury Lane Theatre as a quiet, inoffensive elderly gentleman who was never absent from the

first night of a new piece at this establishment. He only once interrupted a performance by cracking nuts, but, on being remonstrated with by one of the officials, he produced an orange, which he sucked in silence. Whether this was a prophetic allusion to subsequent events connected with WILLIAM THE THIRD, is not known. The immediate cause of the worthy ex-Monarch's decease was a too hearty supper off oysters and stout, with brown bread and butter, at RULE'S, in Maiden Lane, after which he was never seen to smile again.

As to CARDINAL WOLSEY, doubtless Mr. WILLS hopes to establish conclusively that this celebrated ecclesiastic accepted a living from Queen ELIZABETH, but could never be induced to wear either a double white tie and high collars, or a low waistcoat and tail-coat. This accords with SHAKESPEARE's description of him as "a man of most unbounded stomach." He lived well into the reign of the Second CHARLES, when he represented the then almost extinct type of Sporting Parson, and in the last year of his life experienced the satisfaction of having backed the right horse for the Derby. He was noted in his parish for the admirable way in which he used to teach little boys to swim on bladders, and often dined with CROMWELL, during the Protectorate, at Whitehall.

Of course Mr. WILLS thinks that there is some certain foundation for the assertion that RICHARD THE THIRD was a gentle, amiable creature who would not harm a Fly, though he is reported to have killed a Clarence. He never saw RICHMOND but once in his life, when he dined at the "Star and Garter" with some other choice spirits, including STANLEY, who had recently returned from Africa. RICHARD was an exemplary father, a dutiful son, and a devoted husband. He was so attached to his little nephews as to be accused of nepotism when he bestowed on them a couple of lucrative posts in the Tower. He received the entire support of the Clergy, and as the emblem of the Order of Pastors is the Crook, and as they were always backing him in his admirable works of charity, his maligners nick-named him "The Crook-back'd." This, in later stupid ages, was taken to allude to some personal deformity. He was one of the most learned and most able Kings that ever swayed a nation's destinies, and raised the standard of the Indian Civil Service Examination to such a height of excellence as



## A WAIL FOR THE WHALE.



AH, alas! it is over for ever!  
Has the climate—which most of us kills—  
Settled thee? Say, again shall I never  
Read thy name in large type in the bills?

Must I stand at the door with my shilling,  
But to hear thy too pitiful tale?  
Is it useless to urge that I'm willing—  
Quite—to put down one more "for the  
Whale?"

Alas, yes, 'tis too true! Though they caught  
thee,  
Prepared for thee honours untold,—  
P'raps with *Pongo* to dine might have taught  
thee,—  
They couldn't quite cope with thy cold.

And though M.D.'s abound in thy quarter,  
Alas, what could their science suggest?  
They might say, "Put its tail in hot-water,—  
Try a plaster or two on its chest.

"Such a cold!—all our practice can't match it;  
It floods diagnosis with doubt.  
Whereon earth did our young patient catch it?  
Has it been in the water—or out?

"We can picture an Elephant wheezing,  
Or a Python knocked over by cramp,  
But a Whale!—we can't fancy that sneezing,  
With a pulse at a hundred—from damp!"

So I wonder, at human invention  
If thy too fishy nature took fright,  
When each minute, with kindest intention,  
Some one soured thee all day—and all  
night!

If that voyage across the Atlantic,—  
Meant to handsomely butter thy bread,—  
Made thee long for a voice to cry, frantic,  
"Oh! do stop, I've a cold in my head!"

Such a cold! Ah, too late they all rue it!  
And denounce thy berth *minus* a lid,—  
With a *douche*! For if that didn't do it,  
'Tis not easy to tell thee what did!

Ah! but there,—all is over for ever!  
Though thy tank daily empties and fills,  
I shall never again—I shall never  
Read thy name in large type in the  
bills!

has rarely, if ever, been attained since his decease. His real name was PLANTAGENET GREEN.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, instead of being beheaded, retired to Ireland, where she was joined by Lady JANE GREY and Lord DUDLEY. They were all three remarkably fond of music, specially Lord DUDLEY, who started an Opera House in Dublin, and made a considerable fortune in the first season.

GUY FAUX was a literary friend of King JAMES's and the only foundation for the Gunpowder Plot fiction was that they were engaged together in getting up a new Magazine which was to set the Thames on fire. Lord MOUNTAGLE and TRESHAM were among the contributors. In fact, if it hadn't been for little boys on the 5th of November, the invention of fireworks (by GUY FAUX himself), and the romantic pen of Mr. HARRISON AINSWORTH, this extraordinarily absurd legend would long since have been forgotten.

Such are a few of the *corrigenda* which we may expect to be supplied by our new Historian. When he has finished this great work we trust he will devote himself to a History of his own country—Ireland—of which he is a distinguished native, and long may he remain so! He might get Mr. BOUCHICULT to assist him. What

## THE LAST PIC-NIC OF THE SEASON.

SCENE—A well-known Place of Amusement.

*He.* Are you quite sure you won't take a little more champagne?

*She.* Oh dear no, thanks. I have had plenty.

*He.* May I give you a little more lobster salad?

*She.* Thanks, so much; but I have quite finished.

*He.* Perhaps I might get you another novel to read. They may be some time yet.

*She.* But isn't MUDIE's a long way off?

*He.* Oh dear no—get there in a cab in less than no time. But never mind; here they come. I will wait for the verdict, and then hurry down to see after the carriage.

*She.* But, really this is giving you too much trouble; and wouldn't you like to hear them sentenced to death? Why, I wouldn't miss that part of the fun for worlds!

[Scene closes in upon Law, Fashion, and Hysterics.]

## DEFECT IN A DAIRY SHOW.

THE Dairy Show held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, last year, having proved a success, similar exhibitions are to be held there annually. The second of them took place last week. It comprised an extraordinary collection of goats, donkeys, and mules; also some butter made of sheep's milk, but no cows appear to have figured, either personally or by their representative products, butyaceous or caseous, amongst the lactiferous animals. Heifers, according to the report of a contemporary, were conspicuous by their absence; the cattle-plague regulations having rendered a general exhibition of cows impossible. Thus, rather oddly, the Dairy Show, though a capital one on the whole, was comparatively deficient in the particular *Mammalia* chiefly tributary to Dairies. But its chief deficiency was more remarkable than that. Fancy a Dairy Show including no specimen of that copious, or perhaps even chief replenisher of milk-pans that is not a mammal—the Cow with the Iron Tail!

## Parsons and Priests.

It is stated that the Society of the Holy Cross will in future admit none but benefited clergy to membership. But if the Church of England were properly governed, how many of the reverend gentry playing the "Priest in Absolution" would retain their benefices?

## Above and Below.

THE electric current may be charged with inaccuracy in flashing from the seat of war the following message, published in an evening paper:—

"Plevna had suffered much by bombardment, yet there were but few dead or wounded among the inhabitants."

Query, whether intramural interment may not still be practised at Plevna; and if the citizens of a necropolis cannot be correctly said to inhabit it?





### FRENCH POLITICS.

EVERY FRENCHMAN TAKES AN INTELLIGENT INTEREST IN THE AFFAIRS OF HIS COUNTRY—EVEN THE BUTCHER-BOY.

### LINE ON A LECTURE.

(At the Midland Institute.)

TRUE, whether Will is free, or not,  
It matters, TYNDALL, ne'er a jot  
To Justice with offenders dealing  
For acts of homicide or stealing.  
Say that Will's freedom's but a name,  
We punish convicts all the same,  
Hang murderers in *terrorem* still,  
To make their fellows fear to kill.  
Send to the treadmill erring brothers,  
And whip them for the good of others,  
Or e'en their own; by flagellation  
Enforcing Will to reformation.  
So men for misbehaviour flog  
A heedless or a wayward dog  
(Except of fine for cruelty  
To animals afraid they be).  
We, some of us that is, have got  
A conscience—which a dog has not;  
And preaching to the Moral Sense,  
In such, may waken penitence.  
But, if our Will's the mere creation  
Of Circumstance and Organisation  
Then Conscience, however queasy,  
Can have no cause to feel uneasy.  
Man's thoughts and deeds are only just  
What they must be—because they must.  
He, for contrition or remorse,  
Has no more reason than a horse.  
His consciousness of free volition  
Is mere illusive superstition.  
His heart can help his inclination  
No more than its own palpitation.  
Did Conscience to a watch belong,  
The watch might feel that it went wrong.  
But how could it itself accuse  
Knowing it wasn't free to choose?  
Conscience no more should trouble man  
Than a Marine Ascidian,  
From that first parent if so be  
That we derive our pedigree,  
Down through organical gradations,  
PONGO, and such—"our poor relations."

THE ORIGINAL FISH TORPEDO.—The *Torpedo vulgaris*.

### HINTS FOR THE "LIBRARIANS."

THE Book-keepers—the Librarians—English, American, and Foreign, have been holding a Conference in London. They read many useful papers, and discussed many interesting and important questions; but they left untouched, probably through want of time, several topics which might fairly have been thought worthy of their attention. We will name a few of these omissions, that the Librarians may think them carefully over, and deliberate upon them when next they assemble.

What penalties ought to be inflicted on those objectionable characters who (1) borrow books, and forget to return them; (2) scribble on the margins; (3) turn the pages down; (4) drop crumbs between the leaves; and (5) are careless of the binding?

What should be the treatment of those presumptuous persons who pronounce opinions (mostly unfavourable) on books without reading them?

Given a diligent reader who every year conscientiously peruses works on history, antiquities, theology (including sermons), moral philosophy, palæontology, biology, political economy, and scientific treatises—how much light refreshment, in the shape of novels, would you allow him in the course of the twelve months?

What binding would be most suitable for (1) "a book in breeches," (2) "a walking dictionary"?

Would it not be highly convenient if publishers were compelled (by special legislation, if necessary) to issue all books and periodicals ready cut for reading?

If paper knives, in the present backward state of civilisation must be used, what should be their shape, and of what material ought they to be made?

May CAXTON be fairly described as a man of the bourgeois type?

At what age ought a Librarian to retire from active service, or, professionally speaking, to be shelved?

To prevent unnecessary multiplication of books, would it not be

advisable that aspiring authors should submit their manuscripts, prior to publication, to a jury of Librarians, and other experts, in order that they may determine whether what is now proposed to be printed has not been said already, and better said?

When a man has been laboriously at work all day long, and enters a free Library or Mechanics' Institute in the evening, is it reasonable to expect him to read historical, scientific, and serious works eagerly and exclusively?

Would it be a piece of unjustifiable extravagance to pay an accomplished and experienced gentleman, who has a language at the end of every finger, and is at the head of a large library in a large city, as much as is spent on a single evening entertainment in the fashionable season?

What books would you select to take with you—number of volumes restricted to six—if you were condemned to live on a desert island for a whole year?

What is the average existence of the modern novel, and how many of those published in the course of a season in three volumes might not be compressed into one, to the advantage both of writers and readers?

Name books suitable for reading (1) at breakfast, (2) on a wet day at the seaside, (3) in spare moments before dinner, (4) after dinner, (5) by the fire in the twilight, and (6) over a cigar.

If a man were to read for twelve hours a day every day in the year (Sundays excepted), and finish thirty octavo pages in each hour, how long would it take him to complete the perusal of all the books in the British Museum?

Explain why the critical study of SHAKESPEARE is conducive to irritability of temper.

### Good Advertisement.

NO MORE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.—Read ———'s new Novel.  
\* \* The blank can be filled up from MUDIE'S List.



OCTOBER.



ALL ye who would drink,  
And yet stop on the brink  
Of the chasm 'twixt drunken and sober,  
Throw out to the slums  
All your Brandies and Rums,  
And stick fast to good honest October!

Your Frenchman is vain  
Of his frothy Champagne—  
Of his Burgundy and his Bordeaux, Sirs!  
A staggering pot  
Of October, I wot,  
Would soon send all the lot down below, Sirs!

Your Clarets and Hocks,  
And your sour German books,  
May be all very well when you're ill, Sirs!  
But I venture to think  
That old JOHNNY BULL's drink  
Is the brave old October-brew still, Sirs!

Where find you for muscle,  
Or pluck in a tussle,  
A man who with BULL is compeer, Sirs?  
And if you'd know why—  
'Tis because when he's dry,  
He's content with a draught of good Beer, Sirs!

## THE PULPIT AND THE STAGE.

SPEAKING to an audience chiefly composed of Clergymen, in the recent Ecclesiastical Congress, on the subject of "The Church in relation to Public Amusements," a layman made an observation which may possibly have suggested an idea to some of his reverend hearers:—

"Mr. HALL, M.P., thought they were apt to take too narrow views of the theatre. It was not in a condition in which they should like to see it, but if it was not all they desired to see it, he thought part of the blame lay with those who, if they patronised the drama more, might, from the effect of their presence and influence, cleanse the Stage from the adaptations from the French Stage which brought the Stage into disrepute."

What is there to prevent Clergymen from countenancing the performance of any play fit for any Christian gentleman or lady to sit at, by going to see it? Surely, nothing but fear of what would be said by Mrs. GRUNDY. By way of a beginning, imagine an event which perhaps will, ere long, be thus announced in the *Morning Post*:—

"The tragedy of *Hamlet* was last night performed at the Lyceum Theatre. A centre stall was occupied by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY."

This example might set the fashion, and is it not probable that if the Clergy in general would patronise the Stage, there would soon be an end of the extravaganzas described at their Congress by Canon MONEY as consisting in "the making of low gestures, the utterance of impure language, and the indulgence in low customs." In a very short time the visitor to a Theatre which need not be named might be entertained with *She Stoops to Conquer*.

## Artillery and Infantry.

It has been suggested that, in the event of a war, the Woolwich Infants might be employed with peculiar advantage in the attack of breastworks. Although now above a year old, these Infants are still considered to be children in arms. Nevertheless, all such children resemble those concerning whom the notice in the *Post* informs us that children must be paid for.

DE BROGLIE'S DOING.—The political situation in France—an *imbroglio*.

## THE SCIOLIST'S TRIUMPH.

A SCIOLIST, at evening's close,  
Sat snug with spectacles on nose,  
And read his penny paper,  
He dwelt in a suburban spot,  
Of lore he had amassed a lot,  
And burnt much midnight taper;  
At least so the tradition ran  
Concerning this amazing man.

His friends—and he had not few—  
Opined he knew "a thing or two."  
You'll find, on due reflection,  
Such modest numerals express  
Omniscience, and nothing less,  
When used in this connection.  
Few rhymesters ever turned a verse on  
So very well-informed a person.

He laid his penny paper down,  
He knit his eyebrows in a frown,  
(They were severe and shaggy),  
He pished, poohed, pawawd, he rubbed  
his chin,  
He thrust his doubled digits in  
His pockets big and baggy.  
Cried he, at last, "This will not do!  
The world is going all askew!"

"Its Science!—Pooh! All fog and smoke!  
Its Jurisprudence—a mere joke!  
Its Law—the merest jumble!  
These *savans* I must show new lights,  
These rulers I must set to rights,  
These big-wigs I must humble.  
I'll put a stop to Error's capers  
By simply writing to the papers."

He rose, and took a ream or more  
Of foolscap, goose-quills by the score,  
Of ink a gallon bottle;  
And then he set himself to work  
TYNDALL to quash, whitewash the Turk.  
All Hydra's necks to throttle.  
On Queen, Lords, Commons, Judge, and  
Jury

He fell with most loquacious fury.

He wrote to all the penny prints,  
He sent them homilies, and hints,  
And warnings, and jobations,  
Interrogations wondrous wise,  
Most argumentative replies,  
And stern expostulations.  
Each letter smart, sarcastic, solemn,  
Was long enough to fill a column.

He signed himself all sorts of names—  
"A Constant Reader," "Truthful JAMES,"  
"Vindex," "Fair-play," or "Jingo,"  
It was the silly season, and  
The Editors could not command  
Right journalistic stingo;  
So, glad at anything to catch,  
They went and printed all the batch.

Oh, then that Sciolist uprose,  
And cried, "What power may oppose  
Public Opinion's fiat?"  
Then sat him down again to muse  
What public puzzle, wrong, abuse  
He next should have a shy at;  
Seeing that nothing can resist  
The letter-scribbling Sciolist.

## Different Doctors.

Doctors differ in other points than matters of opinion. Those of one Faculty differ from those of another. There has been noted a difference between Doctors of Medicine and Doctors of Divinity. The former practise, the latter preach. If an M.D. preach as well as practise, he is an exception, and most likely a Dissenter. Let us believe the D.D. who preaches but does not practise to be an exceptional humbug.





### THE BRITISH LION IN A PRETTY "PICKELHAUBE."

AND A FEW THOUGHTS THEREON.

#### NOTES OF A TABLE D'HÔTE.

*Taken in Foreign Parts.*

(Room 246) Mrs. E. Y. Z. T. BLAKE, from the United States. A lady of fifty who wishes to pass for thirty. The entire mornings of this diner are passed with her hair-dresser—result, a wonderful and complicated head of hair. She is accompanied by a mischievous boy, who kicks the table between the courses. This boy is the representative of Mr. E. Y. Z. T. BLAKE, a gentleman who is supposed to be making hundreds of dollars an hour, somewhere or other on the American side of the Atlantic. The Lady is very talkative, and converses much with her neighbour.

(Room 247) Prince IVANOFF, from Russia. A yellow-skinned, white-haired little man, with bloodshot eyes. He wears a green ribbon in his button-hole, and has his shrivelled fingers covered

with diamond rings. He is waited upon by a Muscovite in a peculiar costume. When the Prince goes out he wears a good deal of fur. He speaks the language of the country fluently, and his Voltairian remarks and *risqué* suggestions are received with roars of approving laughter by his neighbour, No. 246. It is fortunate, however, that an imperfect comprehension of modern foreign tongues prevents

(Room 392) the Rev. JONAS GROANS, of England, from understanding him. Were it otherwise, the Prince would certainly receive the reproaches of the eloquent Nonconformist. Mr. GROANS has come abroad for the first time, and cannot quite make out how a heathen land can be so like his native country. He passes his days in solemnly visiting the various sights. He gloomily inspects all the Museums, carefully avoiding (of course) the Churches; very unlike his neighbour,

(Room 504) the Rev. CHERYSTOM TONSURE, B.A., of Oxford, who,





### A SENSE OF PROPERTY.

*Botanical Old Gent (in the Brighton Gardens). "CAN YOU TELL ME, MY GOOD MAN, IF THIS PLANT BELONGS TO THE 'ARBUTUS' FAMILY?"*

*Gardener (curtly). "NO, SIR, IT DOAN'T. IT B'LONGS TO THE CORPORATION!"*

dressed in a costume carefully, but not quite accurately, copied from the dress of a foreign priesthood, haunts the services at the various Cathedrals all day long. The opinions of this young gentleman are unquestionably "High," and are much prized by his neighbour.

(Room 630) Miss ARABELLA WALLFLOWER, from Bath. This diner is an earnest, sentimental spinster of five-and-fifty. She dresses in sombre colours, and poses in devotional attitudes, as if she were sitting for her portrait for a church window. Her saintlike air would be perfect were she not rather too fond of lobster-salad. She regards Mr. TONSURE with great admiration, and evidently would willingly share his parochial duties. If she objects to any of his views it is to those relative to the celibacy of the Clergy. Devoted to the Church, she ignores the Law, represented by her neighbour.

(Room 741) Mr. JOHN BANTOM, from Lincoln's Inn. Mr. BANTOM is a Barrister-at-Law, and is rapidly making his way to the Wool-sack. He shares his rooms with two other men, and possesses the third of a clerk. Six months ago he received a brief marked "two guineas," and has been promised the appointment of "devil" to that rising junior, Mr. OALDE PARR. This is very good indeed, he considers, for a man of only four years' standing. He has for his neighbour his old friend,

(Room 742) Mr. COKE BLACKSTONE, also from Lincoln's Inn. The earnest, serious nature of this Barrister must have lead to great things, had he properly used his opportunities. Belonging to a family of Solicitors, and being the intimate associate of scores of Counsel learned in the law, he should soon have risen from the Bar to the Bench. Unhappily, however, he took to military pursuits, and discarded the Law for the Volunteers. He divides his conversation between Mr. BANTOM and

(Rooms 4, 5, 6) Mr. and Mrs. JOHN BULLION, from Liverpool. Enormously rich, rather over-dressed, but on the whole very good-natured. Mr. JOHN BULLION converses with Mr. BLACKSTONE about the Militia, and feeling that he is being outflanked, adroitly changes the subject to "cotton," and leaves his adversary nowhere. Mrs. JOHN BULLION, in the meanwhile, gives all her attention to

(Rooms 7, 8, 9) The Misses BULLION, who are in fact her daugh-

ters. These young Ladies are dressed in the latest fashion, and seem (much to their mother's disgust) to be greatly amused with the conversation of

(Room 902) Captain FLATFOOT, from the Junior Rowdy Club, an ex-gallant officer (he sold out of the 133rd two years ago), who spends his time in smoking cigars, drinking brandies-and-sodas, and brushing his hair. For some time he has been living on the Jews. Now he will marry a Miss BULLION and live upon her, if Mrs. BULLION will only let him. The three young Ladies greatly admire the gallant Captain's moustache, and picture to themselves a fate similar to that of

(Room 93) Mr. and Mrs. TURTLE DOVE, from London; a young couple, who, although they have been married for some years, still find an endless source of delightful conversation in one another's personal appearance. He tells her when there is anything wrong with her collar, and she pays the greatest possible attention to the proper arrangement of his hair.

Rooms in other parts of the Hotel are represented by Merchants, Squires, Mature Matrons, Grass Widows, and members of the three great families of Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

### Shakspearian Emmanations.

To say there is nothing SHAKESPEARE did not know is as trite as to say there is nothing new under the sun; but it really seems as if Troy town was infected with the ribald shouts at wandering females that re-echo through London at the present moment. The reader will find in *Troilus and Cressida* that

"Trojans cry a Helen and a woe."

This might be paraphrased to-day

"Britons cry a Hemma and a whoa."

But, as we are quoting SHAKESPEARE, we cannot help crying with *Romeo* to the London cad—

"Forget that name, and that name's woe!"



## THE TOURIST INTERROGATED.

(By the Man who hasn't stirred from Town.)



HY go abroad, and hurry through the Bois de Boulogne in one afternoon, when, by staying at home, you can have the whole of Hyde Park to yourself for three months?

Why wander about the base of Trajan's Column when you can go to the top of the Duke of YORK'S?

Why get an order for the Catacombs when you can take a return ticket to Baker Street?

Why rave at Geneva about the "wondrous azure depths" of the lake, when you can stand on the

bridge at the Serpentine, and not even see the bottom?

Why go up the Rhine in search of ruins when you have got the New Opera House at hand on the Thames Embankment?

Why get maudlin over the "wild seclusion" of some foreign shore, when you can borrow a key and sit in the middle of Bloomsbury Square?

Why start for Norway to struggle with a salmon, when you can leisurely survey it at rest on a counter in Bond Street?

Why stifle yourself by looking into the crater of Vesuvius, when you can attend a preliminary inquiry at a Metropolitan Police Court?

Why travel through Sicily to be waylaid by brigands, when you can insure a burglary by taking a house on Clapham Common?

Why rush to Aix and Homburg to drink the waters, when you can have in Apollinaris by the dozen?

Why stop at Salzburg to catch a sight of BISMARCK and ANDRASSY, when you can enjoy a thorough stare at the whole British Cabinet by simply waiting long enough in Downing Street?

Why pay fifteen francs for an indigestible entrée in the Palais Royal when you can get a good, wholesome, well-cooked British mutton-chop in Pall Mall for eighteen pence?

Why go to the North to enjoy a week's deer-stalking, when you can contract chronic rheumatism just as easily by wading through the Essex Marshes in your slippers?

Why take any trouble to secure your admission to any foreign Court when Madame TUSSAUD'S is always open for a shilling?

Why travel for months to experience the cool, biting freshness of "the Lewis," and the simmering heat of Naples, when you can meet with both in Piccadilly within the same six hours?

Why go into ecstasies over the Rue de Rivoli when you have once got to the end of the Cromwell Road?

Why cry up the pastry, gendarmes, poodles, and cabanes on the other side of the Channel, when you have got buns, Policemen, bulldogs, and bathing-machines on this?

Why go abroad, where you ought to grumble at everything you meet, when you can save yourself all the trouble by merely sitting still and growling at everything at home?

## NAVAL QUESTIONS.

Is the utility of a powerful Navy in any measure illustrated by the passage below quoted from HOBART PASHA'S letter to the *Times*, respecting "Russian Monitors and Turkish Iron-clads"? Speaking of officers in command of the Russian Navy, the SULTAN'S Admiral says:—

"Why don't they send out their celebrated Popofkas? The Turkish ships-of-war are cruising in squadrons of twos and threes, and the Turkish Navy is also burning to distinguish itself; but while the Russian iron-clads lie behind forts mounting hundreds of 35-ton guns, with the approaches defended by countless torpedoes at a distance of four miles from the shore, there is little chance of their doing so."

In the meanwhile, of how much more use is the Turkish Navy to

the Turks than the Russian is to the Russians? Should BRITANNIA ever be forced to fight, will British iron-clads prove better able than Turkish are found to get at an enemy lying behind forts and torpedoes? Will the former, on the other hand, keep, as effectually as the latter do, the enemy's vessels in? If not, will our heavy guns and torpedoes serve to keep invaders as completely those of the Russians keep HOBART PASHA'S ships, out? Let us hope, however, that, come what may, BRITANNIA will ever continue to rule the waves; and that her iron-clads will at any rate cost her adversaries something considerably more than they do her tax-payers.

## LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUTUMN, after a year's absence, has rejoined the circle of the seasons, and with autumn authors have returned from their holidays to pen, ink, and paper; painters have come back to their brushes and palettes; sculptors to their chisels; architects to their plans and elevations; and men of science to their microscopes and blow-pipes, their laboratories and crucibles.

All sorts of interesting rumours are flying about, all kinds of novel reports are in circulation, and gossip—literary, scientific, and artistic—is busy with forthcoming books, pictures, poetry, pottery, statues, inventions, experiments, and highly finished and appropriate Christmas cards.

Several works on Cleopatra's Needle are ready for the binder, and will be published the evening before the day on which the Obelisk is drawn in triumphal procession by sixty of the most powerful dray-horses that London can supply, preceded by the Diplomatic Body, the Volunteers and the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs in their state equipages, to the open space in front of St. Paul's. The author of one of these works is fully persuaded he has succeeded in interpreting the characters which are figured on the Needle. He asserts that they relate the whole of CLEOPATRA'S early girlish history in the nursery, the schoolroom, and the family circle, up to the time when she came out in Egyptian society. We are promised a list of her governesses, the titles of her school-books, and the names of the partners with whom the youthful beauty danced during the first season at the Alexandrian balls, including fragments of conversation carried on while eating ices and sipping Mandragora-and-Seltzer.

The Zoological Society have commissioned an experienced agent to procure a specimen of the asp, "the pretty worm of Nilus," by help of which CLEOPATRA committed suicide. It is hoped this highly interesting creature will be a denizen of the Gardens before the Christmas holidays.

The play of *Antony and Cleopatra*, by SHAKESPEARE, or as some critics contend, by GREENE and NASH, will be revived with every attention to scenic splendour at one of our principal theatres.

*Did Gower Live in Gower Street?* A volume with this attractive title may be expected from one of our foremost poets about Lord Mayor's Day. The author does not attempt to prove too much. He wisely refrains from any conjectures as to the number of the house inhabited by the poet, and only indirectly gives an opinion as to the side of the street on which it stood.

Our knowledge of the personal history of a far brighter star than GOWER—CHAUCER—has most unexpectedly received a welcome addition in the shape of two important facts which have recently come to light in the Large Paper Office. These are, that the name of his landress was DE SOPE, and that CHAUCER'S favourite dish was peacock, plain boiled, with tongue.

We are promised an entirely new biography of SHAKESPEARE, giving another way of spelling his name hitherto unknown to all critics and students; and proving beyond a doubt, by an exhaustive examination of his verse-endings, that all the historical plays (except the two first Acts, and the Second Scene of Act IV. of the *Third Part of Henry the Sixth*), more than half the comedies, and two-fifths of the tragedies, were really written by a sort of committee, composed of SHAKESPEARE, ROWLEY, and FLETCHER, with the co-operation (in some of the plays) of WALTER RALEIGH.

Admirers of POPE are promised a treat in some unpublished letters, newly discovered in an old bee-hive which had belonged to the great grandson of the poet's gardener. They are addressed to LORD BOLINGBROKE (St. JOHN), and show that he made POPE a present of some particularly beautiful oyster shells for his grotto, and that POPE added neither cream nor sugar to his tea.

It has long been felt that a series of Primers, containing the most recent theories and discoveries in general history and literature, was loudly called for by that constantly increasing class, both of young men and young women, preparing to qualify themselves by examination for various posts in the Naval, Military, and Civil Service of their country. This want MESSRS. QUARTOPORTH are endeavouring to supply. The first of the series will be issued early in November. It will embrace that important tract of history reaching from the Battle of Arbela to the Sicilian Vespers.

A new edition is announced of the works of GURTON PORREX, a dramatic writer of the Elizabethan and Jacobean era, whose pretensions



have been lost sight of in the blaze that surrounds such intellectual giants as SHAKSPEARE, JONSON, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, MARLOWE, &c. PORREX's principal—indeed, it may almost be said his only play—*Arcturgus and Belvemira*—has a confused plot, situations entirely destitute of interest, and a style which, when it does not rant, stoops to the baldest prose; but still the piece, from its scattered allusions to bygone habits and customs, is felt to have a claim on the attention of the public. One disputed point it proves beyond a question—that the introduction of snuffers took place at a much earlier period than has hitherto been supposed. GUSTON PORREX's Works will be issued both in small and large paper: the latter will be limited to five copies.

The jokes in the Christmas Pantomimes will be chiefly supplied by Mr. PONGO, ZAZEL, CLEOPATRA's Needle, and Torpedoes.

Our gossip has run to such a length that we must postpone much interesting information bearing on Science and Art.

### CHARLIE TO 'ARRY.

In reply to the Epistle from the latter Gentleman which appeared in the last number of "Punch."



WELL 'ARRY, ole pal! this comes 'op'ing as 'ow you are hup to the nines;

Though I haven't much doubt on that pint after reading your rollicking lines.

If I'd got a few shots in the locker, I'd jine yer on Sunday with joy;

But I can't square the odds with old Cocker, — won't run to it, 'ARRY my boy.

The Gov'nor's a screw, as you know, and he's cut down my screw to a quid.

Trade's bad, the old buffer declares, which in course that is all blooming "kid;"

Then I put on the pot rayther 'ot on the Ledger, and didn't quite land;

So, yer see, I am hout of the 'unt, and can't jine yer in doing the grand.

But I envies yer, 'ARRY! the picter you paints is as temptin' as jam.

New togs, lots of tin, with fine gals and fine weather! it's prime, and no flam.

Lor! shouldn't I jest like to twig yer a trottin' about by the sea, A-takin' the shine out of toffs, and a-takin' in Soda-and-B!

But Town's none so dusty jest now, though it's empty of orl the erleet—

There's plenty of spice at the Musio 'Alls, lots of rare larks in the street.

If one can't do the pier when the sick 'uns is landing—the richest of sights—

One can make a good shift with our "barney" along the Embankment o' nights.

It's as good as a play, I can tell yer, the game as we now carries on, A-nobbling some funky old buffer, a-chivying some fat forrin don;

And as for the sprees with the petticoats—there! it's a caution to snakes!

The peelers? Lor bless yer, my pippin, they don't interfere with our fakes.

That Druskywich business, I reckon, has jest about flummoxed the "Cops;"

We've the run of the streets, and no error, 'once out of the glare of the shops.

The papers is pitching it stiffish concernin' the rule of the Rough, But jigger them penny-a-liners! Who cares half a snap for their stuff?

Recollect them old capers at Islington, where we got caned by a bloke?

Ah! he were a 'ot member, that swell were, and lickings like his is no joke.

But our high old sprees is more proper, and jest safe as houses beside.

For calling us Cads breaks no bones, and that's all the topsawyers has tried.

"More Peelers!" the papers is crying. Oh yes, like that Druskywich lot!

A duffer as can't put the double on Coppers deserves to be shot. We've bin doing it lately, I tell yer, and means for to keep hup the game.

Wot! Stop all our street larks? No fear! Which the bloomin' suggestion's a shame.

So you see you ain't got all the fun, though you're doing the toff out of Town.

Yet I should like a boss at the bathers, and wish I could jest toddle down.

I've two and a tanner,—no, blarm it! can't flx it, wus luck, so good bye!

Yours, scrumpshusly,

CHARLIE.

P.S.—It's jest dusk, so I'm out on the fly.

### WAITING CONFIRMATION.

THE report—

That Lord DERBY has let a week go by without writing five very spirited despatches.

That the immediate result of the Dairy Show has been a fall of sevenpence a pound in the price of butter.

That someone has written to the *Times* to say "he doesn't care what they do with CLEOPATRA's Needle?"

That Mr. GLADSTONE is entertaining a distinguished circle of Bashi-Bazooks at Hawarden.

That Marshal MACMAHON knows exactly what he's about.

That Count ANDREASSY told Prince BISMARCK, at Salzburg, distinctly that "he had better look out."

That a distinguished historian's strong bias on the Eastern Question has induced him to lead a division of Turkish irregular cavalry under the *nom de plume* of "Freeman Pasha."

That Sir WILLIAM GULL was called in to see the late Aquarium Whale.

That Bishop CLAUGHTON is importing a couple of dozen for his own personal sport and amusement.

That the next Obstructive Novelty at Westminster will be "Mr. PARNELL fired from a Cannon."

That Sir JOHN BENNETT has been embraced by the whole Court of Aldermen in sackcloth and tears.

That somebody has come back from the Continent in rough weather, and hasn't written to the *Times* to say that "the management was simply disgraceful."

That Londoners generally are looking forward to the gradual approach of November with intoxicated enthusiasm.

That it is extremely enjoyable now at the sea-side, especially after half-past six on a wet evening.

And that, taking all things into consideration, anybody who could would do well to absent himself from town.

### Plays at London Theatres.

*The Porter's Knot*—Not to refuse a tip.

*Family Ties*—Our girls' beaux.

*The Rake's Progress*—Very fast.

*The Dead Secret*—Sir ROGER TICHBORNE.

*A Question of Phiz*—"Sweet or dry, Sir?"

### Parisian Intelligence.

BAROMETER bonnets have been introduced in Paris, trimmed with artificial flowers which change colour with the weather. Thermometer hats may perhaps be invented there, too, for use at elections, and may serve to denote the degree of party ardour infused by hot-headed addresses into cold, or lukewarm, voters.

### PROVERB FOR RITUALIST PARSONS.

WHAT is the good of playing at Mass? "*Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle.*"

BULLETIN OF THE CÉSAREWITCH WINNER'S JOCKEY.—Outside, *Hilarious!* Inside, jolly!





### THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

*British Tourist (to fellow-Passenger, in mid-Channel). "GOING ACROSS, I SUPPOSE?"*  
*Fellow-Passenger. "YAA. ARE YOU?"*

### FROM THE SHADES.

"The craft which has been contrived to carry the Egyptian Obelisk to this country is called the *Cleopatra*."

SCENE—*The Shores of the Styx.* INTERLOCUTORS—*The Shades of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.*

*Mark Antony (gazing disgustedly at a sketch of the craft)—*  
 CALL this "the *Cleopatra*"? Cockney dolts!  
 Anachronistic, dull, mechanic muffs!  
 They'd vulgarise Dame Venus.

*Cleopatra (pouting).* Once you said  
 The Apple-snatching Queen of Love had missed  
 The prize, had CLEOPATRA made a fourth  
 When the Immortal Triad were appraised  
 By facile Paris.

*Mark Antony (musingly).* Ah! these gloomy shades  
 Dull gallant rhetoric, hush hyperbole,  
 And cast a damp on dalliance. But, by Thoth,  
 That Cydnus galley to this shapeless craft  
 Was—as thyself to some Anonyma,  
 Who dazzles crass patricians to their doom  
 In these degenerate days, when gilded youth  
 Are duller than Dutch metal.

*Cleopatra.* Please thee, MARK,  
 I like not thy comparison! Rather say,  
 As the wide ocean to that narrow tank  
 In Westminster, where they confined the Whale,  
 Till kind Catarrh released him.

*Mark Antony.* Like the pigs!  
 They'd make a show of Behemoth—or thee—  
 Could they but catch thee.

*Cleopatra (scornfully).* Me? The Gods forbid!  
 Better the Roman triumph, which the Worm  
 Baulked bloodless CÆSAR of; rather e'en that  
 Than the Boetian Briton's shilling show.

*Mark Antony.* They've nabbed thy "Needle"!

*Cleopatra (vengefully).* Would its point could prick  
 Their callous cuticles, as with the fang  
 Of the envenomed Aspic.

*Mark Antony.* Faith! these Shades  
 Have not quite chilled the blood which burning Egypt  
 Fired with love's fever and the flame of hate  
 Alternate, when thine ANTONY, long ago,  
 First knew thee by the Nile.

*Cleopatra.* And doth the rose  
 Of rapture or of wrath as well besem  
 These pallid cheeks, as thou didst say of old  
 It then became the sun-kist brown?

*Mark Antony.* Alas!  
 Grim Rhadamanthus is so hard on—lies,  
 Or I—

*Cleopatra.* Is this the ANTONY who dared  
 Brave fate and barter empire for a kiss?

*Mark Antony.* Is this the CLEOPATRA who had won  
 Pluto to dalliance in her rosy days  
 Of fleshly empire? Ah! these dim domesnes,  
 These Stygian shadows, rapidly reduce  
 Love-rhapsody to truth and sober sense.  
 Hyperbole in Hades! Faugh!

*Cleopatra.* Heigho!  
 Our glory's but a dream. Could they not leave  
 The dream undeseccated, but must drag  
 Tum's monolith linked crassly with my name  
 In such domestic dowdy-Dorecas sort  
 As might have fitted dull Penelope,  
 Or any nous-less needle-wielding dame,  
 Drag it athwart the Ocean, just to deck  
 In inappropriate wise some Cockney nook  
 In their Boetian Babylon? I would  
 Neptune might make one mouthful of the craft,  
 The Obelisk, and its bearers, as he gulped  
 Those stolen marbles; better briny depths  
 And calm oblivion than fussy fame





“MORE POLICE!”

VOX POPULI. “OH, P'LEECAMAN, THEY'RE A-BREAKIN' INTO MY HOUSE! SOMEBODY'S A-KICKIN' HIS WIFE TO PIECES AT No. 5! THERE'S AN OLD GENT BEING THROTTLED ROUND THE CORNER! THERE'S A HOUSE A-FIRE IN THE NEXT STREET!!” (AND SO ON, AND SO ON!)

POLICEMAN. “ALL RIGHT! ONLY ONE AT A TIME, PLEASE!!”







Amidst the stony horrors of those streets  
Where PHIDIAS would have sickened.

*Mark Antony.* How, I wonder,  
Will London's Statues welcome to their midst  
This neighbour from far Nile!

*Cleopatra.* Oh, as its dames  
Might hail my advent while the season's catch,  
As yet unhooked, was ruffling all the bosom  
Of marriageable Swelldom.

*Mark Antony.* Faith! 'twere fun  
To see thee leap amongst them, like a pard  
Frighting all meaner ravens from the prey.

*Cleopatra.* What callow Peer might rival POMPEY? What  
Glib Guardsman match my MARK?

*Mark Antony.* Alas! such fancies  
Are fond and futile. These be lesser stars,  
Yet they are shining. Ours are quenched in dark  
Which once outshone Canopus. May great Tum  
Confound these filchers! Henceforth I am dumb.

### DRINK FOR DYSPEPSIA.



SOME judicious observations were kindly addressed by MR. WALTER, M.P., to a Meeting connected with the Church of England Temperance Society at Reading. The Hon. Member having suggested that milk would be a desirable addition to the drinks on sale at pastrycooks' shops, proceeded as follows:—

"Well, he wanted to know why an eminent house in that town, which probably consumed more milk than any house in England, should not provide its customers with a glass of milk to wash down its excellent Bath buns."

Why, indeed? But then the Bath buns, which milk is a sufficient draught for

the eater of them to drink upon, must be so excellent as to excel the great majority of those buns very much, in not being rich, and heavy, and greasy, and in being digestible. Such exceptional Bath buns can well enough be washed down with a liquor no more stimulant and stomachic than milk; but after the ordinary official Bath bun, which has been unwisely eaten, the preferable potion will probably by most people be felt to be a "nip" of brandy. Or, instead of milk pure and simple, the Faculty, perhaps, would in a case of swallowing Bath buns of average digestibility recommend milk-punch.

### PARIS AT THIS MOMENT.

*The Splendid Hotel of the Grand Louvre, the Two Worlds, and France.*

MY DEAR EDITOR,  
ALEXANDER SELKIRK said it would be "better to live in the midst of alarms" than to dwell in "this horrible place." Thereby he clearly intended to demonstrate that he was thoroughly bored with his desolate island, and wished to visit. We at this moment are living in the "midst of alarms." Every "guardian of the peace," every Park-keeper in the Bois de Boulogne, excites interest. We regard the sword-bayonet or the knife of the chace with eager anxiety, and hope that these protectors of the law are "ready, aye ready" to put down the slightest attempt at a revolt. However, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; and, as I write, all is tranquil. I may add that the old ladies of the kiosks are terribly grave. One of them supplies me with my evening Times, and the other night this excellent woman was perfectly pale with emotion. "Any fear of a riot?" I asked, in a whisper. She nodded her head sadly and positively. "Why?" was my next inquiry, also addressed to her in a subdued tone. "Because," she answered, after looking sharply round to see that no Government spy was listening to her, "they have seized Punch!" And now for a few notes.

*Hotels.*—There are now three distinct classes in Paris. I am staying at the first class, and am as much a "number" as any convict in Pentonville. The only difference between us is this—everybody looks after the convict, nobody looks after me. There are hundreds and thousands of rooms in this hotel, and several lifts. All day long "numbers" are coming in and going out, dining, smoking, and lounging. The servants don't care for me, and (after many ineffectual attempts to summon them with my electric bell) I don't care for the servants. If I were to die to-morrow, I believe that the only order that would be given down below, by the *garçon*, would be, "One funeral complete for 2,467." If I lodged "au Premier," he would, perhaps, add, "with a Bishop." Such is Class No. 1.

Class No. 2 is the Hotel "recommended to English visitors." It is generally situated in a second-rate street, and is sometimes as large as the specimens of Class No. 1. Its peculiarity is this, that, without being in the least English, it is not at all French. The meals obtainable at this horrible place are strongly suggestive of a City coffee-house drifting into bankruptcy. Here you can obtain "the good English breakfast," consisting of grass tea, kitchen eggs, sour bread, and "inferior Doaset," or "the thoroughly English dinner" of baked or boiled "roast beef" and suet-and-raisin "plum-pudding." Here, too, you can find the wooden beds of Old England, minus their native cleanliness. You will no longer be a "number," but will meet some really "nice people," who will talk about "carriage company," and will invariably drop their "h's." It is from this class of Hotel that the Boulevards receive their supplies of out-away coats, wide-awake hats, and corkscrew curls.

Lastly, there is Class No. 3. This section consists of the old-fashioned Hotels, which were in their prime half a century ago. They preserve the tradition of being still "first-class," and attempt to ignore the claims of less ancient houses. There is an air of melancholy about the "Boots," and the Waiters are decidedly *triste*. The proprietors are not pleased to see you, and do not grieve after you have departed. They have seen no change for nearly a hundred years. They were decidedly costly in the days of the First Empire; they are dear now, and, when the century closes (unless they be swept away by the Magician Improvement), they will still be expensive.

Of the three Classes, perhaps Class No. 1 is the best. It is better to be an outcast in the midst of plenty than have to eat parodied English fare, or to be forced to mourn with those who grieve over the vanished glories of past *tables d'hôte*.

*Shops.*—There is but little change in these establishments. A Paris shop may be said to consist entirely of window. Everything is shown to the public at the first glance. There is no reserve. The battle is won at the first dash, although it must be admitted that a serious charge concludes the engagement. Englishmen who have come to Paris for novelty will be greatly struck by the prevalence everywhere of English goods. If they purchase any French things, however, they will have the satisfaction on their return to town to find that they might have obtained the same articles at rather a lower price in London. Recently the French have followed the example of the Civil Service Stores, and have established enormous bazaars, in which you can purchase anything, from a needle up to (probably) an elephant. In these places the voice of the charmer is always at work praising up the various wares, and you may feel tolerably certain that if your wife enters the shop with the intention of purchasing a yard of yellow ribbon, she will not emerge therefrom without a "full dress" of red velvet *matelassé*. As an advertisement, the proprietors of these palaces give the children balloons, inscribed with the various signs they adopt for their establishments. The balloons are filled with a vapour largely diffused in their shops—gas.

*The Visitors.*—We have plenty of Americans. Gentlemen in shirt-fronts of pantomimic dimensions, and very partial to diamonds in the daytime. The ladies from Yankeeland have that peculiar faded appearance which tells of a too advanced stage of civilisation. They certainly do not dress like Englishwomen, and it would be hard upon the French to say that they have the appearance of Gauls. They wear the costumes of the *Vie Parisienne* slightly burlesqued. Then we have the English. From the family returning home, after a tour in Switzerland and Italy, with scores of boxes and retainers, down to the confirmed old bachelor, who finds his own society sufficient company for himself, and more than sufficient for anyone else. Lastly, the "too many Cooks" who of course do not spoil the broth, are greatly to the fore. As we all meet one another on the Boulevards, or at the *tables-d'hôte*, we stare at one another with that stony stare which is the pride of the Englishman when he is abroad. We do this, and are happy, or rather as happy as the hotels and the weather will permit us to be.

To conclude, how about the weather? Decidedly changeable. Yesterday, in the pleasantest summer costume, I was basking in the sunshine, and inspecting the Grands Eaux ("small pertaters" as our American cousins would say, "after the waterworks at the Christal Palus"), and to-day I am down with the influenza. In spite of this, however, I still sign myself

A YOUNG MAN ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.



## OUR NEW NOVEL.

## THAT LASS 'O TOWERY'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c. &c.*CHAPTER I.—*The Wo-Emma Mine.*

THEY were strange, bold, unwashed sort of people to look at. The inexperienced Londoner coming among them for the first time, and asking them, with an interested curiosity, "how they were off for soap," would have received an answer that would have astonished him.

Such, indeed, had been the result of a question of this nature put to the Coal Eves (as the female Coal Heavers are called in this district) by the Rev. THOMAS TITT, the little Curate of Swiggin, on the first day of his arrival.

The Rev. THOMAS TITT stood only four feet, and was a type of the Low Churchman, rather than the High. He wore a low waistcoat, and a little white tie, and was a little over twenty-seven years of age. Still looking at that young man standing amidst the Coal Eves of Swiggin, most of them ranging between five feet ten and six feet two, broad-shouldered and muscular in proportion, you would have been inclined to say that the Archbishop of York had for once made a mistake in sending such an envoy on a mission apparently so hopeless as the conversion of these rude, rough, unkempt, unwashed, and jeering women, considered apart from the ruder, rougher, unshaved, begrimed, and no less irreverent men.

The principal figure among them towered above the others—the centre figure about whom the rest would have clustered, had it not been for a formidable coal-scoop, with a stout quarter-staff sort of handle, that her well-formed powerful hand grasped as viciously as a vice.

She was coarsely clothed in an old gentleman's knickerbockers, a white waistcoat buttoned behind, and a pair of very ordinary carpet slippers; while she displayed a sun-browned, beautifully-chiselled, handsome throat, which not even a jacket, entirely open to the wind, could conceal. A man's white beaver hat, with a black band round it and green trimming under the brim, was thrown well back on her head, and cast a sort of autumnal shade over her dark eyes, which had the sort of beauty that is sometimes seen in a well-moulded chin.\*

\* *Extract of Letter from Editor to Authors.*—"We've read this description over twenty times if we've read it once, and we can not understand it."

*Extract of Letter from Authors to Editor.*—"Perhaps you've never been in the part of England of which this heroine of ours is a native. If not, go; and you'll soon acknowledge that we've rather underdone than overdone this most accurate description."

*From Editor to Authors.*—"What part of England is it? We've asked this before. And are the women really like this? Because, if so, we'll send our Office Boy to report."

The girl's name was EMMELINE BEERIE, the daughter of a coal-pit man, who, for his sullen, scowling, cynical manner, was known as BITTER BEERIE, as she, for her remarkable height, remarkable even among these north country giantesses, was known as TOWERY BEERIE. For when the miners spoke of her, they would shake their heads (which before now had suffered severely at the hands of the stalwart maiden), and declare, "That girl is so tall," or, in their own peculiar dialect, "That Lass 'o Towery's!"

EMMELINE BEERIE, or EM, or EMMA, as she preferred being called, was standing in the centre (she always contrived to get into the centre of any group, thus showing the strong dramatic instinct of the woman's nature), superb, statuesque, commanding.

The little Curate had just been trying to convert her, and had asked that elementary question from the Catechism, "How are you off for soap?" when EMMA BEERIE, unable to restrain herself

any longer, had given him one wipe with the coal-scoop, and had knocked the little man right down the coal-shaft into the mine.

But her woman's gentleness returned after she had made this forcible declaration of independence. She approached the verge of the mine, and looked over the edge. Far below, among the coal-knobs and the black dust, she saw the reverend little Curate struggling like a fly in ink.

The women laughed. "Ey, Em," said one of them to her, "yo bees ha' gone ar sweet-hearten he' ar tiddlepops loike oon yew bees! We ha zeed yo o! we ha zeed yo o!"

The girl's eyes flashed fury.

"Lukeere yostewp'd foo' ar a yo!" she retorted. "Yo deed na nok th'ar tiddlepops o' ar Parson int' ar kole-p't, yar did na; bart oi deed, oi deed,—deed na oi? An yo zeed ma do ut, deed yar? Thun luk ye-ar, oi zay tu yo, yo's foin foos ar! An th' saifust waze, and best fur yo, bees to leeve m' arlown, an oil leeve yo arlown! Noo then! foos ar!"

The little Curate at the bottom of the coal-pit heard the generous speech.

"A fine creature!" he said to himself.

In the darkness, he heard an oath. It

sounded like a miner taking his Davy. What could it be? He listened anxiously.

CHAPTER II.—*The Young Engineer.*

"WHAT are you doing here?" asked the strong, manly voice of a strong, manly man. It was the new Engineer, NEGUS BARCROW, examining the mine. The Davy that had attracted the little Curate's attention had been the Young Engineer's. The Reverend THOMAS explained,

"I have been trying to convert EMMA BEERIE!"

"What! that Lass so Towery?" exclaimed the Young Engineer, a slight shade passing over his handsome countenance, unobserved, however, by his companion, who, as he did not reach much above BARCROW's waistband, was unable to obtain a glimpse of his face. NEGUS BARCROW was six feet six, and powerful, even for his inches.

"That Lass so Towery!" replied the conscientious little Curate,







## A DIFFICULT CASE.

Mamma. "YOU'RE A VERY NAUGHTY BOY, TOMMY, AND I SHALL HAVE TO BUY A WHIP, AND GIVE YOU A GOOD WHIPPING. NOW, WILL YOU BE GOOD?"

Tommy (with hesitation). "SHALL I BE ALLOWED TO KEEP THE WHIP AFTER, MAMMY?"

with a sigh. "She's a rum 'un," he added; then he explained himself, blushing, "as we used to say at Oxford."

"Ah," said the young Engineer, thoughtfully.

"That girl," said TITT, "listens to me for five minutes, then she laughs at me. I remonstrate, and speak to her seriously. She bangs me on the head with a broom, and to-day she knocked me right into the mine with her coal-scoop. It was another rebuff. She is always rebuffing me. They all do it," he added, softly humming to himself the words of his favourite hymn. Presently he asked, "What can I do with such a case as this?"

"Give it up," answered his friend.

"It is not a conundrum," returned the little Curate, meekly. "But I was born to be misunderstood."

"Miss who?" inquired the Young Engineer, who was but half attending, for his eye was resting on the fine form of EMMA BEERIE as she knelt at the mouth of the pit; and in return her eye seemed like a star above, to be winking at him as he stood in the black depth beneath.

The little Curate blushed, and his little eyes beamed behind his spectacles like a couple of glowworms in a glass-case.

"I didn't mention Miss anybody," he replied, mildly. "Though if I might be permitted to propose a toast—I mean if you'll come home and take tea with me; I always go home to tea—I should be glad to show you an envelope addressed to me by Miss ANICE SORTIGAL."

"Niece of the Rev. HOAKSER BARCELL, Vicar of Swiggin?" asked the Young Engineer.

"You know her!" stammered the little Curate, turning pale.

"Rather!" replied BARCROW, with a manly laugh. Then he blew a whistle.

At this summons the Old Engineer, who had previously retired in his favour, came forward.

Said the Young Engineer to the Old Engineer, "Old Engineer, get the lift ready, we're going up."

At present we will offer no opinion as to the quality of the dialect. We have sent a Special Commissioner to the North, who, being a gentleman of considerable imitative power, will give us, on his return, some idea of what the dialect may be. We don't recollect anything exactly like it, but perhaps Mr. TAYLOR, who plays the part of "Owd Sammy" in *Liz*, will step in, and give us some explanation. In the meantime we will be cautious.—Ed.

(To be continued.)

## DISSENT IN THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

In a report of one of the sittings of the Church Congress lately held at Croydon, a Paper is stated to have been read by Canon CARTER, "who was received with cheers and some slight demonstrations of dissent." Sound Churchmen would be pleased if they could conclude from that information that dissent, as represented at the Church Congress, is only a slight element in the Church. But the Dissenters from the Church of England, who have not yet gone over to Rome, or seceded and set up a community of their own, are not those who would be likely to express any dissent from Canon CARTER; they would, on the contrary, most probably altogether concur in the particular views supposed to be held by that Reverend Gentleman.

## A Poor Prospect.

In the news from the seat of war little or no mention is made of any deficiency in the Russian Commissariat. The CZAR, however, and even the most sanguine of his advisers, must have begun to fear by this time that there will be no Turkey for Christmas.

THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE CITY.—In general, Cannon Street; Ludgate Hill being under repair.

## SO MUCH BETTER IN FRANCE.

What the Miss WIGSBYS have Learnt Abroad this Year.

That Lady THREESTARS bolted with Count LONGDASH from Trouville.

That Captain PARENTHESIS was far more attentive to his wife's cousin, AMY LEFTOUT, than was desirable or proper.

That those dear girls the INVERTED COMMAS talk about things on the sands at Dieppe their Mamma would never allow them to discuss at Dover or Eastbourne.

That the Countess de TROIS-ETOILES cannot purchase her voluminous wardrobe out of her husband's income.

That it is not necessary to go to Switzerland in order to bring back carved Alpenstocks or pear-wood Chamois and Edelweiss.

That bad dinners may be got in Paris, and that it is very difficult to find good coffee on the Boulevards.

That all Britons abroad are not blackguards, and that all Foreigners are not persons of distinction.

That Sunday may be delightful, and Sabbath sunshine a blessing without the drawback of a long sermon.

That it is best to forget national prejudices when travelling, and better still to yield to the customs of the natives in whatever country you happen to travel.

That the charms of France are not deteriorated by English ideas, and that England has beauties which are nowhere excelled.

## A Sense of Services.

THE cynic's definition of gratitude as "a lively expectation of future favours," is not only confuted, but shown to be the reverse of true, by an example of that sentiment thus noted by an evening contemporary:—

"The Conservatives of Bristol last night presented Mr. SHOLTO VERE HARR, who has thrice contested the city in their interest, with an address of thanks, he having announced his determination not to stand again."

Every well-constituted mind must feel gratified with the vindication of human nature manifested by the Bristol Conservatives in having recognised their champion's services by thanking him for the promise of no more.





## CONCLUSIVE.

*Lodger.* "I DETECT RATHER A DISAGREEABLE SMELL IN THE HOUSE, MRS. JONES. ARE YOU SURE THE DRAINS—"

*Welsh Landlady.* "OH, IT CAN'T BE THE DRAINS, SIR, WHATEVER. THERE ARE NONE, SIR!"

## A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

(Extracted from the Diary of an eminent Humanitarian.)

*Monday.*—Rose early, after a disturbed night. Slumbers interrupted by insectal intruders. Caught eleven specimens, just to confute the landlady, who disputed their existence. Drowned them all in rosewater. Debated whether I did rightly to deprive them of their liberty. May not proud man compassionate the meanest thing that crawls?

While dressing, reflected on the dangers attending early rising, evinced by the sad fate of the weak little worm which the early bird devours. Might not help, by means of scarecrows, be devised for the poor victim?

Ate a hearty breakfast of hot buttered toast and bacon, in order to gain strength for the great labours of the day. Wrote a couple of letters to my newspaper, the *Daily Twaddler*—(1) Advocating the supply of hot sausages for supper to prisoners condemned for assaulting the police; and (2) suggesting the propriety of starting a society to provide for the relief of poor afflicted widowers, who, goaded by the curse of drunkenness, have kicked their wives to death.

At ten received a deputation from the wisacres of Foolsborough, who wished to talk about the wrongs of the British Working Man. Promised to present a petition to the Government, praying that all wages should be raised by Act of Parliament to ten shillings a day; and that, to prevent the desecration of the Sabbath, all places of amusement, except publichouses, should be absolutely closed.

At noon took a short walk, to invigorate my intellect after its past efforts, and to procure a healthy appetite for the steak and score of oysters which, with careful foresight, I had ordered for my lunch. Meditated, as I strolled along, upon the miseries of monkeys when enchained to barrel-organs. Poor creatures! What must be their suffering, if they have any ear for music? And surely it were cruel to assume that they have none. Reflected, likewise, upon

## PAT'S APPEAL.

"My visit to Ireland will be purely private and personal."—*Letter of Mr. GLADSTONE.*

AND is it yourself that would thry it?  
Ah, shure no! It was niver your choice  
To see the ould land—thin deny it  
The foine sound of your illoquent voice!

For they say you've a rare power o' spakin,—  
That your mouth isn't asy to shut,—  
That, 'side you, PARNELL's palthry and snakin,—  
That ye'd make smithereens of ould BUTT!

Ah! shure if you're half sich a crature,  
And thim boys have described you aoright,  
Your spakin must be a nate fature—  
Fit to plase us as much as a foight!

But we've heard that you're goin to Killarney,  
—Here and there—jist to see for yourself!  
'Tisn't thrue now! Come, none of your blarney!  
No, you don't mane to stay on the shelf.

For shure aren't we willin to greet ye?  
Do we see ye now ivery day?  
Come—when boys are so sthrivin to meet ye,  
Why, bedad, you'll find somethin to say!

So dhrop all them Astern suggestions;  
Give yourself now an iligant rest;  
And there's plinty and plinty o' questions  
Jist as burnin and hot in the West!

Thin give us a nod to imply it,  
Jist to say it was niver your choice  
To see the ould land—thin deny it  
The foine sound of your illoquent voice!

## The Church Congress.

SCENE—Clapham Junction.

*First Passenger.* Been at Croydon?

*Second Passenger.* Yes.

*First Passenger.* What is going on this evening?

*Second Passenger.* Oh, there is "Intemperance" in one room, and "Public Amusements" in the other!

oysters, and the horrible barbarity of opening them alive. If the painful operation were performed under chloroform, would there be any bad taste given to the savour of the fish? Must write to the *Lancet*, to propound this weighty point.

3 P.M.—After a delicious and most leisurely repast, followed by a smoke and forty winks of wholesome sleep, I felt strengthened for my speech at the great meeting on behalf of the young burglars who, although convicted on the very clearest evidence, have been brutally condemned to the confinement of a gaol. A vote of want of confidence in our present jury system was most clamorously carried, and a subscription for supplying the poor sufferers with tobacco, and some tracts to read on Sundays, was started with success.

While walking home, I caught some little urchins in the act of catching sticklebacks with the aid of crooked pins. I boxed their ears soundly, and broke their rods and fishing-bottles. A Stickleback Protection Act is certainly much needed. The ægis of the law is now a safeguard to the Salmon, and should, in common fairness, be extended to the Stickleback, and even to the Shrimp.

Having weighty work before me, I could spare scant time for dinner: my frugal meal consisting of some soup, a bit of fish, a slice of beef, and half a goose. Is it true that geese are made tenderer by being plucked alive? This is an important public question, and should be decided by some practical experiments.

Under the influence of the walnuts, which, when washed down with old Madeira, usefully excite my organ of benevolence, I conceived two noble schemes of practical philanthropy: namely, first to start a fund for giving cough lozenges to lamplighters; and, secondly, to set on foot a Cabmen's Anti-Chilblain Mutual Assurance Company for supplying them with foot-warmers and fur-lined winter gloves.

Then to the *soirée* of Anti-Vivisectionists, where I proposed a resolution that, in order to prevent all unnecessary bloodshed, nobody should be allowed to shave himself, excepting in the presence of a doctor duly qualified; and that nobody without the aid of proper anæsthetics should ever be permitted to cut any of his friends.





## CONSIDERATE.

Mistress (on coming home from the Sea-side). "WHY, JANE, WHAT'S BECOME OF THE BULLFINCH?"

Jane. "WELL, YOU SEE, M'M, IT DIDN'T SING MUCH, AND LOOKED DROOPIN' LIKE, SO COOK PUT IT OUT OF ITS MISERY, AN' I 'AD IT STUFFED FOR MY 'AT!"

## A POET ON LEGAL PROCEDURE.

MR. PUNCH, feeling that certain circumstances connected with a recent trial may have shaken the belief of some of his readers in the majesty of English judicial procedure, has thought it as well to apply to a distinguished foreign pen, accustomed to dispose, with ease, of all national and social difficulties, for a few assuring lines upon the subject.

MR. PUNCH is happy to say that he has received them from Paris by return of post, and has therefore much pleasure in subjoining them as under:—

"A criminal is before you, and you will acquit him. And why? Because the acquitted criminal is the antithesis of the Judge. To rob the Judge of his antithesis, is to insult the equanimity of the outsider. And the outsider is of age. The Usher would hesitate to say to him, 'My view;' the LORD CHANCELLOR would not dare to say to him, 'My judgment.' For the Usher and the LORD CHANCELLOR are two Poles. They are the two Poles of conflicting opinion. Opinion is not evidence. Evidence is the prerogative of the examining counsel. The examining counsel makes evidence, and the Judge makes notes. The examining counsel conferring with the Judge is the apotheosis of irregular procedure. But it is magnificent. It is Ingenuity kissing Intelligence. And it is this spectacle that startles the Jury. To expect nothing of the Jury, would be to disfranchise experience. And why? Because they have something to give. The something they have to give us is their verdict. Do we thank them? No! But we may pity. Fatigued, dusty, given to distractions, the Juryman smiles superbly, and works miracles in the field of new law and the field of astonishment. But his situation creates his conclusion. The conclusion of the Juryman is the triumph of discomfort over fog.

"And do they manage these things better in France? Yes! How? It is by confabulation. For the criminal to escape confabulation is for him to be deprived of the severest of chastisements.

## THE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

AIR—"The Wadse Malone."

DID ye hear of the Marshal MACMAHON,  
MACMAHON!

The head of a mighty consarn?  
Ye 'll larn,

Sure he thought he would be  
At the top of the tree,  
But he isn't, this Marshal MACMAHON,  
MACMAHON!

But he isn't, this Marshal MACMAHON!

And Mither GAMBETTA so bold,  
I'm told,  
Said his Opposition would hold  
When poll'd,

"If my three-sixty-three  
Aren't four hundred," said he,  
"I own I shall be rather sold,  
Yes, sold,

I own I shall feel rather sold."

And the Marshal they all thought so sly,

For why?  
Found that he on but few could rely,  
My eye!

And the three-sixty-three  
Were three-twenty may be,  
No great triumph, no small victory!  
—ory!

No great triumph, no small victory.

Says France to the Marshal MACMAHON,  
MACMAHON!

"From this, moderation ye 'll larn,  
MACMAHON!

GAMBETTA the same;  
Sure 'I 'll think ye to blame  
If the leason ye both fail to larn,  
To larn,

Both GAMBETTA and Marshal MACMAHON."

## RAILWAY ENTERPRISE IN CHINA.

On and after the 31st October next, the service on the Woosung Line will be conducted entirely by gunpowder trains.

But the chastisement of the accused is the vindication of the Law. The accused engaged in confabulation with the accused is Dereliction taking tea with Justice. Will you find this in England? No! In Paris? Yes! For Paris leads England by her civilisation, her *cafés*, her triumphs, her *diners à deux francs*, her logic, her omnibuses, and her destiny. When Paris takes off her boots, England is comfortable.

## ITUR AD ASTRA.

The following advertisement recently appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

**THEATRES.**—Three PERSONS who have never acted WANTED to support Star Actor. Salary given. Apply, by letter only, to Dramaticus, &c.

What an original notion for a Star Actor to have hit upon! Fancy Mr. IRVING supported by three "PERSONS" who had never acted before in their lives! What does "Salary given" mean? It ought, of course, to mean that a salary would be given to the eminent Star by the Three Persons in question. This, at least, would be a practical way of "supporting" the Star, for they surely can't expect a Star to support them off the Stage with a salary, in return for the support which they would give him on the Stage. Perhaps it has all been arranged by this time, but if not, there is still a chance for Mr. IRVING or Mr. J. L. TOOLE (now twinkling in the provinces) to pick up a few faithful supporters—if the terms suit. They have only to apply to "Dramaticus." And what a queer sort of "euss" "Dramaticus" must be!

## JUST SEW.

The latest suggestion for what to do with Cleopatra's Needle—Leave it with Mr. Alderman COTTON.





"WHEN WE'RE IN ROME," &amp;c.

## GENT, NOT GERMAN.

OLD COCKALORUM, PUNCH,  
ME and CHARLEY avin jest returned from our trip to the Continent, was disgusted at appenin to read the following story in a newspaper Correspondent's letter the other day from Rome:—

"A numerous party of German tourists were lionising the Capitol yesterday under the Mentorship of a venerable white-haired cicerone, when one of their number climbed on the base of the equestrian statue of MARCUS AURELIUS, and was proceeding to take a seat behind the emperor on the ample quarters of his bronze steed, when the Capitoline guard on duty requested him to dismount, observing that he had only to render himself as famous as MARCUS AURELIUS to enjoy a similar monumental seat in his own country."

As if are a German tourist, or any other muff of a forrener, could ave the self-reliance and sperrit to be up to the feet of climbin that monument with the Latin name, and tryin to set the oss. In course you'd suppose the only feller capable of doin of it was a English gent—as was the fact. The party a lionisin the day it was done was no Germans, not they, but a livelier lot, rayther. Along with me and CHARLEY, and other pals, we was all feller-countrymen; and allow me, tho' peraps I needn't, to inform you oo distinguished hisself by the act of darin for which e got complimented by the century. It was me. 'Im you do the honnor of sometimes callin the irrepressable and ubiquitous "ARRY;" and which I sign myself

Yours truly,  
'ARRY LOVER.

P.S.—Unfortnitly I wasn't aloud to remain on the monument and cut out my name, as I meant if I ad ad time to, on the oss or the rider, as a Record for Posterity. But there's lots of istorical monuments, and remanes, and walls, and eddifises elsewhere.

## STATISTICS AND SWILL.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON's belief that paternal legislation of the Permissive Prohibitory kind is wise, may possibly have been a little shaken by the sensible speech delivered the other day in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, to some members of the Church of England Temperance Society, by the Duke of WESTMINSTER. In that rational address, counter-attractions to the public-house, such as reading-rooms, working men's clubs, and places of refreshment specifically unintoxicating, were pointed to as preferable, in the interests of sobriety, to tyrannous restriction.

Doctrine suitable this to a Free Trade Hall. Is Free Trade in liquor compatible with Protection from it? What good may be expected of the latter, fussy fanatics can see if they choose to, and are not blind, from some statistics cited in the House of Commons during the discussion of the Licensing Act, tending to show that in places where public-houses are the most numerous there is the least drunkenness. The more public-houses, then, the more sober, if not the merrier, the population. But is not this just what a philosopher who understands human nature, would expect? Jolly companions are notoriously mutual promoters of that excess of liquor which augments jollification, until it begins to produce the stupidity in which it ends. As to most other people, when they congregate, they dispose one another to drink the more in order to raise their spirits, which need stimulation to enable them to endure one another's society. The more numerous the public-houses, the fewer of their frequenters would be gathered together in each. The less debate there would be about politics and theology, on which subjects, and especially the latter one, your argument is very much conducive to your getting "half-seas over," and sometimes all the way. As to publicans and sinners, and sinners whom publicans give occasion to sin, should not the maxim of Temperance's temperate friends, then, be "Divide et impera"? If this is not logic, does it not at least look something like it?

## THE TOURIST'S BAROMETER.

(Read on the Channel.)

Splendid Weather.	I never mind the sea myself. The rougher for me the better. Have a cigar?
Very Fine.	One certainly does feel that only Englishmen can be sailors. Somehow or other they take naturally to the sea—now, don't they?
Fine.	Yes. I always come by Folkestone. I never could see the use of the <i>Castalia</i> . We are not Foreigners, you know. Most of us have our sea-legs. Eh?
Moderate.	Yes. Perhaps a little brandy-and-water would be a good thing.
Sea slight.	The <i>very</i> roughest passage I remember. But I am an excellent sailor. Still would you mind putting out that cigar?
Rather Rough.	It's simply disgraceful. The <i>Castalia</i> ought to be established by Act of Parliament. Shall write to the <i>Times</i> . I shall go down below—to think about it!
Rough.	Oh! Here, somebody! Will it be more—than five minutes? Oh! oh! oh!
Very Rough.	(Far too dreadful for description.)

## A Spelling-Book for Scotland.

THERE has been little agitation in Scotland, but there is some room, for orthographical reform. A Gentleman writes from Edinburgh, and asks, "Did the Swan of Avon wear a Cygnet ring?" What a question to be propounded by a citizen of the Scottish capital! The man who, as Dr. JOHNSON used to say, spells the synonym of a seal-manual "Cygnet," and inquires if SHAKESPEARE wore a Cygnet ring, might as sensibly likewise request to be informed whether SCOTT's father was a Writer to the Cygnet. It is, perhaps, desirable that the "Spelling Bee" should be resuscitated for the benefit of Auld Reekie.





## CAUTION.

ALWAYS LOOK TO YOUR OWN GIRLS, OR YOU MAY COME TO GRIEF LIKE YOUNG MILDMAN (WHO "SHOPS" FOR HIS SISTERS), WHEN HE MOUNTED IN THE HIGH STREET, JUST AS THOSE NICE GIRLS FROM THE GRANGE WERE LOOKING HIS WAY!

## IRELAND'S LATEST VISITOR.

He will address himself to the task of overcoming the prejudice of the Irish peasantry against Fish as an article of food; and will demonstrate to them by copious quotations from IZAAK WALTON, OPPIAN's *Halieutics*, and AGASSIZ, that there is no description of sustenance more wholesome, inviting, or economical.

He will institute a thorough examination of the national vehicle, the Jaunting Car—its history, construction, cost, convenience, and employment—and will compare it, in all these respects, with the carriages used by the principal nations of antiquity.

He will study the national tuber in every possible light—in the field, the garden, the market, the saucepan, the oven, the pie, the stew, in their jackets and out of their jackets, and at the table alike of the humble cotter and the lofty Duke.

He will wear linen of the finest Irish, always envelope himself either in an "Ulster" or a "Connaught," never stir abroad without a stout shillelagh in his hand, and do his best to impart a touch of the brogue to his speech. The Ladies of his party will encourage home manufactures by wearing Irish poplins, Irish lace, Irish gloves, and ornaments of bog oak and Irish diamonds.

He will dine with the Lord Lieutenant, and try the LL. Whiskey. He will visit the Lakes of Killarney, and (on this occasion only) blow his own trumpet—to test the famous echo.

He will pay his respects to several disestablished Bishops, Deans, and Archdeacons, and satisfy himself, by personal intercourse, as to the views and feelings of disendowed Apparitors, Parish Clerks, Beadles, and Sextons.

He will kiss the Blarney Stone, and possibly say a few words from its summit.

He will make a thorough inspection of the Round Towers, and start an entirely new theory respecting those structures.

Should he be tempted to deliver any speeches, he will be careful to introduce quotations from MOORE, LOVER, SWIFT, SHERIDAN, CURRAN, GRATTAN, and O'CONNELL.

He will exchange repartees with those reputed masters of wit and humour, the Dublin carmen.

He will buy Belleek pottery, taste potheen, win smiles from most charming girls, listen to "*Saint Patrick's Day*," be taken to a fair, a wake, and a bog, and be shown some encumbered estates, some Irish bulls, and some absentees.

He will satisfy himself that there are no tertiary strata, and no venomous reptiles in Ireland.

He will master the Irish harp, and sing Homeric ballads to its accompaniment.

He will use many packs of post-cards.

He will write an article, a pamphlet, perhaps a book on Ireland on his return, and

(As *Mr. Punch* hopes) he will greatly enjoy his visit, meet with the hearty welcome he deserves, stick to his prudent resolution not to make political speeches, and so please everybody (including the pigs).

## A WORD FOR WESTMONASTERIENSIS.

(Spoken in time by DR. BURNY.)

SURELY "*In patriam populumque*" 's the line?

Don't I think of it oft as I wander through Hades?  
Though I'm told that of late you and others incline  
Just to tack on "*hoc fonte derivata clades*"!

Now by this though you hint that the plague 's on the spot—

A small fact that sane men won't believe in a hurry—

Were I you, I should stick to my motto, and *not*

Change the old Abbey's shade for a brick-field in Surrey!

## Anecdote of 'Arry.

OUR OWN 'ARRY overheard a Gentleman remarking that "VICTOR HUGO's latest work, *Histoire d'un Crime*, was most interesting." Only partly mastering the meaning of the title, our 'ARRY exclaimed, "Istory of some Cream!" By Jove, I should like to 'ear the 'istory of some London Milk!"



## SHAKSPEARIAN STUDIES.



ARRANGEMENTS have been made by the Editor of the new Magazine, *The Year After Next*, for the publication of the following Shakspearian studies, by some of the most eminent histrionic artists of the day:—

"An Enquiry into the Religious Principles of the Second Grave-Digger in *Hamlet*." By MR. J. CLARKE.

"On the addresses and probable terms of the Three Tailors' undone by *Touchstone's* extravagance in *As You Like It*." By MR. ARTHUR CECIL.

"Some Remarks relative to the Angelic Temper displayed by *Peter*, servant to *Juliet's* Nurse, when suffering from the Mumps." By MR. J. B. BUCKSTONE.

"Who was *Pillcock*? Did *Pillcock's* Hill entitle the proprietor to be enrolled among the landed gentry in *King Lear's* time?" By MR. EDGAR.

"The Pedigree of the Egyptian or Gipsy charmer who gave the handkerchief to *Othello's* Mamma." By MR. CRESWICK.

"A Memoir of Humphrey Hour (referred to in *Richard the Third*), and how it happened that he called the *Duchess of York* to breakfast, with a conjectural menu of the meal in question." By MRS. BATEMAN.

"Some account of CLARIBEL, Queen of Tunis, and her popular ballads, with a satisfactory Answer to *Antonio's* question, 'How should that CLARIBEL measure us back to Naples?' in the *Tempest*." By SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

"Extraordinary Revelations of the Infernal Practices used by Mother Prat of Brentford, aunt to *Mistress Ford's* maid in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*." By MRS. JOHN WOOD.

"Incontrovertible proofs that the Clown in *Anthony and Cleopatra* who brought up asps on figs was an ancestor of MR. FRANK BUCKLAND." By MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

"Where *Thersites* got the almonds of which his Parrot was so fond. A Botanical research into *Troilus and Cressida*." By MR. JEFFERSON.

## A QUESTION OF COLOUR.

Angelina. What are you reading, EDWIN?

Edwin. Gladstone's article

Upon the Colour-Sense.\*

Angelina. I've not a particle

Of patience with that man!

Edwin. I dare say not,

Few people seem to have. He gets it hot From every quarter. But his present work Is not to slate the PORE or scourge the TURK. His talk's of tints and colours; such might be Art-gushers' "crack" at an æsthetic tea, Or some sweet She-Symposium's eager chat Over the last *Le Follet*.

Angelina. Fancy that!

That grim old man go in for aught that's nice? That iron mouth, close clenched as any vice, Talk about colours? What has he to say About the *teintes dégradées* of the day?

Edwin. Humph! I confess, so far as I have seen,

He does not touch those most important questions.

Angelina (scornfully). Of course! Just like him! Do not his suggestions

Always shoot wide of the main point? No doubt He'd write a book on Beauty, and leave out The very name of Bonnets!

Edwin. Well, he might; Such is male cecity to Fashion's light.

Angelina. What does he mean by Colour-Sense?

Edwin. The power

Of seeing colours.

Angelina. Nature's common dower.

Edwin. By no means. HOMER and his Greeks scarce knew Difference 'twixt red and brown, or green and blue.

Angelina. Absurd!

Edwin. Why, ANAXAGORAS, a great sage,

Opined that in the very earliest age Man had no sense of colour.

Angelina. Gracious me!

Poor things, how awfully horrid!

Edwin (suavely). Well, you see

It simplified some matters, did it not?

One dress would do for all occasions.

Angelina (staccato). What!!!

Oh, that's just like a man! I see it now—

'Tis GLADSTONE's nasty satire!

Edwin. Smooth your brow.

The joke was mine—not his. He does not jest.

But fancy, dear, a whole assembly drest

In monochrome!

Angelina. Oh, monstrous!

Edwin. Or a ball

Where room, and guests, and garments glittered all

Like *Mephistophiles*, in red and black!

For to distinguish these was the first knack

Of crescent Colour-Sense!

Angelina (decisively). I don't believe

A bit of it. I always pitied Eve

For her scant wardrobe; but this notion adds

A terror to Antiquity. Such fade

Amuse a scribbling, science-dallying fellow

Like GLADSTONE. Don't tell me, Sir!

Edwin. Red and yellow

Were next discriminated; then came blue.

Fancy the joy when eyes of your own hue

First gleamed in native azure on the gaze

Of an enraptured lover! In his daze

Of strange delight he must have looked and looked

Till all was blue.

Angelina. Though you've adroitly hooked

A compliment upon your theory's peg,

I won't accept it.

Edwin. But observe, I beg,

That HOMER of the rainbow spoke as though

'Twere uniform in colour, which must show—

Angelina (triumphantly). But wasn't HOMER blind? Aha!

what geese

GLADSTONE and you must be!

Edwin. But—

Angelina (promptly). There, pray cease.

Edwin (resignedly). Well, well, the modern Iris should be drawn

Polychromatically; ne'er was dawn

So multihued, so subtly graduated.

Man's colour-sense has surely culminated

In Fashion reigning Motley.

Angelina. You object

To *couleurs tendres*?

Edwin. Nay, when I reflect

On early days, when every dainty hue

From *drap de neige* to serge of navy blue,

From fawn to *pourpre foncé*, now might mark

Save as dull interchange of light and dark;

When all the world, as WHISTLER well might say,

Was a mere symphony in black and grey,

Why then I swear I do not envy HOMER,

And think the Golden Age a strange misnomer.

Fancy a Golden Age in which no fellow

Could tell dull leaden grey from bullion yellow!

Angelina. Horrid to see no difference between

This rose's crimson and that myrtle's green!

Edwin. Or, worse, between the violet of your eyes

And cherry of your lips!

Angelina (addressing space). He always tries

To end an argument with something—silly.

Edwin. Like this? (*Labial susurrations*.) Ah! from your

cheek that drives the lily.

Angelina (archly). But brings no "coal-black" rose?

Edwin. Non, Dieu merci!

Though Art in "Black and White" may taking be,

Nature, and your sweet sex, in that same guise,

Would have small charm for colour-cultured eyes.

\* In the October Number of *The Nineteenth Century*.



## PARIS DURING THE ELECTIONS.

## WHAT THEY DID NOT DO.

THEY did not insult Generals through omnibus windows, *à la* VICTOR HUGO, to the great alarm of their more peaceable fellow-travellers.

THEY did not set fire to the Elysée, and shoot the Marshal President as he attempted to escape from the flames.

THEY did not overturn the Kiosks on the Boulevards, and use them for the construction of barricades.

THEY did not seize the Grand Hôtel, and lower by force all the tariffs.

THEY did not surprise the scores of diners at the Splendide Hôtel *table d'hôte*, and appropriate their much-prized meal to their own uses.

THEY did not shoot a single English "Mees," or insult a veritable "John-bull."

THEY did not treat the English Church as if it were merely a sight to be gaped at, and walk about the sacred edifice, laughing and talking, during the hours of divine service.

THEY did not kill any Foreigner for doing the same sort of thing at Notre Dame and the Madeleine.

THEY did not shoot any High Church Parson in mistake for a Priest.

THEY did not pull down the Column in the Place Vendôme.

THEY did not stop the Diner de Paris and block up the Passage Jouffroy.

THEY did not seize *Punch* and the English newspapers on the score that they were immoral.

THEY did not steal the cab-horses, nor cut the telegraph wires.

In fact they did nothing suggestive of a revival of the much-dreaded Commune.

## WHAT THEY DID DO.

THEY got up in the morning and went to Church.

THEY took (some of them) the early train to Chantilly.

THEY drove (others of them) in the Bois de Boulogne and Champs Elysées.

THEY walked under the trees and enjoyed the sunshine.

THEY recorded their votes in a perfectly regular manner.

THEY laughed and chatted, and were the essence of good-nature.

THEY (those of them being fathers of families) took their households to enjoy the usual Sunday dinners at the favourite restaurants.

THEY (those of them being engaged) took their respective and prospective brides to pleasant walks in the country.

THEY (those of them having no domestic ties) seated themselves in their customary *cafés*, and envied in an amiable sort of way the greater happiness of their more fortunate fellow countrymen.

THEY passed their day perfectly quietly, respectably, and happily.

THEY stayed up until two o'clock in the morning, waiting for and reading the latest editions of the evening papers.

In fact, they behaved like a rational, peace-loving people, and utterly falsified the sinister predictions of the quidnuncs of the English Press.

## "WHERE IS THE PHILISTINE?"

SIR,—Among the light literature provided by Mr. WILLING for passers-by, and the scraps of pathos and bathos in the second column of the daily papers, I have been thrilled by one earnest appeal for information as to the present haunts of the Philistine. Wiseacres advise me not to trouble my head about the matter, as they feel certain that this is only a way of heralding the virtues of a new sauce, or sherry, or safe-maker. But I differ with them, and recognise in the brief sentence the lamentation of one friend for another. Therefore, being in a position to furnish full details as to the present whereabouts of this missing link between the snob and the cad, I hasten to offer them through you to his sorrowing friend, merely pausing to remark that, if I had lost sight of him, and found a region where he was not, I should have exercised the virtue of resignation, and taken no active steps for his recovery.

I saw him only this morning travelling by the Underground Railway, with his dusty boots on the opposite cushion—in close proximity to a Lady's white dress. Last night he was in the pit of one of the theatres, wearing a very tall hat, which prevented those behind him from seeing the stage, save when the drop-scene was fitfully visible as he nodded his head in time to the orchestra. Meanwhile those in front lost the best points in the piece owing to the loud tones in which he was disclosing his most private and confidential affairs to a friend. He is to be met with every day in High Holborn, staring in Ladies' faces, and whispering endearments as he passes them. On Sunday he goes to St. Paul's, and generally sits in an easy attitude—with his back to the choir, so that he may best stare out of countenance any young Lady who finds favour in his eyes. He wears a very large snake ring, but modestly veils its glories under yellow gloves—which might be cleaner. He reads the *Daily Telegraph*, and regards its leaders as magnificent specimens of English. He pores over the second-hand gossip of penny-a-liners in the omniscient weekly papers, and quotes it on the authority of "a friend of mine."

But I shall "no longer seek his errors to disclose," and in return for all this information will merely beg one scrap of satisfaction on this subject of the Philistine, "Where is he not?" Who can tell your

INQUIRER?

NO DOUBT OF IT IN ENGLAND.—A "Cardinal" Virtue—Temperance.

## A SHOCKING EXPERIENCE IN THE LIFE OF A GOOD GIRL.

I PASSED adown the silent street,  
All drenched with rain and driving sleet,—  
I was alone.  
There came from out a window-seat  
A dreadful kind of plaintive bleat—  
A dismal moan.



It shocked my ears—there, by the Sea,  
Where all so calm, so pure should be—  
To hear these groans.  
I paused, and listened anxiously;  
A voice then cried (it seemed to me)  
In mournful tones:

"Look out, my Love—look out once more!  
Perhaps the rain has ceased to pour.  
I long to gaze  
But once upon that wave-washed shore:  
We've never been outside the door  
For five long days!

"For five long weary days we've sat  
And heard the ceaseless pit-a-pat  
Of dropping rain.  
My nose is really worn quite flat,  
With pressing, day by day, on that  
Confounded pane!

"We've read these books just three times o'er,  
And can't get out to fetch some more.  
I'm very loath  
To send the girl. O! what a bore!"  
Just here the voice broke down, and swore  
A Horrid Oath!



Adown that rain-swept street I tore,  
And, shudd'ring, left that heathen's door—  
He was so wroth!  
That silent street—that wave-washed shore,  
I'll never, never visit more—  
Adieu to both!





## AN EYE TO THE MAIN CHANCE.

*The Major.* "YOU'RE A VERY NICE FELLOW, TOMMY! DON'T MOST PEOPLE TELL YOU SO?"  
*Tommy.* "YES, THEY DOES. AND THEY OFTEN GIVES ME SOMETHING!"

## THE FASHION FOR FRANCE.

*LA BELLE FRANCE loquitur.*

HA! they twit me with being a volatile dame,  
 As fickle in love as I'm changeful in fashion.  
 Bah! Their taste is too *triste* and their temper too tame  
 To invent a new *mode* or to feel a grand passion.  
*Ma foi!* here's a fit that is much to my mind;  
 That it suits me one surely may see at a glance.  
 They offer me others—exceedingly kind,  
 But this, after all, is the Fashion for France!

Many *toilettes*, 'tis true, I have tried in my time;  
 Here's one I have stuck to for several seasons.  
 Such constancy some may consider a crime,  
 But I don't mean to change it—for various reasons.  
 The red is too gaudy, the lily too pale,  
 A violet vesture I hate à *outrance*;  
 All those robes are *rococo*, or tawdry, or stale,  
 This, à *mon avis*, is the Fashion for France!

Scarce so *chic* or *coquette* as some costumes, I own,  
 Yet I think that the whole is in excellent taste.  
 My *Costumier* awears, with a shrug and a groan,  
 It's too short in the skirts, or too loose in the waist;  
 That the tint is too *voyant*, the trimming too fine,  
 That the cap wholly fails my best charms to enhance;  
 Yet still to the cloth and the cut I incline,  
 And find, on the whole, 'tis the Fashion for France!

I am tired of much change. In this dress I'm at ease,  
 And I think it becoming, and likely to wear.  
 My *Marchands des Modes* may protest, if they please,  
*Chacun à son gout*, and for theirs I don't care.  
 Would the meddlesome creatures but let me alone,  
 They'd my comfort consult and my fortunes advance.  
 To this trim *tout ensemble* accustomed I've grown,  
 And I feel quite convinced 'tis the Fashion for France!

## RAILWAY TALK.

*(What it will come to.)*

*First Passenger.* Good morning, Sir. May I ask what you have in that large box?

*Second Passenger.* Certainly. A box of surgical instruments. I find them most useful after a collision.

*First Passenger.* A wise precaution. I am sorry to say that I have been disappointed of my usual travelling companion.

*Second Passenger.* I presume you allude to your wife.

*First Passenger.* No; I mean my Doctor.

*Second Passenger.* Ah, to be sure. By the way, have you seen this little work—*Railway Athletics*; or, *How to be Thrown Out of a First-Class Carriage in Thirty Different Ways without being Killed*?

*First Passenger.* An excellent idea. They are very attentive on this line.

*Second Passenger.* Yes, they always devote half a dozen trucks to the conveyance of hearses. So comforting to the survivors, don't you know.

*First Passenger.* Very nice feeling, indeed.

*Second Passenger.* Oh yes, the Directors are most humane. They only appoint men in the last stages of consumption to the posts of engine-drivers, stokers, and guards.

*First Passenger.* I see; so that a collision only anticipates matters a little, poor fellows!

*Second Passenger.* Precisely. May I offer you a patent buffer? You will find it very useful when our carriage is converted into a telescope.

*First Passenger.* Thank you very much. You think we shall have an accident to-day?

*Second Passenger.* I am afraid so; there has been no serious smash since the day before yesterday. Will you kindly give me my leaping-pole?

*First Passenger.* Here it is.

*Second Passenger.* I am afraid I must say good-day to you. At this point the train always leaves the line.

*[Scene closes in, in the customary manner.]*





## A DECIDED PREFERENCE.

FRANCE (surveying herself in a Looking-Glass). "AFTER ALL, THIS STILL SUITS ME BEST, AND I MEAN TO WEAR IT."







## THE PLEASURES OF THE CHACE.



A YOUNG Cambridge friend of ours has just finished up the "Long" with a week's amusement at Lord SWELLINGFORD'S place, Castle Goldust, where the son of the house, a College chum, had brought him to land.

His father, a country Clergyman of good family, does not depend upon his living, but he will not be able to afford much aristocratic *délassement* for his boy at this price.

## MY DIARY.

October.—Awfully jolly! Stopping at Lord SWELL'S. Awfully nice people. Had everything new, from my boots to my studs, of course—must dress like the others. Went out shooting. New breechloader from town—on tick, of course. Bad shooting, missed every bird. Tipped the Keeper a fiver. Awful swell, the Keeper, takes nothing under "paper." Had to give the boy who loaded my second gun half a sov. Splendid dinner—sat down five-and-twenty. Sent a bouquet to Lady IDA. Came from Covent Garden by express. Dirt cheap—only thirty shillings, including carriage. Played Pool after dinner. By Jove! how the men seem to know the table!—five shilling lives. Starred every game—never took a life. Hand unsteady. Must do as the others do, you know. Got to bed with JOHN'S help—remember tipping him at the door of my bed-room. Late at breakfast. Subscription for Village Ritual—had to give a guinea; looked quite small by the other subs. Bazaar in the Vicarage. Awfully jolly girls—regular bandits! Cleaned me nearly dry. But I got a lovely pen-wiper, which Mamma will accept with delight. Too wet afterwards to go out. Sat in and played "Napoleon." Never held a card—lost all I had. Obligated to borrow a fiver (four-fifths of which went in tips to the servants and the rest) to pay my fare home. Must economise this Term, or the Governor will cut up rusty. Awfully expensive, but deuced jolly life!

## RITUALISTS AND RELICS.

THE Church of England can at any rate claim one relic. It is a portion of the stake believed to have been used at the cremation of the living Bishop HOOPER in the reign of beneficent Queen MARY. But the Church of England has not claimed this relic in the sense of asking to have it. The memorial of HOOPER'S martyrdom has, according to a contemporary, been purchased by the two Members for Gloucester, Mr. MONK and Mr. WAIT, associated with a few other gentlemen who helped to contribute the sum needful, and it will be preserved in the Gloucester Museum. But is that the place for it?

In letting the remainder of HOOPER'S stake get into lay hands, what an opportunity has been missed by advanced Ritualists! It would be a happy advance on their present advancement if some one of their Clergy would, in addition to vestments, incense, wafers and the like in his Church, establish a reliquary. The piece of charcoal above specified would have served capitally for the first deposit in such a receptacle; for the Ritualists, whatever they may think of HOOPER, belong to the Church which considers him a martyr, and stand condemned by the other Church that declares both him and them heretics. A Ritualist Reliquary might be enriched by degrees. Persecution in these days, to be sure, will not provide Ritualists with anything like a piece of a stake to show; but sufferers by prosecution under the Public Worship Act, though not exactly martyrs, will, as constituting a sort of Confessors in a kind of way, have plenty of citations, summonses, and monitions which have been served upon them, to exhibit as attestations of the legal torture they have undergone. And amongst the relics of this kind of Confessors there might possibly be some which Father Confessors in particular could contribute; namely, the whips and sticks they have been cruelly chastised with by gentlemen who caught them in drawing-rooms at private theatricals, playing "*The Priest in Absolution*."

## DISAPPEIRPOINTMENT.

WHY has the American Minister left so suddenly? This question is answered by one of his compatriots, as follows:—

MR. EDITOR, SIR,

I RECKON you, as a man of sense, don't want to be informed why the Representative of our irrepressible Star-spangled Rag has left your heaven-forgotten country to fite and consumption. No, Sir! I've a notion you've been in our splendid country, and you have interviewed for your own personal satisfaction the grand men and pretty women of our U-nited States. Your paper is some cunning, I guess, and we can laugh over our cousins in your columns, and find sport in the Britisher along with you, Sir. But, Sir, it ain't for one moment doubtful why our Honourable Rep has extinguished the light of his glorious countenance in your little island.

No man who has brains in his head, and sane mother-wit in his constitution, could sit down long in this village of yours, and absorb many Sundays with a serene mind or an unruffled physiognomy.

Buck-wheat cakes or green corn are luxuries you know nothing about, so's fish-balls; and it is not to be expected, in an old worn-out country like yours, that innovations are to be attempted in the culinary art. Hot new baked bread is a misdemeanour, and hot rolls a mortal sin, on a Sunday, and may only "shine by their absence," and no well-regulated American digestion can be satisfied with dry bread and toast on any morning, be it Sunday or no. No, Sir! I, for one, would prefer hot bread and the back woods to all your Morris decorations, when mixed up with the malignant melancholy of a London Sabbath.

Where are your letters? Not to be delivered? Where are your papers? Only in the Clubs? What, in fact, is left for a stranger in your town on a Sunday but misery and suicide?

Our Rep, Sir, cares for his personal comfort, and has no notion of cutting his political career short by a lightning swoop over Waterloo Bridge parapet. So he skedaddles. Why, suttainly; and so will your well-wisher, Mr. Editor,

JABEZ K. DIGGS, *Consulate*.

## SERVICE REWARDED.

A VERY large pension, but one of an amount, ample as it was, not perhaps disproportionate to the services it requited, has just lapsed to lighten the expenditure of a grateful nation, by the death of a Balaclava hero. Newspapers announce that Private JAMES MALANTY, late of the 13th Hussars, recently died at Leeds. Mr. MALANTY, according to a reporter, "was one of the light cavalry brigade who 'rode into the valley of death' on the morning of the 25th of October, 1854." He was also one of the three who volunteered, along with Riding-Master JOSEPH MALONE, to capture an escort of the enemy's cavalry and the baggage they were conveying to Sebastopol. For this act of daring Mr. MALONE was presented with the Victoria Cross; and no doubt Mr. MALANTY'S participation in the exploit was considered in the allotment of the liberal retiring allowance which he lived to enjoy, but of course also to cost his country, four years. On the 20th of January, 1873, after twenty-seven years of service, Mr. MALANTY got *rude donatus*. He was discharged from his regiment with a pension of no less than 1s. 3d. a day. Regarded as a return for value received, the magnitude of this sum, however considerable, will hardly be deemed excessive. It is necessary that inducements should be held out to enlistment in an army entirely formed of and recruited by volunteers. One of the most effectual of those attractions is perhaps the prospect of an adequate provision for old age. And the veteran past work, but having as much as 1s. 3d. a day to live upon, can live in comfort, if not in luxury, and thoroughly enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, if only his pension is considerably supplemented by his parish with a sufficiency of out-door relief.

## TREACLE AND BEER.

AT Lambeth Police Court one day last week, a beershop keeper, named DEAN, was summoned by the Inland Revenue Board for having in his possession, on his licensed premises, a quantity, namely about two quarts, of treacle as a substitute for malt, by which he had rendered himself liable to a penalty of £200. His Solicitor having urged in his defence that he had no intention of using the treacle for the purpose of adulteration, the defendant was fined in the mitigated penalty of £50, the lowest that could be imposed by the Magistrate, who, however, recommended the case for further reduction. Beershop-keepers beware! Mind how you keep contraband of liquor to be drunk on the premises. What shall be said of any one who, rightfully or wrongfully, has had to pay at least £50 for having been in the possession of half-a-gallon of treacle? "He dearly rued molasses, O!"



## THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c., &c.*

### CHAPTER III.—“Meet me in the Lane.”

THE Reverend THOMAS TITT and NEGUS BARCROW seated themselves in the patent bucket. EMMA BEERIE stood above, with her large eyes full upon them, winding them up to the mouth of the coal-pit, and grasping the handle of the windlass.

“Thiss eer windlass siz ther ony lass i the playz arz thars na nonsenz aboot, thiz iz,” she said, pausing for a second in her work, “boot itz ar lass az fetchus um onnyow.”

Then she went at it with a will, turning it so violently that the bucket nearly flew up in the air at the mouth of the pit, and would have sent its occupants flying, but for the Old Engineer, who seized her wrist, and held on to the chain.

“Woa! EMMA!” cried the Old Engineer.

“Owd Engineer,” she returned, “Yo let me arlown, an’ oil let yo arlown.”

“But, my dear gal,” expostulated the little Curate, quite out of breath, with his rapid ascent.

“Littul Parson!” she exclaimed. “Fur ar littul pops o’ ar mon loike thee, yo’s thur beeggest foo’ oi nose onnywares. Zo get out, littul Parsun, or oil woipe thee orf th’ faze o’ th’ urth wi’ thiz eer kole-skewp. Yo let me arlown, an’ oil let yo arlown.”

“Good night,” said the little Curate, nervously, and disappeared.

“Mayn’t I have the pleasure of seeing you home?” asked the Young Engineer, uncovering to EMMA with as grave a courtesy, as though she had been the finest lady in the land.

“Nay,” she replied, as a faint quick colour mantled on her cheek, and she gave him a not ungracious dig in the ribs with her handsome forefinger. This action on her part caused him to repeat his bow rather sooner than he had intended. Still his movement was not without a certain quiet dignity.

“Oil zee thee farther fust, an’ then ar wunna,” blushing. “Zo theer! young Engineer.”

“No offence,” said the Young Engineer, as, bending to the ground, he laid his hand on his heart, and sighed heavily.

“Wortz th’ marter wi’ yo, yo foo’?” asked EMMA, with all a woman’s gentle instinct.

“Nothing,” he answered, turning away politely, and then remembering that she had been brought up at the mines, and would understand a professional answer, he explained, “I was only taking a lode off what I call my mined.”

Then he strode away.

She watched him long after he was out of sight. Then she wrapped her shawl about her, and pondering over the Young Engineer’s joke, walked wearily away.

As she turned the corner of the road, a dark, cruel, lurching figure slunk out before her from beneath the shadow of the hedge, and confronted her with a threatening gesture from the heavy knobstick he swung to and fro in his grimy hand.

“Oil du for yo now!” cried the man, raising his deadly weapon. EMMA held up her hands instinctively. “Wot!” she cried, horrorstruck. “Wot!! Iz ’t yo! Owd Feether!!”

### CHAPTER IV.—The Mill in the North Country.

SHE knelt before him in the moonlight.

DAN BEERIE’S formidable knob-stick was just about to descend on the handsome, upturned face of his daughter—such matters were of everyday occurrence in Swiggin—when the weapon was whirled through the air, and a strong hand was laid on the brute’s shoulder. Shrieking a curse, DAN BEERIE turned on the man who had dared to interfere with his evening’s amusement.

It was NEGUS BARCROW, the Young Engineer.

“Yo dommd dummer-tailed bolthead,” roared DAN BEERIE, fiercely. “Yo yung pooppy-cur snig-snagged boler! oil jedy thee putty tupped naws, an giv yo sicean shuv i’ th’ oi, as yo’ll reecomem-ber fur ivvur, dommd av oi doon’t, th’ oi gows t’ gallus fur’t!”

And he sprang on him with a ferocity that would have sent into the second week of the middle of the year after next (counting from the date of his receiving the blow) any man less physically powerful than NEGUS BARCROW.

EMMY raised a loud cry.

“A fyt! a fyt! T’ owd feether’s fytin an’ millin Yung Ing’neer! Coom an, av yo be coomin! tiz ar reel beet o’ jam, tiz!”

And she clapped her hands together, crying, “Gow’t, Yung Ing’neer. Gow’t t’ owd feether!” and, as one or the other got the worst or best of it, her interest in the struggle never flagged, but with all a woman’s tenderness she would compassionate the sufferer, and exclaim,

“Yo’s gat ar narsty un an t’ smeller, Yung Ing’neer! Ar’s poot yer peepers into moornin’, t’ owd feether!”

In less than five minutes all Swiggin was aroused, and out to see the fight. They were fond of sport, and laid their bets freely. The two men were evenly matched in everything but science, and there NEGUS BARCROW had, as the miners afterwards expressed it, “seex t’ fower

t’ best o’t.” But at the time they did not know what was the exact state of the odds.

\* Our Special Commissioner with a dictionary has not yet returned from the North, nor has he sent us either a line or a telegram. He was sent there to inquire into the dialect and the character of the people as represented in this story. Perhaps Miss ROSE LECLERA, who is now performing most admirably in *Liz*, would kindly look in one morning and give us her opinion on the subject. Need we say we should be only too delighted to profit by her experience.—ED.

Extract from Letter of the three Co-Authors of the New Provincial Novel Company Limited, to the Editor.—“We say! isn’t it going on capitally? Here’s your fine fresh dialect, eh? Post the tin, sagacious Redacteur, et croyez en nous à jamais, as we say in Old Gaul. Never was such local colouring, eh? Worth all the money! And then the Curate! that fetches the Sunday readers. No harm where there’s a Curate.

“Yours ever,

CO-AUTHORS.”







### "WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY."

*Liberal Scotch Farmer (giving his Workpeople a Dram). "AWM SORRY, MRS. McDUGAL, YE CANNA TAK A GLESS ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES!"*

*Mrs. McDougal. "HOOT, MAN! YE JIST POOR'T ON MA BAP,\* AN' I'LL EAT IT!"*

\* "Bap," a roll.

The Rev. Mr. HOAKSER BARCELL, the Vicar of Swiggin, looked out of his bed-room window. Being in his simply embroidered *robe de nuit*, it occurred to him that this would look like a surplice, and so, as it were, officially arrayed, he might vastly improve the occasion. "My Christian brethren," he began, extending his hands towards the crowd outside his garden hedge, "let dogs delight to bark and bite—"

But at this moment a lump of sloshy mud and coal-dust, thrown with well-directed aim by EM BEEBIE, caught him full in the most open part of his open countenance. He retired to bed with a somewhat anxious expression, and his wife shut the window.

"You don't understand these people," said his niece ANICE SORTIGAL, through the partition wall that divided their sleeping apartments.

He did not. His little Curate *did*, and remained in his little house, in his little bed, in which his little housekeeper had tightly tucked him up.

Meanwhile the fight was furious. NEGUS inwardly regretted that he had ever been mixed up with such unlicensed spirits. BEEBIE stood his ground stoutly. In spite of all his science, NEGUS felt that a mull could be made, even with the materials he had at command. BEEBIE, accustomed to deal with huge quartz in the mine, saw, in aiming a blow, where his pints were to tell. He was as used to coming to blows as he was to going to tap. He had within him *Courage Entire*. But this was not enough. NEGUS was strong, and at first was very hot; but becoming cooler and cooler under repeated blows, he stirred himself for one supreme effort. The result was a tremendous crash, and BEEBIE's head went off at a single blow, and he lay grovelling in the dust.

It was not the first time by many that DAN BEEBIE had lost his head. The rough colliers put it on again for him, but not as it had been before.

"T'owd feether's 'ead's toorn'd," said EMMY, as she led him home walking backwards all the way. Before she went, she addressed herself to NEGUS BARCROW in these words:—

"Av yo wunt onnythin' dun fur yoar't' onny toim, yo cum to EM BEEBIE, moind tha', an yo'll zee wot yo'll git fur leekin t'owd feether."

"You do not blame me?" he asked her in a low voice.

"Appen oi dunna blaym nun fur leekin t'owd feether, yo leest ov ari," she replied, dropping her lovely eyes far more often than she dropped her lovely "h's," and speaking with an unaccountable tenderness in her voice.

He bent over her hand, and kissed it.

"Yo munna doo thart," she said, simply, as, with her disengaged hand, she gave him a reminder which rang in his ear long after the sound of her voice had died away from it.

So they parted.

"Yung Ing'neer's coortin th' lass," and "Tha' there NEGUS iz sweet an EM BEEBIE," were the comments of the sharp-tongued Swiggin folk as they retired to rest.

Were they right? or was it ANICE SORTIGAL of whom NEGUS was thinking, as he staggered away down the dark lane?

(To be continued.)

### "Othello's Occupation's Gone."

THE Vestrymen had said "*Delenda est Cremorna*," and now, o'er Mrs. SIMPSON's property is written "*Troja fuit*." Mr. BAUM, the late Manager of these disestablished Gardens, sits, like MARIUS (not of the Strand Theatre, but the ancient Roman, his ancestor) among the ruins, wearing a suit of sables, explaining to

"Any one who asks him  
The reason why he wears it,"

that he has adopted the costume of a Cre-mourner. O Chelsea!  
O mores!

A TEETOTAL SONG.—"Drink to me only with thine ice."



## QUESTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS.

(Coming Home.)

IN ITALY.



E if you cannot get a very good idea of Venice by putting your head in a wasp's nest and floating down the Regent's Canal? The stings of the first will faintly suggest the bites of the mosquitos, and the atmosphere of the latter will feebly recall the glories of the Rialto.

If you visit the Italian Picture Galleries, is it not as well to choose a Guide who objects to garlic?

On the whole, does a Guide tell you more than your guide-book?

Does the fact that the Guides of Milan wear chimney-pot hats and gloves when on duty compensate for the drawback that they are all so imperfectly acquainted with the English

language that you cannot possibly understand them?

Is the Lago Maggiore so *very* much finer than the Serpentine?

Do not both look very much alike by moonlight—especially the Serpentine?

Is it worth while to be jostled and jumped about in a carriage over the Simplon for the sake of seeing a few tints and inspecting Brigues from various altitudes?

When you have seen the Inns at Duomo Dossola, and have exclaimed "How Italian!" do you notice anything else in Italy particularly characteristic of the country?

Is it any wonder that you never find organ-grinders in the land of their birth?

Is it not a proof of national amiability that Italian shop-keepers, when detected in gross fraud, receive your imperfectly expressed abuse with bland smiles?

After seeing Rome and its obelisks, can you care *very* much about the site of Cleopatra's Needle?

Minus the Art Galleries, the scenery, the Palaces, the Cathedrals, and the shops, would Italy be worth seeing?

This granted, can't you see the Art Galleries and the other &cs., in any photographer's shop without leaving your native Strand?

## EN ROUTE FOR LONDON.

When you are not able to stay in Paris, does not the French capital look more inviting than ever?

Do you not hate the man in evening dress who is smoking his cigar and looking at the theatre-bills, in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, as you enter your *remise* bound for the station?

Is a bundle of umbrellas and sticks much improved by a couple of alpenstocks?

Are the three hand-bags belonging to your wife as convenient to her as they are certainly inconvenient to you?

Having left Paris bathed in sunshine, is it pleasant to find Boulogne drenched in rain?

Is it particularly delightful to be detained at a French watering-place out of the season for three days, when you might have stayed on in Paris had you only known the state of the weather?

Does not your bitterness reach its climax when the man in the only English newspaper shop you can find in Boulogne tells you that you may not purchase a *Times* in advance, but must take your chance with the other customers?

When you at last venture on board the boat, are you pleased to find that sunshine and a white crested sea do not mean a calm passage?

And, finally, when you are utterly bored with foreign parts and the discomforts of travel, do you not come to the conclusion that, after all, there is no place like home?

## The Potato Norfolk-Howard.

At the entrance to the South Kensington Museum there have been placed four drawings of the Colorado Beetle in its different stages, magnified. As are this vagabond's dimensions, thus depicted, so, by some accounts, is the alarm which he has excited. But, be that as it may, let nobody who captures him give him any more quarter than Bashi-Bazouks and Cossacks give one another.

## A BARD FOR BUCKMASTER.

POETICAL MR. PUNCH,

As the late Mr. WRIGHT, performing *Muster Grinnidge* in *Green Bushes*, said—"Things isn't as they used to was." Among those things may be specially mentioned potatoes. They are not the things they were in the pre-potato-blight period. Where are the red-nosed kidneys of our youth? Echo answers, "youth!" Nevertheless, the first time for ages, I have just eaten some really very good potatoes, and feel impelled by gratitude to record the fact. Others of the same sample had proved indifferent. But those others had been "steamed." The rest were cooked after the manner prescribed in a lecture delivered by MR. BUCKMASTER. For the benefit of the many, I have ventured to versify that truly great Teacher's recipe for

## PLAIN BOILED POTATOES.

"How d'ye like your 'taters done?"

Howe'er done, of course done well.

Learn then, how to do, my son,

*Pommes de terre au naturel.*

Choose your tubers, with good heed,

Of a size and of a sort;

Different sizes difference need,

In the boiling, long or short.

Scrub them clean, but peel them not;

Let not knife go nigh their skin;

Pack them, ready for the pot,

Tight as possible therein.

In a quart of water throw

A teaspoonful of salt, and pour

On your tubers, till they show,

Just each eye the water o'er.

Bring them to a boil; so brought,

For a simmer set them by.

When you think them soft, your thought

With a probing skewer try.

If you find them tender, boil

A moment, and then strain the lot;

Cover with a cloth awhile,

Then to table send them hot.

The foregoing poem, if not exactly worth a laurel crown, may perhaps be allowed to deserve a wreath of garden-stuff intertwined with cabbage-leaves, carrots, and specimens of Irish wall-fruit. In relation to the latter, permit me to subscribe myself

Your most obedient and humble Servant to command,

PHILO-MURPHY.

## A TALE OF TITLES.

(A Dream of the Athenæum Advertisement Columns.)

By the Elbe,  
One Golden Summer,  
It Might Have Been  
Two Years Ago,  
Cripps the Carrier,  
A Woman-Hater,  
Wooded and Won  
Madcap Violet,  
His Second Wife,  
Against Her Will.  
Did She Love Him?  
As Long as She Lived,

Held in Bondage,  
She Trod the Thorny Path,  
South by East,—  
A Year in South Africa,—  
Five Years in Bulgaria;—  
Through France and Belgium,—  
With Harp and Crown,  
Storm-Driven,  
Crying for Revenge.  
What He Cost Her!  
What She Came Through!

## Books—"in Buckram Suits."

SHAKESPEARE.

At the Conference of Librarians a paper was read "On Buckram as a Binding Material." We will make the able writer a present of an appropriate name for the style of binding which he advocates—let it be called the "Falstaff" binding.

## WILLS'S NEW HISTORY.

*Drury Lane Notes*.—England in the Daze, &c., has yielded to Amy Robsart. MR. CHATTERTON having already said something to the effect that SHAKESPEARE spells Ruin, and BYRON Bankruptcy, now adds that WILLS spells *Won'ts*.



## GOOD NEWS OF NEDDY.



**M**R. PUNCH YER HONNOR,  
THE Times is gone by, Ser,  
wen a Coav ood Injoy the  
intellectial Entertanement  
in a lundun Subbub of be-  
oldin a Moak bein ballenced  
on the topp of a Lader  
restin on is Oner's chin.  
No longer is eard the  
wunce fermillier voice of  
Jo MUGGINS a cryin "Tup-  
pence moar and hup gese  
the Donky!" Then there  
wasn't no Cruety to Hani-  
mles in them days. Ar,  
we shan't never see sitch  
Times again!

Howsomdever Mr. Punch  
i ham appy to Tel yer  
donkeys is riz, tho diffen't  
from wot they used to be on  
Jo MUGGINS on his Ladder.  
No doubt but wot you can  
phancy the Felins of my  
buzzum wen at our littery  
and scientilic Instootion  
Mount Plezzant paradise  
Roe i redd the Passidge i  
Now copy from the times—

"HIGH-PRICED DONKEYS.—The price of male donkeys in Poitou ranges from £200 to £400. The one belonging to Mr. SUNDERLAND, Coombe, Croydon, first prize at the Dairy Show, cost £300."

When I redd this ear my Art as it wear lep up and which you'll  
Reddily consueve wen i Menshun i'm the Appy propriorator of a  
donky i'll bak at enny donky-sho agin are anuther i Nose. In the  
wurds of a wunce poplar Song witch U ser in coarse are famillier i  
Mite allmost say as

"i keeps a reglar tare and flare up  
Moak wot cost eleven bob."

onely Mine cost a litel moar than that rayther modderat Summ but  
nott so verry mutch neither. And now to find myself Blest with  
sitch a treasur as a Hass wot praps may be wuth from £300 to £400.  
my owly dout is wot to do with im, e bein a jackhass i shoed tell  
yer Ser, and wether ide Beter try and sel im or putchus a help meet  
for im and go in for donky-bredin, in coarse that depends on ow mutch  
tood cost Me to by Eddard a Angyleener. Meanwiles i ve the Sattis-  
faction to no i ve got a Ass of the Clarse A wun.

Ser, there's a nobel Lord, witch e goes About doin good and is  
Delite is to permoat the appiness of is feller creters. Ser, i ope and  
trust that are Nobelman is at this momint injoyin the same appy  
feelins as i Do consarnin is Donky. U, ser, recollex ow me and  
others of our umbel but Useful Callin not long agoe presented a  
testymonial in the Shape of a Moddle Donky to the Herl of SHARR-  
BERRY. It wosn't the Valley of the gift at the time but so mutch  
as that's Incresed it's bound to make is Lordship walley that  
wallaby hanimle All the Moar. Ser i ope lord SHARRBERRY's  
donky is still alive and kickin i was goin to Say, but Won't for  
Hobvious Raisons.

Ser, a Ass that'll fetch £300 or moar ain't one of them Asses yer  
Nose so menny of yer'd like to By at yure Prize and Sel at their  
home. Donkeys wot costs all that munny may old up their Eds  
along with wot's inwidyus called that Noble hanimle the Oss, and  
no more hojus caparisons. In coarse donkys will soon be road in  
Rotting Ro, donky races won't be no more the vulgar things they  
used to be thort, and in a yere or so there'll be donky derbys and  
numarkets and goodoods. Mr. Punch, ser, i'm sure that most of  
your uther Correspondents must feel theirselves partiicularly flaterd  
to find Donkys a lookin up so, besides your obegiant umbel survent,

WILHAM CORSTER.

P.S. Ser, did yer hever see a Donkey with a nosebag on? We  
shal soon.

## French Polish.

ELECTION, we all know, is a synonym for "choice;" but the French  
language at election-time is anything but choice, as witness the  
foul words which have been lately flung about by the Press of Paris.  
What a nosebag of the strongest, if not sweetest flowers of speech  
might be gathered in the columns of *Le Pays*! Among the politest  
nation in the world, what a pattern of politeness is M. PAUL DE  
CASSAGNAC! Certainly, whether meant to stir the people to revolt  
or not, it cannot be denied that his language is revolting.

## LIBERTY AND HER LOVERS.

*FRENCHMAN* (ardently). I love thee!

*Liberty* (sadly).

Neither wisely nor too well,

I fear.

*Frenchman*. Doubt from thy lips is doubly barbed!  
Have I not proved my passion?

*Liberty*.

It may be;

But never yet thy faith. With thee I feel  
As *Marguerite* o'er her blossom; leaf by leaf  
I pluck: "He loves me—nay, he loves me not."  
But perfect love is perfect trust, and thou  
Wouldst clasp, but canst not confidently cling,  
Wouldst woo my smile, but darest not bravely share  
Its benediction with the brotherhood  
Of all who gaze upon the common sun.  
Freedom is no man's mistress, but a Queen  
Whom all true knightly hearts may purely serve  
In self-forgetting love and loyalty.

*Frenchman*. But, Queen, they would betray thee; they malign,  
And have misjudged thee!

*Liberty*.

'Tis the general cry

Of every clamorous claimant for the right  
To my most private and exclusive favours.

*Frenchman*. To slay the false Duessa is true service  
To the right Sovereign.

*Liberty*.

If each man's view,

Partial and purblind, of my changeless person,  
Be a Duessa to all gazers else;  
If each hot champion of his own desire  
Projected in my image, fiercely tilt  
Against all rival semblances, 'twill be  
A spectral tourney, where the lists' true Queen  
Sits lone as ARTHUR at his Table Round,  
When all his fellowship of Knights had gone  
To follow wandering fires.

*Frenchman* (hotly).

The traitors!

*Liberty* (calmly).

Ay!

But blindly so. And thou?

*Frenchman*.

I'd not betray thee

To buy NAPOLEON's glory.

*Liberty*.

Then have faith;

And fear not for thy neighbour or thy foe  
The dower thou desirest; for my gifts  
Are general largesse, not a straitened shower  
For any private Goshen. Where they fall  
They purify as surely as enrich.  
I am my own best safeguard; churlish stint,  
Or fearful and suspicious portioning,  
Fails the fruition full of Freedom's seed,  
Whose husbandry is no man's private charge,  
But the prerogative of Faith and Time.

## TRIAL BY JURY; OR, HOW IT'S DONE!

THE Jury then retired to consider their verdict.

*Foreman*. Well, Gentlemen, what shall it be? For the Defendant  
or the Plaintiff? I say for the Plaintiff—damages £1000.

*Number Two*. Nonsense! you mean the Defendant. He was in  
the right, and nothing shall make me give in if I stay here all night.

*Number Three*. Don't say that. Because I have a dinner-party  
at seven!

*Number Four*. And I promised my wife to be back by six.

*Number Five*. I say ditto to Mr. Foreman. Only make it a  
farthing damages. Nothing shall move me from that!

*Number Six*. Which was the Plaintiff?

*Number Seven*. Why, the one who refused to pay the bill, don't  
you know.

*Number Eight*. Lor' bless me, I thought he was the Defendant!

*Number Nine*. Come, Gentlemen, it's getting late. Make up  
your minds. I don't care which you give it for; in fact I thought  
both sides in the wrong.

*Number Ten*. Did you? I thought both sides in the right.

*Number Eleven*. It's no use talking. I tell you! I mean to stick  
to the Defendant.

*Number Twelve*. And I to the Plaintiff. Damages £1000. Not  
a penny less, mind you, not a penny less!

*Foreman*. I see, Gentlemen, we must decide it in the usual way.  
I will toss the shilling, if you will be good enough to cry Heads or  
Tails.

The Jury returned after a few minutes' absence. Verdict for the  
Plaintiff—damages forty shillings.





CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE-WOMAN.





**"FAMILIARITY BREEDS CONTEMPT."**

*Keeper (who wants to drive the Pheasants to the Squire's corner). "HOOO-O-O-SH! HERE, BILL, COME HERE! THEY 'ON'T GET UP FOR ME! THEY KNOW ME TOO WELL!"*

**REASONS FOR GOING TO BRIGHTON.**

*(By the Cynic who stays in London.)*

BECAUSE "everybody" is there, and it is consequently so pleasant to see St. John's Wood, Bayswater, and even Belgravia, so well represented on the Esplanade.

Because the shops in the King's Road are nearly as good as those to be found in Regent Street.

Because the sea does not *always* look like the Thames at Greenwich in a fog.

Because some of the perambulating Bands play very nearly in tune.

Because the Drive from the Aquarium to the New Pier is quite a mile in length, and only grows monotonous after the tenth turn.

Because watching fish confined in tanks is such rollicking fun.

Because the Hebrews are so numerously represented on the Green.

Because the Clubs are so inexpensive and select.

Because the management of the Grand is so very admirable.

Because it is so pleasant to follow the Harriers on a hired hack in company with other hired hacks.

Because the half-deserted Skating Rinks are so very amusing.

Because it is so nice to hear second-rate scandal about third-rate people.

Because the place is not always being visited by the scarlet fever. Because it is so cheerful to see the poor invalids taking their morning airing in their bath-chairs.

Because the streets are paraded by so many smart young gentlemen from the City.

Because the Brighton belles look so ladylike in their quiet Ulsters and unpretending hats.

Because the suburbs are so very cheerful in the winter, particularly when it snows or rains.

Because on every holiday the Railway Company brings down such a very nice assortment of excursionists to fill the streets.

Because Brighton in November is so very like Margate in July.

Because, if you did not visit Brighton, you might so very easily go farther and fare worse.

**PICKINGS FROM PAPERS.**

CONJECTURE may possibly supply omissions which render the following extract from the *Market Harborough Advertiser's* report of a "School Treat" at Great Bowden slightly obscure:—

"Preceded by their respective banners, the girls and boys marched in procession through the village, kindly lent, as usual, by JOHN CHATER, Esq., containing upwards of fifty infants."

The infants were contained not, of course, in a village lent by Mr. CHATER, but probably in a van, which followed the procession of boys and girls.

The *Sporting and Dramatic News* must have puzzled most of its readers, by stating GALE the pedestrian to have "erroneously been described as of Cardiff by the uninitiated," he, GALE, "having been born in Clerkenwell, and at present a native of Penarth." Perhaps Mr. GALE is at present a citizen of Penarth, which circumstance would not be incompatible with the fact that he was a native of Clerkenwell.

**Strikers and Maulers.**

THERE have been reports of want of skill on the part of the foreign stonemasons engaged by Mr. BULL for the New Law Courts. These reports are contradicted; and it is now declared that the Germans, in particular, are excellent hands at "mauling." Let us hope they may not be compelled to put their skill in this respect to the test by any active attacks on the part of their British brethren on strike.

**Bedding Out.**

MR. PUNCH offers a humble suggestion to the authorities who are about to beautify the Bayswater side of Hyde Park. If beds of flowers are to be made up, will the bed-makers be good enough to allow them to look somewhat like old-fashioned parterres, whereas those on the Park Lane side resemble nothing so much as lobster salads and open tarts.

"Hear, Nature, hear our prayer! Dear goddess, hear!"



## A VERY PARTICULAR MAMMA.



HERE is an opening, from a recent number of the *Guardian*, for a lady really fond of children, and with a temper above proof.

TO LADIES fond of Children, and desiring a Home. A Lady has attended to her first child (eighteen months) entirely herself; perambulating him, doing everything (without exception) for him herself. She is unwilling to risk his health, temper, pronunciation, by entrusting him, even for a minute, to servants. He is consequently healthy and fine tempered. She is anxious to do the same for her second infant. She seeks the assistance of a Lady, in the conscientious and patient discharge of these two duties. She is visiting the most beautiful and healthful places in the United Kingdom choosing where to settle. Indispensables—good health (out of doors whenever

weather permits) patience, cheerful disposition, real Christianity, the training and education of a lady, the purest (University) pronunciation, the refined pronunciation of the best society. Total abstainer preferred.—Address, stating age, antecedents, educational acquirements, remuneration, &c.

Only fancy, Mamma and her Lady-help at loggerheads over this most precious of babbies!

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Peep into Paris—Something of Importance—Back to England—Theatres—Off again.

SIR,

THE situation in France is *vin blanc*—i.e. Grave.

*Me voici!* Here I am on the spot, and red 's your player in hand, as I said to the Marshal t'other night at billiards. Don't be afraid. I am as calm as VICTOR HUGO on the night of "The Crime."

There is nothing like being Victor Hugo-ish. It always tells. The other morning the sweeps came early to my house in the *Rue de Double Gras aux petits pois*. A tremendous row. Servants terrified. At one bound I leapt from the bed, and put on *ma robe de chambre*.

My wife, who has not yet mistress'd the French language, exclaimed,

"Où goez-vous?"

"*Hu go est—moi!*" I returned, with one of my readiest and choicest *jeux de mots*, all fresh, home made, and warranted to keep dry in any climate.

Then she pulled herself together.

"Que vas tu faire, mon ami?" she cried.

"Mon devoir."

Elle m'embrassa, et ne me dit que ce seul mot:

"Fais!"

Then she added, *sotto voce*, "Et ne me botherez pas." After which she sidled off into a sweet slumber.

Then I descended to the front door. The *conciierge* was shivering in his bed, crying, alternately, "Vive le Maréchal!" "Vive la République!" and "Vive la Compagnie!"

I opened the porte (it requires no corkscrew to open the porte in France), and admitted the Sweeps. *Ils me saluèrent*.

I do not assign any deep political signification to this incident. But it merely shows that, at all events, I am ready.

With two Countesses and a Duchess I went to see *Bébé* the other night. We all recognised the outrageous improbability of the ingenious farce, and were immensely amused.

*A propos* of such a piece as *Bébé*, I was struck by the absence of all ingenuity exhibited by the English playwright (*Vide* my new Dictionary—"Wheelwright, wrighter of wheels. Playwrite, writer of plays") in his adaptation to the English stage of *Les Dominos Roses*. In Paris, there is just that *soupeçon* of possibility about it claimed by *Puff* for his plot which dealt with "things so strange that, though they never did, they might happen." (Anent all this, study *Puff* in Act I.) But in London, with its vulgar *Cremorne* (what would the Adapter do now that this elegant resort of the 'Arry-stocracy is abolished?) and its totally different life, there is not the slightest *soupeçon* of possibility, and certainly not of probability, about the whole affair. And this is just why the *Pink Dominos*, being utterly extravagant, can have no more moral or immoral tendency than have the knaveries, the cruelties, and

the gross indecencies (if seriously considered) of the *Clown* and *Pantaloon* at Christmas time. *Clown* robs shopkeepers, knocks off tall people's heads, makes violent love to all the ladies in the street, going so far as in some instances to rob them of much of their attire, and then he defies and contemns the Law, by causing the policeman to come down heavily on the butter-slide. *O tempora, O mores!* O Cakes and Ale! The Licenser was no more to blame for passing the *Pink Dominos* than he is for permitting half-a-hundred Pantomimes. And what is the meaning of the office of Licenser, if there is to be no Licence?

At the request of the Marshal I went to see *La Cigale*, and was able to report most favourably of Mdlle. CHAUMONT's acting, for whom the piece was written. We are to have *The Grasshopper* at the Gaiety, with Miss NELLIE FARREN in what is professionally termed "the title rôle." *A propos* of the Gaiety, I left my house in the *Rue de Double Gras aux petits pois* on purpose to come and see Miss NELLIE FARREN as *Faust*, and Mr. TERRY as *Mephistopheles*, in their marvellously funny imitation of the great Zazel feat. It is capital; but I think that there might be more dialogue between Miss FARREN in the cannon and the Mr. FARRINI out of it. Perhaps this might have overloaded the great gun trick. The choice of the subject was an excellent one, were it only for the sake of Miss KATE VAUGHAN in *Marguerite*. Mr. ROYCE is very funny in *Valentine*, and HERR LUTZ's arrangement of the music is thoroughly well done. There is a both grotesque and graceful quartette dance of the principal characters, and a duett dance, where Miss AMALIA as *Martha* (why wasn't it the "*Martha*")—i.e., ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's *Mrs. Brown*?) executes some very pretty steps. The biggest fun of the piece is in the Zazel imitation, and the serenade under the window, the former being quite enough of itself to make a burlesque. Good notion getting Mr. SOUTAR to play the *Old Faust* at the commencement. And, by the way, the first scene is, properly speaking, the only really burlesque one in the extravaganza, which is rather a comic version of a story in which *Faust*, *Marguerite*, and *Mephisto* are leading characters, than a burlesque of either poem or play (such, for example, as was Mr. BYRON's *Lady of Lyons*, the best of all burlesques); and this is what is intended, I suppose, by its being described in the bills as "The Gaiety not the Goethe Version." The Last Scene, "The Market-place at Seidlitzberg," is one of the prettiest that has been seen at the Gaiety.

I shall have to run round and see Mr. HONEY, as *Engaged* by Mr. GILBERT at the Haymarket, and *La Marjolaine* at the Royalty. *Amy Robsart* has re-appeared at Drury Lane, and Mr. WILLS is going to have a piece produced at the Duke's Theatre. It is called *Camomile*, or *Camille*, I forget which; but we shall soon know. Ere this appears, the International Theatre, under ALEXANDER (the Great) HENDERSON, will have opened with a piece from the French, called *Russia*. Several novel experiments are advertised by the new lessee of the late Queen's, in order to make his theatre popular. A promenade and cheap tariff, and also that, though the lowest price is only sixpence, *you need not go in unless you like*. This is a great boon to the public, and the Manager is to be congratulated on his tact. Why doesn't he start a Circus, and produce Mr. WILLS on Pegasus, by kind permission of Mr. CHATTERTON?

The Opéra Comique is to re-open with an "Eccentric Absurdity," libretto by Mr. GILBERT, music by Dr. SULLIVAN,—unless, in order to keep up the idea of eccentricity and absurdity, they have arranged that the libretto should be by Dr. SULLIVAN, and music by Mr. GILBERT.

And now I must return to the *Rue de Double Gras*, to meet the *Conseils Généraux*, and to vote nineteen times in as many arrondissements.

"Please to remember  
The Fifth of November."

"The 'Ides have come," as the Tanner said. Ay, Marshal, but not gone. Under which King, Parisian? speak or die! I am off again from Victoria or Holborn Viaduct.

Whenever the sea I'm obliged to cross over,  
I go by the London, Chatham, and Dover.

Preferring as little of the Channel as I can possibly have for my money; and then the buffet at Calais is most refreshing to such a weary but cheery traveller as is

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## Notices of Removal

(That we shouldn't mind).

THE Bow Street Police-Court to the top of Helyellyn;  
The Duke of York's Column to the bottom of the Bay of Biscay;  
The London Statues, generally, to Tierra del Fuego;  
The Charing Cross Station to the Goodwin Sands;  
The Wellington Arch at Hyde Park Corner, to the centre of South Africa;  
The Blackfriars Obelisk down the crater of Vesuvius; and  
The Roof of the Albert Hall right over the top of the North Pole.



## EXTREMES MEET.



SCENE—

LOOMY Inn, on a dirty day,  
in an out-of-the-way spot,  
seven miles from any-  
where.

INTERLOCUTORS—Our old  
friend 'ARRY and a Swell.  
Both weatherbound, and  
compulsory companions  
pro tem.

'Arry (aside, after an  
appalling spell of silence).  
Oh, blow this! Silent  
System's a joke to it. Must  
speak, and chance it. (To

Swell.) Mis'able day, ain't it?

Swell. Ya-a-a-s!

[Glares stonily.

'Arry (unabashed.) Wretched  
'ole this Hinn, eh? 'Owver,  
any port—or port-'ole—in a  
storm, yer know. Ha! ha! ha!  
Twig?

Swell. No-o-o! (Aside. In-  
sufferable cad!)

'Arry (aside). Stuck up as a  
cat's-meat skewer with a cocked  
'at on! At 'im agin. (To Swell.)

'Ave a weed? (Offers cigar-case.) Ain't arf bad, I can tell yer.

Swell. Tha-a-nks, no. Wather not. (Aside. Hang his im-  
pudence!) (After prolonged silence.) Confound it, this is awfully  
slow! Cad's chatter's better than dead silence. [Yawns.

'Arry (aside). Oh, I say, I can't stand this bloomin' wet-blanket  
anyhow. I'll 'ave another shy, and chance it. (To Swell.) Beastly  
business, this War, eh?

Swell (with mitigated languor). Ya-a-s! Vewy.

'Arry. 'Ope them Rooshuns 'll git jolly well licked!!!

Swell (with inadvertent warmth). By Jove, Sir, so do I. Infernal  
lot of snub-nosed wuffians! Bound to be in the wong with those  
noses. Fellow without a pwofile always a bwute.

'Arry (uneasily conscious of his own uptilted organ). Well, I  
don't know so much about that. Any 'ow, they're a seedy lot, and  
no mistake. And as for the Hatrocity business—

Swell (eagerly). Wot! All infernal wot! I'm sick of the senti-  
mental wog that GLADSTONE and his gang have kicked up over a few  
wetched webellious wose-gwoers!

'Arry. Well, I'm not nuts on Snivel myself; and as for GLAD-  
STONE, yah! 'E's played out, I can tell yer. Music-'alls turned 'im  
hup long ago. You should 'ear the "Immense Cad" reckon 'im  
hup in his last new patriotic song about the "Tallow-nosed Bear  
and the tight little Turkey." It's proper, I tell yer. If the Wood-  
chopper could 'ear the 'owls every time the "Immense" gits 'is  
knife in 'im, Lor! he'd cut hisself down sharp, and no chips! And  
then the Telegraf! Don't it jest wire into the "People's BILLY"  
as wos—a 'ot un, that's all!

Swell. A-h-h! Don't read the D. T. myself, and don't go to  
Music Halls. But the P. M. G. polishes him off prettily; and the  
Clubs are against him to a man.

'Arry. Ah! when the Clubs and the 'Alls pulls together, it  
rayther nobbles the Sentimentals, eh?

Swell (scarcely relishing the concatenation). Ya-a-s!

'Arry. Sentiment! Wot's sentiment got to do with it? About as  
much as principle. Principle may be a good dog, but Cop'em's a  
better. "British Hinterests, and blow Furriners!" that's my motter.

Swell. Ya-a-s. Sentiment's a nuisance. Gush wuled while  
GLADSTONE was in. Awful baw and beastly bad form. Society,  
thanks to the Conservative weaction, has now got the upper hand  
again, and Society is down on gush like a hammer. Gushers natu-  
rally don't like it, and waise a wog.

'Arry. Yah! But they ain't in it now, old man, are they?  
Number One and no Gammon! That's the tip, eh?

Swell. Ya-a-s, that's pwactical politics, certainly; though, per-  
haps, it wouldn't go down at St. James's Hall.

'Arry. St. James's 'All be jiggered. I wasn't there. Catch me!  
Bloomin' lot of 'owlers ought to be shut up sharp, and no mistake.  
Proper fellows those Turks, ain't they? Chaps as can fight like that  
can't be a bad sort after all. If they did let the Bulgarians 'ave it  
rayther 'ot, I dessay they deserved it, and the Rooshians was at the  
bottom of it, I'll lay a pot. They're a bad lot if yer like, want to  
sneak Constantinople and India; that's their lay, not 'elpin' the  
Christians. What do they care for the Christians more'n you or  
me? Walker! 'Ow far's Constantinople from India?

Swell. Haw! Can't say. Never could make out Maps, don't you  
know.

'Arry. Don't cotton to 'em myself. Anyhow, I'm for "the  
innercent and peaceable Ottermans."—D. T. that—and 'ere's to 'em.

[Drinks.

Swell. Ya-a-s. No end of bwicks. Gentlemanly fellows too. Got  
pwofiles, don't you know. That accounts for it.

'Arry. Ah, 'obby of your's that, I see. 'Ow about old Wood-  
chopper, eh? Got a beak, and no error, big again as yours or mine.

(Aside.) One for his Nob, that!

Swell (recollecting, and chilling sensibly). Ya-a-as, dare say.

[Yawns with elegant indifference, and takes up paper.

'Arry. Well, the wet's 'oldin' hup, so I'll be trottin'. Ta-ta!

Swell. Haw! Good day to you!

'Arry (aside). Stuck-up party, but 'e's got proper notions enuff,  
when you get at 'em. Didn't know the swells was so wide-awake.

Swell (aside). Cad, but cute, wather. Demagogues won't make a  
woawing Wadical of him in a hurry. Wong stuff altogether.  
Low along not so bad as sentiment, after all. One wants polish,  
'other's too soft to take it. Does one good to see even such a cad  
sound at bottom. [Exeunt severally.

## TOUCHING UP THE LAKE DISTRICT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THOUGH you will possibly not discover from my language  
that I am a Citizen of the United States of America, such is the fact.  
I commence my letter by telling you this, to prevent all miscon-  
ception. In spite of my nationality I am fond of the old country.  
After the grandeur of the American Continent, the smallness of your  
island is refreshing. The object of my letter is as follows. In per-  
using one of your Contemporaries this morning, I came across the  
enclosed paragraph:—

"THE ENGLISH LAKES.—At a meeting of hotel proprietors, held at the  
Queen's Hotel, Ambleside, it has been unanimously resolved to take the  
necessary steps to form an Association for the Lake District similar in  
character to that of the Black Forest in Germany, and in operation at many of  
our coast watering-places. The Association, among other useful work, will  
undertake the erection of guide-posts over the less frequented mountain-  
passes, and of finger-posts where needed, repair the footpaths and improve the  
approaches to the various waterfalls, investigate all causes of complaint,  
improve the district as much as practicable, and generally promote the com-  
fort and convenience of visitors during their stay, as well as bring the claims  
of the lake country, as a summer resort, more favourably before the public.  
The Association is intended to embrace the whole district, including Ambleside,  
Bowness, Coniston, Grasmere, Keswick, Patterdale, Windermere, &c.  
Resolutions were passed for holding public meetings at Ambleside and Keswick,  
the two chief centres of the district, so as to secure the co-operation of all  
persons interested in the tourist system of the district."

Now when the Natives are about improving the English Lakes (for  
which at least there is room, if there ain't for most things), I would  
suggest that they had better make a complete job of it, instead of the  
one-horse scheme at present in contemplation. In this connection, I  
would suggest that they should advertise in the principal journals—

1. To Oilmen and others.—For tenders for French polishing the  
Lake District. The district to be divided into lots of fifteen square  
miles or over, to suit convenience of contractors.

2. To Painters, Gilders, &c.—For tenders for gilding the Pillar  
Rock, white-washing, cleaning, and scraping Helvellyn, and gene-  
rally for fixing up and putting in complete ornamental repair the  
other principal mountains. Also estimates for freshening up such  
of the rocks as are beginning to look weather-beaten.

3. To Upholsterers and others.—For tenders for stuffing, cover-  
ing, and re-seating WORDSWORTH'S Seat; also for putting a new tail  
on to the Eagle Rock.

4. To Dairymen and Milksellers.—For tenders for supplying sweet  
milk and cream daily to the beek in Sour Milk Ghyll. The beek  
to be placed under the supervision of the public analyst, and full  
penalties to be enforced if water is detected in the milk.

5. To Quarrymen, Masons, and others.—For tenders for the  
erection of neat cut-stone boulders, at regular intervals, round the  
edge of Thirlmere.

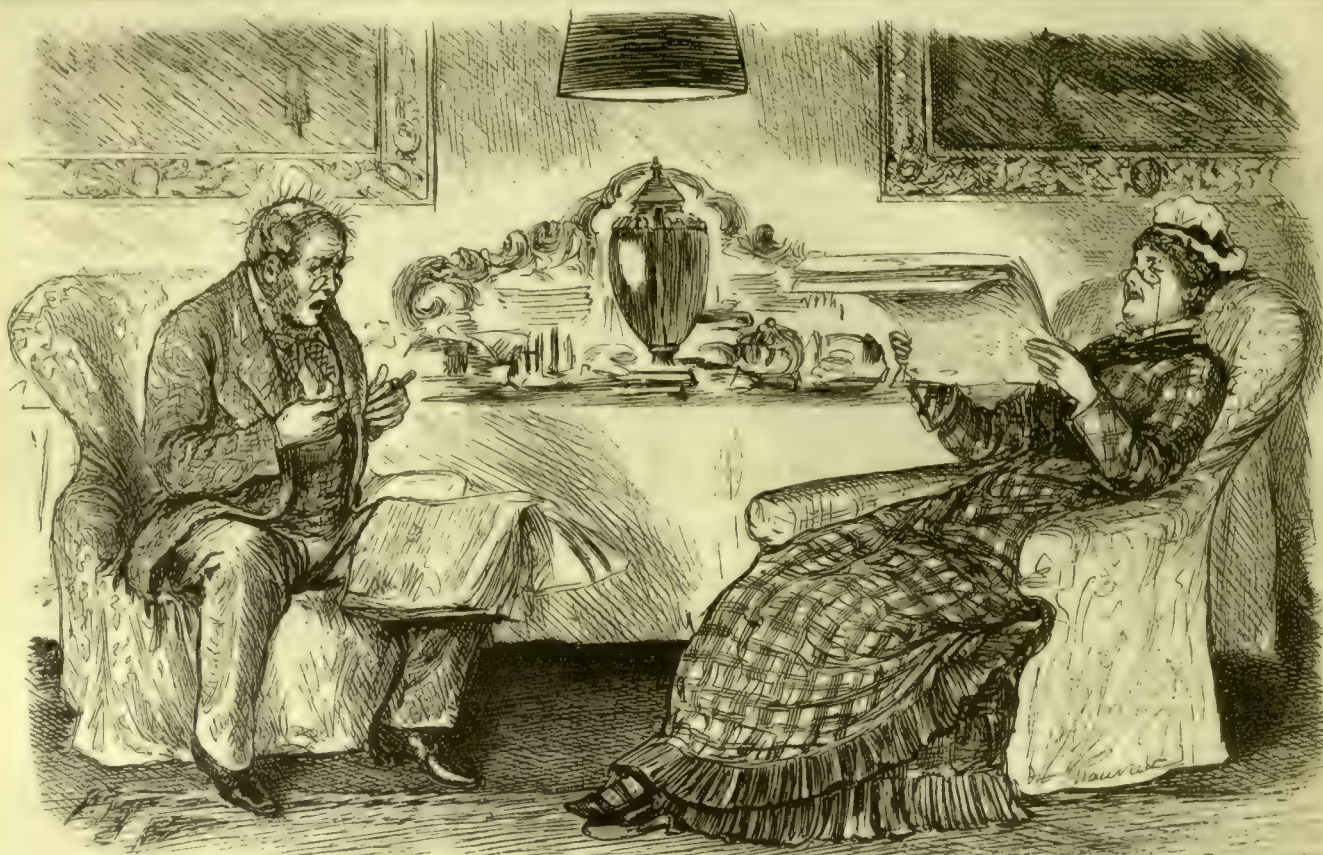
I also think that when the Association are about it they had  
better get estimates for a few dozen miles of lead-piping, so as  
to lay on a fuller water-supply to some of the waterfalls, and also  
gas on the chief mountain-passes. This would save many disappoint-  
ments arising from the fickleness of your climate.

Yours respectfully, JAS. D. BROWN.

## A REALLY MAGNIFICENT METEOR.

THE REV. H. ALDHAM writes to the papers describing a magnificent  
meteor which "rushed perpendicularly into the air like a huge fiery  
poker." Raining pitchforks we may have heard of, but we never  
saw pokerers rush perpendicularly into the air,—except in a Panto mime





### RENOVARE DOLOREM!

THE BLENKINSHOPS CAME BACK YESTERDAY FROM THE CONTINENT. THE BOYS HAVE GONE BACK TO SCHOOL AND COLLEGE, THE GIRLS ARE WITH THE GOVERNESS. MR. B. AT LAST IS HAPPY. HE HAS JUST PARTAKEN OF HIS FAVOURITE BREAKFAST (TEA, CRUMPS, AND A BROILED RASHER OF BACON, WHICH CANNOT BE GOT ABROAD), AND IS ABOUT TO LIGHT A REAL CIGAR, BEFORE PLUNGING INTO HIS *TIMES*, FROM WHICH HE HAS BEEN PARTED FOR TWO MONTHS. TO HIM, SUDDENLY, MRS. B., WHO, AS USUAL AT THIS HOUR WHEN AT HOME, IS DEEP IN THE SUPPLEMENT OF THAT JOURNAL:—

"PAPA DEAR . . . . WHAT DO YOU SAY TO *BIARRITZ* FOR NEXT YEAR? JUST LISTEN TO THIS ADVERTISEMENT OF A HOUSE THERE? . . . ."

### IN THE MUD.

"*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" Indeed, *mon Maréchal*,  
Your *locus standi* few will think of grudging.  
'Twere hard indeed did Honour's urgent call  
Fix you in quicksands and forbid your budging.  
But Honour often seems to bend her face  
In the direction of our private leaning.  
Are you quite sure that, in the present case,  
You have not, let us say, misread her meaning?

"*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" The phrase ironic sounds  
When the proud phraser in a mudbank founders.  
A rushing flood his dwindling stand surrounds,  
And in the mire poor Honour slips and flounders.  
Unsavoury mire, my Marshal! Were your scent  
Fastidious as your flourishes declare it,  
With such surroundings you were scarce content;  
And Honour,—could *her* dainty nostrils bear it?

"*J'y suis, j'y reste.*" CÆSAR'S Thrasonic style  
Scarce suits a soldier-servant of the nation:  
Plotters and priests on lurk for loot may smile,  
A grin half mockery, half jubilation,  
But to what issue, Marshal? Bonds and blood  
Again for France, the old curst spell upon her?  
Or you and Honour floundering in the mud?—  
A nice alternative for you and "Honour!"

### PLAYED OUT!

THE SHAH OF PERSIA proposes paying England a second visit next year. Mr. Punch begs to state that the following programme will be observed on the occasion:—

On his arrival the SHAH will not be received by the British Fleet.  
When he arrives in London, Her MAJESTY may, let us hope, for a wonder, be housed in Buckingham Palace.

The SHAH will, consequently, not be able to use the royal apartments as saloons for the exhibition of the noble art of self-defence, and to surround himself in the Palace of Her MAJESTY with acrobats, and comic singers.

He will not be taken in state to Covent Garden Opera, surrounded by an escort of Life Guards.

He will not be invited to review the British Army at Windsor Park.

He will not be encouraged to "promote" a Company, with a capital consisting of that very unknown quantity—the vast mineral and other resources of Persia.

He will not be cheered by the multitude as the peer of the Emperors of Germany, Russia, and Austria.

He will not furnish the subject of numberless articles in the daily press, nor will he be recognised as the successor to the *prestige* of ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

He will not receive the homage of the LORD MAYOR and the freedom of the City in a gold box.

In fact, he will not be *fêted* as a powerful Sovereign, but will be permitted to maintain his well-merited *incognito*, as a small and very much out-at-elbows Eastern despot of highly disreputable character.

ALARMING FAILURE OF THE PRATIE CROP.—Mr. GLADSTONE declines to make speeches in Ireland.

GREAT FEAT IN TABLE-TURNING.—By the Russians in Armenia.





STUCK IN THE MUD.

M. LE MARÉCHAL (*loq.*). "J'Y SUIS!—J'Y RESTE!" (?)









## PLAIN TO DEMONSTRATION.

*Customer (nervously).* "AH! THEY MUST BE VERY IRK-SOME AT FIRST."  
*Dentist (exultantly).* "NOT A BIT OF IT, SIR! LOOK HERE, SIR!" (*Dexterously catching his entire set.*) "HERE'S MY UPPERS, AND HERE'S MY UNDERS!"

## "THE HISTORY OF A CRIME."

(An Extract by anticipation, from the Record of the next English Revolution.)

I ENTERED the omnibus with my friend. The omnibus then carried two men. Before it had contained only passengers. There is a great difference between a man and a passenger. History has proved it.

The omnibus started. It was going from Brompton to the City. It was going farther. It was going to the scene of a great drama. I was the hero of that drama. I, a man, an inside passenger—one of twelve inside passengers. Why did I take more room than these others? Why? Because I had a mission and a large umbrella. The man in the conductor's clothes did not ask me to pay for the umbrella, although it occupied an extra place. Why not? Was it because there was something in my eye warning him not to be impertinent? Should I have paid? Certainly not. I should not have paid. The large umbrella (like myself) had a mission. That mission was to fight, to conquer, to secure victory! Victory, which is another word for Freedom.

The omnibus arrived at Charing Cross. There we found a regiment commanded by a General. By a General! No, by a man wearing the uniform of a General!

I let down the window (much to the alarm of the other "insides") and called to this man. The man approached, and asked me what I wanted.

"You are a traitor, for you serve traitors!" I cried, with my head through the window. Had the opening been large enough, I would have threatened him with the umbrella also. But the opening was small, and so I could not do anything more aggressive than shake my fist. I shook my fist in the face of the man in the General's uniform.

"You are a villain, a scoundrel, a 'rough,' an atheist, a cad!" I cried in my loudest tones. The trembling "insides" begged me to desist. But I pointed out that the man in the General's uniform said nothing, and there was therefore no cause for fear. When I had told them this they grew calmer.

"Look at this fellow!" I screamed (always through the omnibus window), pointing at the man in the General's uniform, and addressing his regiment. "Do not obey him—he is a traitor, a villain! It is a good thing to shoot down traitors and villains. It is sometimes lucrative too. Men in Generals' uniforms have frequently well-filled purses."

The conductor of the omnibus having now completed the number of passengers, wished to move on. I forbade him, and continued to hurl maledictions at the man in the General's uniform. When I had screamed (always through the omnibus window) for about half an hour, I was roughly seized by a Creature dressed in Blue.

"Leave me!" I shouted, and attempted to defend myself.

"Nonsense!" said the Creature in Blue. "We have had enough of this. You must come along with me."

At this the other "insides" in the omnibus cheered. Was I not right to refuse them the title of *men*? They cheered, and urged the Creature in Blue to remove me speedily. He seized me!

"On what charge do you dare to arrest me?"

The Creature in Blue merely laughed and dragged me out of the omnibus. The other "insides" (miserables!) cheered again, declaring that I was a "bore," a "nuisance,"—I know not what!

"Do you know who I am?" I cried, shaking my umbrella.

"I don't know," returned the Creature in Blue, "and I don't want to know. But I will teach you to insult a gentleman when he is only performing his duty."

"Do you allude to that thing in tinsel?" I cried, pointing to the man in the General's uniform.

"Of course I do," returned the Creature in Blue.

"Why, I was only denouncing him," I replied, in an explanatory tone, because I recognised Force. The Creature in Blue had got me by the scruff of the neck. The Creature in Blue was consequently Force, and as Force I recognised and respected him.

"You were using language calculated to cause a breach of the peace," said the Creature in Blue, "and that is punishable."

"And what are you going to do with me?"

"To lock you up."

And locked up I should have been had I not been saved by Diplomacy. Diplomacy has many shapes. On this occasion she was called (by the Creature in Blue) "Two half-crowns." But was not Diplomacy also a bribe? Yes, but a bribe is a wild sort of justice. It is also better than being locked up in a police-cell.

You who read this will ask me, "Shall you again insult a man in a General's uniform?" I reply "Yes." But I add something. Listen. I add, "I shall insult a man in a General's uniform, but at my own time."

You will ask, "When, then, will you commit this outrage?"

And I reply—frankly, with all my heart—I reply, like a patriot, a free man—you understand I reply like one who fears nothing, "I will commit this gross outrage when a Creature in Blue is not observing me."

"When he is not looking, in fact?" will be your question.

And my reply—"Yes, when he is not looking."

Are you satisfied? Well, then, cry with me, "Long live the Republic!"

## A KNIGHT OF THE THIMBLE.

POOR ARTHUR ORTON sunk we scan  
 To but the ninth part of a man,  
 Since, by direction of his gaoler,  
 He has been turned into a tailor.  
 O base and ignominious fate  
 Of Nobleman unfortunate!  
 Inglorious result of trying  
 His great audacity in lying!  
 He thought to win broad lands and riches,  
 Instead of which he's making breeches.  
 O House of Tichborne, lo thy Claimant  
 Employed in stitching convicts' raiment!  
 His high ambition's bourne was Tichborne;  
 The bourne he has attained is Stitchbourn.  
 On change of heir his mind he set,  
 But change of air is all he'll get—  
 For plots to grab what wasn't his—  
 To Portsmouth gaol from Princetown Prison.

## "THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES."

"THE Porte is determined to carry on the war to the last man and the last shilling." So says Our Own Correspondent from Vienna. Can any further proof be required that the miserable Turk is supplied with English money?



# THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c. &c.*

## CHAPTER V.—“Love me little.”

NEGUS BARCROW, having knocked down DAN BEERIE, determined on finishing the evening by knocking up his friend, the little Curate.

As he passed the Vicarage, he thought of ANICE SORTIGAL, and could not help comparing EM BEERIE with her.

“Ah!” he said to himself, “if she could only have had her advantages! And yet—how happy could I be with either!—or,” he added to himself, “both!”

But this last thought, as a man of principle, he dismissed from his mind as he stood before his friend's door.

The Reverend THOMAS TITT, the little Curate of Swiggin, lived in a little house with a little door, and three little windows up above, and two little windows below. There was a little garden and a little gate, a little bell (which went a long way), and a little knocker. He had only lived there a little while, was little known to his parishioners, did a little work, thought little about it, and as he little thought he should ever like the work a little, he was a little surprised when he found himself liking it a little more than he had expected. He had a little father and mother, of whom he saw a little now and then, and with whom he went to stay a little while a little way out of town.

The little Curate did nothing great. He ate a little, drank a little, smoked a little, talked a little, walked a little, fished a little, read a little, danced a little, sang a little, played on the flute a little, and, in fact, did a little of everything, and knew a little of everybody. He had a little bed, and he slept little, consequently he was a little astonished to hear a knock at his door a little after midnight. He considered a little. Could it be thieves? Would thieves knock? Did they do it as a rule? or even as an exception? He knew that thieves often went away with a ring, but did they come with a ring? Would thieves come to his little house where there was little to get? Being a little disturbed by these reflections, it occurred to him that to put his little head beneath the counterpane, and to call out, in a little voice, “Not at home!” would be the best thing he could do under the circumstances,—or rather under the bed-clothes.

But NEGUS BARCROW was not a man to be put off with a mere formality, and in another minute the Young Engineer had stepped back three steps, had taken a short run, and leapt, head foremost, through the lower window, the self-acting shutters of which immediately closed behind him, with “Taken him in!” painted on them in legible characters.

Then he stood before his little friend. Stood—but not upright; for had NEGUS drawn himself up to his full height, the little Curate would have been compelled to have made a hole in the ceiling of his little room; and even then the Young Engineer's head would have lifted the slates, and there would have been a tile off directly.

“What do you want at this hour?” inquired the little Curate.

“Tea,” replied NEGUS BARCROW, who, now that the excitement was over, began to feel its effects. He sank, exhausted, on a little chair by the little table.

The Rev. THOMAS TITT took a little time to put on his little dressing-gown and little slippers, and then he rang the bell for his little maid.

“POLLY,” he said to the drowsy girl, “POLLY put the kettle on, and we'll all have tea.”

As they sipped the invigorating beverage out of little cups, the Young Engineer told him how he had been engaged that evening.

“Engaged! To whom?” faltered the little Curate, trembling.

His friend explained. Then he added, “ANICE SORTIGAL will be anxious about me.”

The little Curate turned a little pale.

“I can't go round there now, and tell her I am all right, can I?” asked the Young Engineer.

The little Curate gave a little start.

“NEGUS!” he cried, “you love ANICE SORTIGAL!”

The Engineer groaned.

“NEGUS BARCROW!”

stammered out the unhappy little Curate, “I knew what it would be if you came here.

‘Wherever there's Negus going,’ I said to myself, ‘there's a sure to be a Spoon.’ O my friend, if you love ANICE SORTIGAL, so do I!” And he hid his little face in his little hands.

But the Young Engineer heeded him not. The strong man had given way at last; and the little sympathising cane chair having given way too, he fell heavily on the ground in a dead faint.

## CHAPTER VI.—“Down among the Coals.”

For some days after this the little Curate saw less of NEGUS BARCROW and more of ANICE SORTIGAL, while the Young Engineer found himself more frequently in the mine, and especially in that part of it where EM BEERIE was at work.

Her duties were entirely confined to coal-scooping, or, as it is termed in these districts, “going on the scoop.” In her part she seemed rather to avoid than encourage the Young Engineer. Sometimes, on seeing him

approach, she would get up, and run away through the dark alleys and passages of the Coal-mine until stopped by a *cul-de-sack-o'-coals*, where NEGUS would catch her gently, but firmly, round the waist, and whisper in her ear—

“Why did you upset the coals and scuttle?”

“Yo munna kees mer,” EM would say, and then the sound of two smacks would ring through the mine, the first being what NEGUS BARCROW gave EM on her cheek, and the second being what EM gave NEGUS BARCROW for his cheek.

“Yo let me arlown an' oil let yo arlown,” she said to him, as he reeled again.

Then EM would return to her work with one big white spot on her grimy face, and NEGUS would resume his walk among the men, unconscious of one great black smudge that came from the side of his chin right across his lips and the tip of his nose.

“T'Young Engineer's ar bin t' coortin t' EM BEERIE,” the old hands would say, winking at one another. But she took no notice.

At other times the little Curate would come to the top of the







### "A FELLOW-FEELING MAKES US WONDROUS KIND."

"WHAT! GOING TO LEAVE US, JAMES?"

"YES, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT I REALLY CAN'T PUT UP WITH MISSUS ANY LONGER!"

"AH, JAMES! THINK HOW LONG I'VE PUT UP WITH HER!"

shaft, and whisper soft nothings to her out of the Catechism. One day he ventured farther than he had done on a previous occasion, and EM BEERIE, finding him in the pit, hauled him over the coals.

Then the little Curate went to ANICE SORTIGAL and complained. From that moment this young lady took an interest in EM.

"I've tried to teach her the Catechism," said the little Curate, hopelessly. "I ask her 'What's your name!' and I told her the answer was 'M or N, as the case may be.' But she stuck to it that her name was 'EM,' and not 'N' at all, and that if I'd leave her alone she'd leave me alone."

"And did you leave her alone?" asked ANICE SORTIGAL, eying the little Curate severely.

The Rev. Mr. THOMAS TITT blushed.

From that moment ANICE SORTIGAL resolved to try her hand with the obstinate EM BEERIE on the very first occasion. At present she contented herself with ordering the little Curate not to have anything more to say to the girl.

"She is jealous," murmured the little Curate to himself that evening in his little house, as, after his usual exercises of turning his white pocket-handkerchief into a puppet, and making it preach a sermon over the back of a chair, he sank to rest in his little bed.

About three in the morning he was aroused by a terrific bang and a fearful flash. He sat up and listened.

#### CHAPTER VII.—Beerie back again.

To ascertain what it was that had so troubled the little Curate's repose, it will be necessary to retrace our steps for some distance in the story. We beg the reader to follow us.

NEGUS BARCROW was a young man, and fond of novelties. He saw, on his arrival at Swiggin, the miners hot and tired. Remem-

### COMBINATION AND COALS.

THE *Times* reports the proposal of a hopeful expedient with a view to the augmentation of

"MINERS' WAGES.—The Central Board of the Miners' National Union, which numbers about 90,000 members, have decided to commence, at an early date, a special conference for the purpose of taking into consideration the great need of putting into operation some plan whereby the over production of coal can be checked."

By the "production" these clever fellows of course mean the procuring of coal. There is too little fear that too much coal will ever be produced underground. The production of coal in British coalfields having ceased long ago, over production of that is production over and ended. Miners themselves might wish to encourage it if they could, and not to check it. The over production of coal they want to check is the supply, which they imagine too plentiful. It does not, perhaps, strike them that if they succeed in checking the production of coal, they are very likely also to check its consumption, and bring about a general economy of coal profitable neither for coal-merchants, nor proprietors of coal-mines, nor coal-miners. In thus retarding the exhaustion of British coal-measures, they would be earning their country's gratitude indeed, as a set-off against their own lower wages.

### PLANTS AND INSECTS.

To the pleasing announcement that Sir JOSEPH HOOKER has returned, in excellent health, from his three months' tour in the United States, the *Athenæum* adds the observation that

"From the results of his travel may be expected further contributions to our knowledge of the physiology of plants."

Yes; and especially from the experience he may be supposed to have enjoyed at New York—a location so celebrated for producing that very peculiar class of Plants growing, like certain mysterious cryptogams of the toadstool family, in Rings.

The *Athenæum* further says:—

"Sir J. HOOKER is, we believe, of opinion that the key to the botany of the United States is to be found in Colorado."

Of course, the Conservator of Kew Gardens must know where to find the key of Botany. But in the public mind just now, Colorado is less intimately associated with Botany than with a sister science. Between its Botany and its Entomology, however, Colorado seems likely to acquire scientific importance.

bering the custom in drawing-rooms, theatres, and balls, he endeavoured to introduce inexpensive Japanese fans among the men. To this, as something new-fangled, the latter objected, as did also the proprietors, who considered the outlay useless.

In vain NEGUS showed them how not only useful, but ornamental, these fans were; in vain he pointed out how all the women might be attired in short skirts, with their head-dresses of a peculiar fashion; how a band of music might play from three to four, and from eight till ten, with real water rushing down, here and there, to complete the picture, and cool the atmosphere.

After considerable difficulty and irrepressible perseverance, he obtained the consent of the proprietors to making the use of fans and white kid gloves on Saturday night compulsory on the leaders of the gangs in the Wöemma Mine. The first object of the proprietors being to preserve their "hands," NEGUS pointed out to them, that for this purpose, nothing could be so useful as gloves.

BITTER BEERIE was one of these leaders of the new compulsory fashion, and he vowed he would pay out "t Young Engineer," not only for the thrashing he had received, which had, as we have already seen, completely turned his head, but also for this additional insult.

"Happun oil smارش t' Young Engineer! smارش 'im, arn t' ammer 'im t' ar' blonk mongsh, tho' ar' m foind ar' tinnur fur t' art' wuds, ar' mun do't, an' ar' wull do't!" he had been heard to say. And in this determination he was joined by two of the most villainous of the leaders of the other gangs.

EM BEERIE had one eye on her father. The other signalled to NEGUS BARCROW. The Young Engineer approached her cautiously. Then she whispered, "Stewp down; oi mun spik t' yo."

(To be continued.)



## LIFE IN HIM YET.



A TELEGRAM from Rome gives us reason to trust that the fine old POPE is by no means growing feeble, as has been untruly reported. He still shows himself quite capable of acting with vigour enough. It is asserted that the General of the Jesuits, by the POPE's peremptory command, has pronounced sentence of expulsion from the Order on Father CURCI. Father CURCI, for many years Editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a journal which, considered as an organ, might have been better named the *Vatican Gazette*, is said to have offended PIO NONO by having so fallen away from the faith as latterly to have "not been so blindly devoted to the cause of the Temporal Power as the POPE expects his zealous champions to be." Father CURCI has, in his works, dared to countenance the idea that the Temporal Power of the POPE is not a necessary institution. His Holiness has sharply let him know what he thinks of that.

"Hath he so long held out with me untired?"

So, we are happy to think, we hear the Holy Father exclaiming, as energetically as if he were Mr. IRVING in the part of *Richard the Third*. Perhaps he has, in fact, read *Shakspeare*, and is capable of enjoying him, and quoting him, as above, with gusto. The promptitude of his dealing with flagging Father CURCI is gratifying in so far as it attests His Holiness's high condition of health and spirits.

## MR. GLADSTONE IN IRELAND.

THE following communication has been dropped into *Mr. Punch's* letter-box. The article was, apparently, intended for an American paper, but the Sage of Fleet Street, using his discretion, has made up his mind to publish it in the interest of the British public. *Mr. Punch's* readers will observe that Mr. GLADSTONE's reticence in Ireland has not been confined to his appearances in public. This fact is very gratifying, and must plead an excuse for the rather irregular appearance of the subjoined report.

(To the Editor of the "Herald," New York.)

Having received your instructions to seek an audience with Mr. GLADSTONE, Your Own Interviewer immediately journeyed to Ireland, and presented himself before

## THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Mr. GLADSTONE was a little out of temper, and asked Your Own Interviewer what he wanted. Your Own Interviewer immediately replied that he had come to ask him several questions of the greatest international importance. For instance, he would like to know

## WHAT MR. GLADSTONE THOUGHT ABOUT IRELAND.

The Great Man returned that he believed Ireland to be a part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Although pressed to add something more to his rather meagre answer, Mr. GLADSTONE refused to augment his statement with any

## FURTHER INFORMATION OF IMPORTANCE.

Your Own Interviewer then questioned Mr. GLADSTONE about Home Rule. The Great Man turned his back, and begged to be relieved of Your Own Interviewer's presence. As this was not at all satisfactory, Your Own Interviewer suggested that

## HOME RULE WAS A SHAM AND A DELUSION!

Although this suggestion was repeated several times, it failed to produce any comment so far as Mr. GLADSTONE was concerned. The

Great Man seemed very displeased, and made a movement as if he would leave the room. Your Own Interviewer, acting with characteristic decision, rushed to the door and turned the key, and in a moment

## MR. GLADSTONE HAD BECOME A CLOSE PRISONER IN THE CENTRE OF IRELAND!

The Great Man upon this explained that he had determined not to lose his temper, and that, consequently, he should quietly accept the situation. From the appearance of Mr. GLADSTONE's countenance, it was Your Own Correspondent's opinion that

## THE BRITISH STATESMAN DISDAINED TO RESENT THIS DASTARDLY OUTRAGE.

Your Own Interviewer produced his note-book, and mentioning that he considered "silence to give consent," expressed his opinion that

## MR. GLADSTONE BELIEVED IRELAND TO BE IN A VERY BAD WAY!

The Great Man took no notice of this remark. Not at all disheartened by Mr. GLADSTONE's reticence, Your Own Interviewer observed that, from what he knew of the institutions of America, he was sure that

## IRELAND COULD ONLY BE SAVED BY ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES!

At this point Your Own Interviewer discovered that the Great Man was fast asleep. He rose from his chair, and, gently blowing a fog-horn in the slumbering Statesman's ear, soon restored him to consciousness. From the expression upon his countenance, he was quite sure that

MR. GLADSTONE HAD NEVER BEEN MORE ASTONISHED IN HIS LIFE! Unhappily, the noise of the fog-horn attracted the attention of the household, who rushed to the Great Man's assistance. The door was forced open, and Your Own Interviewer had only time to express a wish that

## MR. GLADSTONE WOULD SOON BECOME A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE NEW YORK HERALD,

before he was taken by the shoulders, removed from the apartment, forced down-stairs, and (to put it concisely) kicked out.

## BLUES AND YELLOWS.

ON the evening of Monday last week, the birthday of EDWARD THE SIXTH, founder of Christ's Hospital, certain Gentlemen, formerly educated there, constituting the "Society of Blues," celebrated that anniversary by dining together at the Albion, Aldersgate Street, under the Presidency of the Rev. R. LEE, M.A., the Head Master. The banquet was followed by a number of toasts and speeches, in the latter a topic of peculiar interest having been left untouched. Nobody either asked or explained why the Bluecoat Boys continue doomed to go about in the grotesque costume which renders them objects of pity to the sympathetic and of derision to the inconsiderate spectator, also subjecting them too often to the unfeeling chaff of other youth clad in modern and customary attire. In connection with this subject it may be asked, Wherefore, if the reason why a miller wears a white hat be recognised, does a Bluecoat Schoolboy run about with his head uncovered in the cold? All that can be said in answer to this inquiry is, that his cap is made too small for the head it must once, one would think, have been meant to cover.

## An Additional Postage-Stamp.

LIVE Colorado Beetles having been detected in mails received from the United States, whence fools have sent them to this country secreted in letters and newspapers, the American postmasters, at the instance of the British Government, have been instructed to look out for the Potato-bug, and detain all packets in which it may be found. A good way to put a stop to the transmission of these dangerous insects by post, alive, would perhaps be to stamp every letter with a special machine constructed for the purpose; so stamping flat not only the letter but any Colorado Beetle which might be contained in it as well.

## Victor Hugo Junior.

MR. CHARLES READE has lately come to the front in his usual warm-hearted, impulsive style. In one paper he has been bravely summoning Judge and Jury to the bar of public opinion, while in another, he has been instructing a brother dramatist how to protect himself against American piracy. A friend in need will find a friend in READE.

NAUTICAL TITLE FOR THE FEMALE NOVEL-READER.—The Skipper!





### GENTLE IRONY.

*Impatient Driver.* "NOW THEN, BILL! 'AVIN' THE OLD BUS PROTER-GRARFED, HAY!"

### IMPALING THE BADGER.

WHY, of all harmless fourlegged things, unearth the poor Badger in the *Times*, particularly when, not satisfied with intruding on the domestic privacy of the British Bear, with descriptions of how Mrs. B. makes him wipe his feet before he comes into the parlour, what hours he affects, the sort of table he keeps, the way he brings up his family, and so forth—how would that other British Bear, Paterfamilias, like to be interviewed, and to have that house which he calls his castle invaded in the same style?—"Our Own Correspondent" ends by bringing the poor Badger into the privileged circle of big game, and coolly asks to be allowed

"To testify to the amount of sport which these animals are capable of affording to any one who cares to make a midnight excursion in pursuit of them."

Adding, to make matters worse, the expression of his conviction

"That they are not nearly so scarce in England as people generally suppose."

If not so scarce now, "Our Own Correspondent" in Friday's *Times* has done his best to make them even scarcer, by some very uncalled-for information,

"The badger, as is well known, is in the habit of searching for food during the night-time, and on these excursions will often wander a long way from his hole, and it is then that it affords the sportsman (?) the opportunity of capturing it, which is done by previously 'bagging' its hole, and beating round the woods, and in that manner alarming the animal, which immediately makes for home. One person is generally stationed a short distance from the 'earth' with a trustworthy dog, in order to prevent the badger's escape, for he not unfrequently notices that something is wrong, and, having got sight of the bag in his hole, will turn tail, and if you have not a dog with you, all chance of catching the animal is lost."

All the better for "the animal." Oh, if *Punch* could only turn the tables! The *Ursidae* are among the most human of quadrupeds.

### THE SITE FOR CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

To Mr. Punch.

VENERABLE PUNCH,

THE true site for this great monument has not been yet suggested. I suggest it now. I do so through your columns, of course, as to them the world looks for final judgment on all things under the Sun—and indeed over it—"usque ad eubum."

Let the obelisk be erected in front of the Royal Exchange. The associations of the spot leave nothing to be desired. Threadneedle Street adjoins it. The adjacent Bank of England will recal the banks of the Nile. Capel Court is in the immediate neighbourhood, and the dealers in Egyptian Bonds there may daily pass this great memorial which looked down, so many centuries back, on Egyptian bonds which their victims found not less hard to get off their hands. There, too, Moses may still be found amongst the Bull-rushes, as in the days of PHARAOH. Nor will the site be without its moral uses; for revellers going to Lord Mayors' dinners with Aldermanic appetites may be reminded by it of the Skeleton at the Feast.

THE SHADE OF CHAMPOLLION.

P.S.—At the same time my own countrymen might advantageously remove their obelisk of Luxor from its present inappropriate site to the Place de la Bourse.

### NOT QUITE GOOD STYLE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

LORD BEACONSFIELD wrote last week to Mr. CAIRD, of Glasgow University, regretting his inability to take a personal farewell of the students on the expiration of his Lord Rectorship, and requesting him to "assure them that their original confidence, and, still more, their repetition of their kind feelings, are among the happiest and proudest moments of my life." Doesn't this strike you as bearing a strong resemblance to the speech of the newly-decorated *Maire* in a recent Palais Royal vaudeville? "*Cette croix, Messieurs, est le plus beau jour de ma vie.*" Surely, the PREMIER isn't going to devote his spare time to adapting from the French?

Yours,

Nov. 2, 1877.

GLASGUENSIS EXPECTANS.

### SIGNS OF AN EARLY WINTER.

THE leaves of several Christmas Numbers have already fallen upon the Railway Bookstalls.

If they could only be human enough to forget all humanity, turn upon "Our Own Correspondent," and have the hunting of him, bagging his door, and beating up his haunts, and when he makes for home, being down upon him with a trustworthy dog. What, *Punch* would be glad to know, has the poor Badger done, that he should be thus held up to be harried and hunted? Is it not enough that he is already but too liable to become the central figure of the "ratting sports," which are among the pet pleasures of sporting black-guardism, and as such to be brutally baited with bull-terriers.

It makes *Punch's* blood boil to think of a harmless, nocturnal, wood-haunting recluse, who neither kills, nor is, game, being held up as "capital sport" for capture by trustworthy dogs, hounded on by bloody-minded and butcherly "Correspondents," who usurp the name of sportsmen. "Sport to you, Gentlemen," the Badger might say, "but death to me."

The last sentence of the letter is but too good an illustration of the reasonableness of Badger's plea and *Punch's* protest:—

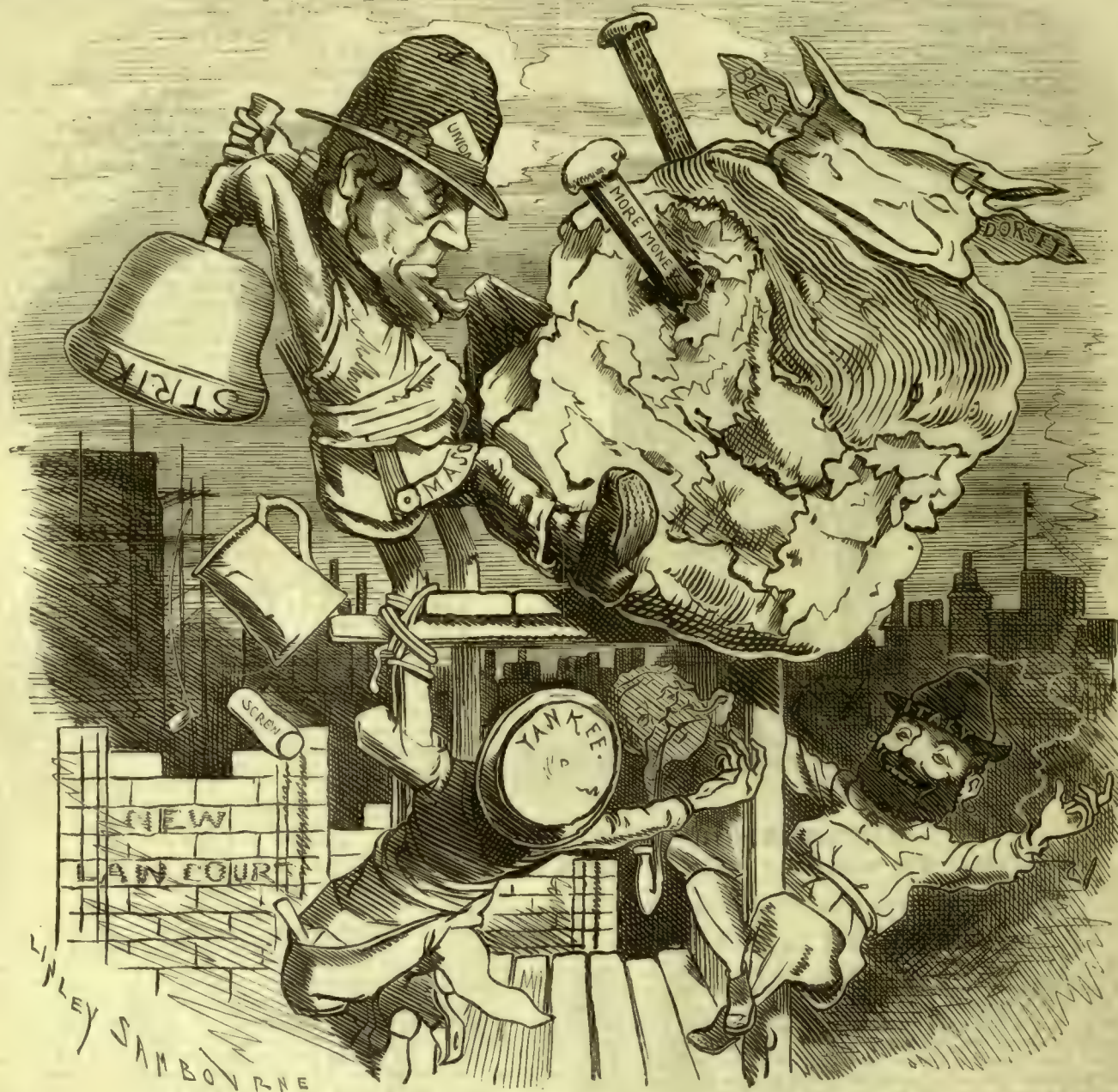
"While on a visit to a friend in Gloucestershire this year, I witnessed the capture of a fine male badger, which weighed over 20lbs., and was a valuable addition to a collection of stuffed animals."

How "valuable"? Is there anything to be learnt from such a specimen? Or was the friend a professional taxidermist, who looked on his twenty pounds weight badger in the light of £. s. d. ? The writer's unconscious lack of humanity is well brought out by the sentence in which he informs us that:—

"If captured while young, badgers will become very tame in confinement, and take food from the hand."

And yet it never occurred to this noble sportsman that this readiness to become domesticated, and to show love for, and confidence in, man, was a reason for not bringing the Badger within the savagery of "sport," and handing him over to the fate of so many innocent and beautiful things now persecuted by sportsmen and gamekeepers under the broad brand of "vermin."





**A FREE AND ENLIGHTENED MASON**  
STRIKING AT HIS OWN BREAD-AND-BUTTER.

**"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER."**

In a few days the LORD MAYOR will be celebrating his call to the office of the First Magistrate of the City of London by holding the usual annual dinner within sound of Bow Bells. It would be no very difficult task for Mr. Punch to prophesy the purport of the various speeches that will be made on the forthcoming interesting occasion. However, the Sage of Fleet Street prefers to be original, and begs to predict what the speakers might, but certainly won't, say on the night of the Ninth of November:—

The LORD MAYOR, in addressing his guests, will be careful to avoid all allusion to the Aldermanic veto. He will not boast of the representative character of the City Institutions, and take for an example the recent proceedings anent the Ward of Cheap. He may possibly touch upon the success of the Indian Famine Fund, but

will ignore certain meetings held in St. Thomas's Hospital. If he has anything to say about Middle-Class Education, he will carefully forget the existence of the Bluecoat School. If he boasts at all about the dignified position occupied by the Corporation at the Central Criminal Court, he will say nothing about the Ladies who grace (?) the Bench when there is an interesting trial for murder.

The SOLDIER who returns thanks for "The Army" will make no unpleasant allusion to the relationship existing between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War. He will say nothing about the Retirement Scheme, which still keeps veterans past work on the active list, and sends officers in the prime of life adrift. He will not attempt to defend the introduction of the "Albert hat" into the British Army, and will say nothing about the desertions from the Militia.

The SAILOR who returns thanks for "The Navy" will keep a discreet silence about the organisation of our Dockyards. He will not allude to the difficulties and differences between Sailors and Engineers, or the combatant and non-combatant Officers of the





### STRANGE EFFECT OF SEA-AIR.

*Mrs. Jones.* "DEAR ME, MR. BROWN, I THOUGHT YOU WERE AT THE SEA-SIDE WITH MRS. BROWN AND THE CHILDREN! HOW ARE THEY?"

*Brown (who had evidently been lunching at his Club).* "FAM'LYSHWELL, BUR AH DURRO WHARITISH, THERESH SHOMETHIN' I' THE SEE AIR DOSHLT SHEEM T' SHUIT ME!—ALLAYS FEEL OURASHORTSH AF'ER DINNER—P'RAPSH FISH DIET—P'RAPSH—DURRO!"

*[Mrs. J. had by this time discovered his condition, and makes off hastily.]*

Service. If he talks about our Iron-clads, he will not describe the many modes we have of losing them.

The CIVILIAN who returns thanks for "the Volunteers" will say nothing about the bribes offered to recruits in the shape of gratis suppers and new uniforms. He will not talk of the Easter Review as a farce, or the Wimbledon Encampment as a picnic. If he refers to the patriotism of the force, he will say nothing about its discipline.

The AMBASSADOR who returns thanks for "the Diplomatic Corps" will be careful to avoid any allusion to the Constantinople Conference. If he praises the Russians he will not neglect to applaud the Turks. While admitting the blessings of peace, he will not forget to insist on the great benefits accruing from intervention.

The MINISTER who returns thanks for "the Cabinet" will carefully avoid any allusion to British Interests, and will ignore a certain speech addressed to the LORD MAYOR exactly a year ago. He will not boast of the results of the last Session, and will say as little as possible about the intentions of his colleagues. He will not attempt to explain the sudden departure of a handful of soldiers for Malta, and will ignore the geographical position of Gallipoli.

The PEER who returns thanks for "the House of Lords" will courteously refrain from making any allusion to the proceedings of the House of Commons.

The MEMBER who returns thanks for "the Third Estate" will not boast of the "scenes" that disgraced the last Session. He will not attempt to prove that "work" is more popular than "talk" in the Lower Chamber. He will keep a discreet silence about Messrs. BIGGAR, PARNELL, and the other ornaments of the Party of Obstruction, and will strive to forget the humiliating Present in the glorious Past.

The LAWYER who returns thanks for "the Bench and the Bar" will say nothing about Trial by Mob as an excellent substitute for Trial by Jury. He will not insist upon the great saving of time resulting from long preliminary investigations before the Police

Magistrates. He will not enter into the question of the differences of opinion between the LORD CHANCELLOR and the LORD CHIEF BARON, and he will reserve his congratulations upon the completion of the Law Courts for some future occasion.

The GENTLEMAN who returns thanks for "the Ladies" will make no allusion to the females who patronise the Theatre Royal Old Bailey.

And, lastly, the SHAMELESS LIBELLER who rises to abuse *Mr. Punch*, will not dare to utter a single syllable. N.B.—The "Shameless Libeller" is an imaginary character, invented to bring the article to a genial conclusion.

### IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

*A PROPOS* of Mr. W. H. MALLOCH's Article on this subject in the *Nineteenth Century* last month, the following replies have been received by *Mr. Punch* :—

MR. GLADSTONE, writing from Ireland, says No, with three Special Correspondents dogging one's footsteps, and a Reporter in the disguise of a footman behind one's chair at dinner.

Cleopatra's Needle, adrift in the Bay of Biscay, is doubtful; it does not like such treatment at its time of life.

*La Marjolaine*, at the Royalty, cannot make up her mind; English taste is so vitiated by a course of high class drama.

MR. OCTAVIUS SPENDER says it depends on how much longer his Oxford tailor will wait, and on whether he can get his cousins to come up to next Commemoration.

MISS NERISSA says decidedly No, while Mr. GEORGE stares so shockingly at her sister ALICE all through the sermon on Sunday mornings.

*Mr. Punch* says Rather, as he thinks of all the Young Ladies he met in his Autumn Vacation, and whose Pictures will adorn his Almanack for 1878.



## IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHIES.



"A great discovery has been made, according to the *Zemur and Bassiret*, a Turkish newspaper. Mr. GLADSTONE is of Bulgarian descent. His father was a pig-dealer in the vilayet of Kustendje. Young GLADSTONE ran away, at the age of sixteen, to Servia, and was then, with another pig-dealer, sent to London to sell pigs. He stole the proceeds, changed his name from TROZADIN to GLADSTONE, and became a British subject," &c. —*Daily News*.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD was changed at nurse, and is really the son of a Turkish Effendi. Young DISRAELI (his real name is TANCREDMAN) was a precocious boy, and ran away from school, being dissatisfied with the slender acquirements of the Head Master in Modern Languages and Physiology. After wandering about the Caucasus holding horses, "tenting" birds, and doing other jobs, he secreted himself, as a stowaway, on board a ship trading with figs, sponges, and washleathers, between

Smyrna and Hartlepool. Having ingratiated himself with the owners of the vessel by his extraordinary talent for imitating the notes of birds and other animals, he became supercargo, part owner, junior, and finally senior partner in the firm. As a young man, before he entered Parliament, Mr. DISRAELI was fond of domestic pets, and for several years kept a tame Russian bear in honourable captivity. One day the creature, while engaged in play with its master, overstepped the bounds of moderation, and knocked him down with its paw in the front garden of the house which he then occupied in St. Petersburg Place, Bayswater. Bruin was immediately sold to a neighbouring hairdresser; and those who have closely watched the PRIME MINISTER'S career, date from this occurrence the commencement of the antagonistic feelings towards Russia with which he is credited. Lord BEACONSFIELD is passionately fond of angling, and during the season, when the weather is favourable, and there are no Cabinet Councils, may generally be seen in a punt, on the Thames, not far from Richmond Bridge, eating chocolate and fishing for gudgeon.

The EARL OF DERBY received his education at Christ's Hospital, the LORD MAYOR having kindly given him a presentation for that noble foundation. As a Blue-coat boy he was distinguished as the ringleader in bolster matches, and for his steady perseverance in acquiring the mastery of the bassoon. Very early in his career he became famous for his reckless daring as a gentleman jockey in steeple-chases, and it was this revelation of equestrian talent which secured him his first start in official life as Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of SUSSEX. Afterwards he became Master of the Horse, under SIR ROBERT PEEL, but exchanged this appointment for the Buckhounds when the Corn Laws were repealed. The FOREIGN SECRETARY is an inveterate smoker (Latakia), and writes all his despatches in bed, seldom rising before noon, when he calls for his carriage and four and dashes down to Epping Forest or Clapham Common, where in seclusion he prepares himself for the Debates in the House of Lords. He is a great poultry fancier, and has carried off the principal prizes at all the leading shows in the kingdom.

Nothing remarkable is recorded of the boyhood of the Marquis of SALISBURY, except his partiality for India pickles. At Oxford he developed a taste for pugilism, and his leaning towards one of the more pronounced schools of Nonconformist theology, even then excited feelings of uneasiness in the minds of his family and friends. His Lordship is Chancellor of the University of London, one of the Patrons of the Society for the Abolition of the Established Church of England, and Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. His palatial town-house—built by SIR GODFREY KNELLER—is in Cecil Street, Strand, and in his stately park at Burleigh—close under the shadow of Salisbury Cathedral—is to be found the only herd of wild buffaloes now remaining in this country.

Mr. BRIGHT is the son of a Leicestershire clergyman, who was also the Squire of the parish, and a noted foxhunter. After passing

through Eton, where he was Captain of the "Eleven," Mr. BRIGHT obtained a Commission (through family interest) in a Cavalry Regiment, and distinguished himself in the Chinese War. He sold out of the Army at the Peace, and turned his attention to agricultural pursuits, becoming an ardent sportsman, a strict game-preserver, and a fearless Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He still retains his hereditary love of the chase, and is one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Mr. BRIGHT is Chairman of the Eldon Club, and patron of ten livings. He married a daughter of the Archbishop of BOMBAY; and his landed estates are strictly entailed.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*Excuse for staying—A little Dinner with some choice spirits, and some account of how the evening was finished.*

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE not yet returned to my flat in the *Rue Neuve de double gras aux petits pois*, having received a very kind and characteristic letter from the Marshal to say "wait a week or so," and finishing epigrammatically with "*J'y suis, ou, je vous suis*." Therefore before taking my walks abroad, I am doing a few of our home amusements.

The other evening I was dining with a few choice spirits at the Chopsteak Tavern, with H. E. H. E. (of Westminster), in the Chair, faced by ARCHIE, C. T. (of Canterbury), and supported by some first-rate members of the Fancys, as, *entre nous*, we call the Revisionary, or Visionary, Committee; and a pleasanter party never stretched legs under a mahogany. It was real old times revived. Well, after a song in praise of whiskey from the C-r-d-n-l, who had to leave early in order to speak at Exeter Hall, a Rural Dean who was up for one day only, and had to be off to-morrow morning by the first train, proposed an adjournment to some place of theatrical entertainment. The Registrar of the Diocese suggested *Zazel*. But this was at once negatived by a Canon of Westminster. Dr. LIGHTFOOT was for the ballet at the Alhambra, but everyone had seen it several times, and the same reason was given for not going to *Pink Dominos*.

"If there were a good circus going on," observed His Grace (after dinner) of Y-rk, "there's nothing I should like to see more than the delineation of Archbishop TURPIN'S ride to the Cathedral City of the North."

Just at this minute, however, a secretary looked in, and whispering that unfortunately YORK was wanted, the excellent Archbishop finished his tumbler and retired.

"Let's have a paper and see what's going on," I suggested. Carried *nem. con.* "Nine hundredth night of *Our Boys*?" No, even the Rural Dean had seen this twice. "*Russia*, at the New National Theatre (here Canon L-DD-N left the room with MALCOLM M'C-LL), but as *Russia* was advertised for seven o'clock (an hour that will effectually prevent the stalls from ever seeing the First Act, which appears, "from information received," to be the best), this was out of the question for us. *Russia* was also advertised for eight. Which was correct we didn't know, and so we would not support the CZAR. It was now just nine-thirty (a number which apparently exercised a mysterious power over some present), and any idea of amusement had been generally abandoned, when suddenly the new B-sh-p of SODOR and MAN, who had been studying a newspaper, exclaimed,—

"Bedad! if ye will go to a place of amusement, and won't stop here for a quiet game of Loo, eighteenpenny and four-and-sixpenny"—all declined—"then that's what I'd like ye to see, boys!" And he flourished the front page of the *D. T.*

"What?" we all asked in a breath.

"*Erin!* a ballet at the Metropolitan Music Hall! Whoop! Ould Ireland for ivver!"

"At the Metropolitan!" said the Pr-m-to, brightening up. "That sounds well; though I should have preferred the Canterbury for choice."

Hansoms were called, and away we went to the Edgeware Road. What *Erin* (the ballet in question) was all about, it would be impossible to say; but there was "the Genius of Old Ireland" represented by a lady who, like most true geniuses, was modest and retiring, and kept perpetually (with the harp that once did, but doesn't now) in the background. There were some beautiful dancing Irish lasses and Irish lads with shillelaghs, an undramatic gentleman who would have sung Irish ballads charmingly but for a cold, for which he apologised with pantomimic action expressive of coughing, finally putting his hand, in an exhausted manner, to his chest, as much as to say, "Excuse my mustard-plaster! nothing but a mustard-plaster will draw any notes out of me to-night! but I'll do my best," and he did, too, being much applauded for his efforts. And then there was a very dramatic young lady with a powerful voice, who gave us three Irish melodies, including "*The Minstrel Boy*," with stirring effect. I couldn't catch the words, and had forgotten "*The Minstrel Boy*," but I fancy, if her dramatic action



was correct, that the Minstrel Boy was catching it heavily from her (the singer in question) for having gone to the wars at all; in fact, judging from her action, it seemed to me that she did not believe in the Minstrel Boy having gone to the wars, but that this was simply a shabby excuse for getting away, and leaving her. I own that if this is a misconception on my part, then it is my fault for not being more thoroughly acquainted with the Minstrel Boy.

Then there was a Fair Scene, and "all the fun" of it was in the sudden appearance of Messrs. *Disraeli* and *Gladstone* (two excellent masks), both visiting Donnybrook (I suppose) at the same time, accompanied by their friends, the *Sultan* and the *Czar*. *Dizzy* and *Gladstone* were great fun, but the "People's WILLIAM" was hooted whenever he came on with the *Czar*, and was ultimately removed by a shabby policeman; while *Dizzy* and the Turk were cheered to the echo. (I wonder how this sort of thing would be stood by my dear friend, the Marshal, in Paris!) So, with another song, and more dancing, representing the sports and racing, at least so I imagine, the Entertainment concluded, and I left long before my companions, who were determined to stop it out, and had all agreed to see the Rural Dean home to his lodgings, where SODOR AND MAN still thought they might get a quiet Loo.

The remarkable thing about the Metropolitan audience (on this night, at all events) was its respectability and decorum. Our Boys have reached the 900th night of their apparently interminable run, and Messrs. JAMES and THORNE have come back to the original parts, first filled by them in a remote antiquity. Revivalism seems to be up just now in the theatrical world. The New appears, in fact, *An Unequal Match* for the Old.—I am now, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

### THE PERMISSIVE CARTE.

(To be left in the Coffee-Room of the future, for—those who like it.)

	£	s.	d.
Eau Ordinaire (good condition)	0	1	0
Do. (Altered, LIFECOMBE'S brand)	0	1	6
Do. (Sparkling Serpentine)	0	3	6
Barley-Water (1876. Sound)	0	3	0
Do. (Haute. 1872)	0	4	0
Do. (Grand Eau-Cabinet. 1842)	0	5	6
Sherbet (Excellent. Carte Blanche)	0	4	0
Do. (Superior Yellow Label)	0	6	0
Toast-and-Water (Still)	0	3	6
Do. (Très sec)	0	7	0
Do. (Imperial, Crémant)	0	10	6
Pop (from the Wood)	0	2	6
Do. (Cold in Bottle)	0	4	6
Do. (very Old and Tawny)	0	7	0
Do. (the "Comet Pop," in magnificent condition. Only a few dozens left)	0	13	6

Apply to WILFRED LAWSON & Co. (Limited), Water Lane.

### PICKING AND STEALING?

COULD not the HOME SECRETARY resolve himself occasionally into a Court of Criminal Appeal, to reconsider a summary conviction by a Magistrate as well as a Judge's sentence. The *Times'* police report, stating that WILLIAM LAMBOURNE, a small child, ten or eleven years old, was sentenced by Mr. BARSTOW at Clerkenwell to twenty-one days' imprisonment and hard labour for picking a house-leek out of a flower-bed in St. Pancras Churchyard, passes uncontradicted. If there is really no mistake about it, surely Mr. CROSS might, long ere now, with no excess of lenity, have advised Her Most Gracious MAJESTY to remit the remainder of a somewhat severe punishment awarded to a very juvenile offender. Had he known of it in time, might not the infant's sentence have been commuted for a good talking-to, or, at the utmost, a judicious parental flogging. Such a sentence is not like Mr. BARSTOW, who has always shown himself a discreet and kindly, as well as pains-taking and intelligent, Magistrate. In this case, however, as it stands on the report, the Clerkenwell Beak seems to have been over-sharp for once.

### Gigantic Journals.

OF two great Metropolitan morning newspapers, one advertises itself as commanding the "Largest Circulation in the World," and the other, in like manner, claims a "World-Wide Circulation." Both of them are published within the City of London. Might not these giants be called the Gog and Magog of journalism?

CHEAP JACK.—Evidently not Sir JOHN BENNETT.

### PUNCH TO HIS PRINCE.



ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

Born November, 1841.

PUNCH, PRINCE OF MIRTH.

Born July, 1841.

My Prince! on this, thy natal day,  
'Tis meet that *Punch* should homage pay  
His Royal Brother!  
The fateful year that gave thee birth  
Gave Princes twain to glad the earth—  
Thee, and another;  
A Prince of Wales, a Prince of Mirth,  
To cheer each other.

Together, though apart, we've grown  
From childhood up; and each has known  
Affliction's stings:  
I in my craft, thou by the Throne  
Of England's Kings.  
Nor Rank nor Wit can stay Death's hand,  
Nor hold the ever-ebbing sand  
Of Life's hour-glass;  
We can but, brave and patient, stand,  
And let it pass.

With joy and sorrow, weal and woe,  
This chequered life jogs on; and so  
The world keeps rolling!  
While stars have set, fresh stars have shone;  
New friends replace the old ones gone—  
Our grief consoling;  
And marriage-bells ring on and on  
Through death-knells tolling!

Fain *Punch* would wish thee, on this day,  
Some special wish. What shall he say?  
All Fortune's store  
Is thine to grasp; rank, wealth, and all  
That poets dream, is at thy call.  
What wouldst thou more?  
A peerless wife stands by thy side,  
All pure as gold in furnace tried,  
Without alloy.  
Thy children are a Nation's pride,  
And *Punch's* joy.  
Having at Home such perfect bliss.  
What can *Punch* wish thee more than this,  
With all his wit?  
That as thou wear'st upon thy crest  
Thy Father's motto—"Tru und Fast!"  
Thou live by it.

PUNCH.

A FLYING VISIT.—In a report of Mr. GLADSTONE'S adventures in Wicklow, a newspaper states that at Shillelagh Station he and his party were conveyed by carriages waiting for them to Coolattin Park. So that, in fact, our gentle Woodman remained at Shillelagh only just long enough to cut his stick.





### ART AND FASHION.

*Our Artist and his fashionable Sitter compare Notes about Paris. He begins:—*

"YOU WENT TO THE 'LOUVRE,' OF COURSE!"

"I SHOULD THINK SO, INDEED! BEFORE GOING ANYWHERE ELSE! I SPENT ALL MY TIME THERE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE!"

"AH! AND WHAT ENDLESS STORES OF NOBLE ARTISTIC WEALTH!"

"YES! SO ARTISTIC! AND THE ATTENDANTS SO CIVIL, YOU KNOW."

"H'M! PRETTY WELL! BUT ALL IS WELL MANAGED. SUCH CLEANLINESS! SUCH ORDER!"

"YES! AND THOSE LOVELY BALLOONS THEY GIVE ONE, WITH 'LOUVRE' PRINTED ON THEM, YOU KNOW!"

*[Our Artist is thinking of the famous Museum: his fashionable Sitter of the still more famous linen-draping and silk-mercerie emporium which bears the same name, and where they give you a hydrogen balloon to take away with you along with your purchase. And a wonderful advertisement that balloon is! Verb. sap.]*

### THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH.

*(Adapted to the Occasion.)*

OCH, GLADDY'S the guest of the nate Irishman,  
The Green Isle he's roamin' to twig all he can,  
With his Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock so green.  
His phiz looks good-humoured, his wind appears sound,  
But he keeps his own counsel whilst looking around,  
Walks and chats, bows and smiles before cutting his stick,  
But his iligant tongue makes no speeches, avich!—  
For all his Shillelagh and Shamrock so green!

PAT ne'er had the luck in St. Stephen's to stand,  
Whilst that guest wid his measures was blessing the land  
That grows the Shillelagh and Shamrock so green.  
Will his GLADDY then lave him wid sorra' the spache?  
Has he nothing to talk about, nothing to tache?  
Is there niver a wrong in the Isle of the West,  
For the cuttin' down spoort that the ould boy loves best,  
With his Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock so green?

"My cead mille failthea 'tis cruel to balk;  
Sure 'tis sorry he'll be that he grudged me the talk—  
For all my Shillelagh and Shamrock so green!"  
So sighs purty SHEELAH, as blushing a smile,  
She hands him a twig, the Home-growth of the Isle.  
But he answers,— "Mavrone, I've a shafe on my shelf,  
And prefer, when I want one, to out it myself,  
Being choice of Shillelaghs, nor liking them green."

Sweet SHEELAH may prettily pout and protest,  
But our Woodman perhaps, after all, may know best,  
To decline the Shillelagh that's offered him green.  
Shure he manes no offence to that same Colleen Dhas;  
'Tis not now he first owns to her charms, the sweet lass!  
He has fought in her cause like a Trojan afore,  
And again, when he's wanted, he'll bring to the fore,  
Both his Sprig of Shillelagh and Shamrock so green!

### Supplying a Void.

THE DUC DECAZES's retirement from the French Foreign Office is, we are assured, a *fait-accomplé*. The Duke, by this timely withdrawal from an untenable situation, shows himself a *seigneur accompli*. How much more dignified to walk out of the Foreign Office than to be kicked out!

It is reported that the Duke's successor is to be the Comte de VOGUE, now French Ambassador at Vienna. Comte de VOGUE would certainly be the right man in the right place. If there is one thing the Marshal wants just now, besides discretion and sound political judgment, it is *Vogue*.

BENEATH THE LOWEST DEEP A LOWER DEEP.

SAYS SIR WILFRID TO THE MARSHAL,  
"Our worse your bad I'll fit to:  
You've a Republican Government,  
But we've a Publican ditto."





“WITH HIS SPRIG OF SHILLELAGH—”!!

HIBERNIA. “SHURE, YER HONOUR ’LL TAKE A REAL SHILLELAGH FOR THE SAKE OF OULD IRELAND!”  
MR. GLADSTONE. “THANK YOU, MY DEAR, I PREFER TO CUT MY OWN!”

“MR. GLADSTONE then drove by Aughrim through ‘Shillelagh Wood,’ and inspected the famous ‘Shillelagh Oak,’ from which a couple of model twigs were offered to him.”—*Report of W. E. G.’s Irish Progress—Chapter “Coolattin.”*









### A MODERN ATHENIAN.

*Southern Tourist (in Edinburgh). "CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE ROYAL INSTITUTION?"*

*Native. (Vacant Stare.) "WHAT EST?"*

*Tourist (giving a Clue). "PICTURES, YOU KNOW—STATUES—AND——"*

*Native (after much thought). "OO!—ET'S THE STUKKY FEGGARS YE MEAN!"*  
*—(Pointing.)—"YON'S ET!"*

### THE STAGE IN EXCELSIS.

SURELY these are brave times for the Theatres. The Drama dead! Bosh! The Drama is not only alive, but should also be kicking—if that be the natural consequence of waxing fat, and if fatness comes of favour in high places.

For, lo you now, as in the days when *le grand Monarque* shook his awful wig in a Versailles ballet, and MARIE ANTOINETTE played shepherdess in a straw hat in the interludes at Trianon, the stage can once more boast a King for nursing-father, in Norway, and a Grand Duke for manager, at Meiningen. We read in the week's Continental Chronicle of the *Academy* how—

"The King of SWEDEN and NORWAY has completed a dramatic poem, entitled *Minnie fran Upsala*, the scene of which is successively laid in the Cathedral, in Odin's Grove, and in Old Upsala. This drama, to which IVAR HALLSTRÖM has written the music, is now under rehearsal, and will be shortly performed."

And, again, in a *Times* Letter, from Dresden:—

"Die Meiniger," as they are called here, have just left us. This troupe, which performs generally at the Court of Meiningen, owes its perfection principally to the Duke, who devotes himself to it with unparalleled zeal. He has gone repeatedly to foreign countries solely for the purpose of studying foreign costumes and house furniture in order to be able to reproduce them on the stage as faithfully as possible. The weapons, for instance, used in the *Hermann Schlacht* are true copies of originals preserved in the Central Museum of German antiquities at Cologne, and those used in *Piesco* have been in great part purchased from dealers in antiquities in Genoa and Venice."

Talk of your BANCROFTS and HARES in London, and your CALVERTS at Manchester! Here is a real live Grand Duke lovingly presiding over Stage *bric-à-brac*, and "mounting" the play, with no sense that he is coming down in the process, but as if he felt the

### "EXEGI MONUMENTUM."

ONE of the trio convicted a few days ago of conspiracy to defraud the Artisans' Dwellings Company made a very pathetic speech to the Court, in the course of which he bore warm testimony to his own virtues, sacrifices, and services to the Working-Man. Besides "supplying building plans to all the Crowned Heads of Europe," he has (as the Old Bailey has now given us abundant testimony) "done wonders at Clapham." "The erection of the Shaftesbury Park Buildings alone," he tells us, "is a monument to his memory," making him at once "revered and respected."

Suppose, by way of tribute to this revered convict, the Shaftesbury Estate were re-christened as "Great Swindlehurst"? How would the tenants like it? This monument to the promoter of the Artisans' Dwelling Company, if not quite *œre perennius* (the houses on the Estate not being remarkable for solid construction), might at least be something of a set-off against eighteen months of prison reflection, prison discipline, and prison labour. If there be truth in the Latin adage, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, we may suppose that this benefactor of the Working Man rose to his proud eminence by degrees thus:—Swindle, Swindler, Swindlerst.

### Adding Insult to Injury.

SOME of *Punch's* readers may remember the press-gang's way of dealing in GOLDSMITH's story of the one-legged Tar. "They first knocked me down," says the light-hearted sailor, "and then bade me stand." So it is with the Chelsea Vestry. They first crack the crown of the Misses CLARKES' cellar with their fifteen-ton steam-roller, and then call on them to pay for mending it.

No, thank you, my dear Bumble. 'Tis excellent to have a steam-roller to break the new-laid granite of your roads—but tyrannous to use it like a Vestry, by calling upon the parishioners whose vaults it cracks to pay the cost of repairs. "Who breaks, pays," should be the motto, whether with cellars, crowns, or statutes.

We are glad to see Mr. D'EYNCOURT takes *Punch's* view, and has awarded costs, not against Miss CLARKE, but the Vestry, which first smashed in her cellar, and then summoned her.

### SEPARATION OF THE SEXES.

LITTLE or nothing has lately been heard or seen in London of Irish Orangemen. Yet Irish Orangewomen are as abundant as ever.

Manager's Chair at least a stage higher than the Grand-Ducal Throne.

Managers were mighty men before, and in no way given to think small beer of themselves. What liquor will they think of themselves now—Royal Norwegian Spruce, or Grand-Ducal Lager?

King MAX of Bavaria is known to have gone in for WAGNER and the Music of the Future. Many of the stupendous transformation scenes of Bayreuth, almost rivalling the marvels of Drury Lane Pantomime wrought by the wonder-working brush of BEVERLY, are believed to have had their inspiration in the Winter Garden a-top of the Schloss at Munich, where the Royal Poet spends his winters in artistic retirement with RICHARD WAGNER for Prime Minister of his æsthetic pleasures.

Thus the Managers may fairly claim a right to think Bavarian Beer of themselves. And why may not Kaiser ere long rush in where King has not feared to tread, and so uplift the managerial estimate of itself to the sublime level of "Imperial Pop"? To quote HORACE with a difference,—

"Sed si me Regibus manager inseras  
 Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

### The Argument a Minori.

(For the consideration of MACDONALD, M.P.)

So you suggest that they our coals that quarry

Should shorten shifts to raise black diamonds' price?

But, if so, why should other workers tarry,

Each in his craft, to follow your advice?

Till soon, hauled o'er the coals, like spark in stubble,

Over-production's doctrine goes ahead,

And all trades work half time, and come down double

For beef and beer, for house, and clothes, and bread!



## THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c., &c.*

### CHAPTER VIII.—*Meeting by Moonlight.*

"LEWK owt fur yo'sel," she whispered to him as he leant over her, pretending to admire her black diamond ear-rings, which were her sole piece of finery. "Owd feether's goin' to giv' yo ar narsty 'un, yo'll zee; zo git owt yo Young Engineer, an' dunno kam teeklin' mer, or yo'll git ar narsty 'un fra' mee tew, yo wull."

NEGUS was no coward; but henceforth he never went out without a box of fireworks, so as to send up rocket-signals in case of distress, a pocket electric battery to forward messages to his friends, and a reversible coat, which, if riddled through by bullets on one side, would be as good as new on the other. These, with a small fire-escape and a bottle of patent "Pick-me-up," in case of his being knocked down, completed his equipment.

One night he rapped loudly at the little Curate's door. At the same moment he lit a cigar. This sound and this light were what had awaked the Rev. THOMAS TITT from his slumbers.

He sat playing cards with the little Curate till past midnight. Then he left.

It was a warm night, and, regardless of his safety, he had deposited his precautionary measures at the little Curate's door, when a female figure appeared from behind the honey-suckle, and beckoned to him.

He followed her, out into the road.

Then a voice, which he recognised in spite of the mist and hoarseness, said,

"Oi wants tar speek wi' yo, ar dew."

The little Curate, who had been winning a little money at *écarté* (his favourite game, for proficiency in which he had obtained his degree in arts at St. Cad's College), and was in excellent spirits, exclaimed,

"Why, bless me, if it isn't EM BEERIE! And a doosid fine gal, too!" Then he added,

blushingly, "As we used to say at Oxford." Then he called out, "How do, EMMY? How's old Catechism going on? What lark's up now? As we used to say at Oxford," he added, apologetically.

And the little Curate, who had taken a little too much at *écarté*, was about to advance on tiptoe, and raise his little hand to chuck her under the chin in the most conscientious manner, when she replied, shortly, "O yo stewp't leetle tiddlepops o' ar parson! Yo leeve mer arlown an' oil leeve yo arlown!"

And waving the back of her hand towards him with a queenly gesture that well became her, she caught him about the second button of his low waistcoat, and, on the spot, doubled him up. The little Curate was sensible of a sudden and extraordinary change having come over him on being suddenly doubled up. From four feet he became eight, and was unable to re-enter his house except lengthways, as a parcel from the tailor's.

"If I could only reduce myself by two feet," he sighed, "ANICE SORTIGAL would look up to me."

Suddenly he brightened up.

"Diet will do it!" he cried. "I'll become a teetotaler, and lower myself."

That night, for the first time in his life, he lay long in bed.

"To-morrow morning," he said to himself, shyly, "I shall shrink from getting up. If I can but shrink just two feet I shall be satisfied."

And he looked forward to the surprise he would give ANICE.

Then he slept.

In the meantime NEGUS BARCROW followed EM BEERIE along the shadowy road, and across the open ploughed fields where the tall elms and stately oaks made the obscurity of night more obscure, and the closely-planted nut-bushes and carefully-trained wild briars rendered all attempts at walking absolutely impossible. So they strode on, following each other."

### CHAPTER IX.

#### *The Panto-mining Business.*

EM BEERIE stopped suddenly. The Young Engineer approached.

"DAN BEERIE's ma owd feether," she said, in a whisper.

"You are as wise as you are beautiful," was NEGUS BARCROW's reply, and he knelt before her in the moonlight as he might have done before any lady in the land.

The girl's strong dramatic instinct led her to place one foot lightly, but firmly, on his outstretched knee, and so balancing herself with one hand on his shoulder, she threw herself into a graceful attitude, her left toe pointing downwards. The Red Fires of the distant furnaces brilliantly illuminated the scene for a few seconds, till the dark curtain of night fell on the tableau.

This recalled her to herself. Jumping down with great natural modesty, she tripped over a moon-beam that had fallen

\* *Editor's Note to Authors.* — "My dear Lady and Gentlemen, a ploughed field is not a wood. A ploughed field is 'the open,' not the closed. How could they walk at all where any attempt at walking was absolutely impossible. And again, how could they 'follow each other'? One walked first, and the

other followed. Please alter, or explain — for we are willing to admit that not being personally conversant with the country, and our Special Commissioner and his Boy not having wired or sent any report, it may happen that you are perfectly right in your details; only it doesn't appear so at first sight." — Yours, Ed.

*Answer from the New Provincial Novel Company Limited to Editor.* — "No, it does not appear right 'at first sight,' as you say. But look at it again; take another sight at it. We always do. The fields here are exactly as we have described them. Land is too valuable in the North to be set aside for one purpose alone. A field is not given up to the plough only, but is increased in size by being let out for all sorts of purposes; and thus, by not wasting the furrows and utilising the ridges, crops can grow in the midst of woods where the game is preserved and the wild strawberries abound; while, descending by a staircase, or a sunk shaft, in the corner of the field, we come upon a mine in full operation. Such are the wonders here which have gained our people the title of The Wizards of the North. As to the 'following,' to any one who knows the habits of the people here, this description is simply lifelike. Don't ask any more questions." — (Signed) THE COMPANY.







### OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

"ULLOA! GARÇON, HERE YOU ARE! DAYJERNAY, SE VOO FLAY?"  
 "YES, SARE! VAT VIL YOU 'AV, SARE!"  
 "OH! OOTS!"  
 "YES, SARE! ŒUFS À LA COQUE, SARE!"  
 "OH, NONG! HANG IT! HEN'S EGGS FOR ME, PLEASE!"

between them, but recovered herself without sustaining any injury, and stood by his side.

"You are an elegant creature," said the Young Engineer, with a certain tremor in his voice.

"Nay," she replied, in a voice softened by the deep mist. "Oim na' ar Kollumbyne, bart oil tell yo zumthin' az arl bee arz gewd arz ar panto-mine, eef zo be yo'll lizzen t' m' noo."

"LIZ! LIZ! O LIZ!" murmured NEGUS, thinking to himself what a capital advertisement this would be on the walls of London.

"Nay," determinedly, "ma naym's na LIZ! an' yo nose eet." Then, in a subdued tone, "T'owd feether's goin' t'a nok yo down. Happen he'z hoidin' aboot."

"What!" exclaimed the Young Engineer, much interested. "What! Strike me with a feather?"

"Aye," sturdily, but in a whisper, "az yo stip oot uv that there gayt ar't' ind o' thees field into th' lane, wun on 'um,—thar ar three on um agin yo,—wull bee lyin' down i' t' road fur yo to tumbel ow'r. Then when yo layze sprorlin' in t' road, t' owd feether'll copp yo ow'r t' nob wi' ar gewd cloutin' stick."

"And the third man?—you said there were three of them," asked the Young Engineer, following the description closely.

"Thar theerd mon'll bee zittun i' t' edge, zinging' 'rum tum tum tum tiddley diddle rum tum tum tum,' wi'out stoppin', just fur t'keep thur spurrins oop. It's wart they do call 'i these parts ther mewsik o' t' panto-mine rally, an' the hands az ar panto-miners zings it az tho' they wore feedlin' awa' fur t' dear loife."

The Young Engineer felt like a coward. He was under her protection, and had only to follow her directions.

They drew near an old exploded mine. They were approaching the Lane. He knew it well by name; Doorie Lane. They walked on, and stood by the entrance to the pit. The doors were only just open. Not a soul was to be seen. She gave him an order to go in and sit down. There he was to watch.

Sure enough, at this critical moment the sound of the third man's

voice, in the hedge, humming the music already described, fell on his ear, and NEGUS BARCROW trembled for the brave girl who had risked her life for his.

A minute after, she was lost to view.

What was to happen next?

### CHAPTER X.—*The Rally, the Roughts, and the Tumble.*

DAN BEERIE stood, grimly smiling, in the shadow, with a long, thick, pliant stout stick—a "wakkur," as they call it here—in his hand.

There was a malicious sense of humour in his smile, that boded no one any good.

Of his two companions in the plot, the one was humming in the hedge, the other lay with his face downwards in the lane in front of the gate through which they knew the Young Engineer must pass on his road homewards.

DAN BEERIE had given his directions carefully. He had told them, "When yo zee ar mon fall ow'r ther pal lyin' down i' t' road, joomp oop, lads, an' bang 'im ow'r t' nut wi' yer sticks."

Then, walking backwards to his place of concealment, he added, "Oil teeoh thar varmint to mark me carry a fan i' t' mine." He paused; for a familiar footstep in the road fell on his ear.

"Bar 'OOMPFEY DAVY, it's hersen!" he exclaimed, with a fearful oath. "Oil stop the peechedded wenoh, or she'll spoil orl." And he walked towards the gate, intending to pass into the lane, and confront his daughter. He was on the very track that NEGUS, but for the warning, would himself have taken.

"Oil gi 'er zumthin'," he muttered furiously as he reached the gate—"Oil gi 'er a gewd—"

But the sentence was never finished.

There was a violent humming of the "rum-tum-tiddy" music faster and more furiously than ever, as DAN BEERIE stumbled heavily over his partner's prostrate form, and fell, head-foremost, at full length on the road. Before he could explain the fatal mistake, his two friends were on to him violently with their sticks, and were beating him to a jelly, when EMMA suddenly stood before them.

At this instant the light shone through the neighbouring Limes.

Then, as she pointed to the lifeless mass at her feet, the two men drew back aghast.

"Wull, oi nivvour!" they both exclaimed at once. "We've killed t'owd feether!"

They stood thunderstruck.

Then there arose a loud cry of "Bravo!" and a clapping of hands from the Young Engineer in the pit.

The two men heard no more, but ran for their lives.

There lay BITTER BEERIE, "T' pot hat smashed," as EM sadly said, "ow'r his moog."

This time his head was gone for ever—past all hope of recovery; and BEERIE, the Bitterest BEERIE in all Swiggin, lay in the road flat and dead.

(To be continued.)

### SILENCE AND TIME.

(By a Pensive M.P.)

"Before 1832, the Parliamentary Constitution of this country was full of flaws in theory, and blots in practice, that would not bear the light. But it was, notwithstanding, one of the wonders of the world. Time was its parent; Silence was its nurse."—MR. GLADSTONE on the County Franchise, in the "Nineteenth Century" for November.

If "Time was its parent and Silence its nurse,"

In the primitive ages before Thirty-two,

Then Parliament, surely, has changed for the worse,

Now St. Stephen's 'gainst Time shows a spite most perverse,

And with Silence has nothing to do!

Time and Silence for Parent and Nurse? 'Tis to tell,

In a nursery image, an optimist tale.

Or, if true, ah, had parent or nurse but a spell

To minimise BIGGAR or muzzle PARNELL,

How St. Stephen's their magic would hail!

But the hope and the metaphor too 's a mistake,

Though it makes a man envious to ponder it.

Our Parliament now is a wild Irish wake,

With Silence we 've nothing to do, except break,

And as little with Time, but to squander it.

RUSSIA'S MOST FORMIDABLE FOES.

In the Camp—General Corruption.

In the Field—Winter Pasha.



## "SIGHTS FOR SAIR EEN."



CELEBRATED MR. PUNCH, You, Sir, possess what your friend 'ARRY would call the 'art that can feel for another. You are also up to the pictorial Art. You will therefore, of course, approve of the following appeal on behalf of sufferers who might derive considerable comfort from

"ART IN HOSPITALS.—The Committee of the Seamen's (Dreadnought) Hospital, Greenwich, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of 250 pictures for the wards, of which seventy are framed. A £5 note will frame twenty pictures, so that £40 is required to place those pictures in all the wards.

Towards this sum five guineas have been received from Mr. GEORGE PARKER, leaving £35 to be still subscribed. The funds of the Hospital are not available for this purpose, and hence this appeal for special subscriptions for the Framed Picture Fund.

By Order, HENRY C. BURDETT, Secretary.

Now, Sir, the above address to benevolent readers appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*, which also contained an announcement relative to Art

regarded from quite another point of view, describing a popular form of it as

"THE STREET ADVERTISING NUISANCE.—At the last weekly meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works, a deputation from the Board of Works of Westminster waited upon the Board, and presented a Memorial asking them to introduce a bill, or to co-operate in some way, to obtain an Amendment of the law for effectually preventing a continuance of the hoardings and other structures for advertising purposes."

The Metropolitan Board of Works, Sir, has actually entertained this request, and referred it to their Works and General Purposes Committee. I trust that body will scout the idea of stripping "boardings and other structures" of those artistic decorations which render dead walls lively. Instead of limiting the sphere of advertising Art, I would say extend it. Introduce that branch of Art also into hospitals. Think what a soothing effect its innumerable varieties and contrasts of design and colour would exert on the eyes of patients, mostly affected more or less with nervous irritability. Why, Sir, is it not almost as good as a play to survey the scenic illustrations depicted on every practicable surface, which inform the play-goer so nicely of what he is going to see? Hospital interiors embellished with polychrome advertisements would be as gay and cheerful as those of the first-class carriages on the Metropolitan Railway, and impress the minds of the inmates with useful instruction, which, on their recovery, they would bear away with them, to the profit of themselves and others. I have the honour to be, Sir, your ever faithful friend, the Champion Bill Poster, and my name is

PUFFINGTON.

## ENGLAND À LA RusSE.

THE Queen's Theatre has been renamed "The National." To inaugurate the event, the Manager has produced a piece called *Russia*, which illustrates the scenery, manners, and customs of a country as much like the land of the Muscovite as chalk is like cheese. That our Northern brethren may not be jealous, Mr. Punch presents them with the outlines of a Drama, which they may call *Great Britain*, and play, if they like, in the National Theatre of St. Petersburg.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

## ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Kensington Palace during a ball. The LORD MAYOR, the Prince of WALES, Miss ROSE, and Count IVANOFF all dancing in full regimentals. Enter Sir ROB, the Chief of Police.*

Sir Rob (to Miss ROSE). You will marry me, Miss.

Miss ROSE (to Sir ROB). I will not—I defy you!

Sir ROB. I will be revenged. I must talk to Mither O'BLARNEY, the great Fenian millionaire.

[Dances in full regimentals continue. Scene changes to

SCENE 2.—*The interior of the South Kensington Museum by moonlight. Miss ROSE, Her Lover, the Count IVANOFF, and others discovered conspiring over the Permissive Bill. Enter Sir ROB and Mither O'BLARNEY.*

Sir ROB. I have caught you! In the name of the LORD MAYOR I arrest you. You will all go to the Salt Mines of Epsom.

Count IVANOFF. But I am a Russian Officer.

Sir ROB. It matters not. Remove them!

[Miss ROSE, Her Lover, and Count IVANOFF, are carried off by British Grenadier Guards to the Salt Mines of Epsom.

## ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*The Salt Mines of Epsom. Miss ROSE, Her Lover, Count IVANOFF, and others discovered wearily toiling.*

Count IVANOFF. Gentlemen Pickpockets, let us escape.

Mither O'Blarney (suddenly appearing). Yes, I have been tricked by Sir ROB, and I will show you the way.

[The Gentlemen Pickpockets are about to escape when they are overpowered by the Artillery of the British Horse-Marines.

SCENE 2.—*The Virgin Snow-Forest of the Kensington Gardens. In the foreground a Dead Cab-Horse. Miss ROSE, Her Lover, Mither O'BLARNEY, and Count IVANOFF are escaping when they are confronted by Sir ROB.*

Sir ROB. So—you are in my power!

Mither O'Blarney (aside). I must dissemble. (Aloud.) May I offer you some refreshment?

[Sir ROB is lured into the Lodge of a Park Keeper and treated to Ginger-Beer. The Lodge is set on fire. Sir ROB escapes.

## ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*The Council-Chamber in St. James's Palace. Miss ROSE, Her Lover, Mither O'BLARNEY, and Count IVANOFF discovered loaded with Chains.*

Sir ROB (suffering from burns). You are all guilty of attempting to obtain money by false pretences; therefore, by the law of England, you must immediately be hanged.

Enter the LORD MAYOR.

The Lord Mayor. Not so. I pardon them. But you, Sir ROB, must go to the Epsom Salt Mines.

Sir ROB. Never! This medicine which I produce is warranted to cure me, and see, thus I escape ye!

[Takes the medicine and dies.

The Lord Mayor. And if our kind friends in front will only applaud, they will show that they appreciate the manners and customs of Great Britain.

[Curtain.

## NINE REASONS AGAINST THE BANQUET OF THE NINTH.

(By one who has to weigh his Words.)

FIRSTLY.—I am past the age at which a stuffy and stifling public banquet can be viewed in the light of an agreeable recreation.

Secondly.—On such occasions one has to hear as well as make speeches.

Thirdly.—I can't get on my legs without indulging in a little of that epigrammatic point for which it pleases me to be famous—and points prick.

Fourthly.—I rather think that, as things go, "least said, soonest mended" is the appropriate ancestral wisdom.

Fifthly.—I am not quite so sure how many campaigns the country is prepared for—if any.

Sixthly.—I have no wish, at the present moment, to add to the obvious embarrassments of His August Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias.

Seventhly.—Why set the Spectator and its sycophants barking at my heels till the end of the Recess, to say nothing of the laudation of my effusive friends of the D. T.?

Eighthly.—If talking is to be done, DERRY will be there; and what is language given him for, but to conceal my thoughts?

Ninthly.—A quiet day at Hughenden is worth a great many Guildhall dinners.

And yet I shall have to go—I know I shall—and to talk too!—

"For this amongst the rest was I upraised!"

## A Dublin Dialogue.

First Pat. A cheer for GLADSTONE, is it? Anny thrue Irish pay-thriot 'ud curse his name!

Second Pat. Arrah! why now?

First Pat. Sorra! the man livin' has done so much to deprive us iv our grievances!





# SCIENCE IN SPORT MADE REFRESHMENT IN EARNEST.

Tar. "WHAT HA' YE GOT THERE, BOY?"

'Prentice (of a Scientific turn). "OH, JUST SCORPIONS, CENTIPEDES, AND THINGS I COLLECTED IN INDIA."

Tar. "WASTIN' GOOD SPERRITS ON DARNED RUBBISH LIKE THEM!"

[Drains bottle.]

## WHY CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE?

(An Appeal to the Public from a very old Friend, with some interesting Items from the Isle of Thanet.

SIR,—Since I was first erected on this salubrious spot I have never complained. Men may come, and men may go, but I hold up for ever. Not a word have I ever written, or spoken. No one, except His Majesty of gracious presence and ungracious memory, ever made any noise about me, except the boatmen and the Cockneys, but I don't allude to that kind of row. No, Sir, what cuts into my granite heart is this, that whereas Mr. ERASMUS WILSON lives within six easy miles of the finest and most sedate obelisk in the world (though I say it, as, perhaps, shouldn't), yet he wouldn't take the slight trouble of coming from Westgate (I'd like to Westgate and Jacket him, too!) to see me, but must go gallivanting over to Egypt about that stupid old mummy of an obelisk that isn't half as fresh as I am, and not anything like so respectable, if history is to be believed.

CLEOPATRA'S needle! Haven't we got them nearer home than that! Why, there's just as much point about me, and more, I believe, as there is about that Egyptian thing. No one has ever ventured to jeer at me as a *pointless* memorial.

However, I can't quarrel with Mr. ERASMUS WILSON if he has got an Eastern fit on him (what he, as a distinguished specialist, would call "*Syria-sis*,"—and Syria's not so very far off Egypt), for every man has his hobby, so why not his hobby-lick?

All I want is that the public should come here, see Me, and judge for itself whether, if any Obelisk has deserved well of England, I am not the one? Let 'em come to Ramsgate. It's easy enough now there's a train from Victoria at 3.15 on Saturdays, that lands you here in two hours exactly, *viâ* London, Chatham and Dover line. I mention this because I'm about the first object in view when you step out at the Terminus. "Excelsior!" I seem to say, for every-

## "OH! THE CLANG!"

(Lines, quite impromptu, by an Agonised Gentleman, forced by circumstances to reside next door to a Lady with a contralto voice, who, for the last THREE weeks, has passed her entire day in learning MOLLOY'S "Wooden Shoon.")

Oh! the clang of that "Wooden Shoon!"

Oh! the row in the afternoon!

Try, Ma'am, please, another toon!

Or else go away!

When I leave home,  
She's singing with a will!

When I return,  
I find her singing still!

Oh! the clang of the wooden— Stay;

It's "Boys and Girls come out to play!"

Yes! 'tis like it. Before to-day

I thought I'd heard the too-oo-oo-oo-oon!

Two seconds' rest after this sort of mild Gregorian finish, half Irish, half Breton; then, very much pleased with herself, on she goes again. Agonised Gentleman relapses, and murmurs:—

Oh! the bang of that "Wooden Shoon!"

Will she sing all the afternoon?

Never trying another toon.

Down from D to A!

Then her hand comes down

On the keys with such a whack,

Her eel-skin gown

Must be split across the back.

But what cares she

If she the song can learn?

So up to D

She takes another turn!

Agonised Gentleman becomes furious.

Hang the clang of her "Wooden Shoon"!!

Hang her worrying this good toon!!!

I must ask if she wouldn't shoon

Like a new "toon" to play.

[Sits down to write to the Lady in question. Scene closes.]

QUERY FOR MR. FARINT.—Is it true that ZAZEL is going to perform in Dublin? At GUNN'S Theatre, of course.

thing's looking up at Ramsgate just now. When the visitors have made out the cuneiform inscription on my base, let them "walk up, walk up," and see the Granville Marina Show. On my honour as a solid Obelisk, I don't mean this as a puff! We don't require puffs where we are so well off for sea-breezes. But when a man has done so much for a place, without effectually doing for himself, as Mr. DAVIS has for my dear, sleepy old Ramsgate, I am of opinion, and so is my friend Lord JETTY, who is one of the most substantial piers of the realm, that his work (which is the legitimate development of the late Mr. PUGN'S original plan) deserves recognition; and though, personally, I protest I don't know the gentleman from ADAM, I may fairly allude to him as

Rara Davis in terrace,

and I'm rejoiced to think that the damage done to his sea-wall has been repaired.

But what a splendid month has October been, and how lovely the beginning of November! Having been a fixture here for years, I have never been able to see Naples and live; but every one says that sky and sea *here*, have been lately quite Neapolitan, and the West Cliff, I'm told, as bright as Monaco. *À propos* of Monaco, I heard a literary gent say that the best short story he'd read for a long time was *The Ruined Man of Monaco*, by Mr. G. A. SALA, in *Mirth*, written with such a freshness as was worthy of even his *Sala's* days.

Remember me to Professor ERASMUS WILSON. I bear no malice. And let a just and generous public visit me *here*, and let them, as Britons, boldly declare that they have only got to look at home for a thing of beauty which is a joy for ever, and which begs to sign itself

Your old friend,

THE OBELISK IN RAMSGATE HARBOUR.

PESTS OF THE PAVEMENT.—Perambulators.





### PLEASING REFLECTIONS "

(SCOTCH AND IRISH) OF A LEADER AND AN EX-DITTO.

### HOW TO PLAY THE PART.

(A Hint or two to a Young Judge.)

NEVER, on entering or leaving a carriage, attempt to make a spring, but get in or out, as the case may be, slowly, or even cautiously: also, on no account ever be discovered running for your life to catch a train.

If you happen to belong to a Bicycle Club, instantly take your name off the books.

Be careful not to be drawn into a cricket-match and figure with a large score among "Eleven Gentlemen of the Bench against Eleven of the Bar."

When dining out, always enter the room with a slight stoop, and, if expected to listen to a good story and smile at it, do both very severely.

Cultivate a contracted brow, and never let a day pass without frowning quietly at yourself, before a looking-glass, for half an hour.

If you have to refer to the great Exhibition of 1851, don't say you remember accurately the situation of the toys and the refreshments.

Get up the lives of all the early geniuses, and keep in hand a good stock-story of something NAPOLEON said he *couldn't* have done after he was five-and-twenty.

If, as a child, you have had the Duke of WELLINGTON pointed out to you in the Park, commence a reference to the incident with "Some years ago, I remember meeting the Duke," &c.

Never miss an opportunity of addressing the most venerable Counsel in the Court beneath you frequently and pointedly as "Brother."

Glance, now and again, impatiently at the open window, as much as to say, "I don't know whether the others on the Bench can stand it, but, at *my* age," &c.

If inclined, when quite by yourself, either in some secluded country spot or on a silent stretch of sea-shore, to have a good hard run and halloo for very health, do it all with a stately judicial ease, never for a moment losing sight of the fact that you are a Lord Justice of Appeal.

And, lastly, go through the arduous duties of your position with learning, patience, and intelligence; and, in so doing, justify, by your conduct on the Bench, the judgment of those who have raised you thus early to its dignity and responsibility.



## USEFUL INFORMATION.

(For Our Foreign Friends.)



LORD MAYOR is descended from an old Venetian family which established itself in the neighbourhood of the Guildhall after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by the Emperor ALEXANDER THE GREAT. Another branch of the same family has long flourished at Gogmagogues in Brittany. In former times, before

the traffic was forbidden, his Lordship's ancestors were engaged in the exportation of Livermen to the South Coast of Africa, but his more immediate progenitors were connected with the trade and manufactures of this country as Loriners to all the Reigning Sovereigns of Europe. He himself came up to London in early life from the Chiltern Hundreds, with a Canary bird in a cage, protected from the sun by a silk handkerchief, but slenderly provided with pocket-money, and speedily amassed a large fortune by means of honourable and extensive mercantile transactions with the Island of Ascension.

The LORD MAYOR's official salary is £50,000 a year, derived from a tax which the Corporation of London are empowered by an Act of Parliament, passed in the reign of King ALFRED, to levy upon every box of cigar-lights sold within the City boundaries. His retinue consists of a Wig-bearer, a Standard-bearer, a Chaplain (generally the Junior Bishop), a City Jester—the celebrated JOSEPH MILLER was the first—a Taster, a Toastmaster, and a Remembrancer, who attends his Lordship every morning, while he is dressing, to remind him of the duties of the day, and is paid by the hour.

The LORD MAYOR wears a fur cap on all occasions of ceremony and festivity, and enjoys the privilege of remaining uncovered in the presence of Royalty. His official residence in winter is Temple Bar, which is adorned with exquisite statues, executed by WREN and BIRD, of some of his most illustrious predecessors; and in summer he holds his Court on the Thames in a State-barge drawn by swans with gold collars—some of these splendid birds are centenarians—and manned by Australian Beefeaters from the Tower of London. At the expiration of his year of office, the LORD MAYOR, if a single man, is created a Knight Bachelor, and he is generally expected to defray all the expenses of having his portrait painted, framed, and hung up in the Venetian parlour, without a sigh.

The Sheriffs are always twins. To prevent mistakes, they are distinguished the one from the other by different coloured tapes. They are selected in infancy by a Committee, composed of the wives of the Aldermen who have passed the Chair, from the families of the most eminent among the Livermen; and they are carefully brought up by hand from their cradle in the exercise of all such faculties and accomplishments—elocution, for example, a rare judgment of wines, stenography, short whist, tandem driving, and a minute knowledge of the history of the various Civic Companies—as will befit them in after life for the discharge of their exalted functions. At an early age the future Sheriffs are familiarised with the Guildhall, the Mansion House, and the Old Bailey, and, weather permitting, seats are reserved for them and their female attendants to view the Lord Mayor's Show, as soon as they are able to clap their hands and exhibit other outward tokens of delight.

The duties of the Sheriffs are multifarious. They accompany the LORD MAYOR in his hunting excursions in Epping Forest; assist him in the preparation of his speeches, dine with him (alternately) every Sunday, and supervise the menus of the Mansion House banquets. One of the Sheriffs must be an Alderman, and sleep every night during his term of office in the Bank of England. The Sheriffs write to each other daily, and wear the Lord Mayor's portrait next their heart. They have coals, candles, gas, and water found for them free of cost, and their laundry expenses (up to a certain amount) are defrayed out of the Coal Duties. When the Sheriffs throw off the chains of office, they betake themselves, on an average, to farming pursuits and field sports, and preserve their faculties unimpaired to an extreme old age.

## War's Irony.

GRIM War, with uncertainty glorious,  
Wheels right-about-face in a crack;  
Let a Pasha be dubbed "The Victorious,"  
And he's safe to be threshed like a sack.

\* Ghazi.

## A Thing to be Thankful for.

(After reading Sir FITZROY KELLY'S Speech on welcoming the LORD MAYOR at Westminster.)

THAT England's Prime Minister is First Lord of the Treasury, and not Chief Baron of the Exchequer.



## A CALL FROM JACK'S CHERUB.



AILORES have always been supposed—and we hope with good reason—to be special objects of JOHN BULL's affections. He loves them afloat—when they are upholding the honour of his flag against the foes they have to fight now and then, or those more terrible foes they are always fighting, wind and weather, storm and tempest, with their great guns of gales, and their red-hot shot of bolt and levin. He loves them ashore, though it is only lately he has thought of helping them to

Homes there. Perhaps he fancied that they "whose Home is on the ocean wave," did not need Homes on *terra firma*. He loves them in their hale and hearty strength and lustihood, their helpless or reckless defiance of land-sharks and pitfalls, their open-handedness—even in their frolics and follies, when they are spending like asses the money they have been making like horses and lions.

It may be that JOHN BULL's Jack Tar is somewhat of a mythical being, as beings made up of horses and lions must needs be, a sort of chimera, in whose creation TOM DIBDIN and T. P. COOKE have had almost as much part as either Royal Navy or Mercantile Marine, training-ship or fok'sle, boatwain's whistle, or skipper's "horse," watch-yarn and galley-gossip, or cat and knuckle-duster.

But it is not so easy to believe that JOHN loves JACK when he is laid up—not in lawn and lavender—but in suffering and sick-bay, when he is down with fever or scurvy, accident or ill-usage, so long as JOHN with his full pockets leaves JACK's own Hospital if not actually aground, barely able to claw off the shoals of short-comings, debt, and difficulty.

At the end of last year the Seamen's Hospital accounts showed a deficiency of more than £1500 to meet the annual outlay of more than £8000. For this money, be it remembered, more than 2000 Seamen of more than thirty nationalities had that year been taken in and tended, through sickness and suffering, to death or recovery.

JACK's Hospital does not look at colour, any more than it takes note of creeds, tongues, or ages. All sick and suffering Seamen who are brought to its doors it receives and does its best for. The Government gives it a building in lieu of the old *Dreadnought*, but there its contribution ends. Greenwich levies, or levied, on the building a Poor-rate of between £400 and £500. The out-ports, whose Seamen have all the benefits of the Hospital, gives, in too many cases too, but little to its funds, but more, *Punch* hopes, than they did in 1875, when Liverpool, as her year's contribution in men and money, sent 158 sick Sailors and 10s. 6d. subscription.

The demands of the last sorry twelvemonths—the contributions to war-funds, and famine-funds, and awful pit accident-relief-funds—are not likely to help the subscription-list of poor JACK's own and only Hospital. Public charity is said to be a pretty constant quantity. You can't raise its level in one place without lowering it in another. What Russ, or Turk, or Rayah gets, JACK in sick-bay is like enough to lose. The QUEEN, as in all things, has here too set a good example, by her gift of £100 in April last. Surely, JOHN BULL will better the example. If there are two things in this world he believes in, it is his Queen and the Blue Jackets. Let him follow the example of the one in the cause of the other.

A guinea qualifies a Governor. As Politicians cry, "Register, Register, Register!" *Punch* cries, "Qualify, Qualify, Qualify!" for a Governor of the Seamen's Hospital, and make it once more a real Dread-nought instead of a Dread-debt-and-deficiency, and, above all, Dread of holding its relieving hand, and leaving its beds empty, while Poor JACK is referred to a certain "sweet little cherub who sits up aloft." That sweet little cherub, while he still "sits up aloft," as of old, has a branch office here below, at the Seamen's Hospital,

Greenwich, where he will be happy to receive subscriptions. Messrs. WILLIAMS, DEACON, & Co., Birchin Lane, are his bankers, and the Secretary is Mr. H. C. BURDETT.

BURDETT!—"c'est le premier pas de Coultts."

Think of BURDETT-COULTS, and do as she does. Give, and give freely.

## FROM PUNCH'S OWN SPECTACLE-MAKER.

THE expected arrival of Cleopatra's Needle furnished the new LORD MAYOR on Friday last with an idea for his procession. In like manner the return of the Prince of WALES from India gave Alderman Sir THOMAS WHITE an opportunity of riding behind a dozen Circus elephants in commemoration of the Prince's Progress. If this sort of thing goes on, we may expect to find the Lord Mayor's Show claiming rivalry with a burlesque "topical song." Perhaps this change of front in the annual City pageant may be for the better—it certainly cannot be for the worse. It is, at least, an assimilation, however faint, to the old times when pageants were pageants. Mr. *Punch* welcomes the novelty, and furnishes the programme (subject to "topical" alterations) of the Lord Mayor's Show for 1878-79.

Policemen clearing the way.

First Grand Allegorical Car, representing the Triumph of Law. Justice clothed in a Commissioner's uniform, weighing a Policeman's honesty in one scale against a Detective's salary in the other. A vision of the New Law Courts in the distance.

A Knight disguised in Armour.

A Knight disguised in Liquor.

Second Allegorical Car, representing the Triumph of Beer. Britannia is shown listening earnestly to the pleadings of a Licensed Victualler, whilst Sir WILFRID LAWSON weeps over the ruins of the old Aldgate Pump.

The City Marshal.

The City Hangman.

Third Allegorical Car, representing the Rights of Women. Gog and Magog entertain a number of Ladies at a Pic-nic in the Old Bailey, during a sensational murder-trial.

Circus Horses.

Circus Elephants.

Fourth Allegorical Car, representing the Glories of the Century. England is seen bestowing rewards upon a Pedestrian who has walked 12,000 yards in 12,000 ten minutes, and a Female Acrobat who has been shot out of a cannon, and dived from a height of sixty feet, one hundred times in succession, without breaking her neck.

A Cheap Jack.

A Quack.

Fifth Allegorical Car, representing Foreign Policy. The PREMIER and his Colleagues are seen groping helplessly about in a glass case containing a real November Fog.

Grand Procession of Guys.

The Aldermen who have not passed the Chair.

The Recorder.

The Aldermen who have passed the Chair.

GUY FAUX, with the original lantern from the Bodleian. Band of British "Lion Comiques" (from the Music Halls) singing "Topical Songs."

Lecturers from the Polytechnic, explaining Dissolving Views. Eight Carriages and Six containing "Portrait Models" of recent additions to the Chamber of Horrors.

The late Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Common Sergeant singing a song descriptive of the doings of his year of office.

Grand Procession suggestive of the approaching festive season. A Turkey fighting with a Bear. Seconds and Bottle-holders by the Editors of the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, and *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The *Standard*, borne by supporters of the Government. Old Father Christmas

accompanied by Officials of the Lord Mayor's Court. The Lord Mayor's Footmen in big Pantomime heads.

The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR, accompanied by his Chaplain, Mace-bearer, Clown, Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon.

Guard of Honour of 250 Supernumeraries from the Alexandra Palace.

## FEEDING THE HUNGRY.

CATES at the Mansion House when gourmands cram in, Fit place, one feels, for Fund in aid of Famine!

AN OLD SONG RECHRISTENED.—"Britain, Strikes' Home!"

The Goldsmiths' Company and the Ballet from the Covent Garden.

Chorus Ladies from the two Opera Houses.

The Fruiters' Company and the Ballet from Covent Garden.

Chorus Gentlemen from the two Opera Houses.



## ABDIEL'S WARNING.

"It is for the sake of the country that we have now, during sixteen months of strenuous effort, maintained the task of exposing the injustice and hypocrisy of the present war, and of pointing out what perils it threatens against the future peace and safety of the British Empire."—*Daily Telegraph*.

*B. P. loquitur* :—



"Among the faithful only found."  
That's me to a (D.) T., good Mr. MILTON.  
I've blown my trumpet with no feeble sound,  
To wake that B. as my best 'opes was built on.  
Sixteen long months of strenuous tootletoot  
Is trying to the wind of an old woman.  
And of my faithful efforts where's the fruit?  
B. sleeps or sneers at me.  
It's bage, inhuman!

Ikybod! That's about it. England's goose  
Is cooked, and basted well with Rooshian tallow.  
I told 'em so, but bless you, where's the use?  
This 'ere's a wicked war as nought can 'allow.  
Ain't it agin our interests? O the moles,  
As can't see not a hinch afore their noses!  
(I can, tho' mine's a long 'un.) O'er the coals  
I calls 'em every day, and 'still they dozes.

I've labelled 'em all sorts of awful names,  
I've credited 'em with motives most hatrosus;  
I've swore their "spouts" was all self-seekin' games,  
I've wowed their thirst for blood were jest feroshus;  
Called 'em unpatriotlike, pro-Rooshian, blind,  
Traitors and timid, fackahus and fanatic,  
But, bless your soul, they don't appear to mind  
My best abuse, my phrases most emphatic.

I've painted that sweet Turk in bright rose-pink  
Bland as a hinfant, brave as any Bayard;  
I've done them Muscovys in blood and ink,  
I've basted GLADSTONE, and I've bolstered LAYARD;  
I've giv my telygrums pro-Turkish turns,  
I've raked up Rooshian crimes that make yer shiver;  
In wain! Poor BETSY's patriot buzzum burns,  
And now her faithful soul she must deliver.

Abrycadabry,—no, that's not the word.  
What do seers say when they black doom pernounces?  
*Delender est Britannyer!* That bage bird,  
The Northern Eagle, on our hempire pounces.  
The valiant Turk won't save us any more,  
Ingy 'll go, along o' that Euphrates;  
And anub-nosed Cossacks soon will sack our shore,  
And gorge on England's beef and Ireland's praties.

BETSY has done *her* best, but WILLIAM failed,  
And even BENGY met her shrieks with scorning.  
His'try will tell 'ow Britain's foes prewailed,  
Because none heeded one old woman's warning.  
Bogeys? Oh, yes! they mock my terrors now,  
And parodies my plaints in vulgar worses;  
But by-and-bye o'er BETSY's tomb they 'll bow,  
And wish, too late, they 'd rekernised their mercies!

[*Exit, weeping.*]

MACMAHON'S MOT D'ORDRE FOR FRANCE.—All Right—over the Left!

## A HARD CASE.

(*And, if true, it would indeed be a very hard case.*)

CAPTAIN F. BURNABY, when he took his ride to Khiva, little expected that he was simply making himself celebrated as a future advertisement for COCKLE'S PILLS. Yet so it is, according to COCKLE.

Owing to a similarity of names, and to a certain personal resemblance (I am about two inches higher and broader than Captain F. B., and of a more generally commanding figure, out of regimentals), also to the fact that he has written *A Ride to Khiva*, while I have written *The Ride*, the vendors of patent medicines are perpetually swamping my letter-box, and deluging my breakfast-land with applications for future favours, imploring me to try their nostrums.

I submit a few specimens of this persecution to the public and the police:—

SIR,—“When next again you ride abroad,” permit me to draw your attention to “The John Gilpin Jalap.” Warranted to keep cool in any climate. It is an admirable specific in all cases of [here follows a list of every imaginable illness that flesh is heir to]. Please observe our Trade Mark, which is *John Gilpin* on horseback, and the Motto as quoted above. We send you a case of three dozen on approval, and remain your obedient servants,

English and Foreign Depot.

GNAW, SHUSS, STOUGH & Co.

DEAR CAPTAIN,

WHEN you are riding Eastward, or in any direction for that matter, don't forget to provide yourself with two or three dozen of our Draughts. Each Draught is equal to one for £1000 at a Banker's. Our Label (patented) is a Doctor's Boy playing at draughts—black to win. Motto: “Go it while you're young.” We send a bottle—in case; and are yours truly,

STURR, ITWELL, & Co.,

Diplomatic Chemists (by appointment punctually every morning at 9 A.M.) to H.R.H. the Prince of Gothërunbag.

BOLD AND ADVENTUROUS SIR,

IN riding over the Globe, try our Globule! Some allowance on taking a quantity! Apply to

GILDER & Co.

The Box Office, Liverpill Street, E.C.

HEALTHY CAPTAIN,

YOU can't do better than use for yourself, and recommend to your friends at a distance, our fine old Bolus. The real old “Billy” Bolus. The only genuine article has a picture of BILLY outside, above the Motto, “*Aperientia Docet* or *Aperientia Dose* it.” We forward a packet by post, and are yours faithfully,

PILLBOX & PILLCOX (late BOUNCER BROS.).

I trust to your sense of justice to represent this annoyance in the proper quarter, or I shall have to leave the country on a distant pilgrimage, with a Cockle in my hat, as was the mediæval custom, and shall never again be able to set out on another Ride to Khiva.

## IMPRESSIONS FROM ABROAD.

(*By Our Susceptible Subscriber.*)

IMPRESSIONS on my Hat after going down the Salt Mine at Borochtesgaden.

Impressions on my Alpenstock after looking at the Alpine Peaks from below with an opera-glass.

Impressions on my nose and forehead by the Mosquitoes, when I would be poetical and stay all the evening on the Rialto at Venice.

Impressions on my ears by the bad language of my Guide, when I refused to pay for the echoes awakened on the Rhine by an ancient howitzer.

Impressions on my heart by memories of that pretty little French-woman I travelled with from Turin.

Impressions on my feet by her sweet little bottines.

Impression on my mind, after Mrs. P. detected those bottines too near my boots, that it would be better not to be so susceptible another time.

“*Examinatus et Exanimatus*”

writes to ask the exact force of the attribute “social” in Mr. TENNYSON's line—

“Ground in yonder social mill.”

Does it allude to MILL's *Logie*, or the Examination Mill in which young men of the period are always being ground? In either case he demurs to the epithet.





### "TROP DE ZÊLE!"

(Tommy, a conscientious boy, has been told that he must remain perfectly still, as his Mamma wants to take a nap.)

Tommy (in the middle of the nap). "MAMMA! MAMMA! WHAT SHALL I DO? I WANT TO COUGH!"

### MISTRESS AND MAN.

"Se soumettre ou se démettre."—GAMBETTA on McMAHON.

MISTRESS *loquitur* :—

AN excellent Servant! I'm free to admit it,  
And if you're disposed to remain in your place,  
I haven't the smallest desire you should quit it.  
So suppose that we calmly consider the case.  
Our views of your duty seem slightly to differ,  
You've mentioned your own, I've been telling you mine;  
Your will may be stiff, but I've one which is stiffer,  
To which you will have to submit, or resign.

A Servant should serve. If I wanted a Master,  
Be sure—no offence!—that I shouldn't chose you.  
Too much domination has brought me disaster;  
I'm going to try what self-ruling will do.  
Though I welcome the service of Workers and Warders,  
This house, after all, you'll admit, Sir, is mine:  
I mean to be Mistress; and when I give orders,  
My Servants will have to submit, or resign.

You don't like the words or the person they came from,  
You hold him a traitor, a stirrer of strife.  
Who ought to be silenced or driven in shame from  
The house for whose honour you'd forfeit your life?  
Well, pique and purblindness perhaps may mislead you,  
That's not your affair, pray remember, but mine.  
He too, if as servant he chanced to succeed you,  
Would have to submit to my will—or resign.

You seem to conceive you can't serve without ruling,  
Your pose as a stern male duenna is droll.  
But, frankly, I shall not submit to such schooling,  
And think you have rather mistaken your rôle.

You've made your appeal, and I've answered it plainly;  
There must be one rule in this house, and that's mine.  
If you hope to resist my commands, you hope vainly—  
Your alternatives are to submit or resign.

### AN OUT-AND-OUT GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.

THE probable Flunkey of the Future is a problem that exercises many. Is any light flung on it by this advertisement from the *Dublin Daily Express*, which *Punch*, having read, asks himself, Is this a joke, or but an earnest of things to come? Let his readers answer the question for him and for themselves.

BUTLER, Valet, or Groom of the Chambers in a Nobleman or Gentleman's family; age 50; good height and appearance; has neither corns nor bunions; has an entire and complete wardrobe; very neat and clean; accepts no cast-off clothes from gentlemen; would like his room large and airy, with small room attached suitable for smoking; the cook must be good-tempered and agreeable; also the family to sit down to meals punctually, as I go out to walk after luncheon and dinner; gas in the house; hot and cold water on all the landings; speaking trumpet instead of bells; the entree dishes and sweets to go to the housekeeper's room for the upper servants' supper; is a Protestant; expects a car to take the servants to church; must have entire charge of cellar and cellarettes; wages £20 per annum; would not object to a cottage and the grass of a cow for my wife; willing and obliging; good-tempered and fond of travelling. Address —, Post-office, Bagot-street, Dublin, for a week.

### "Who is She?"

AN elderly Lady, much interested in the progress of events in the East, having hitherto been unable to assign any cause for the Russo-Turkish War, was heard to exclaim, triumphantly, on seeing a telegram headed "From Sophia," "Ah! I knew there must be a woman at the bottom of it!"





## MISTRESS AND MAN.

FRANCE. "I MEAN TO BE MISTRESS IN MY OWN HOUSE. YOU WILL EITHER CARRY OUT MY ORDERS—  
OR GO!!!"







## A FUTURE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.



N O more talk of doing away with the Lord Mayor's Show! The Corporation of London has risen in public esteem. Lord Mayors of late years have judiciously taken to regaling the representatives of Literature and Art. Their enlightened hospitality has duly fructified. They have won golden opinions from all sorts of men, and especially Gentlemen of the Press. City pageantry is no longer a subject of ridicule. The only idea of interfering with the Lord Mayor's Show that could now be dreamt of is that of improving it. It might, indeed, be considerably improved by a proper enlargement of the usual procession.

By the bonds of banquetting the highest personages and bodies in the State are now connected with the City. They—as many of them as possible—should attend and figure in the Lord Mayor's train on the Ninth of November, besides the Aldermen and

Civic Officials. The LORD CHANCELLOR, the Archbishops of CANTERBURY and YORK, the General Commanding in Chief, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and other Law Lords, the rest of Her Majesty's Judges, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Representative Members of the United Service Clubs, the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, the Royal Academy, the Dramatic Profession, Athenæum and Garrick Clubs, and other principal literary and scientific societies should incorporate themselves in the pageant, and render themselves, by their participation in that triumphal display, subsidiary to the honour, glory, and renown of the City of London and of the Great LORD MAYOR. In so doing, of course not altogether without an eye to Mansion House dinners, they would demonstrate that true gratitude which consists in the lively expectation of future favours.

## POLITICS AND PANTOMIMES.

(Showing what happens if a *Littérateur-of-all-Work* is doing a  
Leader on the Situation in France and a Christmas Piece at  
the same time.)

At a moment when factions of all colours in France (*that reminds me—I wonder if Crummles has engaged a Harlequin?*), when the President has returned to the scene (*by the way, that Transformation must not be entirely left to the Scenic Artist, or I know what will become of my tag!*), and a sudden change has come over (*by Jingo! why shouldn't we have the House of Commons Scene like a Venetian blind, and at one touch of Harlequin's bat change it into New Billingsgate Market?*) the political horizon (*Mem. not to forget the Setting Sun to back the Desert Land of Despair, the unexpected successes of the Reds (of course that is just the thing we want: all the characters in the Palace of Rougegorge the Rough and Ready shall be dressed in deep crimson or bright scarlet—splendid effect!)*) Just when the public hopes were sinking (*If Crummles does not have that trap made in the right place, my demon is done for*), GAMBETTA's address has startled the pacific (*Good title! "The Poltroon of the Pacific, or Pantaloon in a Predicament"*) world from its slumbers. For MACMAHON to make a rapid exit from politics (*Happy thought! Exit MACMAHON, afterwards Clown, through a clock-face labelled "Elections"*) was once expected. The new Cabinet has, however, been constructed (*A propos—couldn't the wicked Fairy come out of a cabinet à la MABELLYNE AND COOK?*) on the old lines (*Note—to ask the master Carpenter whether new ropes are required*) in such a manner that it is evident the Marshal (*This time the Comic Man shall be a Field-Marshal, not a Lord Chamberlain*) wishes to listen to the voice of the people (*Good chorus of excited populace in big heads and red nightcaps—try OFFENBACH!*)

During the late Elections a complete reverse (*Order strip-dress for King Bamboozeler—"Ulster" to be converted into night-gown*) was to be expected; and if many of the voters have fallen back on the leading men of the province (*Funny notion—all the characters falling out of Palace-window on to the principal Comic Nobleman, and flattening him into a pancake—"Flattering a Flat" good line in the bill*), France, like a spoilt child (*Confound it! here's a telegram from Crummles, saying he must have that awful Infant Phenomenon introduced. Hanged if I will!*), no longer deceived by the red-hot principles (*I wish the red-hot poker were really burning, wouldn't I run it into Crummles and his Infant!*) of the Commune, rises conspicuous (*I always said Miss AURICOMA was the one for the centre iron, and she shall be!*) above the petty intrigues of her Press (*"Turn the Mangle, Malachi," will be a grand chorus for my comic song with topical verses*), where a venal Journalismocracy is batten-  
ing (new battens must be put in, or my piece may be as well produced in a barn) on the prospects of a throne (*N.B. King's seat to be blue velvet and gold*). They have to fight against functionaries (*I wonder how many supers Crummles will give me!*) to whom GAMBETTA is an épouvantail (*"The Roost of the Skeleton Scarecrows" would look well as a Scene—Think over it*) who delights in subtle combinations and tortuous transformations. (*I shall never get this article finished. There's the Scene-Painter worrying me through a wire to come and see the Model he has made for "The Boudoir of Bellerophon," in "The Bright Bounds of Blissful Beatitude." Bless him! I shall have to sit up all night!*)

## A COURAGEOUS NON-COMBATANT.



**T**HE Special Correspondent of the *Times* with the Russian Army at headquarters in Bulgaria does not, perhaps, "bear a charmed life." He can hardly have been treated with any chemical solution which could have made him shoot-proof, as the son of Thetis, dipped in the Styx, was rendered in-

vulnerable—all but the heel. Nevertheless, this intrepid gentleman wires from Bucharest as follows:—

"The order preventing Correspondents going to the front is an absurdity, but we cannot evade it, and therefore when firing is heard we are compelled to await the pleasure of the Russian Staff to communicate the result. I am in hopes that this ridiculous restriction will soon be withdrawn."

If the particularly fearless penner of the foregoing passage has any friends and relations who hope to see him at home again safe and sound, rejoicing in the preservation of all his limbs and members, they will hardly participate in the hope he expresses of being soon permitted to advance from out of harm's way, and remove himself to a position in which, at the safest, he will have stray bullets whistling about his ears, and erratic shot and shells ricocheting and bursting around him. Gallant mortal!

But, after all, he may not be altogether the right man in the right place. Perhaps he disregards bullets from the persuasion that "every bullet has its billet." Then he is a fatalist. As such, the "Special" is not specially qualified for the Russian Camp. A believer in *kismet*, he would find himself more at home amongst the Turks.

THE MACMAHONISTS IN THE CHAMBERS.

"A *FOURFOU*-itous concourse of atoms." And more than *four* to one against success.

HOW AND IN WHAT CHARACTER MURUS PASHA SAT AND SPOKE  
AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DIPLOMATIC BODY AT GUILDHALL,  
ON THE 9TH.—HOBSON'S CHOICE—"This, or none."

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GRANT AND HIS HOST (*at Paris*).—Silence and Noyes.



## THAT LASS 'O TOWERY 'S.

*By the Authors of Several other Things, &c. &c.*

### CHAPTER XI.—*The Finishing Touches.*

AFTER this, ANICE SORTIGAL took EM BEERIE in hand.

ANICE was a clever girl, possessed of considerable common sense, and as all objections to her marriage with the Reverend THOMAS TITT were now removed, in consequence of his having become a moderate High Churchman of five feet eleven, instead of the Ultra-Low Churchman of four feet nothing, that he was before being doubled up by EM BEERIE, ANICE saw at a glance that if she left the conversion and education of that "Lass so Towery" to the Curate, it would, in all probability, result in the latter converting the Mining Girl into the Rev. Mrs. THOMAS TITT. ANICE therefore took her instruction in hand, sending her regularly every night to a day-school in the next county, kept by an Aunt of hers, who, with the aid of the Vicar of Swiggin, managed to realise a considerable sum by getting up a private subscription for the orphan girl's education.

EM BEERIE displayed a marvellous aptitude for words of one syllable, and soon distanced all the other pupils (most of whom were about fifteen years younger than herself) by her performance, on the piano, of the most popular airs of the day, arranged on the unidigital principle by the well-known Professor STRÜMM of Nokkenammörung. Then EM went in for French, which she mastered so quickly as to be able, within eight weeks of her commencement, to say "Wee" and "Nong" with an accent that would have astonished even a Parisian. She was taught to write a fine Roman hand by Signor POROOKI, and learnt singing in the winter from Count ROSTRE DI CEZNUITI, then making his first visit to England.

She became so clever, that ANICE's Aunt wrote to ask what was to be done with this surprising pupil.

ANICE was, however, too much interested in the parish work of the Reverend THOMAS TITT to pay any attention personally to this appeal. The Reverend THOMAS, however, told NEGUS BARCROW who immediately resolved to call upon EM BEERIE.

"You love EM," said the Curate, blushing and casting down his eyes.

"I don't love 'em, I love her!" replied his friend.

"I thought you loved ANICE," said the Curate. "And if you did, I was quite prepared to give her up, and take EMMA BEERIE."

"You're a good, warm-hearted, self-sacrificing fellow!" cried NEGUS BARCROW, enthusiastically; "and you're welcome to ANICE SORTIGAL."

Then the two men shook hands. They understood one another perfectly.

NEGUS BARCROW left Swiggin, where nobody required his presence. He went to ANICE SORTIGAL's Aunt's house, or the house of the Aunt of ANICE SORTIGAL, and asked for Miss EMMA BEERIE.

She was in the kitchen-garden, near the pond, where the Ducks were stuffing themselves, in order to save the Cook all future trouble. She was leaning upon a hand-pump, in the midst of an extensive onion-bed. All around made BARCROW conscious of

Spring; specially the onions, whose fragrance was more powerful than anything else in the garden. For one moment he stood taking in the full scents of the glorious scene, and his tears rose. She was lost in a reverie. Her beautiful eyes spoke of calm wise thoughts within.

"Sage among the onions!" murmured NEGUS to himself.

She heard him, and started. With two steps he was beside her. Her hand trembled so, that one or two of the loose Spring-onion stalks, which she had been twining in her hair, fell at his feet.

"My love," whispered NEGUS BARCROW in her ear, "My love is stronger than these." And he pointed to the fragrant bunch as it lay on the rich soil.

"Nong! Nong!" she cried. "Voo voo mokky der mwaw. Say votr' blarg."

The change he noted in her speech and mode of address, touched him unutterably. French in how many lessons? For his sake too, and at her own expense! And scarcely a trace of her northern accent!

"Leave me, Mossos NEGUS, if you please," she said, struggling with an emotion which it was almost impossible for her to conceal. "Lazy mwaw, sirvoo play! I mean to live alone—to retire from the world. I have renounced all the pumps and vanities—" She paused, and he seized the opportunity.

"Not all the pumps," he said, tenderly taking her hand, "for is not one standing beside you?" (He referred to the hand-pump, but she, with her fine woman's instinct, mistook his meaning.)

"Yo are axin me to be your wife?" she said, relapsing for an instant into her old native tongue; then, correcting herself, she continued, "You are, I believe, requesting me to become your affianced bride? Is it not so?"

He could not deny it.

"I love you," he answered. "I love—"

She turned away shyly, at the same time giving him a gentle nudge with her elbow that caused him to pause in the middle of his speech, with a sudden hushed cry that thrilled through her frame.

Then she spoke.

"Yo canna marry me—voo ner poovay par mer marriay—because I have not yet acquired all the accomplishments which, I admit, I should like to possess," she said.

"But when will that be?" asked NEGUS, with tender impatience. "Soon. I have learnt music, and everything except drawing." She hid her face in her hands. "Alas!" she cried, "I cannot draw."

A bright thought struck the Young Engineer.

"I have two friends," he said, "two literary and dramatic gentlemen, Messrs. MATTON and HATHISON, who, by the kind permission of a distinguished authoress, will take you up to town—"

"To Lunnon! Jer ver deer ar Londrr! I mean London?" she asked, rapturously.

"Yes, to London. And they will bring you out at the Opéra Comique. There you will soon learn how to draw."

"Shall I?" she exclaimed. "What shall I draw to begin with?" she asked.

The Young Engineer paused for a second, thoughtfully. Then he replied,

"Your salary."

"Thart's noice! thart be!—tray bong! I mean, good enough!"







### A REGULAR TURK!

*Adjutant.* "WELL, SERGEANT, HOW'S YOUR PRISONER GETTING ON?"

*Sergeant of the Guard.* "BEDAD, SOB, HE'S THE VI'LENTTEST BLAGGYARD I IVER HAD TO DO WID! WE'RE ALL IN TIBBOR IV OUR LOIVES! SHURE WE'RE OBLIGED TO FEED HIM WID FIXED BAY'NITS!"

she cried enthusiastically, her strong artistic instinct seizing the idea at once, "and afterwards——"

"Afterwards you will draw houses."

"Oh, lovely!" she cried. "Now, when shall I change my name?"

"Within a very few days," he replied.

"We must go to the Lord Chamberlain's office, see Mr. Dispenser, and get a licence—for the unities cannot be observed without a licence."

She understood him thoroughly.

"And," he went on, "we will change your name to 'LIZ.'"

The Reverend THOMAS TITT was at hand with ANICE SORTIGAL, in whose ear he whispered,

"It's lucky I've taken Orders, for now we can go and see *Liz* for nothing."

But EM BEERIE had overheard him.

"Nay, yo wunna," she said, simply. "I used tor zay to yo, 'Yo leeve me arlown, an' oil leeve yo arlown.' Now, I zay to yo, 'Yo leeve us together, and we'll leeve yo together.' *Jer vay mer marriay* to NEGUS BARCROW. And," she added, with that true dramatic instinct that had always characterised her (even on the illustrated cover of a shilling novel) "if our friends in front are only satisfied, then there will not sit down to supper, this night, a happier girl than

"THAT LASS 'O TOWERY'S."

*Editor's Note.*—The Authors of this story, calling themselves the New Provincial Novel Co., Limited, have never reappeared at our office. A policeman is in waiting with witnesses who know *what real northern dialect* is. So let them call if they like.—ED.

### Guildhall's Ninth of November Function.

(Cynical Suggestion after reading the Speeches at the Lord Mayor's Dinner.)

"To give to airy nothings  
A local habitation and a name!"

### PUNCH UNDER BAN.

THE Marshal's Government—if it is not yet martial law, it soon may be, and even now looks unpleasantly like it—is just now bent on keeping the voice of English opinion out of France. No wonder while the British Press speaks its mind of the Marshal's Government. The *Daily News* is suppressed—"the strong arm of the Police," writes the *D. N.* French correspondent, "has swooped down on *Punch*"—who has moreover been banished from the *kiosques*, week after week, because of his Cartoons—"Stuck in the Mud," the apex of abominations—having been reached a fortnight ago. Who can say what tile this week's Cartoon would bring upon Mr. P.'s head if the Marshal's Government could get at him? His "Roo-too-it!" would be silenced, his light snuffed out, and he would, in a word, be no more *Punch* flamboyant, but *Punch* put out, darkened, quenched, squabashed for ever!

All that *Punch* can say is, that while France is as France is now, he would rather any day be stopped there than stop there.

No wonder the Marshal's Government objects to *Punch*. Is not Spirit an essential ingredient therein? Now Spirit, French or British, is just the thing the M. G. can't put up with.

### On 'Cleopatra's Needle

*In the Lord Mayor's Show.*

"A STRANGE thing to devise  
Out of SANGER's receptacles!"  
"Well—while needles have eyes  
They may figure in spectacles."

"LE ROI EST MORT," ETC.

Two "Go's." At the Alhambra *King Indi-go* went so well as to be, now, *King Indi-gone* altogether; and in his place *Madame An-got* is started, an' *go-ing* all right.





### A REASON.

"WHAT AN IDLE FELLOW YOU ARE, FRED! YOU DO NOTHING!"  
 "BECAUSE THERE'S NO TIME TO DO ANYTHING!"

### ALLOPATHY V. ALCOHOL.

HOMCEOPATHY, whatever medical men may think of it, is a method of therapeutics if fairly tried, effectual at any rate in Dipsomania. Let the patient only be got to take infinitesimal doses of intoxicating liquors, and stick to those, and he will soon recover, and remain perfectly well. But the difficulty is to get him to persevere in those minute doses, and not take alcohol in quantities vastly exceeding those of the requisite dilution. Dipsomania is, on the other hand, a disease which may be successfully combated by Allopathy, and that practically, with greater certainty than by the opposite practice. This is evident from a notice which, on Lord Mayor's Day, appeared in the *Times* respecting—

"COFFEE-TAVERNS.—Yesterday the 'Temple Arms,' so named after the Hon. W. COWPER-TEMPLE, M.P., a Coffee-Tavern in the Seven Dials, was opened for business, and was at once crowded by customers of all the classes inhabiting that locality."

Here, instead of physis, on the principle of *similia similibus*, was an instance of the direct exhibition of antidotes with marked advantage. The effect of it was instantaneous. Coffee-Taverns promise to work as Dispensaries for the cure of Dipsomania. The "Temple Arms" is the third Tavern opened by the benevolent Coffee-Tavern Company. No doubt the other two, one in the Edgware-road and the other opposite Billingsgate, as soon as they were opened, were each likewise "at once crowded by customers of all the classes inhabiting that locality;" and as other such institutions are established from time to time, their opening will be immediately followed by the same influx.

The coffee, and cocoa, offered as counteractives to drinks of dipsomaniacal tendency, are sold at a half-penny and a penny the cup; the doses of tea at one penny and two-pence. These draughts can

### OPERATIONS IN THE EAST.

OUR Scotch friends, some of them, are likely to misunderstand a recent telegram from Philipopolis:—

"The weather is now perfect for operations, but nothing is being done at Shipka."

There are those among the countrymen of BURNS whom the foregoing intelligence will cause to ask, "Where are the Surgeons?" It is too probable that in surgery, just now, there is a great deal being done at Shipka.

### Mens Sana in Corpore Sano.

WHICH, being interpreted, means there are sane men in the Seine (Legislative) Body. At all events, there are no less than thirty-six medical representatives in the new French Chamber of Deputies. Strange to say, Doctors do not disagree for once, for only two out of the number are Non-Republicans. Are these two related to Doctor *Tant-pis* or to Doctor *Tant-mieux*?

### The Satirical Dog!

A BUILDER in Taunton, having some ground to let, wishing to make the fact public, and, at the same time apparently to have a slap at the voluminousness and circumlocution of legal instruments, has stuck up a board with the following:—

"This good and desirable land to be let on a lease one hundred and twenty yards long."

### A Question of Circumstances.

A QUESTION lately under discussion has been, "Is life worth living?" That very much depends upon what you are worth, and how much you have got a year. Life is blest for those who enjoy the wherewithal to bless themselves.

### REMARKABLE OMISSION.

STRANGE to say that amongst all the newspaper correspondents who have lately been recommending antidotes to hydrophobia, not one has suggested "a hair of the dog that bit you."

be combined with rations of cake, bread-and-butter, and other eatables at like rates. With bodily refreshment in the "Temple Arms" is also provided food for the mind; newspapers, periodicals, and light literature—of course in a Tavern, excluding malt liquors, there should be no "heavy." To these advantages are added light, comfort, and warmth, with plenty of sitting room, and recreation rooms are to follow.

The name of the "Temple Arms" is taken from that of the President of the Coffee-Tavern Company. If that of the Vice-President also were borrowed, another such Tavern might be called the "Grosvenor Arms," after the Duke of WESTMINSTER. The "Lord Portman," and the "Lord Cowper" might be adopted for others after those other noble Vice-Presidents. To these might be added the "Johnstone's Head," from Sir HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, M.P.; and, by all means, in honour of one among several Directors of high standing, there should be a "Tom Hughes's Tavern." Nay, *Punch* would have no objection to a "Lawson Arms," though he does not *always* approve of those the facetious baronet fights with.

In the drunken district of Seven Dials the new Coffee-Tavern stands in direct antagonism to the dens of Dipsomania.

"The 'Temple Arms' occupies one of the 'Dials,' public-houses occupying the two others, and the exterior as well as the interior fitting up of the new venture is attractive and pleasing. . . . Though not aided by the professed Temperance Associations, these new Coffee-Taverns, if extended, will be formidable rivals to the gin-palaces, which are especially numerous in such wretched localities as the Seven Dials."

No wonder such establishments for the prevention and cure of Dipsomania as the "Temple Arms," derive no aid whatever from "professed Temperance Associations." They interfere with no man's liberty to drink what he likes, and they threaten to destroy the reason for "professed Temperance Societies" existence.



A MAYOR WITH ALL HIS I'S ABOUT HIM.



SOMETIMES literal reporting is asked for in the House of Commons. Occasionally we see it maliciously employed in municipal reports. Here is an example. How does Mr. SMITH like it? Will the evening's eloquence bear the morning's newspaper reflection?

"SPEECH BY THE TENTH-TAL MAYOR OF SCARBOROUGH.—The new Mayor of Scarborough gave a banquet to the members of the Town Council and his friends, at the Royal Hotel, on Friday night, at which all wines and intoxicating liquors were prohibited.—Sir CHARLES LEGGARD, Bart., M.P., having proposed the Mayor's health, the Mayor responded in a characteristic speech. He began by saying: 'Gentlemen, I can talk for half an hour if you like. (Laughter.) I never had such an audience in my life, and I never felt in better fettle. I have the pluck of a real Englishman, who is never afraid of water without or water within. (Laughter.) To-night I must thank you—thank you sincerely. You have respected my principles, and I honour you for it. Never mind the bottle. (Laughter.) I have espoused principles, and whatever I espouse I defend. I don't want to-night to offer any impediment to the enjoyment of any guest, but I was assured that no guest that ever came to this banquet would mar my pleasure or bring anything like a slight upon me. You have done it, and done it beyond my expectations, and beyond almost my satisfaction. If you hadn't even gone quite so far, I should have felt satisfied—I don't mean taking a little drop on the sly or anything of that sort. We have had a convivial meeting—(much laughter)—we can have it without wine. I never lacked pluck in my life, and if I live forty years longer I shall be a hundred and ten. (Laughter.) As long as I live I am persuaded I shall never lack pluck. I was born a Briton, and of British parents, and I never saw a danger but I must rush into it.' (The Mayor then related a personal narrative illustrative of his pluck, telling the company how he dived after a drowning man in Scotland, and rescued him.) His Worship continued: 'I feel the same pluck in my heart that I felt forty years ago. I mean to maintain it under the influence of water. (Laughter.) I have been a testotaller forty years, and I have enjoyed my four meals a day; and I have never drunk even half-a-glass of beer to any meal I ever had; and I feel to-night I am as young as young, and I even feel I can be as joyous as ever, and I never had a more joyous moment in my life than now. I have got to the height of my ambition, and that is to be the Mayor of Scarborough. It is not long since such a thought entered into my heart. My friends began to play with it, and it began to twist round me and get hold of me till I let it go full length. Here I am to-night amongst you, and I never was more happy in a company than I have been to-night, and I hope every gentleman has enjoyed himself to his very fill. (Laughter.) If Obadiah can have a smoke, his joy will be complete. (Laughter.) I thank you for the kindness you have done me in coming to be my guests. I have not promised to give you another dinner before my year of office is out—I would rather give you a tea. (More laughter.) I have seen such evil results flow from drinking—such scenes of sorrow and sadness even to weeping. I thank you for your kindness and courtesy to me, and I will conduct the affairs of the town as far as I have the ability; and the ex-Mayor said to me, 'SMITH, if there's anything too heavy for you, put the brunt on me.' If I want to go away to Matlock or Malvern for a fortnight, Mr. ex-Mayor, you shall have it all to your own cheek. I cannot endure the excitement I have had to pass through during the past eight or nine days, and I may have to go to the wells at Matlock or Malvern; and I think water inside and out is the very best thing I can have. (Laughter.) I thank you for the manner in which you have drunk my health, and I now finish my business for the evening. I have done talking now, and I don't mean to talk any more, if you please. (Laughter.) The rest of the business will be done by the Gentlemen who are upon the programme.' (Renewed laughter.)"

HIGH LIFE BELOW-STAIRS.

HIGHLY as we (some of us) may pride ourselves upon our niceties of social distinction, there are others in the world not a shadow less particular. For instance, look at this advertisement:—

**A** HOUSEKEEPER in a Nobleman's Family, Country not objected to. Twenty years' experience. Separate room for meals. Salary £60.

A worthy person this, no doubt, and one who knows her worth, and finds that knowledge profitable. A Lady not to be mistaken for a modest Lady-help, and possibly still less to be mistaken for a Maid-servant. As for dining in the kitchen, of course she would not

dream of it; and, doubtless, no one but a Nobleman need venture to aspire for the honour of enrolling her among the members of his household. We question if the offer of even double wages—we beg pardon, we mean salary—would induce her to demean herself by entering the service—we beg pardon, we mean, family—of anyone without a handle to his name; and perhaps her next advertisement may state with proper emphasis, imparted by italics, that "*Nobody below a Marquis need apply.*"

PLIMSOLL ON POISONS.

MR. BUNG would do well to ponder these remarks made the other evening by Mr. PLIMSOLL, M.P., at a Temperance Meeting at Derby:—

"I have long held the opinion that a great deal of the crime which is attributed to intoxication in this country is not so much owing to the quantity of drink which the criminal has consumed, as to the abominable adulteration by which the drink has been treated before it was sold to him. (*Hear! hear!*) There are certain classes of people in London, I am informed—certain classes of tradesmen—who are called publicans' chemists, who sell articles by which the spirits which they receive from the distilleries are adulterated, to the great injury of the people who consume them, and it is impossible to see the almost total absence of intoxication which you may see on the Continent, where everyone drinks the light wines of the country, without being convinced that the people are intoxicated—which means poisoned, as distinct from being inebriated, which means drunk—that they are here intoxicated or poisoned by the drink they get at some of the publichouses in the country. (*Hear! hear!*)"

Good Templars, mark the distinction. It is a calumny to call genuine beer and ale intoxicating liquors. Beef might as well be called inflammatory food. MR. BUNG renders pure liquors intoxicating by qualifying them with chemicals in the province of toxicology, named in the Adulteration Act, and cited by Mr. PLIMSOLL; to wit:—

"*Cocculus indicus*, darnel seed, chloride of sodium"—which is, of course, common salt—"copperas, opium, strychnine, tobacco, extract of logwood, sulphate of zinc or lead, and alum."

Temperance Societies seek to make people sober by Act of Parliament. That is to say, by an Act which has yet to be enacted. No doubt Temperance would be greatly promoted by enforcement of the Adulteration Act. Should not sincere friends of Temperance apply themselves to that? Temperance would then be effected by an Act of Parliament which would annoy nobody except Mr. BUNG and his chemical accomplices. But, if Mr. BUNG were wise, would he not discontinue his dealings with "Publicans' Chemists," and desist from drugging his liquors with the poisons which make them "intoxicating"? Then Mr. BUNG would do very much to diminish drunkenness, and just so much as to preclude paternal legislation in the form of an Act of Parliament framed to make people sober by the abolition of Mr. BUNG's business.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

FANCY an English Minister concluding an address to the House of Commons with such a peroration as that of the speech made by the DUC DE BROGLIE in the debate on the Elections Committee question in the Chamber of Deputies:—

"Now make your inquiry. As a member of the Government I protest in the name of the law; as a citizen I undertake to prove the results of this inquiry false before the equity of history and the judgment of my country."

What would the SPEAKER say to any Member, especially a Member of the Cabinet, undertaking to prove the results of a Parliamentary inquiry about to be instituted, false; thus giving Hon. Gentlemen, by anticipation, the lie? The DUC DE BROGLIE once passed for a constitutional Statesman, but he has of late been violently carried away from Parliamentary principles. In unparliamentary language he exceeds Home-Rulers; the peroration just quoted "beats Banagher." But suppose the inquiry, of whose results he predicts the falsehood, should result in exonerating himself and his colleagues from the charge of having unduly influenced elections? That, perhaps M. DE BROGLIE thinks, is not to be supposed.

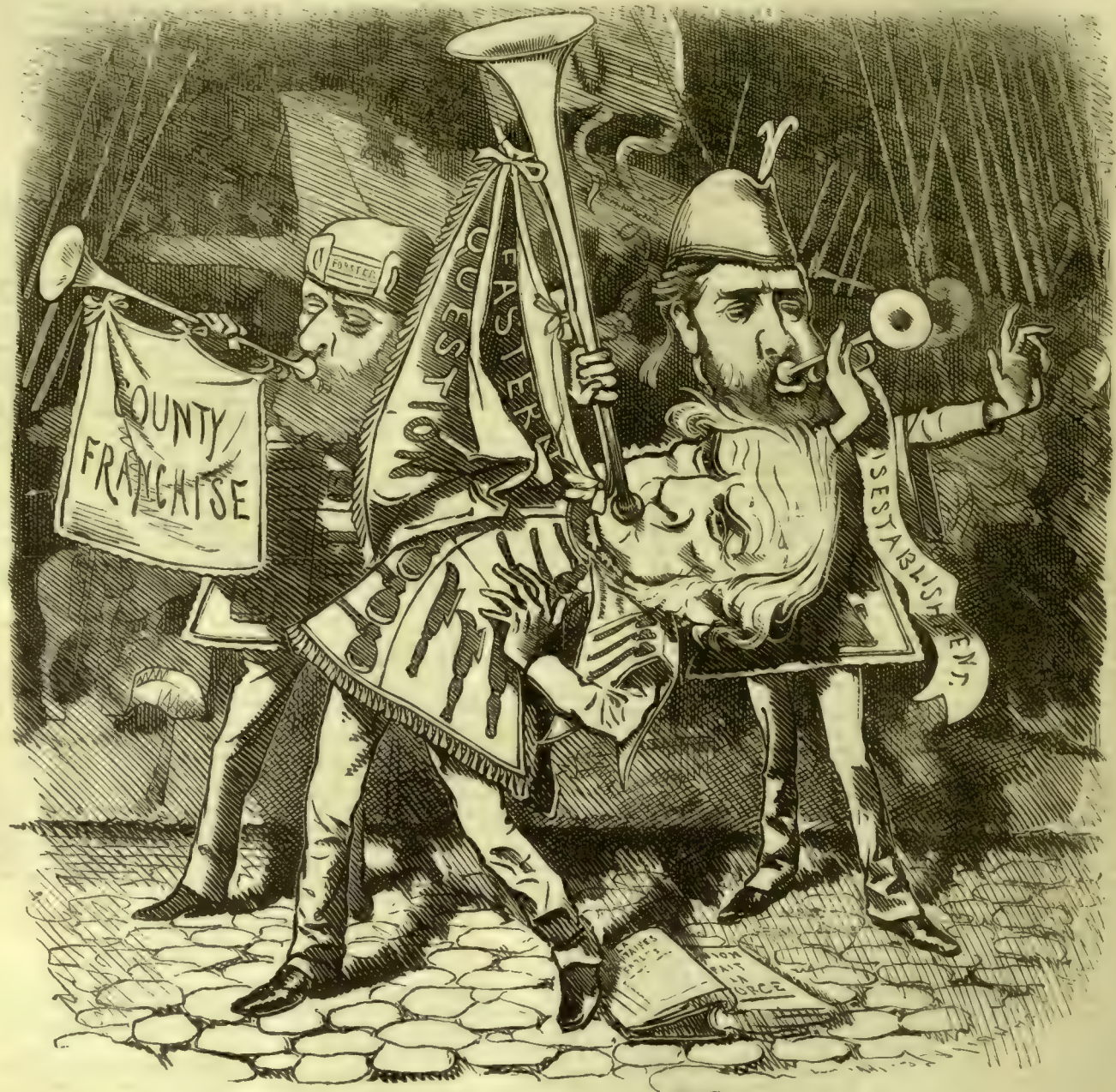
Something Like a Bargain.

HERE is a really tempting advertisement from the last *Exchange and Mart*:—

**S**HEEP.—Irish Yews, two handsome specimens, each five feet high. 6s. the pair. A bargain.

I believe you, my boy! Such a height and such a price! Can't you let us have a flock of them—without the "y"?





BLOWING UP FOR BATTLE.

## A COMING COMPROMISE.

(Being a glimpse of considerably brighter Days, caught at a recent Public Meeting.)

**SCENE**—The Interior of a freshly-disestablished Bishop's Palace, during the height of a popular anti-monopolist agitation. A strong Birmingham Ministry have been in office for three months. Enter a Bishop, his Charming Daughter, a Noble Earl, a General of Division; a Licensed Victualler, and an Aged Junior Counsel.

*Bishop* (finishing perusal of last night's Debate). My child, it is as I feared. See! they have not only robbed your poor, worn-out, over-worked old father of his lump sum for compensation, but have obliged him, at his decease, to provide his own cemetery! Such is the ingratitude of man!

*Charming Daughter*. True, dear Papa! But as you are now hopelessly ruined, and have no patronage to bestow on the Curate of my choice, let me at least contract a brilliant marriage, and stay our

falling fortunes. This noble Earl, perhaps, would gladly call me his!

*Noble Earl*. With an alacrity and devotion worthy of the illustrious name I bear. But, by the rapid operation of the new Land laws, my ancestral possessions have been reduced to about half an acre. It is not much, for at a rental of three pounds our income would be limited. Still, with hope as our guiding star, and a careful cultivation of vegetable marrows as our sheet anchor, there might be many happy, if not luxurious, years before us.

*Bishop*. There might. But it would never do for me. Think of my antecedents. No, no! my child. When vested interests crash about our heads, the disestablished Bishop's daughter must not pick and choose. No, no! I had once looked higher; but in these days of levelling— (Hands her over to Licensed Victualler). There—take her! She is yours.

*Licensed Victualler*. Mine? What joy! But, surely, there is some mistake? Recent legislation has not left me unscathed. The five Members I once returned to Parliament I now return no more. Statistics of crime from drink are vanishing. I've tried to struggle on with syrups, sherbets, and decoction of pure *Coccus*





## STERN PULPIT-CRITICS.

*First Scot.* "FAT SORT O' MINISTER HAE YE GOITEN, GEORDIE!"

*Second Ditto.* "OH, WHEE, HE'S NO MUCKLE WORTH. WE SELDOM GET A GLINT O' HIM. SAX DAYS O' TH' WEEK HE'S ENVEES'BLE, AND ON THE SEVENTH HE'S INCOMPREHENS'BLE!"

indicus unadulterated by malt and hops, but in vain. My influence is gone! I am a plundered and unhappy man!

*Bishop.* Indeed! Well, then, there remains but this (*turning to General of Division*), you'll have to manage on your pay—

*General of Division.* My pay! I've none. In time of war, on active service, I get my uniform, and eighteen pence a day. It is a distressing prospect after six-and-fifty years' devotion to a noble profession! And I would not share it with another! But there—the Army may be shattered—yet there still remains the Bar!

*Bishop.* Ah, yes, you're right. There still remains the Bar. (*Shaking Aged Junior warmly by the hand.*) Don't say another word! We were at school together, and many a time and oft have I looked forward and foreseen this day. There—make her happy!

*Aged Junior.* Happy? On what? Do you know what the simplification of legal procedure has cost me? For half a century I've tottered anxiously about the Courts—but all to no purpose! Sometimes, in wilder moods, I have indulged a splendid hope that, on my eightieth birthday, I might touch a brief—my first two-guinea brief!—but this, I know, is an Aged Junior's foolish dream. No, I must not—I dare not marry yet!

*Bishop.* I fear you have only too much reason for your caution. But when all the great professions are breaking up thus before our very eyes, tell me, oh tell me, where should the Disestablished Bishop's daughter look? Say, is there no one with an income left?

*Enter Rising Nonconformist.*

*Rising Nonconformist.* No one? Look at me! I keep my carriage, am trying to push into the Peers, and take ten thousand clear from land alone,—and if, under these circumstances, the devotion of a life—

*Bishop.* This is not precisely the direction in which I once should have looked for a son-in-law. But the times are full of trouble. Take her! (*Joins their hands.*) Be happy, my child, and let no one say that your poor broken-down old monopolist of a father was not ready to bow most cheerfully to the necessities of the age in which he lived!

[*Tableau.*]

## AN ODD IDEA OF IRISHMEN.

MR. BIGGAR, Mr. PARNELL, and other Irish Gentlemen, Home-Rulers, Agitators, and Patriots, should be particularly amused by some information contained in the letter of a *Times* Correspondent at Rome, which, in an account of the Cardinals, their views and probable courses, represents the Italian people as entertaining a very singular opinion of the Irish:—

"Of Cardinal CULLEN, who has been a member of the Sacred College for eleven years, and is now in his seventy-fifth year, the Italians only know that he is an Irishman, and in their opinion sure, therefore, to follow any course which can put him into a total contradiction to his English colleagues; for it is a matter of general belief in Rome that antagonism to England is the only motive of Irish action. These people are convinced that Ireland stuck to Rome in the sixteenth century merely because England went asunder from it, and they take it for granted that Ireland would at once fall into Protestantism, or into no matter what heresy, the moment England made a sign of going back to the Pope."

The true Irishman can take a joke, and, how terribly soever in earnest, ever relishes humour. What fun, then, he must see in the utter misconception the Italians have formed of his countrymen and himself! Knowing and feeling the dominant peculiarities of the Irish character to be conscientiousness, consistency, steadiness, circumspection, veracity, reflection, common sense, and practical intellect, the contrast presented to it by the Italian idea of it cannot but appear ridiculously absurd to him. As if, during the last Session, the profound policy of impeding legislation, so persistently pursued by the National Obstructives, could possibly have been inspired simply by a dull, stupid, perverse, ill-conditioned, malignant, blind, unreasoning, silly, and childish spirit of opposition! The notion that, in matters of politics, and even of religion, the course of Ireland as a nation is wont to be determined by mere antagonism to England, so that because the English go one way the Irish therefore, and for that reason only, go another, seems to suggest the prevalence of some confusion of mind in Italy respecting the inhabitants of Erin. The generic Irishman appears to be confounded with the typica Irish pig.

AUTHORITIES, CANINE AND ANTI-CANINE.—"Rab and his Friends" v. "Rabies and its Friends."

## BEN TROVATO'S NEWS.

SIR, I PICK up little items here and there, which may interest your readers. I do not vouch for their absolute truth, but you may rely on them to a certain extent as coming from

Your old friend, BENJAMIN TROVATO.

"*Sylvia*," says the *Musical World*, "is said to be a hit at the Imperial Opera-House, Vienna." Evidently a satirical work. But why should its aim be the Imperial Opera-House?

A well-known composer now staying at the sea-side is stated to be busy on a fresh prawn. (Latest intelligence: He has just finished a plateful.)

OLE BULL is not playing at Mile-End, but at Milan. OLE BULL has not yet decided about a tour in the Isle of Wight next season. He has an objection to Cowes.

Dr. STAINER, the well-known organist, will, it is rumoured, take the pledge, and become a temperance man. His name in future would be Dr. AN-STAINER.

The composer of "*The Clang of the Wooden Shoon*" is wrong if he claims O'BARE as an Irishman. It is spelt "AUBER." Not all musicians are Irish.

## Immortal William on Rare Ben.

Reading at Guildhall, November 9. *Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."*

Romeo . . . The Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR.  
Juliet . . . The Right Hon. the LORD BEACONSFIELD.

*Juliet appears on the Balcony.*

*Romeo, below (gazing fondly up at her)—*

"She speaks, but she says nothing. What of that?"

Her eye discourses—I will answer it!"

[*JULIET winks.*]



## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*A Visit to the Haymarket, and to some Interesting Little Strangers at the Aquarium.*



some years ago at this Theatre, called *The Woman in Mauve*. "Far-cical" *Engaged* is, in a way: "Comedy" it most emphatically is not, in any way. It is farcical inasmuch as in incident and construction it resembles such eccentric pieces as *Nemesis*, *Brighton*, and *The Wedding March*. But *Engaged* is really a Charade in three Acts, seriously played by a company of well-trained comedians in modern costume, who are in the Author's confidence, and know the answer to the conundrum. The key to the Charade is to be found, in the First Act, in the apparition of the wedding-cake which accompanies the burlesque fire-eater, *Major McMagillcuddy*, and, in the Third Act, where the three sentimental noodles are deeply affected by the woes of *The Two Obadias*, as recounted in the mournful ditty of that name.

The ladies—Miss MARION TERRY, Miss LUCY BUCKSTONE, Miss EMILY THORNE, Miss JULIA STEWART, and Miss J. ROSSELLE—one and all, enter thoroughly into the spirit and *bizarre* humour of the Charade, and play admirably. Mr. HOWE is good, but I don't think he is quite certain as to the meaning of the Charade. I fancy Mr. DEWAR and Mr. KYRLE know a little more about it. Mr. HONEY is, of course, very droll—he always is—but he clearly trusts to his own comic power for success, and has given up the Charade. I am bound to say that I was sincerely grateful to him for the amusement he afforded me, as I never did care for Charades, however clever they might be.

The next morning I set off to the Aquarium to pay a visit to the Laps. When you first requested me to interview these new arrivals, I was inclined to excuse myself from the task, as I am generally rather shy of this sort of strangers, ever since, years ago, I went to interview the Bushmen, and one of them chivied me round the caravan with a poisoned arrow in his hand. I escaped, head-over-heels, anyhow, down-stairs. Since that time many curious people have visited this favoured Isle, but I have never been among the still more curious people who have flocked to see them.

A slight historical sketch of our interesting friends may not be out of place at this moment.

The Laps or Lapps come of the ancient Deucalionic race, called the Lapides, who, overrunning Europe, left in England traces of their existence in places bearing such names as Flint, Stone, Stonyhurst, Stony Stratford, &c. It is a grave geographical error to connect these people in any way with Laputa.

At first they were a hardy people, and reckoned so wide awake, and so thoroughly up to the time of day in business, that every trader went to a Lap when he wished to know "what o'clock it was." It was at this period that they obtained the name of "The Lapps of Time." Subsequently, on acquiring wealth, they achieved so unenviable a notoriety for their enervated effeminacy, as to be called "The Lapps of Luxury." A terrible scourge, known as "the Papsylals," threatened to exterminate them altogether. The very name of the plague is supposed to be a familiar inversion of the two words "Lapps" and "pals"—the latter signifying "companions," indicated the very general nature of the complaint. It was the Lapps who at this time first introduced the medicine into Europe which still bears the patent stamp of its origin in the second syllable; it was called Ja-lapp. They have now settled

comfortably and contentedly in the Northern regions. Their mode of progression when they don't walk is to ride on a sort of Dromedary, called a Lapidary. The motion is unpleasant to a foreigner, who soon discovers that there are more bumps than one on the animal's back. It offers, however, considerable attraction to the Phrenologist.

Having thus briefly sketched their origin, rise, and descent (for they have gone down again from over six feet high to about five feet), I will now proceed to give you some account of my interview with the Lapp Ambassadors.

When I called at midday they were not up. *Punch and Judy* was performing somewhere in the building, and somebody in another part of the show was making such awful noises that I was constrained to inquire of the attendants the nature of the painful operation which some patient was undergoing in, probably, the interests of Science, and for the benefit of the Aquarium. It occurred to me that a Professor might be lecturing on Vivisection. The attendant informed me that the noise proceeded from a "For-riner, who was imitatin' the trombone or some wind interment." The sounds in question had, I fancy, the effect of arousing the Laps, who presently entered upon the vast plain of trackless sawdust which lies at the foot of the painted canvass icebergs of this apparently glacial, but really warm and somewhat stuffy, region.

I should never think of describing the Laps as "fresh arrivals." Two reindeer, a white fox, an Esquimaux dog, sharing a moderate-sized compartment with a party of four Laps, consisting of two Gentlemen and two Ladies, and a considerable number of inquisitive strangers, more or less damp and more or less warm according to the weather, are scarcely calculated to keep up the notion of Polar frigidity suggested by the talented artist who devised the back-scene of the show. In this season of fright about hydrophobia, the Laps may be taken as instances of what the descendants of Hydro-phobists might become, as they evince all that horror of water which is the characteristic of the dogbitten. They are a conservative people, too, and their habits remain unchanged—since they first put them on.

N.B.—Friends at a distance please accept this intimation—and don't go too near.

Being able (with my great natural gift of languages) to converse with them freely, I ascertained from JOSEPH that they were enjoying themselves immensely. "We are a simple people," he said, "and when Mr. BOCK asked us to come over with him, we said, Certainly, on condition that he made it well worth our while."

"You've arranged to be handsomely paid," I suggested, "after the Opera is over."

"We are children of Nature," replied the ingenuous Lap, "and not a match for the Southern trader. So we would not come unless a certain sum was deposited first in a banker's hands, and a bond given for the remainder."

They are so pleased with the Aquarium as to entertain serious thoughts of making an offer to manage the whole affair, or at least to be elected as Directors—JOSEPH to be Secretary and Treasurer, the other Lap to be Managing Director, while ELLEN will supervise the Theatre, and the other Lady take the money at the doors.

They think us a very dirty set of people, to require washing, and to use pocket-handkerchiefs. JOSEPH wants to take back with him four specimens of Londoners to Lapland; but they must come entirely at their own cost, and take their risk in the spec. The difficulty is to select the four specimens—two Gentlemen and two Ladies. I suggested that they couldn't do better, if they really meant business, than consult MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON (late of the National-Theatre-late-Queen's) on the subject.

After stopping an hour without seeing any performance at all, in consequence of that extra shilling not coming in so as to make the audience worth playing to (they are such a simple folk!), they began to sing—and then I left. *Le Pauvre Pongo est mort, vivent les Laps!* but the "Little Unwashed" don't get another visit from

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## The Rule of the (Political) Road.

(Adapted to the latitude of Paris, and respectfully commended to the attention of MARSHAL McMAHON.)

OUR rule of the Road seems a paradox quite,

Yet *Punch* would fain hope you may learn it ere long;

If you keep to the Left, you will surely go right,

If you keep to the Right, you'll go wrong.

You may find, if of *nous* not entirely bereft,

A way out of your present illogical plight

In the singular fact that the Right's on the Left,

While the Wrong is now left on the Right.

KNOLE.—"The Seat of WARRE."



GONE TO THE DOGS.



PUNCH has no hesitation in publishing the following interesting correspondence now that the Dead Season is at its depth of deadness:—

*The Crib, Seven Dials.*

GUV'NOR,

Look 'ere, Guv'nor. Wot's all this row about iderrofobier? Man and boy I've been accustomed to dawgs for five-and-forty year. Wot's more, they've bit me over and over agin. Wot's the odds? 'Ave I gone mad? Not a bit of it. I'm as wide awake as ever. You ask the Crushers if I ain't. Still, the Puberlick ort to be purteckted. They ortn't to allow no strange dawgs. Which them's my bisness sentiments. Wen I sees a dawg a strayin' I collars 'im, and I've done so ever since I

can remember. Ain't I a Puberlick benyfactur? Kors I am, so you tell them Crushers to leave a cove alone, and not to run 'im in for clearing the streets of the dawgs. If they does it, 'ow's a cove to live, and 'ow's the Puberlick to be purteckted?

Yours respectful,

A LUVVER OF DAWGS.

DEAR SIR,

*Fuss Lodge, Middleborough.*

At a time like the present, when everyone is so anxious about Hydrophobia, every suggestion has a certain value. Will you permit me to offer a remedy which, I believe, has not as yet been tried. Supposing that a man has been bitten on the right leg, surely some relief might be obtained by cutting off his left leg. We know that like cures like, and two negatives make an affirmative. The patient objects to water, but possibly this objection might be overcome by feeding him frequently (say every five minutes) upon a dish composed of red herring, salt pork, and boiled beef.

Of course I write under correction, and think it only just to sign myself,

Yours obediently,

ONE WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT MEDICINE.

DEAR SIR,

*The Works, Puffington.*

NOTICING that the subject of hydrophobia is now attracting very general attention, we seize this opportunity of informing our customers and the public that our Patent Potatoes can now be obtained at a fraction under one half-penny a pound. We have applied to our analytical chemist, and he assures us that there is not the slightest danger of Patent Potatoes causing hydrophobia. They may be eaten (and, indeed, purchased) in any quantities.

We enclose a sample, and remain,

Yours obediently,

POSTERS, ADDS, & Co.

(Sole Proprietors of the Patent Potatoes).

SIR,

*The Vestry, Mudborough-on-Thames.*

It is simply disgraceful that hydrophobia should be permitted to exist. Sir, the simplest precaution would crush it out. I would suggest, nay, Sir, I would insist, that the following regulations should be immediately enforced:—

1. Every dog-owner to report himself three times daily to the nearest police-station accompanied by his dog for inspection.
2. No dog-owner to be permitted to leave his house with his dog unless the dog has received a certificate (which should only be in force for six hours) from a veterinary surgeon.
3. Three times a week houses of dog-owners to be inspected by the Commissioners of Lunacy to see that all the inmates are sane.

Were these simple precautions taken we should hear no more about hydrophobia.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

A THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL MAN.

Office of the "Cockney Tourist,"  
Manager's Department.

MY DEAR SIR,

THERE is only one cure for hydrophobia—avoid it. Under these circumstances we have the greatest pleasure in calling attention to the fact that our "personally ciceroned trips" to the North

Pole (where hydrophobia is unknown) leave London three times a week.

For terms (including hotel bills, candles, travelling expenses, charming society, and personally related anecdotes) apply to  
ROAST, STAKE, & Co.

MASTER,

*85, Fleet Street, E.C.*

It is unnecessary to tell you, who know everything, that this scare about hydrophobia is utter nonsense. Cases of fatal dog bites in England are nearly as rare as cases of fatal sunstroke in London in November. In my indignation I cannot help exclaiming—bow, wow, wow!

Your devoted slave and friend,

TOBY.

OUR MAYORS.

THE Municipal Corporation Act, by some unaccountable oversight, omitted to fix an early day in the week for the annual election of Mayors. Consequently, when the 9th of November happens, as this year, to fall late in the week, Mr. Punch is reluctantly compelled to postpone offering his usual compliment to the newly-chosen Chief Magistrates. Had Mr. Punch's private telephone been in full working order, no delay would have occurred. However, like most other delays—except the Law's—it is not without its advantages. It has allowed the Judges and other great functionaries (the same who officiate at the selection of Sheriffs) to go through the List with greater deliberation, and to recommend, with increased care, for enduring fame in these pages, all the flower and chivalry of the Mayors for 1877-8.

This year the post of honour belongs by inalienable right to Portsmouth with its King, but the Court is at Dover—a commodious and chalky port, where Royal and illustrious beings are continually embarking and disembarking; and so it is fitting that its Municipal head should be a courtly dignitary.

St. Alban's has recently come into possession of a Bishop, and now it can also boast of a Prior. We have been accustomed to muse on Bradford as a borough which favoured Nonconformity; but its choice on the present happy occasion is Priestley. Wallingford is under the control of a Deacon; and Guildford supplies the whole of the Ecclesiastical party with a Crooke.

The Knight is at Honiton, the Ryder at Devonport, the Groom in the east at Harwich, and the Sadler at Middlesborough. To all this equestrian group Denbigh says "Gee!"

Reading is given up to Silver, Stamford to Betts, and Wisbeach to Gane.

The Mayor of Huntingdon is Brown, of Macolesfield White, and of Peterborough Paley.

There is a Seal to make an impression at Dartmouth—we hope Britannia's young Princes dined with him on their father's birthday—Yarmouth, with thorough propriety, raises a Diver to the Chair; Totness has Roe, Darlington Fry, Gravesend Troughton, and Hanley a Gilman.

Monmouth chooses Coates, but which of the two Taylors (at Bedford and Cardiff) was the *artiste*, there is at present no information: perhaps it was the Schneider at Barrow-in-Furness. Like last year, there is a truly rural—not rustic—air fluttering around many of our Mayors. Dewsbury is "Under the Greenwood," and Bolton is cheered by the sight of a Greenhail; a Thorn flourishes at Boston, and a Crabb at Bodmin; Bemrose is in full bloom at Derby, May at Colchester, and Mayhew—a name long honourably associated with this journal—at Wigan. A Holyoake is planted at Droitwich, and a Shrubsole at Faversham; there is a Freshfield at Godmanchester, and Barley at Dunstable; a Dale at South Shields, a Dingle at Worcester, a Forwood at Liverpool, Groves at West Hartlepool, a Warrenner at Hertford, and Dewe for all at Windsor.

The Mayor of Chester is Farish, but the Mayor of Leominster is Goode, and as for the Mayor of Berwick he is positively a Darling.

Luton has gone to Cumberland, Rochdale to Tweedale, and there is another North Mayor at Dudley.

Pembroke with its Adams, Newport with its Moses, and Taunton with its Jacobs, take us back to patriarchal times.

St. Ives, dear to us all from our earliest nursest days, has—but we have only one authority for this startling announcement—a Craze; Hull delights in a poet (Waller), Sheffield's Mayor is Mappin, and Manchester is governed by the husband of that truly historical character, Mrs. Grundy.

Lastly, comes the good city of York, usefully employed, to Varey our list.

More Knave than Fool.

CASSAGNAC strives with "fou furieux" GAMBETTA's fire to smother. GAMBETTA, nothing loath, retorts—*tu quoque*—"You're another!" GAMBETTA's wrong. Self-seeking swash-bucklers of PAUL's school. We style by another epithet—the *alternative* of fool.





### CONFUSION OF CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Maggie. "OH! TOMMY!! LOOK AT THAT SWEET LITTLE THING!!! I'M AFRAID IT'S AFRAID OF CHIMBORAZO! JUST WAG CHIMBORAZO'S TAIL, TO PUT HIM IN A GOOD TEMPER, THERE'S A GOOD BOY!"

### THE OSMIC ACID PLOT.

(A Song for a future Fifth of November. By an Emancipated Irish Patriot.)

"It appears that Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA threatens the extinction of the English House of Commons by osmic acid, a poison stated to be so deadly that one-thousandth part of a grain set free in a volume of air of one hundred cubic yards, would possess such deadly influence that all persons respiring this air would be poisoned. \* \* \*

"Though not deadly in its effects, it would nevertheless be a most powerful aid to the 'Obstructives' (and no doubt this is what Mr. ROSSA really means), for it has a most intolerably pungent odour, and causes tears to flow from the eyes as though they were attacked by the essence of a thousand onions. By means of a little osmic acid the 'tyrants coercing Ireland' are to be made to weep and fly the scene of their iniquities."—MR. C. W. VINCENT, *Times*, Nov. 16.

REMEMBER, remember the Fifth of November,  
The comical chemical plot!  
Whin ROSSA uprose on our base Saxon foes,  
And gallantly scumfished the lot!

Scientific and placid he tuk osmic acid,  
And uncorked the stuff in St. Stephen's;  
And sure, by the powers, in undther two hours  
Ould Oireland was minus a grievance!

Of arrangements that's cosmic the acid called osmic  
Is bound to upset the whole bilin';  
So, bothered elane out, the M.P.'s ran about  
A more lively than iligant style in.

O'er the benches a-flingin', wid noses a-stingin',  
And red eyes like cataracts pourin';  
Sure the stuff was that pungent that, faith, more than one gent  
You'd think Polyphemus a-roarin'!

Shure niver Obstruction raised half such a ruction—  
Wid laughter our paythriots was splittin'

At them Saxons a-flyin', and bellowin', and cryin',  
And sneezin', and coughin', and spittin'!

Till, like Shannon in flood, Sirs, thim snokers of blood, Sirs,  
Clared out o' the place in a crack,  
Lavin' Oireland victorious, and, what was more glorious,  
The blayguards!—they niver came back!

So skedaddled the Saxon; no more wrongs our backs on  
He'll pile high as Pelion on Ossa.  
Then more power to the pisin that worked so surprisin'  
In the hands of O'DONOVAN ROSSA!

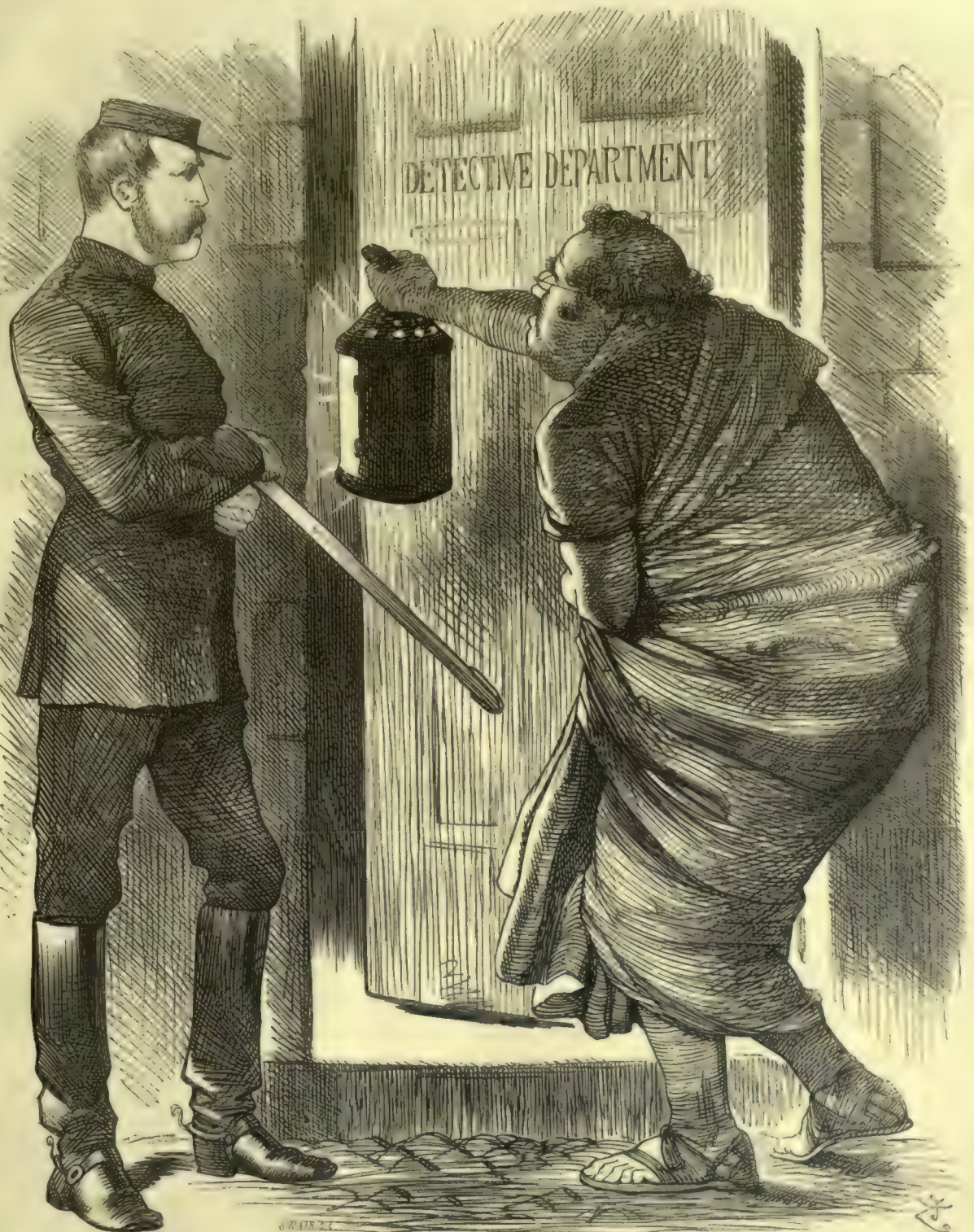
### FANCY PETS AND FANCY PRICES.

If the Jabberwock last week had visited the Crystal Palace it might have found itself at home among some equally strange creatures—in point, at least, of nomenclature. It is true the Borogoves were not present at the show, nor did the famous "slithy Toves" make their appearance in the catalogue. Still, there were Runts, and Pigmy Pouters, and Trumpeters, and Turbits, and Short-faced Flying Tumblers, besides Jacobins, and Homing Antwerps, and black or dun-brown Barbs, and Nuns of various colours. Moreover, there were Silver Dragons, and Dragons blue and yellow; and near them were at least a good round dozen of Archangels.

The value of these creatures would appear to an ignoramus as strange as were their names, for a brace of Black-pied Pouters were priced at just three hundred pounds; and two hundred pounds a-piece were set on some of the Black Carriers. If LUCULLUS were alive now, and dining at his Club, we can conceive his ordering a curry of these Carriers; and if he were partial to cold pigeon-pie for breakfast, he might bid the chef prepare a *pâté* of plump black-pied hundred-pounder pouters.

THE MARSHAL'S MENU (in the French Chamber).—A *pièce de résistance* with decidedly too much GRÉVY.





## HONESTY THE BEST POLIC(E)Y.

COLONEL H-ND-RS-N. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE, SIR?"

DIOGENES (MR. BULL). "WELL, YOU SEE, COLONEL, TILL NOW IT SEEMS WE'VE SET A *THIEF* TO CATCH A THIEF. I'M LOOKING FOR AN HONEST MAN!!"

COLONEL H. "ALL RIGHT! ONLY, WHEN YOU'VE FOUND HIM, YOU'LL HAVE TO *PAY FOR HIM!*"

DIOGENES. "AND CHEAP AT THE MONEY!"









LAPLAND AT THE AQUARIUM.

## THE "ANNUAL" COOKERY BOOK.

*A Feast of Horrors.*—Take half-a-dozen ghosts (not too new), and mix them well with a little moonlight. Throw in a forgotten murder and a lost will, and serve up in a green and yellow cover.

*A Legal Dish.*—Take your chief ingredients from the Newgate Calendar, and add an incident or two from a foreign *cause célèbre*. Introduce a comic detective and a rascally lawyer. Set on the mess to simmer through a dozen chapters, and make your villain confess in the last page but one.

*A Comic Pic.*—Collect all the old jokes and pictures of the last three years and bind them together. Serve up with as many advertisements as possible.

*The Pathetic Plat.*—Take a dozen very old characters, and put them in the snow. Garnish with low-life sauce; and call the whole by the name that would probably occur to a Music-Hall comic song-writer in a serious mood.

*The All-sorts Hash.*—Sweep the editorial drawers of a magazine of all the papers "left over," and to the stories thus obtained, add a little original matter as stuffing. Produce in a cover well garnished with snow, holly, and mistletoe.

*The Extra Stew.*—For the sake of illustration, imagine Christmas to be a genial, frosty, hospitable season. Fill your pages with impossible pictures of unheard-of family parties. Throw in at least one fancy drawing of "Full Tide in the Olden Time." Serve up (as a shilling Christmas extra) before the end of November.

*The Best Possible Way of obtaining really good Christmas Fare.*—Take half-a-crown and buy *Punch's Pocket Book*!

## A TINKLE IN TIME.

A CONTEMPORARY the other morning announced, as follows, that a measure of precaution had been wisely adopted by a local Legislature for the protection of life and limb from

"BICYCLES.—At yesterday's meeting of the Liverpool Town Council a bye-law was adopted requiring bells to be attached to bicycles."

All other municipal bodies should follow the example of the Liverpool Town Council in compelling bicycle riders to make pro-

## TOBY TO PUNCH.

"The simple measure necessary for the suppression and prevention of rabies and hydrophobia is, that every dog shall wear a collar bearing its owner's name and address, and that every dog, wherever found, not having such a collar, shall be taken to the nearest police station and destroyed."—*Medical Examiner*.

Go and purchase, oh my master,  
Quick, a collar; let your name  
Speedily, to save disaster,  
Be engraven upon the year.

I am eager now to don it,  
But I further would explain,  
Your address must be upon it,  
Lest your *Toby* should be slain.

Slaughtered by a ruthless Bobby,  
In a time of panic fear,  
Killed to satisfy a hobby,  
At this silly time of year.

In the Spring the daily papers  
Are on other things intent,  
And they satisfy the gapers  
With reports of Parliament.

It occurs unto your *Toby*  
His opinion to express,  
That reports of hydrophoby  
Only come in the recess.

So when the recess shall go by,  
And the silly season cease,  
Take the collar off your *Toby*,  
And your *Toby* shall have peace!

## MEM FOR PARISIAN FLÂNEUR.

ABSINTHE is an acquired taste. The more you take it, the more you like it. "*Absinthe* makes the heart grow fonder."

vision against injuring their fellow-creatures, which common sense and consideration do not teach every one of them to do of his own accord. The additional safeguard of a light to be carried on bicycles at night should also be required. Deaf pedestrians get no warning of the approach of rattlesnakes.

## FOLLY AND FELO DE SE.

THE *Lancet*, with characteristic point, animadverts as follows on

"SUICIDE BY PEDESTRIANISM.—There are several ways of attempting suicide. The undertaking, alike singular and peculiar, now being carried out at the Agricultural Hall by GALE is one of them, and cannot be too soon or too strongly denounced. It is not pedestrianism so much as interference with the demand for sleep, which is just as imperative as the demand for food. If a man deliberately set himself to abstain from food for six weeks, the law would soon let him know that he is not to do so."

Suppose in the meanwhile, however, the man died, then the law might have to deal with his aiders and abettors in killing himself. Everybody ought to know what the law calls accessories to suicide. But crowds of people apparently do not know, or why are they not afraid to countenance performances of a suicidal nature with their presence? All that can be said of suicide by pedestrianism is of course equally applicable to suicide by funambulism or any other exhibition of foolhardiness which the pleasure of witnessing arises from the spectacle of life in danger. It is to be hoped that in the passage above quoted the conscience of some portion of the British Public may have received a salutary puncture from the *Lancet*.

"Blow, Gentle Gales!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

We have had roughish weather in these parts lately. You know everything; so will you, like an old dear, tell us whether the Devonshire GALE, who is just now doing 4000 quarter-miles in 4000 ten minutes, is in any way related to the South-West Gales which have been going it such a pace here.

Exeter.

Yours truly,  
ANGELINA.





### VERY NATURAL.

*Mrs. Broadrib (sternly). "ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT THIS IS THE LADIES' WAITING-ROOM ?!"*

*(Mistaking Angelica Stodge, in her "Ulster" and round hat, on her way home from South Kensington, for one of the ruder Sex ! !)"*

### BEFORE THE LORD CHIEF BARON.

*(What it May Come to.)*

*BROWN versus JONES.*

THIS was a case of little interest. The Plaintiff sued the Defendant for money lent upon a bill of exchange. The bill was presented in due course, and dishonoured. There was, practically, no defence.

The Lord Chief Baron, in summing-up, said that he was delighted to have this opportunity of addressing the Jury upon several subjects of importance. The other day he had given the LORD MAYOR his opinion about the present war—a war which was a disgrace to the Emperor of RUSSIA and a scandal to Europe. On this occasion he would touch upon other topics of international interest. He wished to call their attention to Prince BISMARCK. To the far-seeing cruelty of this statesman France owed her present painful position. Had the German Premier been satisfied to conclude the war before the late Emperor of the FRENCH had surrendered at Sedan there is every reason to believe that a NAPOLEON would have been seated on the Throne of France at this very moment. To the overthrow of the Empire may be traced the terrors of the Commune. BISMARCK also had a hand in the Danish and Austrian wars—two campaigns full of disaster to the natural allies of England. Altogether he thought it his duty, sitting there as he did in the character of a Judge of the land, to condemn the conduct of the German statesman in the strongest possible language. He must add, too, that he looked with some alarm at the warlike preparations reported to be making in Italy. Why should Italy arm? Did she wish to attack the Turks? Was she playing into the hands of the Russians? These questions some Judges would leave it to the Jury to decide. He refused to do anything of the sort. He thought it his duty, as Lord Chief Baron, to rule that the Italians were decidedly wrong. They must take this from him seated on the Bench. His Lordship then severely criticised the conduct of the KHEDIVI OF EGYPT, and reviewed the history of Spain, during the last five years.

At this point the fifth edition of the evening paper was handed in.

The Lord Chief Baron having hastily glanced at the latest intelligence, continued his summing up. There was nothing new in the paper before him. Of course there were a great many rumours; but they might take it from him that rumours must be received with the greatest possible caution. He had no wish to embarrass Lord BEACONSFIELD by any remark that he might make whilst in discharge of his judicial duties: still he thought it only right to tell the Jury that unless the Premier walked in the ways of the late Lord PALMERSTON, England's prosperity might become a thing of the past. We had great interests in India, and those interests must be carefully watched and guarded. His Lordship here read several extracts from the works of Captain BURNABY, to prove that the Turk was infinitely to be preferred to the Russian. His Lordship regretted that he had not a large map and a black board, and even a magic lantern, with a few dissolving views. Had he these useful articles, he ventured to think he could have made his lecture if not more intelligible, at least more entertaining. He regretted the lateness of the hour prevented him from saying a great deal more upon the very interesting subjects that had been attracting their attention. In conclusion, he could have no hesitation in directing the Jury to find a verdict against the Russians generally, and in the present case to give the Plaintiff the money that clearly was due to him.

The Jury (having been awakened by the Usher) immediately found a verdict for the Plaintiff, and the proceedings terminated.

### The Anglo-Indian Schoolmaster Abroad.

WE hear a great deal of native educational progress in India. Here is an example from Nagpore, in the very heart of our Indian Empire:—

"NAGPORE RAILWAY RESIDENCY HOTEL (M. NAGLOO, Proprietor).—Fair notice is hereby given to understand, as I decreasing the rates of Conveyances Hire, though my Carriages will reach half an hour before time than the others, and Carriages are comfortable and best for the respectable Gentlemen and Ladies, not allowed for any other Natives."





## AN INDUCEMENT!

"GOING TO DINE QUIETLY AT THE CLUB? NONSENSE, MY DEAR FELLOW! COME AND DINE WITH US 'ONG FAMEEL,' YOU KNOW! NOBODY BUT OURSELVES, AND NOTHING BUT A MUTTON-CHOP!"

## THE NEXT ARTICLE AT ROME.

WHAT is the next Article? The Temporal Power. That is the Article which some partisans are urging PIUS THE NINTH to proclaim next. To this effect a communication from Rome appeared the other morning in the *Times*. Next day it was contradicted by Sir GEORGE BOWYER as:—

"Not only unfounded but impossible."

He adds that, in a private audience with which he was honoured by the Sovereign Pontiff a few years ago—

"His Holiness expressed his disapprobation of the opinion that the Temporal Power was, or ever could be, a dogma of faith, and condescended to explain his reasons for such disapprobation."

Yet very likely the statement which Sir GEORGE BOWYER has denied does really create the uneasiness he says it should not. Two Articles have been added to the Roman creed within a few years. People may naturally ask—some of them uneasily—"What is the next Article to-day? What other Article does PIUS THE NINTH mean to add to the Creed of PIUS THE FOURTH? How many more new Dogmas shall we be bound to acknowledge? We are ready," they may say, "to credit any number of unintelligible mysteries—*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*. We don't care how often we have to prostrate mere Reason. But the Temporal Power is no mystery at all. We understand what that means. We don't like it, and we can't swallow it." Thus if not Roman Catholics, Ritualists and other Protestants on the road to Rome, may bethink themselves, and pull up. Such considerations must give them, at least, pause. They would like to be sure that, in case of 'verting, they will not have possibly committed themselves to accept a matter of politics as a matter of faith—and vote, if not fight, accordingly.

## WRONG WITHOUT REMEDY.

REALLY the Palladium of British Liberty, trial by Jury, may be almost considered to be itself on its trial. Witness the following extract from a contemporary, exemplifying another case of

"MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.—The HOME SECRETARY has written to Mr. JUSTICE LUSH, who presided at the Manchester Assizes, granting a free pardon to the three men, GREENWOOD, WILD, and JACKSON, who were sentenced by Mr. JUSTICE HAWKINS at the Liverpool Summer Assizes to ten years' penal servitude for an outrage . . . at Burnley on the 1st of July last. Three men, named BUTCLIFFE, CROSSLEY, and MALLINSON, were charged at the Manchester Assizes, on Saturday last, with having committed the same alleged outrage. The Manchester Jury found that no such outrage had been committed, and the prisoners were discharged, Mr. JUSTICE LUSH intimating that he would take steps to have the others set at liberty."

Accordingly they have received a free pardon. A pardon, describable in popular phrase as "free, gratis, for nothing"—for not having committed the crime they were found guilty of, and for which they have had to undergo several months of penal servitude!

Mistakes will happen in the best constituted Courts of Justice, which, of course, are those wherein a British Judge presides over a British Jury. But when they have occurred, is not some little compensation justly due to the sufferers from "Miscarriage of Justice"? Of course victims who have been hanged cannot be indemnified, but some amends might surely be made to those who have endured false imprisonment and penal servitude. Having been punished in the interests of Society for warning to evil-doers, but wrongfully punished, do they not deserve to be regarded as a sort of martyrs (especially those who have actually been executed) to the public good? In addition, therefore, to the deliverance which the Law calls a "pardon," equity must pronounce them entitled to reparation to the tune of something handsome. The indemnity, moreover, to make it the more gracious, should be accompanied with the thanks of a grateful country.

## Cheering Financial Announcement.

"The Hon. ALONZO MONEY, who has long held a high position among the financial administrators of the Civil-Service, and late President of the Bank of Bombay, is about to be invested with the control of the Daira debt."

MONEY about to be introduced into the KHEDIVE'S Treasury! No wonder Egyptian Bondholders are in better spirits.

Will Sir GEORGE BOWYER's contradiction remove the uneasiness caused by the expectation of having to take the Temporal Power as the next dogmatic pill? That depends. When the POPE, in a chat with him, disavowed the Temporal Power, where was His Holiness? On his legs, or seated on an ordinary cane-bottom or other unofficial chair? For then he might have been expressing a mere opinion, possibly changeable. And it may well have changed. Given Infallibility, and the Temporal Power seems a logical sequence. A Papal Sovereignty must be the perfection of Government. Wanted, a Model Kingdom for an example to all Kings and States whatsoever. What, then, could be more reasonable than for the POPE to reconsider the doctrine which he had delivered in a common chair, and, bringing himself to an anchor in the Chair of St. Peter, pronounce the truth *ex cathedra*?

Else why has Father CURCI had the sack given him, having been forced to ask for it from the General of the Jesuits, but for his incautiously disclosing an opinion against the policy of insistence on the Temporal Power? Poor Father CURCI? Instead of requesting the sack, could he not have put on sackcloth and ashes, and, carrying a lighted candle about the streets of Rome, have recanted an error which, in due time, will, for aught anybody can tell, be declared a heresy by some Pope or other? In the meanwhile, if his present Holiness thinks of declaring the next Article to be the Temporal Power, long may he live to consider, and reconsider, the expediency of so doing!

## WANTED, MEMORIES, TONGUES, AND TEETH.

For the last triumphs of modern Chemical Nomenclature, as e.g., "Isopropylmethylbenzene," and "Methylparoxyphenylcarbonic" and "Orthoparatolylphenylcarbonic" Acids, see *Pharmaceutical Journal* November 10, 1877, p. 379.



## THE MYCOPHAGIST'S MENU.



OADSTOOLS at table! What a chance! Mr. SMELFUNGUS says he should have liked dining with the Woolhope Club of Fungologists at Hereford the other day on the occasion of their Annual Meeting and Feast of Fungi. An account of this banquet appeared in the *Gardener's Magazine*, together with a copy of a menu, bordered with illustrations, humorously designed and described by that eminent Fungologist and Fungophagist, Mr. WORTHINGTON G. SMITH, Author of *Mushrooms and Toadstools*, in which work Mr. SMELFUNGUS would recommend perusal of Mr. SMITH's account of the symptoms and sensations he experienced on having once experimentally eaten a portion of the "Poisonous Forest Mushroom," *Agaricus (Entoloma) foetida*. Mr. SMITH is evidently the man to extract fun from fungi.

However, in its specialities the Fungophagists' menu rather disappointed Mr. SMELFUNGUS. It lacked variety. Of two potages, one was a *Potage du Coprinus comatus*, the maned mushroom; sapid, no doubt. The dishes included a *Salmi du Lactarius deliciosus*, the orange-milk fungus, a so-called toadstool, but delicious indeed. There was also a preparation, the "*Craterellus conucopy-oides*," which Mr. SMELFUNGUS takes to be an *alias* or nickname for the *Cantharellus cibarius*, or *chanterelle*, a yellow, wineglass-shaped toadstool, growing under beech-trees, and said by Dr. BADHAM to have been wont to be dressed on state occasions at the Freemasons' Tavern—an illustration of the Masonic principle, that "Nothing's too good to be well understood by a free and an accepted Mason." The only other dish in the fungus line was a "*Dindon rôti aux Truffes*;" but truffles are matters of course, and they are not toadstools. The ordinary mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, struck Mr. SMELFUNGUS as conspicuous by its absence.

Where, he asks, were the generality of the Autumnal fungi? Where was the delicate *Agaricus procereus*, the parasol fungus, with its long snaky-marked stem and cap tufted with scales? Where the *Ag. nebularis*—the "new cheese agaric"—very much "the cheese," indeed, nicely fried? Where the dainty *Ag. prunulus* that smells like new meal, and the *Ag. heterophyllus*—tasting, when grilled, to some palates like crawfish? The *Boleti*, the *Poly-pori*, the *Clavaries*, were none of them represented? One remarkable omission was that of the *Ag. oreades*, the Fairy Ring fungus, commonly called, by the few who do not call it a toadstool, the champignon. Fungology and folk-lore are something akin, and the Fungologists should have bethought themselves of "the good people."

However, it is not in the nature of Mr. SMELFUNGUS to find fault with anything or anybody, and he supposes that few of the usual fungi of autumn were this year forthcoming. This may have been a bad fungus season. But he sadly fears the dearth of fungi may be owing to another cause. He now sees far fewer of them than he used to find during his walks and rambles in the good old times before parks and pastures generally were drained. Mr. SMELFUNGUS is afraid that drainage, as a form of that progress day by day depriving him of nearly all he most cherishes, is progressively improving fungi, both esculent and poisonous, off the face of the earth.

## Real Resignation.

AFTER many rumours to the same effect, the De Broglie Ministry has at last actually resigned *en bloc*. Let us write its epitaph in the language of the Prize Ring that used to be, which, in its combined character of Combatant and Defunct, may fairly lend its language to a Ministry *de combat* that is no more—

"GONE DOWN TO AVOID PUNISHMENT."

## PATRIOTS AND PATRIOTS.

("Under which King, Bezonian?")

"Cosmopolitan critics, men who are the friends of every country, save their own—(Cheers and laughter)—have denounced this policy as a selfish policy. My Lord Mayor, it is as selfish as patriotism. (Cheers.)"

LORD BEACONSFIELD at the Mansion House.

MR. ALDERMAN SLUDGE, *loquitur*:—

'Ear! 'ear!!! My notions to a hinch! I thought I should a' split, A-cheering of the Swordsman smart as dealt that artful 'it. One of the genuine Dizzy thrusts; and don't it ating 'em 'ome? And won't it tingle in their ears for many a day to come?

"Cosmopolitan Critics." Ah—h—h—! It slips into one's mind, Like luscious turtle down one's throat, but leaves its twang behind. "Friends of all Countries save their own." Just so! The very thing

I've wanted 'eaps and 'eaps of times to my tongue's-end to bring.

What's come to people I can't think. I recollect the time When patriotism was esteemed the height o' the sublime; But now that GLADSTONE stumps the land to deafen people's ears About—not British Interests—but Bulgarian furrineers!

BEN had 'em nicely on the hip. But BOB—my son—he says, As 'twas but a false definition, based on a clap-trap phrase—"At that game BEN 's a dab," he says.—I sometimes fear that lad, What with Institootions, books, and things, is a-goin' to the bad.—

Says BOB, "The patriot who will know no country but his own, No other interest to be served, or trumpet to be blown— The man who'd block the game all round to win his private trick, Is a greedy dog in the manger, who deserves a general kick."

By Jove, it makes my blood run cold to hear that youngster talk! He ups and says, "It's chaps who can't win fair that try to baulk; True blues pull straight and pull their best, and take their honest chance, And neither whine at the finish nor bluster in advance."

He says, "A chap may love his land, yet love it in such sort, As patriots of the pothouse stamp would make their mock and sport."

Says he would have her great as rich, magnanimous as strong, And rather vanquished for the right, than victor for the wrong.

He says, "Though Cad or Cynic may snigger or protest, In Old England's day of trial, we shall see who loves her best," Declares he'd scorn to bounce for her, or dodge the fair and true; But for her, in an honest cause, he would fight till all was blue.

He says BEACONSFIELD's good at "phrases"—whatever they may be— And swears "bunkum" stands for "patriotism" on the books of the C. C.

But that "right all round will yet be found the patriot's proper call, In spite of *blague* at the Mansion House, or bounce at the Music Hall."

The lad's a fool! Give me the cool Conservative style of thing, And DIZZY's venomous little pints that always stick and sting; To Calipash and Calipee they lend a pungent zest. So here 's Old England, right or wrong, and furriners be — blest!

## A Scare in Guildhall.

CONSTERNATION prevails among the Aldermen who have passed the Chair. SIR JOHN BENNETT is lecturing on "London's Lord Mayors." There is great anxiety to know whether he will bring his remarks down to the present day. The Law Officers of the Corporation have been consulted, but are of opinion that the Court of Aldermen have no power to "veto" the lecture. The Recorder has been requested to attend and take notes.

## THE AIR FOR A GALE TO WHISTLE.

"Ay waukin O,  
Waukin still and wearie!"

ROBERT BURNS.

## PUNCH'S DEFINITIONS.

"SAME Old Game"—*Toujours perdrix*.  
The best Byron Memorial—*Our Boys*.  
Art Chimney Pots—MINTON'S Tiles.



## PUNCH TO DR. DARWIN.



So comes my DARWIN's turn of praise  
And the green honours of their bays  
The men who banned you offer;  
The smile, of such occasion born,  
Might well have had a touch of scorn,  
Could wisdom be a scoffer.

But only shallow smartness mocks  
The antics of the orthodox,  
The dogmatist's wild capers,  
Smile, but no'er lift the heel to spurn;  
Trust Truth's *asbestos* to outburn  
Delusion's glimmering tapers.

Science should be the last to claim  
Infallibility's false fame,  
Which only Folly urges.

THE world's stage footlights  
flare and fume,  
While the clear light  
that shall illumine  
The Future's far-  
thest ages,  
In quiet sanctums few  
desory,  
Still trimmed and tended  
patiently  
By unobtrusive  
sages.

And when that light  
begins to show  
Its keen but unfamiliar  
glow  
To poor be-muddled  
mortals,  
The dullards blink, the  
quidnuncs croak,  
The zealots fain would  
Heaven invoke  
To bar those perilous  
portals.

In vain; that clear and  
conquering light  
Wins as it widens, calms  
affright,  
Dull souls from  
dread delivers;  
Till they who came to  
curse make shift  
To give a welcome to the  
gift  
And honour to the  
givers.

The truth to seek with patient quest  
Is hers, content to leave the rest  
To blatant *Boanerges*.

So have you done; the road you tread,  
As free from rashness as from dread,  
You follow without swerving.  
Fame meets you fairly on the way,  
And where's the duffer who to-day  
Dare question your deserving?

Punch cracks his jokes at you *sans* ruth;  
His honest fun wars not with Truth,  
But rather serves to test her;  
And, serious now, he bows respect,  
Sure that the Sage will not reject  
The tribute of the Jester.

## IN CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH'S COURT OF FINAL REVIEW.

(With Chief Justice PUNCH's compliments to Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

CHIEF JUSTICE PUNCH, on taking his seat, remarked that it was with sorrow he perceived such increasing ill-usage of the Queen's English. He was glad to see that his friend Mr. BRYANT was trying to put a stop to this sort of crime on the other side of the Atlantic, and he was determined, if he could, to crush it on this side. Without further preface he would now take the first case on the day's list.

Miss LAVINIA JENKINSON, forty-four, described as a novelist, was charged with repeated attacks on her own language. For the prosecution it was proved that the prisoner at the bar had frequently used such expressions as the following:—(1) "Her luxurious masses of golden hair glistened in the moonbeams like an aureole around the brows of a mediæval saint"; (2) "A swift sudden light broke from her lurid eyes like the lightning from a summer sky"; (3) "A dark shadow, which marked his Italian blood, mantled over the clean cut features"; (4) "The tawny moustache drooped heavily on the cold, cruel lips, whose honey-poison had lured"—Chief Justice PUNCH would not trouble Mr. TOBY, Q.C., to proceed. Had the prisoner anything to say for herself? The prisoner said the public liked her style. Chief Justice PUNCH was sorry for the public, but he considered such a plea as in fact an aggravation of the crime. If the public liked poison, that would not excuse the BRINVILLIERS and BORGAS. Despite the prisoner's sex, he felt it a duty to inflict as heavy a punishment as the law permitted. The sentence was that the prisoner be sentenced to the hard labour of reading her own novels for the space of three calendar

months. The prisoner, who seemed overwhelmed at the severity of the sentence, was removed from the dock in a fainting condition.

PENNY A. LYNER, twenty-seven, described as a journalist, was charged with repeated offences of the same kind. Mr. TOBY, Q.C., remarked that the prosecution relied upon one sentence, which, with the Court's permission, he would read. He must state that during last summer a chimney took fire one evening in the house of one JONES, a corn-chandler, while the family was at tea. This was the prisoner's account:—"Yesterday afternoon our worthy fellow-citizen Mr. JONES, whose mission in life is to purvey the golden grain to the humble households of the poor, was enjoying the repose of his own vine and fig-tree in the bosom of his family. The urn was hissing on the hospitable board, and the fragrant odour diffused through the apartment clearly indicated the presence of the cup that cheers but not inebriates, when suddenly the devouring element"—The Judge peremptorily stopped the case, and asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. P. A. LYNER replied that he had to live, and that he was paid by the length of his copy. Chief Justice PUNCH said that was no business of his. He must put the prisoner on short allowance of flimsy, for some time at least, by sentencing him to describe all fires, accidents, murders, and such other events as came under his notice for the ensuing five years in as short and simple language as possible. The prisoner was taken out of Court, begging hard for a shorter term.

ÆOLUS GLENDOWER WITCH SPHYNX AURORA, thirty-three, described as a sporting prophet, was charged with a similar offence. The Counsel for the prosecution said that this was an appalling case of crime. The prisoner was in the habit of calling a good horse a "clinker"; he would express his favourable opinion of a man by terming him a "flyer"; his unfavourable opinion by terming him a "mug." When a person had lost his money the prisoner would call him "broke"; an act of cheating he called a "ramp." Of the enormities of such phrases as "fly flats," "standing on velvet," and "real jam," he would not speak. Chief Justice PUNCH said this was a very bad case, and he felt it his duty to make an example, however painful it might be. The prisoner would be bound over to follow his business throughout the entire of the next racing season, and to invest his money on his own prophecies. The prisoner was removed yelling, "I am ruined, my Lord, I am ruined!"

This case concluded the business of the sitting—but a long list of similar cases, we regret to say, remains to be disposed of.

THE TWO DIFFICULTIES OF THE DAY.—MACMAHON'S to get a Ministry, and St. Andrew's to get a Lord-Rector.



## GREAT INTERNATIONAL QUADRUMANOUS CONGRESS.

(From our Special Correspondent)



WE have received a telegraphic Report of proceedings at the Session of the Great International Congress of *Quadrumana*, which has been assembled for some days past at the Central Sacred Grove, in the island of Ceylon.

The Congress sits in an open area in the precincts of the principal temple, partly shaded by a large mangrove, the fork of which forms the Presidential chair. A couple of fallen palms serve as table and bar, and other trees form a convenient gallery around.

The members are grouped according to geographical seniority. The Anthropoid Apes, or Apestocracy, occupy the extreme right, heading the Monkeys of the Old World. The Platyrrhine Section, or New World Monkeys, are grouped on the left; and the Austra-

lian Lemurs occupy the gallery behind the bar. Honourable Members speak from their respective trees.

On the opening day, the members of the Congress arrived, *en masse*, with great rapidity. The largest Gorilla swung himself into the chair, with the brief inaugural speech—"By right of my majority here I am, and here I stay. If there is a bigger monkey, let him turn me out." The Silky Tamarin was named Secretary, as junior, or smallest, member present. He took his seat on a branch above the President, carefully removing his tail from within reach of that dignitary.

The President said he proposed that they should commence the business of the Congress by a vote of respect and regret to the





### "MISTAKEN IDENTITY."

SCENE—Northern Meeting at Inverness. PERSONS REPRESENTED—IAN GORM and DOUGALD MOHR, Gillies. MR. SMITH, of London.

First Gillie. "WULL YON BE THE MACWHANNEL, IAN GORM?"

Second Ditto. "No!! HES NAE-UM IS MUSTER SMUTH! AND HE AHL-WAYS WEARS THE KULT—AND IT IS FOOHL THAT YOU AAR, TOUGALT MOHR!!"

memory of one of his own family, *Pongo*, the first Gorilla who had exposed himself, in the cause of discovery, science, and philanthropy, to the dangers of missionary enterprise in Europe, and had paid for his devotion with his life. Not satisfied with labouring in Germany, he had extended his efforts to London, and had succumbed to his labours in that benighted and befogged metropolis soon after his return to Berlin.

The vote was passed in solemn silence.

The Green Monkey, the Marmoset, the Cerocebus, and the Semnopithecus, as returned (or escaped) missionary delegates to England, Italy, France, and Germany, sat at the base of the President's tree. Their worn, sorrowful, and highly-civilised aspect contrasted with the genuine hilarity of the members, who were all dressed in their new winter coats.

The Barbary Ape said that for the first time he felt proud of the appellation of English Monkey. From the report of their missionary delegates he thought that great hopes might be entertained of their poor human brethren.

The Chimpanzee rose to order. He could not allow the term "brother" to apply to any but his fellow-countrymen, the Negroes. Were colour and physiognomy to go for nothing?

The Silky Tamarin suggested, "Poor hairless relatives."

The Proboscis Monkey said—"Not absolutely hairless. Say fallen relatives—they admitted the fall." (*General groans of assent.*)

The Barbary Ape—"The fall was proved by their inhabiting the earth, instead of living in trees. Owing to this, their hind hands had become so disfigured as to become almost useless, and they were obliged to conceal them." (*Howls.*) "Then the use of animal food caused the mixture of gravity and stupidity which distinguished them."

A Voice from the left—"Monkeys who had lost their tails." (*Howls. Cries of "Order!"*)

The Cynocephalus—"If the Left cannot respect the Right, let it at all events respect the Chair!"

At this point the meeting was thrown into great excitement by

the arrival of a telegram, dated "Senate House, Cambridge," announcing the honour paid to the Anthropoid family in the person of their great rehabilitator, CHARLES DARWIN—now D.C.L., Cantab.

The Chairman, in reading the telegram, expressed his regret that the Quadrumana family had not been more directly represented on the occasion, than in the person of the effigy of one of their race in the costume of an Undergraduate. He hoped the time was not far distant when the *Quadrumana* would have, if not a University, a College of their own, like the Ladies and the Ritualists. In the meantime he thought the meeting would recognise in the act of the Cambridge Undergraduates a touching move in the direction of fraternisation, and a sign of that surest kind of elevation which comes by degrees.

The business of the Congress was then resumed by

The Barbary Ape, who maintained "A common descent had now been generally admitted. That was one point. A strong protest had been made in favour of a return to vegetable diet—that was another. Anglican religious rites, again, were now performed with gesticulations such as were used by the *Quadrumana*. And the love of unbroken leisure, of which the wilderness was naturally so proud, had been lately so far developed by the great majority of the poor English Bimana, that they were rapidly reverting to the natural condition."

The Spider Monkey had heard that acrobaticism was now made a compulsory part of human education. He referred to ZAZEL, as a graceful illustration. Though far inferior in skill to the Monkey, her evolutions might be pronounced wonderful for man—still more for woman. He had heard from a friend who accompanied an organ-grind—(*The speaker was interrupted by loud and continued howling. After suspending himself for a moment by his tail, he joined the chorus.*)

The Dourocouli (who was awakened by the excitement) moved "That this Congress do now adjourn." The motion, finding no second, fell to the ground, and the Hon. Member fell asleep again.

The Rib-nosed Baboon thought they had better leave men alone. Suppose they became so advanced as to return to Eden, there would



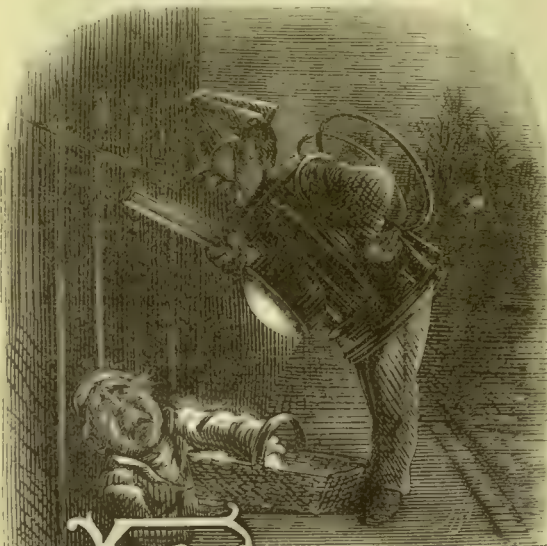
be no room for them there, and then they would invade their forests. (*Loud howls.*)

The Horned Sapajou thought that the travelled Monkeys had better now return to Europe. (*Loud gibbers of dissent from the Delegates.*) As to organ-grinders — (*The tumult here baffled description, amid which*)

The Cheiropot, who appeared at the bar, was understood to present a remonstrance on the part of the Bears as to any discussion without the participation of representatives of their race. Their interests were akin: they were as distant from ordinary quadrupeds as were the *Quadrumana*; they shared the one great peculiarity of the *Anthropoide*, whether quadrumane or bimana: and after the precedent set in the case of the quad—

Here a large Bear suddenly appeared at the bar, and the assembly instantly dispersed. The proceedings, amid loud noises, were ad-noc-ted *sine nocte*.

## BY ORDER OF THE POLICE.



ENCEFORTH, Mr. Punch has reason to believe that candidates for employment in the Detective Department of Scotland Yard will be required to give satisfactory answers (properly cor-

roborated) to the following interrogatories:—

1. Do you belong to a family of position? (If of County rank, state County.)
2. Give a rough sketch of your coat-of-arms, and trace your pedigree for four generations.
3. Were you educated at Eton, Westminster, or Winchester?
4. If not, give the reasons why your parents sent you to Harrow, Rugby, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Clifton, Shrewsbury, or Rossall.
5. Are you an Oxford Man or a Cantab?
6. If you were not at Christchurch, Balliol, Trinity, or John's, state why you were sent to a less distinguished College.
7. What degree did you take?
8. Give the names of the learned Societies of which you are a Fellow.
9. Have you held a Commission in the Auxiliary Forces?
10. Do you hold a certificate of proficiency from Woolwich or Aldershot?
11. What Foreign Languages do you thoroughly understand?
12. Are you well up in Roman, English, and International Law?
13. What is your fighting weight?
14. Give the highest score you have ever obtained at Cricket against the M.C.C. and Ground.
15. Supposing that you were ordered on a job involving a voyage round the world, (a) how long would you take in making your preparations; (b) how many weeks would you consume in the journey; (c) how many hours' sleep would you require during your circumgyration?
16. Write a short essay to prove that you possess the accomplishments of the diplomatist.
17. Can you give any, and how many, episcopal certificates that you are incapable of accepting a bribe?
18. Are you ready to employ every hour of the day and night in the service of the Government?

19. Are you prepared to consider your own comfort, profit, and even life itself as quite secondary to the interests of your employers?

20. And, finally, are you content to accept the hard labour and heavy responsibilities inseparable from the position of an Officer of Detective Police for something under £300 per annum?

## THE TELEPHONES OF BERLIN.

(A Chapter from Contemporary History.)

BISMARCK entered his *sanctum* moodily. There was a frown upon his brow, and his uniform showed signs of hasty adjustment. He threw himself upon a sofa, and looked around him. Maps and portraits hung from the walls. As he gazed at the pictures of the crowned heads of Europe, he murmured, "My puppets!" and a scornful smile for a moment contended for mastery with the settled frown—but only for a moment. The frown one moment unsettled, soon resettled with tenfold severity.

Then he looked again round the apartment. His rapid survey detected an alteration. Ranged in a row were a number of Telephone-talkers.

"'Tis well!" he exclaimed. "At length I can converse with my clients, masters—subjects, if you will—mouth to ear."

He approached a Telephone-talker ticketed "Constantinople," and whispered a few words into the tube. Then he listened.

"Pasha! Pshaw!" he cried, as the answer came back. "Or rather, not Shah, but Sultan. Pashas won't do! I want their master."

"But Turkey is now a constitutional country, your Excellency," remonstrated a distant voice; "and surely the PREMIER—"

"Shut up!" imperiously interrupted BISMARCK. "Send the SULTAN himself to your end of the instrument."

Then there was a pause.

"Make haste!" cried the impatient Statesman. "I am not accustomed to waiting."

"Bismillah! I am here, Excellency!" came back a small still voice through the Telephone.

"It is the Padishah," said BISMARCK to himself. "I recognise his tremolo. Besides, tricky as Turkish diplomacy is, DAMAD would scarcely dare to play a practical joke upon me."

"Listen to my instructions, O Father of the Faithful!" Then addressing his lips to the instrument, in sharp strident accents he shot out haughtily his brief, clear, uncompromising communication. It was a masterly *resumé* of the situation—a pitiless presentation of almost equally disagreeable alternatives—lucid, naked, uncompromising—breathing blood and iron!

"Obstinate and impracticable as ever!" cried the German Statesman at last, as he tossed impatiently from him the instrument in connection with Constantinople.

"I must communicate with the other."

He walked to a distant corner of the room, and raised to his lips a tube marked "Head-quarters." This time his tone, although still commanding, was more subdued.

"Be good enough to tell the CZAR I wish to speak with him."

There was a slight pause. BISMARCK stamped the floor impatiently with the iron heel of his Cuirassier boot.

"A thousand pardons!" softly breathed the Telephone at last.

"But I was busily engaged in weighing the *pros* and *cons* of a winter campaign when you sent for me."

Ignoring the apology, the German Statesman dashed, or rather strode, into a long conversation with the Emperor of All the Russias. The Prince spoke angrily, and although there was much natural sweetness in the tones of the CZAR's reply, for some time an undercurrent of disappointment seemed to impair its determination. In the end, however, determination audibly prevailed.

At last BISMARCK dropped the Telephone in disgust.

"To the bitter end! Perhaps it is as well," he exclaimed. "But I wonder what they will say in Rome and Vienna?"

A question no sooner asked than answered.

He had only to summon FRANCIS-JOSEPH and VICTOR-EMMANUEL to bring their ears and lips at once at the further ends of his Telephone.

"Very, very unsatisfactory," he murmured, when he had resumed his seat on the sofa. "What *shall* I do?"

The frown was now something terrible. The terrible face had flushed into a glow of swarthy fire under the mingled emotions of anger and uncertainty. Suddenly he jumped up with a cry of joy, and his brow cleared. He hastily approached another Telephone tube. But even his iron hand trembled for a moment as he raised the mouth-piece.

"No, I dare not disturb him," he exclaimed, as he allowed the tube to fall.

Again the terrible frown appeared as the colossal figure sank, almost in collapse, upon the sofa—a gaunt, grim, giant Despair!

"BISMARCK," he cried, at last, "be a man!"



Pulling himself together, he again approached the range of Telephone tubes, and, in accents which quivered with suppressed emotion, asked,—

"May I speak to him?"

"Certainly not," came the reply—with a curtneess suggestive at once of bark, bite, and boredom.

"But I won't detain him a moment," urged the Iron Chancellor.

"Tell him it's BISMARCK—poor old BISMARCK, and in *such* a mess."

"Shan't!" was the surly answer.

The beads of perspiration stood thick upon the Statesman's brow.

"Oh do, do beg of him to come to me," he cried, earnestly. "I won't trouble him again for weeks to come."

"Oh, you're always bothering him," was the ungracious response.

And then the speaker added, "But if you really *are* in a mess, I will see what I can do for you. You may wait."

BISMARCK uttered a burst of earnest thanks, and listened intently for an hour. His patience was at length rewarded.

"Now then!" came at last through the Telephone, "I told you, when you had this wire put up, that I and I alone was to use it."

"I know you did, Sir," replied BISMARCK, apologetically. "But the fact is"—

"Well, never mind—I forgive you. You want my advice—state your case."

What followed has been, or will be, or is now being written in history—in letters of blood and iron. But the time for giving it to the world in words of type and printer's ink is not yet.

"What a wonderful creature!" murmured the reputed Wire-puller of Europe, when his ear had ceased to drink that marvellous flow of guiding wisdom.

"And now be off!" said the voice through the Telephone. "I have told you what to do—do it."

BISMARCK kissed the mouthpiece, in a fit of grateful enthusiasm rare to that granite nature, as he murmured, in a voice that thrilled with intense emotion, "A thousand million thanks, *Mfr. Punch!* Hoch-Geehrtester, Erleuchteter! You have saved the peace of Europe!"

## STAGS AND SUFFERERS.



HE pleasures of the Chase are less apparent than its pains, judging from an account in the *Times* of certain

"HUNTING ACCIDENTS. — Yesterday the Queen's hounds met at Down Barn, Hayes, and *Young Captain* was turned out in the presence of a large field and a great number of spectators."

*Young Captain* of course is a stag denoted by that appellation—a familiar creature kept for sport, more used to being hunted than eels are to being skinned. He was now to undergo an additional experience:—

"The hounds were again handled by GOODALL, the huntman; but EBRUP, the first whip, was still unable to ride."

Still perhaps labouring under the effects of a hunting accident.

"The stag first led the field to Southall, where Lord HARDWICK, the Master, was thrown over his horse's head, by reason of the animal stopping dead at a fence."

Dead, but not killed, though. Not hunted to death yet, at least—as you will see:—

"His Lordship, it was feared, was badly injured, but all anxiety was soon dispelled by his remounting and continuing the chase. Mr. TOM TALBOT, of London, a well-known follower of the pack, was soon afterwards thrown with such violence that his collar-bone and some of his ribs were fractured. He was removed to Southall Station, and conveyed home as soon as possible. The stag was ultimately killed by the hounds on the Watford side of Harrow."

"Killed" of course is merely a phrase. *Young Captain* was not torn to pieces by the hounds. They only overtook the gallant Stag, between whom and themselves there exists no doubt a perfect under-

standing. If permitted to touch him at all, they doubtless caressed him. So, let no plebeian dog-fancier and fighter want to know what is the difference between keeping a hack badger to be baited, and a hack Stag to be chivied.

Had *Young Captain* literally been killed by hounds indeed, a street-boy might have some reason to wonder why he should be sent to the treadmill for setting a bulldog on to worry a cat. And the case might be considered one for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But as it stands, rightly interpreted, the only creatures concerned in it whose sufferings can enlist the sympathies of that sensitive association, are those poor pursuers of the Stag who came to grief in riding after a quarry accustomed to enjoy the excitement of running away from them. The chase that is fun for the Stag may, as above instanced, sometimes prove serious for the hunters.

## A GROWING ART-GALLERY.

OF course, the usual placards and posters at the advertising stations, railway and other, announce that the convicts BENSON and KUHN have been added to Madame TUSSAUD's Collection. That repository is increasing apace by the frequent addition of such criminal celebrities. The newspapers have for some time past reported a murder almost daily, and an execution about once a week.

This state of things, however, is not so bad as it might have been. The Legislature has suppressed prize-fighting, and interdicted the lower orders, at least, from sports and pastimes consisting in cruelty to animals. There has been what is called a renewal and awakening of religious life, and great activity is evident amongst all the various denominations, especially in their mutual antagonism and much speaking. But for these immense improvements in our social conditions, how many more notorieties would the criminal classes contribute to Madame TUSSAUD's!

The growth of crime is declared by grave and reverend authorities to have coincided with that of intemperance, and both appear to have been concurrent with the rate of progress evidenced by public meetings, platform-oratory, and the efforts and agitations of Temperance Societies. Were it not, however, for the effect of their exertions and declamations against drink, what a much greater number of criminals than the present would have accumulated in the Chamber of Horrors!

No doubt the increase of Madame TUSSAUD's Collection in that department has supervened upon the humanising legislation and labours above-mentioned. But only the shallow cynic can ascribe it to them. Post *hæc* is not proper *hæc*. Nevertheless, if convicts continue to augment the Waxworks as of late at Baker Street, Madame TUSSAUD will very soon have to enlarge her premises.

## RITUALISM AND RECTITUDE.

HONOUR to the honourable! The Reverend Mr. TOOTH has vacated his benefice for conscience' sake. He deserves to be called the Honourable and Reverend now. Although of orthodoxy in his own opinion perfectly sound, TOOTH has done all that could be reasonably required of an unsound TOOTH. He has drawn himself. It would be too much for Protestant parishioners of St. James's, Hatcham, to say of their ex-Vicar that

"Nothing in his living  
Became him like the leaving of it."

Everything seems to have become him highly, Ritualism apart, in his living. Still, leaving it became him highly too. Mr. TOOTH could not submit, so he has resigned. He has recognised the necessity which for pointing out to the President of the French Republic M. GAMBETTA was prosecuted and sentenced to gaol. Let every Ritualist Parson adopt the course that Mr. TOOTH has taken, and Marshal MACMAHON haan't.

## Vegetable Confidences.

THE Duke in *As You Like It* who found "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," seems to have a humble parallel in a North-country Commission Agent, who advertises in a Newcastle paper of last week, that—

"He is honoured with the confidence of twenty and thirty tons of best Carrots and Mangolds weekly from Norfolk for Sale, put on Rail at the Quay."

## Lord Beaconsfield as a Parsee.

(Verb and Noun.)

His Tense—anything but Past. (See Post.)

His Mood—Conditional.

His Gender—Neuter.





### AWKWARD.

*Algernon Fitzsawyer (who has not caught his Partner's name). "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO THE 'PIGSTYE'?"*  
*His Partner (by name 'Miss Hogge,' whose Parents are about to give a great Ball). "OH, YES! I AM ONE OF THE LITTER!"*

### TIGHTENING THE GRIP.

*HABET!* Descending from his northern lair,  
 Down on his fated quarry crept the Bear,  
 A sinewy brute, but slow. The quarry rose,  
 Nor quailed before this fellest of his foes;  
 But grimly closing in relentless strife,  
 Fought, as a wolf at bay *will* fight, for life.  
 Surprised, the slow brute staggered, half let slip  
 His deadly hold, but soon the tightening grip,  
 'Midst counter-clamourings of foe and friend,  
 Gives pause to hope, and presage of the end.  
 A brave defence! The Turk's admirers raise  
 Laudation loud, nor need his foes grudge praise.  
 If Justice could for valour's sake condone  
 Age-long oppression, too outrageous grown  
 For more endurance, then the Turk might claim  
 A sympathy unchecked by doubt or shame,  
 And, as an answer to all charges, hold  
 For all-sufficient, "the Offender's bold."  
 "A sheer barbarian!"—"Yes, but sure no slave!"  
 "Cruel and lustful!"—"Granted, but so brave!"  
 "He cannot govern: heeds nor ruth, nor right."  
 "Well, that may be, but see how he can fight!"  
 "The land he snatched he spoils."—"But then he's game  
 Against all comers to uphold his claim."  
 "His rule is robbery, lust and murder are  
 His chief auxiliars."—"But he shines in war!  
 Commerce and Culture are not in his line,  
 But as a killing animal how fine!"  
 "Uncivilisable."—"But bad to beat;  
 How can so brave a race be called effete?"  
 A more compendious answer who could crave?  
 And so the hordes of GENGHIS KHAN were brave;

Brave were those tigers of the Parthian brood,  
 Whose hearts ran hot with their fierce Scythian blood;\*  
 Brave were the followers of the "Scourge of God."  
 The race of whom 'twas said that where they trod  
 Never grew grass again, are now as then—  
 The valiant but all-blighting foes of men.  
 Brutedom incarnate, with enough of brain  
 To lengthen not to humanise the reign  
 Of ruthless valour and of dauntless wrong—  
 Are these fair themes for modern Minstrel's song,  
 Or the applause of English patriots? Brave?  
 Not bare beast-doggedness alone may save  
 Oppression from opprobrium. So men wait  
 The hoped-for issue, that comes sure though late,  
 Of freedom for the Captive. If suspect  
 The hand that snaps the shackles, to reject  
 A present hope because, to selfish fear,  
 Phantoms of danger lurk in Victory's rear,  
 Were coward folly. Though alarmists prate,  
 We dare be just, and brave the after-fate;  
 And if with him, whose grip seems tightening fast  
 Upon the Turk, the Briton too, at last,  
 Must measure strength, will England prove less strong,  
 Because unbuttressed by a hoary Wrong?

\* "It is not the history of a nation, not even the history of a dynasty of wise, though despotic, rulers. It is only the chronicle of a camp, the annals of successive captains. The Parthians conquered the eastern part of the great empire which ALEXANDER left to his successors, simply by force of that military ferocity which characterised their barbarous Scythian blood. When they had conquered a noble kingdom, they could leave no mark upon it. They had neither religion nor culture, art nor skill in handicraft."—*Times, on the Parthians.*

AWFUL PROSPECT.—Oh Lord! If the contributors to *Punch's* waste-paper basket once take to using the Telephone!





TIGHTENING THE GRIP.









"THE PIG THAT PAYS THE RINT."

(From the Chancellor of the Exchequer's point of view.)

### THE COMING AGONY.

(Or what we are promised—if they can only manage it.)

SCENE—Interior of a new "District Telephone Office" during the busiest hour of the day. People waiting to dispatch or receive private "speeches," lounging about on handsome drawing-room furniture. In the centre, standing on a rich Persian rug a buhl table, on which are lying daily papers, a copy of "Elegant Extracts," a pronouncing Dictionary, a decanter of *sal volatile* and several bottles of smelling-salts. A Cultured Official and Staff engaged at back.

Cultured Official (adjusting apparatus, and looking with an inquiring smile round Office). The Lady in Demerara is quite ready. Would the Gentleman kindly step forward?

First Private Speaker (rising). Oh, that's me. (Confidentially.) I suppose you are accustomed to this sort of thing? I want to send rather a fervid declaration, followed by a proposal of marriage.

Cultured Official. Quite so. We have dozens of them daily. (Indicating Instrument politely.) Would you begin?

First Private Speaker (throwing himself into it, and at some length breathing forth the one vital question on which the happiness or misery of his whole life is hanging. Recovering himself, and addressing Cultured Official huskily). How—much is that?

Cultured Official (referring to register), that will be eighteen-pence, Sir. But perhaps you would like to pay the answer? Gentlemen sometimes do on these occasions, that will be three shillings, unless the lady has hysterics. In that case it would be a little more. The scale is ninepence for every extra five minutes.

First Private Speaker (putting down four and sixpence), I am ready!

[Seizes ear-piece and listens earnestly to the curt and cruel blighting of his brightest hopes. He staggers back on to an ottoman, assisted by sympathising strangers.]

Cultured Official (accustomed to such scenes, addressing Second Private Speaker). I think it is your turn, my Lord? The trial for murder on the Northern Circuit? The foreman is waiting.

Second Private Speaker (putting down paper). Ha! the verdict,

### RUM FELLOWS AT ROMSEY.

THE town of Romsey in Hampshire, famous for its Abbey, is also renowned for its vicinity to Broadlands, which latter circumstance may in part account for the title adopted, as appears from a paragraph of local news, by a subdivision of one of the convivial Orders of—

"ODDFELLOWSHIP.—On Thursday evening a Lodge to be called the Palmerston Lodge of the Antediluvian Order of Odd-fellows, was opened at the Swan Hotel, of which Primo W. YOUNG, K.M.C., is the host."

A Palmerston Lodge of Oddfellows at Romsey is an obviously intelligible association, but why does the Order bear the name of Antediluvian? "Palmerston" and "Antediluvian" seem incompatible terms. Lord PALMERSTON was a Statesman credited with being in advance of his age, and never supposed to be possessed with obsolete ideas. It was not PALMERSTON, but METTERNICH, who said *Après moi le Déluge*.

Moreover, Romsey may be considered to be, physically if not morally, a diluvial rather than an antediluvian, or at least an alluvial soaked kind of place—a wet town. It is irrigated by the River Test. Old inhabitants of neighbouring towns and villages call it Romsey on the Mud. They waxed wroth with anyone who may happen unawares to ask them if they have been to Romsey. Having "been to Romsey" is, in their language, a phrase for having partaken of too much beer. It implies that he who may have walked to Romsey straight, has returned walking zigzag, or been conveyed back in a state of inability to walk at all. Hence, to be sure, Romsey, in one particular at least of manners and customs, may be supposed to remain pretty much what it was in our grandfathers' good old times, in a sense antediluvian, as the saying is. In that sense, possibly, an Order of Odd Fellows may have assumed and may glory in the title of "Antediluvian" and one of its Lodges at Romsey may be deemed to have been established in the right places.

### THE SAME CAUSE.

THE prosecution and acquittal of Mr. TOOTH may both be attributed to Clerical error.

of course, (takes up ear-piece and listens). Just so. "Guilty." A proper finding. I can pass sentence here? It won't look odd?

Cultured Official (smiling). Not at all, my Lord. It's frequently done. The usual form, I presume? That will be ninepence.

[Second Private Speaker puts on black cap, passes sentence, takes up change, and makes way for Third Private Speaker.]

Third Private Speaker (irritably). This is really disgraceful! Here have I been waiting at least half an hour to sing a comic song to my Uncle in China, and can't get attended to. Such mismanagement is simply monstrous!

[Murmurs of approval.]  
Cultured Official (officially). It's no good parties complaining. They must take their turns. Why, it was only yesterday an old Gentleman, who wanted to curse a distant relative, no farther off than Margate, had to wait from half-past nine till four! (Addressing Fourth Private Speaker). But, I think, Madam, you are the Lady who is waiting an interview with your husband in San Francisco. The Gentleman intimates that he is at the end of the wire with a revolver.

Fourth Private Speaker (bitterly). The Gentleman!

[Approaches apparatus, and after a painful and violent altercation of twenty-five minutes, is carried screaming in a dead faint to a sofa.]

Cultured Official (encouragingly). It's nothing. We have lots of them. She'll come round all right presently. (Referring to apparatus.) Is any Lady or Gentleman here expecting full details of a case of lumbago? Some symptoms are coming in a feeble voice from the Antipodes.

Fifth Private Speaker (springing up). Ah! now shure they must have been for the Medical Gentleman who left half an hour back! And it's my turn now! So, bedad! get my Grandfather at Cork at the other end of the line, and it's meself that will let the ould boy know, clane and clare, what it's meself do be thinking av him!

[Dashes at apparatus, and is being cut off with a shilling, "by Telephone," as scene closes.]

"BY SEA TO SIBERIA" OUTDONE.—(A feat for the Metropolitan Board.)—"By Land to Lambeth."





### WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

*Hunting Man.* "NEW NAG, SIR? CHIPPED KNEES, EH? SUPPOSE YOU DON'T MIND?"

*Shortsighted Man.* "OH, BUT I DO! DID NOT PERCEIVE IT. WHICH KNEES DO YOU CALL CHIPPED?—HIS HIND KNEES, OR HIS FRONT ONES?"

### A VOICE FROM THE ANTIPODES.

IN the belief that it may interest *Punch's* readers to know what one of our "bold peasantry, his country's pride," who some time since emigrated to Queensland from the neighbourhood of Swindon, thinks of life at the Antipodes, we reprint *verbatim et literatim*, a genuine letter from a "settler" of this class, guaranteeing that it is what it purports to be:—

DEAR TOM,

I Write these fue lines to you hoping to finde you in good health as it leaves me at preasent and I shuld have wrote to you Before But I wanted to know a Bout the Cuntry ferst and I will tell you for thear no Confarts out her ther's plenty of hard Work and I shuld Wish you to keep your foot in Old England for if I had a know as much a fore I left I shuld a stay thear myself for thear is hundreds out of work and all most starving and I cant think Wot England a thinking a Bout a keeping a sending more out hear for thear not Work a knuf for them too as is out hear and the last Back as Come out her is glad to Work for thaye tucker and I thinks as it is to starve them and Tom you may go in the Bush and see grat hipe of Derte and yure Walke up to it and see Wat it is and you Will see some Bones of some pore Creater as Ware starve to Deth and a nother have Came a long a put a Bit of Derte on him jete as he Wase for they Dont think much of one Dieng and I shant stay hear no longer than I can for I have a see some hardshif for I have had to sleep under a Bush for I had no money to pay for a bed for I Culdent get anything to do and a Shert tide in my hankeef Was my pillowe and the Moan Was my Blanket and that is Coaming to a place to Do Better is it I thinks it a Doing Wars and Wat Do you say, thear hundreds out of Worke and all most starving as they Cante get nothing to Do and I see in the paper as thear a nother lot a Coming out hear and thay Wont find England out hear for theare no Cumfarts out hear only plenty of hard Worke for hear they Works for a living and in Old England thay only Works to get them self a hapatite and to curkle their blood.

I must tell you a Bit of the Cuntry that the things is Darer hear

then they hare in England theare is nothing Chape But the mate and the Beef is 3d a pund and muton 4d a pound and the Bread 2 shillings a galon and egges 2 shillings a dozen and the Butter 2 shillings a pund and I thinks the rest as it is in Old England.

I should like for you to see some of the ugly varments you Wuld Bless your self for I never see such Ceraters not in all my life and I will send you the names in the nex letter for I will hask some one to tell me and the Begish part of them are Pison if they Was to Bite eny one and ther no curing of some of them I never tuches non of them for fear I mite luse my life for I Dont Want to Die out hear for if you Die one morning you are Buried the nex a Bout 12 or 1 a clock and they Donte keep them long and you hask if I ham a going to have a Black Woman for my wife I ham not agoine to have one Wile I ham out hear nither Black nor Wite for they are all to fond of the Drenk and that Woldent Do for me. And I will tell you more nex time I Writs and you must forgive for my bad spelling and please Write as soon as you can so no more at present from your afexnate

W. H.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

A NUMEROUS assembly of Members of the United Kingdom Alliance was held the other night at Exeter. The *Times* reports it in a paragraph headed "Riotous Meeting." That is commonly the character of a Temperance Meeting convened to clamour for paternal legislation. But what rendered this concourse of Teetotallers remarkable was that they met "under the presidency of Bishop TEMPLE." Now then it is possible to conceive the sense of a denomination assumed by a section of total abstiners, who, in calling themselves "Good Templars," may be supposed to mean not any invidious comparison with the Knights Templars of old, or any of the present residents in Pump Court and its purlieus, but a compliment to the Bishop of EXETER, ascribing goodness to TEMPLE. On the occasion of holding a Chapter of their Order, and a Symposium, an appropriate toast-and-water for the Good Templars would be "TEMPLE and Teapot!"





## A DISCUSSION ON CHARACTER.

"I BELIEVE THAT CHARACTER LIES IN THE NOSE. 'GIVE ME PLENTY OF NOSE!'—AS NAPOLEON SAID!"

"NOSE? NOSE BE BLOWED! CHARACTER LIES IN THE CHIN AND LOWER JAW!"

## VACATION SPEECHES.

(Unparliamentary.)

*PATERFAMILIAS.* I tell you what it is, my dear. You had much better have let all the Girls go to their Aunt's, as I suggested, instead of taking this ill-furnished, badly-ventilated house for three months. You may stay on if you choose, I go back to town next week.

*Mamma.* Whenever you like; but you know there must be new curtains, fresh stair-carpet from top to bottom, and one in the drawing-room and dining-room, to say nothing of the new conservatory and kitchen-range. These things must be done, and you know you've promised me some more old China. But I'm ready, of course, whenever you like.

*Miss Beatrice.* Oh, I have enjoyed myself so much at Auntie's! The lawn tennis was so delightful,—and Captain CAVENDISH did play so beautifully.

*Captain Cavendish.* Capital fun down at the Old Girl's,—really capital!

*The London Tradesman.* A very bad quarter, indeed. Well, Mr. QUILLS, you may make up the Christmas accounts and send them in now.

*The Newspaper Editor.* Nothing to complain of whatever. A capital dead season, and we can certainly hold over that correspondence on the domestic habits of the Megatherium for the Easter Recess.

*The Theatrical Manager.* Bother the Provinces! The sooner they all come back the better.

*The Member of Parliament.* I wish the holidays were over. How delightful not to have to open my mouth again till next August!

*And the Beadle in the Burlington Arcade.* J'y suis, j'y reste!

A MODUS VIVENDI.—Cat-and-dog.

## "NAVAL INTELLIGENCE."

(From Besika Bay.)

THE Harriers had a good day on Wednesday last; killing three hares in the open after very brisk runs. Sub-Lieutenant JONES was thrown, and sustained some injury to his right arm.

Birds are very plentiful. Lieutenant BROWN bagged fifteen brace of Snipe to his own gun, on Thursday.

Admiral JINKS is anxiously awaiting the arrival of his ferrets.

On Friday two severe accidents happened, owing to the number of sportsmen out. Lieutenant SNOOKS accidentally shot Commander ROBINSON in the leg, and Purser WEBB was badly hurt by a stray shot from Lieutenant SMITH. Commander ROBINSON and Mr. WEBB are at present in the ship's hospital, and we are glad to say progressing favourably.

Captain CUFF, who was badly shaken by a spill while out with the Harriers on Saturday, is progressing, though slowly, towards recovery.

Admiral HEAVYSTERN is at present without a mount, his horse having been lamed through stepping on a scorpion.

## INSECTS IN EXCELSIS.

At a recent meeting of Members of the Entomological Society, it was remarked that an interesting event which came off at the Oratory, Brompton, on the previous Wednesday, had not made any particular stir among the Norfolk Howards. Happiness to their sheets!

## EXTRA ATTRACTION.

A VAST field for invention is opened up to public entertainers by the example of Miss ADA CAVENDISH, who has given a reading of TENNYSON'S "*Charge of the Light Brigade*," with the additional attraction of trumpet-calls by a trumpeter who himself bore a part—a trumpet part, of course—in somebody's glorious Blunder of Balacava. We may expect, before long, such announcements as the following:—

Mr. IRVING will read "*The Lay of Eugene Aram*." A descendant of the executioner's assistant who tied the wretched usher's hands behind his back upon the scaffold will be present on this occasion, to prompt our popular tragedian.

Mr. SANTLEY will sing "*The Death of Nelson*." The music will be held, during the song, by the last surviving Greenwich Pensioner who was present at the Battle of Trafalgar. This interesting relic has, unfortunately, only one arm, but compensation has been afforded him in the shape of two wooden legs.

Mrs. STIRLING will recite "*The Ride to Ghent*." A charming addition to this great attraction will be exhibited during the recital, Mrs. STIRLING having kindly consented to send round for inspection in the Stalls and Reserved Seats a lock of Mr. BROWNING'S hair, cut from his baby head by a friend of the family, and tied with blue ribbon by a devoted admirer of the Poet.

At Mr. E. A. FREEMAN'S next Lecture on "*The Impossible Turk*," will be handed round a Chip of the Old Block, being a splinter from the tree felled at Hawarden by the Right Honourable W. E. G., in presence of the Bolton Deputation.

## NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE situation in France should interest Dr. DARWIN. It is a political instance of "the struggle for existence." Let us hope it will end in "the survival of the fittest."



## TO THE WORLD AT LARGE.



**READING SAUCE! READING SAUCE! READING SAUCE!** is nothing to **PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK** for 1878. Just out.

**WHY GIVE MORE!** when the price of *Punch's Pocket-Book* is only two and sixpence. Half-a-crown each on taking a quantity, and a considerable reduction of your capital on taking a quantity.

**BREAKFAST IN BED.**—To the luxurious and the physically weak nothing is so delightful as this meal in the bed-room. But to make the enjoyment perfect, and to exhilarate the mind as well as refresh the body, while taking your tea and toast read *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

**IMPROVED CHEST-EXPANDER.**—Nothing is so healthy as to expand the chest with a hearty laugh. Buy *Punch's Pocket-Book*. Price 2s. 6d. Just out.

**DOES YOUR HAIR TURN GREY?**—Of course it will, unless you immediately purchase *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

**TO LADIES IN POLITE SOCIETY.**—All the latest fashions, and all the intelligence absolutely indispensable for the most entertaining conversation, is to be found in *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

**THE SIMPLICITY BILLIARD TABLE** provides you with the opportunity of losing £1000 any day of the week, but this you will not do if, instead of playing billiards, of which you know nothing, you occupy yourself with *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878, which only costs 2s. 6d. Now ready.

**THE LUMINARIUM. DAYLIGHT FOR THE MILLION!**—Everyone daylighted with *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878.

**THE INEXTINGUISHABLE IS JUST OUT!!!**—This scientific phenomenon can only be explained by purchasing *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1878. Price 2s. 6d.

## History Repeats Itself.

WE owe the following interesting piece of information to a Contemporary:—

"Who would have thought that Spain would start the newest idea at the French Exhibition next year, and that of a decidedly gay if not 'fast' type. The beautiful women of the world are to be invited to send their portraits, which will be on view in the sections appointed to different races, and a jury of artists and poets, consisting of two members from each nation represented, will pronounce the verdict."

This will, indeed, be another "Judgment of Paris," on an International scale.

## COMING ON OR OFF.

THE recent feat of walking four thousand quarters of a mile in four thousand consecutive periods of ten minutes having failed to kill Mr. GALE, the following interesting "events" are in course of arrangement:—

Mr. ALDERMAN GOBBLE to eat thirty-six basins of turtle-soup, thick and thin alternately, in thirty-six hours.

Miss FLORA DASHAWAY to dance forty-six round dances before supper in the same evening.

Herr ILLI-ROBUR to cross from Folkestone to Boulogne and back eight times in a week.

Mr. A. S. DE LONGEARS to stay a month under water in the diving-bell of the Polytechnic.

The Hon. Mrs. QUIVERISH to attend all the murder trials at the Old Bailey for six Sessions of the Central Criminal Court without fainting, or the use of a smelling-bottle.

Miss SKIPPER to read one hundred and thirty-six new Novels from MUDIE'S, in a fortnight.

Captain DE BOOTS, of the Horse Guards Green, to ride two thousand consecutive journeys on the knifeboard of an omnibus between Brompton and Islington.

Mrs. LYLLEY PAYNTER to dye her hair ten different shades between May and August, with such nice gradations as not to justify a remark.

Mr. and Mrs. SCATTERCASH to live at the rate of three thousand a year out of an income of three hundred, for three consecutive Seasons, without winding up in the Court of Bankruptcy.

And Mr. HANWELL DE COLWEE HATCH to live twenty-nine years in a bathing-machine moored off Herne Bay, and at the end of the time to produce an Index to a complete edition of BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide* from the first year of its publication.

## "When shall we Three meet again?"

OF all unlikely advertisements commend *Punch* to one in last Saturday's *Times*, addressed to all "descendants of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, dramatist, who married three wives, and died about 1816." The advertiser might have added, "after writing the *School for Scandal* and other plays which had some success in their time, and even in ours." This wonderful advertisement is headed "Sheridan Money," (!) and it directs applications to "Ireland." Money, and SHERIDAN, and Ireland, is a "concatenation"—not "accordingly," but disaccordingly.

## Bettering the Instruction.

WHEN BISMARCK shut up Paris  
"Cuire dans son propre jus,"  
He little dreamed the Marshal  
Would from him take his cue,  
And leave the Chamber of Deputies  
In its own GRÉVY to stew.

## What's in the Name?

THE Marshal's new Minister of War is General ROCHEBOUET. The name is a compound of *Roche*, Rock, and *Boue*, Mud. Is the man like his name, and is that name prophetic? If so, which of its elements should tell most—the Rock—of resistance to political right and reason;—the Mud—of going down in a quicksand that gives no foothold?

## THE REAL CHARIOT OF VICTORY.

In her Triumph, for bearing  
The trophies of Mars,  
See Russia preparing,  
At last, inside Kars!

## The Government of Combat.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD's despatch after the battle of Forbach began with the announcement—"Le Maréchal MACMAHON a perdu une bataille." That loss was no discredit to the gallant Marshal. He lost that battle fighting for his country. If he loses his present battle, it will be fighting against his country.

## SYNONYMOUS, BUT NOT IDENTICAL.

MR. A. SULLIVAN'S "call to the Irish Bar" does not mean that he has joined MESSRS. PARNELL, BIGGAR & Co. in the House.





"Whenever orders are received  
From parties painfully bereaved"—

Visitor (to Friend lately left a Widower). "HULLO, TOM! THAT LOOKS A STIFFISH BILL YOU'VE GOT THERE!"

Tom. "AH, HOW THOSE RASCALS OF UNDERTAKERS DO FLEECE YOU! THEY KNOW YOU CAN HARDLY HELP YOURSELF! OF COURSE, IN MY POOR WIFE'S CASE I WOULD CHEERFULLY HAVE PAID DOUBLE. BUT ONE HATES TO BE DONE.—UM!"

## THE HAZARD OF THE DYE.

(A Petite Comédie now in active Rehearsal.)

SCENE.—The Hall of a fashionable Mansion, at the termination of a *Conversazione*. Crowd leaving. Male and a Female Guest waiting near door at cloak-room. Footman in attendance within.

Male Guest (impatiently). Can't you find it?—A brand new one; you can't help seeing it.

Footman (producing a threadbare, napless, yellow-looking hat). 117, Sir. This is yours, Sir.

Male Guest. Oh, no! that's not mine. Mine is a brand new one. "J. M." on side; in red, on the lining.

[Footman shows him "J. M." inside; in red, on the lining. Male Guest (putting it on his head. A fine rust-coloured precipitate falls over his face and shirt-front). Yes, that's mine. How very odd! But what on earth have you been doing with it?

Footman. It's the hat, Sir (smiling). Best "Paris Silk," Sir. They all go like that with the gas, Sir.

Male Guest. Dear me (seeing Female Guest attempting to put on her miniver and gros-grain capuchon). Pray, allow me? (He takes it from her elegantly. It tears right up the back in his hands.) Oh! I'm really very sorry; but—

Female Guest (who knows what it is). Oh, never mind. Thanks very much. (Pulling it round her. It splits up in several places at once.) But I think that must be my carriage—?

Male Guest (gallantly). Allow me. [Conducts her to the carriage. The elastic on both sides of his boots bursts, and they come off on the pavement.

Footman (kindly). Step inside, Sir. It's astonishing what a lot of gentlemen "goes" like that.

[Picks them up, and hands them to him.]

## ONE TO BE WON.

(By one who will not Woo.)

FRIEND, would you know fair CYNTHIA's charms? She bears no lapdog in her arms: No vulgar pride of show she feels, Wears no low dresses, nor high heels, Nor corset in the fashion laced, To cause deformity of waist. Her voice is ever sweet and low, She ne'er talks slang, nor votes men slow. She dances with exceeding grace; Ne'er dyes her hair, nor daubs her face. Good music she can sing and play, Nor practise her six hours a day: Can make a *fichu*, catch a fish, Or play a rubber, if you wish: Can dine, if need be, on cold mutton, Can stew a carp, and sew a button: Can don her bonnet in a minute: Can pass a mirror, nor look in it: Can swim, and sketch, and row, and ride, And do a hundred things beside. At breakfast she is never late, At balls ne'er bids the carriage wait: For exercise ne'er fears to walk, With scandal's tongue ne'er loves to talk: Ne'er simpers, sulks, nor slams the door, Nor sighs because the Season's o'er— Ah! were I tired of single life, I'd woo sweet CYNTHIA for my wife!

## How did He Survive It?

THE writer of an article headed "The Telephone between London and Dublin," in the *Freeman's Journal* of November 26, thus describes his sensations:—

"On putting the instrument to my ear, I felt somewhat as if a regiment of the line had fired a volley, at a hundred yards, into that member."

Only an Irish member could have stood that, and yet survived to tell the tale. *Punch* can hardly say he would like to know what this feeling is, but he wonders that any one should have lived to describe it.

This Telephone, one would think, must have a very Irish echo lodged inside it. And what an auricular organisation the experimenter must have had who yet breathes to tell a tale so "full of sound and fury!"

Male Guest. Indeed! And I have only worn them once! (Tears off the tops, and puts them on.) Ah—yes—my coat. (Pulls on a light coat. The sleeves drop out in shreds, and the collar comes off.) And—? Thanks, my umbrella.

[Puts it up, and walks home under a steady shower-bath of hyposulphate of iron and gelatine, as Scene closes.]

## ECCELESIASTICAL COMMENTARIES.

THE merits of the Hatcham case, of course, remain untouched by the cassation of Lord PENZANCE's judgment by the Queen's Bench Division for nullity of jurisdiction in the Library of Lambeth Palace. Mr. TOOTH, tried where he ought not to have been, can still be considered only as the right man in the wrong place.

If a technical mistake can possibly be made in an ecclesiastical prosecution under the Public Worship Act or any other, it surely will. Papal Bulls may not be infallible, but in dealing with heretics, schismatics, or simpletons, Rome certainly makes no such blunders as Canterbury.

A breakdown in a burlesque may be all very well, but ought such foolery to occur in a Court for the correction of clerical manners?

It is no excuse whatever to plead that Lambeth Library seemed a suitable place for bringing a refractory clerk to book.

## Extremes Meet.

(An Incident at the Duke of NORFOLK'S Wedding.)

THE Coach of His Grace,  
On leaving the place,  
Was, near as a touché,  
Upset by a Butcher!



## ANYTHING BUT IN RETREAT.



THE case of the Rev. Mr. MACKONOCHE, flying in the face of his Bishop, can be regarded, *Mr. Punch*, from another than the clerical point of view. Certainly, Sir, Mr. MACKONOCHE's idea of canonical obedience seems peculiar. But how, if the Bishop of LONDON, instead of bidding him to remove a picture and a crucifix from his Church, had requested him to supply it with holy water? Be that as it may, Sir, perhaps the considerate Bishop will yet patiently wait awhile before instituting legal proceedings against the "Priest in Absolution" of St. Alban's, Holborn.

In that sacerdotal gentleman's disobedience to his spiritual superior there is something odd. A Ritualist may be bound to defy Lord PENZANCE, and the Privy Council, as a matter of principle. But that very principle, one would think, must bind him to obey at least every lawful command of his Bishop. In disobeying him he betrays an inconsistency suggesting perverted intellect. Mr. MACKONOCHE's want of a faculty for setting up objects of Romish worship in his Protestant Church made them of itself illegal. That is not the only faculty in which he may be supposed to be deficient. He never would have wanted to acquire that faculty had he possessed the faculty of common sense. A faculty, however, which he does not seem to want is the faculty of self-esteem. This faculty may possibly be exalted by disturbance of brain arising from disordered liver, and its excess and excitement would quite account for any amount of obstinate unruliness. A blue pill might be the remedy requisite to bring the subject of those

morbid conditions to reason; or taraxacum, or podophyllin, could perhaps be exhibited with advantage, Sir.

When a Ritualist has gone on too long playing at Popery, he may, through impaired biliary function affecting the sensorium, finally contract a subjective delusion, induced upon his dominant fixed idea that he is his own Pope. Before, then, any legal steps are taken to coerce Mr. MACKONOCHE, surely some competent psychological physician should be appointed to put certain interrogatories to him for the good of his health and the correction of his crotchets, if possible. What if the result of such inquiry were to be the discovery of a hallucination, which would fully explain his late display of contempt for the Bishop of LONDON? Suppose the interrogator should be confidentially told that he is, in fact, conversing with the actual Pope of Rome? A case no longer ecclesiastical would then be taken out of the Bishop's hands.

By the last account of Mr. MACKONOCHE, he had withdrawn himself somewhere into something apparently of the nature of an asylum, called a "Retreat." He had better be there than at St. Alban's, Holborn. But, *Mr. Punch*, is it not open to question, if that Retreat be the sort of one in which an "advanced" Ritualist can possibly be expected to be brought to his right mind? This you see, Sir, is a medical question. The question might have been, if the case had occurred in ancient days, whether the Retreat should not be Anticyra—whither, as you know, certain patients were usually shipped to be physicked with infusion, or decoction, or extract of

HELLEBORE.

## Nothing in It.

WE have received an explanation, which seems satisfactory, of the very diffuse speech lately made by the Lord Chief Baron to the Civic Functionary. The former (who no doubt had not forgotten his *Odyssey*)\* supposed that the latter derived his name from the Greek *Oûtes*, *Anglice* "Nothing." So the Judge treated the Magistrate to a speech which was "much ado about nothing."

"A tale of little meaning, though the words were strong."

All know "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*"—hence, no doubt, its lack of meaning to common apprehensions.

\* Where *Utes*es, by saying that his name was *Oûtes* ("no man"), escapes from the Cyclops.

## P.'s and Q.'s.

"POETS, Professors, Priests, Philosophers,"

So sum the sneerers GLADSTONE's followers.

One *might* retort that England's Bogey-makers

Are Quarrel-seekers, Quidnuncs, Quacks, and Quakers.

*Punch* does not find it difficult to choose

On such a point between the P.'s and Q.'s.

PROBABLE ENOUGH.

AN American politician writes that the more the conduct of Mr. CONOVER is conned over the less satisfactory it seems.





## DOOSID HARD LINES.

*Ardent Sportsman.* "NOW THEN, SIR; OUT OF THE WAY, IF YOU PLEASE!"

*Plaintive Voice from other Side.* "CONFOUND IT, SIR! I MADE THIS GAP FOR MYSELF!"

## FASHION'S NEW FETISH.

*Languid Swell loquiter:—*

"*Nil Admirari*" is a splendid rule,  
Saves such an awful heap of fuss and bother;  
Feeling's bad form; gusher, one form of fool,  
Fellows who think aught worth a row another;  
And yet, by Jove! there are some things, you know,  
Which seem to catch a fellow's coolness napping:  
That Turk now! in for him I'm game to go,  
And—haw!—split my best primrose kids with clapping.

Give you my word I am. It's very strange,  
Never was so worked up that I remember;  
Get hot and red as—haw!—a kitchen range.  
I never thought there was a single ember  
Of what they call enthusiasm in me.  
To catch oneself in a white-heat—it's horrid!  
But to hear fellows slang the Turks, you see,  
Does make a fellow feel—in fact—quite torrid!

Trumps—out-and-outers—bricks, those Red-Caps are!  
"Barbarians"? I dare say. What does that matter?  
Those tallow-eating Russians, and their Czar,  
Are ten times worse, with their Pan-slaviah chatter.  
I rather like barbarians—if they're brave  
And picturesque,—that is, at a fair distance.  
'Tis British interests Turks fight to save;  
Why don't we go and give them our assistance?  
"Can't govern?" You've been reading FREEMAN's stuff!  
That comes of dashed sectarian animosities.  
They'll rule Bulgarian beggars right enough,  
In spite of last year's row about "atrocities."

Niggers must be kept under, don't you know—

And what are Southern Slavs better than niggers?  
Governing brutes with kindness is no go;  
The rule they recognise is blades and triggers.

"*Bloody and lustful?*" Now don't talk that rot:  
All ruling races have their little failings.  
As if we Britons once poked up weren't hot:  
What is the good of all these rampant railings?  
New Constitution's bound to set all right;  
We can't risk British interests for a trifle;  
Then just consider how the fellers fight—  
See how they handle the Martini rifle!

"*Counsels of callousness? and shrieks of fear?*"  
Upon my honour I don't catch your meaning;  
Humanitarian lingo is so queer.  
All I can see's your strong pro-Russian leaning.  
THEY'RE Ruffians, if you like! I hate the lot!  
"Funk is the fount of hate, the nurse of bogies?"  
Bah! don't tell me!—Such talk is simply rot,  
Fit but for GLADSTONE, FREEMAN, and such fogies!

## Advertising for a Rara Avis.

THE daring of the North Country character is well known, but who would believe that even the stern North could produce the man required to perform the feat italicised in this advertisement, from the *Huddersfield Daily Advertiser*:—

**WANTED**, for the Sorting-Room of a Rag Warehouse, an active MAN, with a thorough practical knowledge of cotton and woollen rags, and capable of managing about 80 women. To a suitable party a very liberal salary will be given.

And so there ought to be.



## IN SILK ATTIRE.



**M**R. PUNCH has, of course, been overwhelmed with letters on the great Silk-Adulteration Question, now being discussed in the *Times*. For the most part these communications are too little in conformity with Mr. P.'s canons of brevity and pertinence to admit of their appearance in his pages. He publishes, however, a few carefully-selected extracts.

Miss VIRGINIA VERJUICE writes:—

"The *Times* says, 'A good and durable silk dress

is no longer to be obtained as an ordinary article of commerce.' I could have told the *Times*, that *twice*—that is, long ago. And if this is not the beginning of the end, I should like to know what is. As stout broadcloth was once the type of an Englishman's worth and solidity, so was a good silk dress the very symbol (in this country at least) of feminine Respectability and Propriety. As Respectability and Propriety are—with a very few, and, alas! little valued exceptions—extinct qualities, it is, perhaps, but sadly fit that their external sign and symbol should disappear also. I possess 'good and durable' black silk dresses in abundance. I never wear anything else. But I purchased them many and many a—well, before this degrading practice of silk-adulteration had attained its present appalling proportions. It is, indeed, a comfort to me—a now almost solitary survival from the days when English Ladies were ladies, not flaunting chits, and when silk was silk, not solidified dye, to know that my black silks, at least, wear well."

Miss FLOSSIE FROUFROU favours us with the following remarks among many, very many others:—

"DEAR PUNCH,—Shocking, quite too awfully dreadful, isn't it? What will the Old Frumps say now? 'One part of black silk, and six parts of black dye!' It's enough to make poor Aunt BOMBASTINE turn in her grave. A show of old-fashioned silk dresses will have soon to be added to our Collections of Antiquities. I'll lend the one Aunt B. left me as a legacy, and which I have still. It will stand by itself, which was, I believe, the crowning merit of a silken garment in those days. I know when she walked it used to sound like waves washing up on the beach, and when she was angry and energetic it would go off in explosive crackles like distant fireworks. At least, so BERTIE used to say, with that funny exaggeration at which he is so good. I threatened to put it on one day, and he said he had engaged himself to a girl, not a crepitating fortification. But, seriously, Mr. Punch, it is a shame! Of course it's very nice to get cheap silks, but 'solidified dye, supported by a slender framework of silk thread' is—well an insult at once to silk-worm and sex."

WOOD B. SMARTISH says:—

"Dr. WATTS requires yet another emendation to adapt his everlasting lyrics to the changed circumstances of the age. How will this do? (Quite an impromptu, you know.)

How proud we are, how fond to view  
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!  
While the fine togs that take our eye,  
Dye-vat and chemicals supply.

In silken lies and woollen shams,  
Which never came from worms or lambs,  
We deck this poor material body,  
Until the soul itself grows shoddy.

There! I think that about hits it, and is something like what the worthy Doctor's ghost would perpetrate if he could revisit the glimpses of the moon, and give us a revised edition of his immortal works."

Our old friend and Correspondent, Mrs. GINGHAM, thus delivers herself:—

"Which vexatious it is, and right down willanous. Them lying merchants did ought to be put down as well as showed up, and as to our own bragian lot, I'd drown 'em in their own dye-vats like that 'ere Duke of CLAREIDGE. A silk humbreller now washes into a sort of sieve at the very first shower, and after a week's wear cracks between the ribs like little earthquakes. But Lor', wot else can one expect from devil's-dust and dye? Which they say that a Certing Party ain't so black as he's painted, and I doubt myself if he's 'arf so bad as six parts of dye to one of the real article."

Miss LYDIA MARY TALLTALKER says:—

"These revelations ought to create a revolution. Surely, this is a question in which Woman may stand up for her Rights without incurring the charge of being unfeminine. The Sex should assemble in its thousands, and let the Silk-Adulterators have a bit of its mind. Who will rally to the soul-stirring cry of 'Textile Purity and down with Solidified Dyes!'?"

GRUMPUS Senior grumbles on this wise:—

"Fudge! Women themselves are at the bottom of the whole business, as of all else that's bad. Will have 'cheap' (and nasty) things; are mad after 'bargains' (the devil's baits to parsimony and fraud); always eager to cut a dash above their proper pocket-level, and shine with a false glitter in poor imitation of 'stars' beyond their spheres. She who longs to shine in silk when she ought to show soberly in stuff, is the root of the bad business. The Sex starts with Show; Trade answers with Shoddy. From sham to sham—there you have, in two words, the course of modern Society. Stop the demands of female folly, and the supplies of Devil's dust will cease. The *Times* suggests that shams should be sold as shams, duly labelled as such. Lord! what a satire on civilisation and progress would our shop-windows then set forth! But who is to make Shoddy go about with his name on his back, or turn Trade into the unprofitable honesty of crying stinking fish?"

## FOREIGN-OFFICE REFRIGERANTS.

"A QUELQUE chose DERBY est bon." When it comes to cooling down hot heads in the fiercest flush of fright- or fight-fever, and bringing down high-soaring fanaticism in its top flight, commend us to a *douche* of common sense from the steady hand of the Foreign-Office turncock!

Never was such a calmant more effectively administered, or to patients apparently more in want of it, than in last Wednesday's reply of the Foreign Secretary to the profound international lucubrations of Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL, and the mild unwisdom of Sir HENRY HOARE, the Rev. Mr. BLACKMAN, Mr. MALTMAN BARRY, M. ALBERT BARASYOKIEWICZ, and the other Members of those influential but unobtrusive Associations, the "Society for the Protection of British Interests against Russian Aggression in the East," the "Turkish Defence Association," and the Polish "Society of the White Eagle!"

Sir HENRY HOARE, with a suicidal sincerity, asked Lord DERBY to disregard the ravings of fanatics, to rely upon the sound sense of the country, and to take a bold course. Lord DERBY took Sir HENRY's advice in all these points. He disregarded the ravings of the fanatics who spoke for the deputation. He relied upon the sound sense of the country to support him in doing so; and he took the bold course of calling folly "folly," and nonsense "nonsense," even in the respectable mouths of a proxy and pedantic Peer, a Baronet of a great banking family, a Reverend BLACKMAN in a black coat, and a rampant Pole with a White Eagle atop. The P. M. G. and the D. T. might say, "It had been so with us had we been there!" Able Editors would have had to duck under their douching along with Peer and Pole, Baronet and Black-man.

If it is not easy to know what Lord DERBY thinks need be feared, or ought to be done, our consolation must be that, at least, we know now something he thinks need *not* to be feared, and ought *not* to be done.

1. It need not be feared that Russia will invade India by way of the Euphrates Valley. *Ergo*, we ought not to go to war to keep her out of it.

2. It need not be feared that Russia will attack the Suez Canal by way of Trebizond. *Ergo*, we need not station a Fleet to prevent her execution of that remarkable achievement.

3. It need not be feared that the Fall of Kars will raise the Affghans against us, and that they in their turn will raise our Indian Mahometan subjects in revolt. *Ergo*, we ought not to go to war to recover Kars for the Turk, or help him to hold Erzeroum.

4. It need not be feared that the Russians mean to occupy Constantinople. *Ergo*, we ought not to take up arms to keep them out of it.

5. It need not be feared that if the Ministry don't go to war for



Turkey, England will go to war with the Ministry. *Ergo*, the Ministry ought not to go to war for Turkey.

By way of counterblast to the war-notes wild of *P. M. G.*, *M. P.*, and *D. T.*, the passage we here reprint from Lord DERBY's speech is not without its weight of seasonableness and wisdom:—

"I am glad, I admit, that my noble friend, at any rate, does not urge us to depart from the line of conditional neutrality which we adopted at the beginning of the war. I know very well there are many people who would have liked us to take a different course. It has often been so in the case of former foreign wars. I recollect perfectly well the American war, and how a considerable section of the public were extremely anxious that we should take part in that, and endeavour to put an end to the struggle. I recollect the Franco-German war, and how some organs of public opinion, and some public men also, expressing what was thought by them to be the real feeling of the country, contended that England was eternally disgraced and lowered in the eyes of the world, because we did not take part in that war. That may be the opinion of some people; but still with regard to both one and the other of those cases I venture to say that the great majority of the public of this country would now be of opinion that, if we had intervened in either of those wars, we should have committed a great blunder, and involved ourselves in unnecessary calamities. Of course, I do not say that because on each of those occasions the idea of war was popular among certain classes of the community, and because those classes were mistaken, that that necessarily creates a precedent for the present occasion. But I do say that there is a strong inclination on the part of a large section of the public to rush into a contest when they see one going on—no doubt with a natural and honourable sympathy for the weaker side—but without sufficiently reckoning the cost to themselves, or the country. We all recollect how a Minister some years ago undertook a great war for the sake of prestige; and he said he went into it with a light heart, but he did not come out of it with a light heart—neither he, nor his master, nor his country. But for my part, believing that unless a war is necessary it is a crime, I think we ought to be most careful to do and to say nothing that may tend unnecessarily to bring it about."

Read, War Trumpeters and War Editors; read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these words of warning—if unwelcome—wisdom... Cease crying, "Havoc!" and no longer do your best, "To let slip the Dogs of War!"

### TEMPLE BAR.



THE City Gate which near the Temple stood

At last condemned to be disbar'd, disbenched!  
Methinks e'en WREN's own Ghost must think it good

That from the site it spoils it should be wren-ched!

'Twill never echo more the oaths profane  
Of wielders of the whip, with tempers waxing  
Fierce as their tongues waxed foul, when hand and rein  
The crowd that struggled 'neath its arch were taxing.

Slow ruin did its final fall portend—  
Crazy as he\* who those queer statues fathered,  
Till—fate deserved by who could so offend—  
A raving maniac he to death was gathered.

What right had this Obstruction to remain?—  
Because in sable and in silver shrouded  
When WELLINGTON's or NELSON's funeral train  
Beneath its narrow archway slowly crowded?

Because Mob-favourites, Heroes, Kings, and Queens  
Beneath its grimy portal oft have wended?—  
Because it has been witness of the scenes  
That burning Rumps or Papal Guys attended?

Because the Rye House plotter's grisly head  
Was first upon its summit spiked and spitted?—  
Or theirs who our Dutch WILLIAM would have sped—  
A feat that just such loggerheads befitted?

\* BUSHNELL, the sculptor of the four statues—JAMES THE FIRST, ELIZABETH (not ANNE OF DENMARK), CHARLES THE FIRST, and CHARLES THE SECOND—died a raving maniac.

Because it has given point to GOLDSMITH's wit,  
Cracked on those heads of traitors black and rotting?  
Because the Doctor oft has gazed at it,  
Or BOZZY, reeling ripe from Mitre setting?

Because mad Mohocks lurking in its gloom,  
Honest Sir ROGER COVERLEY affrighted:  
And swept the streets—with sword-point rice broom—  
Of London's hapless citizens benighted?

Such reasons surely should not stay one hour  
The doom o'er this obstructive Bar impending;  
Or leave it still, daifying sun and shower,  
Alike 'gainst traffic, and 'gainst taste offending.

"This is an age of progress," we are told.  
Yet what procrastination do we stick at!  
For nigh one hundred years have onward rolled  
Since PICKERT\* first the Bar began to pick at!

Alas! 'tis useless rubbish that endureth,  
While worthier things to Old Time still have yielded:  
But this is of the nuisances nought cureth  
Save pick and lever by stout muscles wielded!

"Pull down this eyesore; wipe out once for all  
The one bad work that WREN's fair fame hath blotted."  
The Corporation hears all London call—  
And Demolition is its lot allotted!

\* "As early as 1790 Alderman PICKERT (who built the St. Clement's Arch), with other subversive reformers, tried to pull down Temple Bar. It was pronounced unworthy of form, of no antiquity, an ambushade for pickpockets, and a record of only the dark and crimson pages of history."—THORNEMAN'S *Old and New London*.

### THE RIGHT MAN IN A HARD PLACE.

OF W. H. SMITH all parties may say, as a great opponent said of Lord PALMERSTON, "We are all proud of him."

Last week's Westminster dinner in his honour was, in the best sense, a party for all parties. The fact—for fact it is—is as honourable to W. H. SMITH, as it is to Westminster. And since, to quote Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's speech—

"Mr. SMITH has held a position and has pursued a line of conduct honourable to himself, honourable to those connected with him, and honourable to the great constituency which has returned him as its representative," never has man or Minister more fairly earned the addition of "Right Honourable."

May a portion of the First Lord's popularity flow over on the Department he has taken in hand; and, under this Smith's able hammer, may our future Iron-clad—designs and designers, hulls and top-hamper, rig and armament—for once in the history of the Admiralty—not begin their service with being fired at all round by critics, carpers, and hole-pickers in and out of Parliament!

W. H. SMITH is, pre-eminently, a man of practical aptitude for any work he sets about. Let him but bring home to his Admiralty Administration that capacity which he has already brought home to his business and his bookstalls, and *Punch* and BRITANNIA will bless his memory, as they joined last week in drinking his health.

### ST. ANDREW'S DAY IN LONDON.

(By a Member of the Scotch Statistical Society.)

84,936 Scotchmen said "Slainthe."

64,000 Scotchmen did not know what the word meant.

3,211 Scotchmen assumed the kilt.

3,009 Scotchmen assuming that garment had no right to it.

2 Scotchmen were aware that the existing clan-tartans were not ancient or Gaelic at all, but the invention of an Edinburgh tailor during the last century.

1,000,000 Versions of "*Auld Lang Syne*" were sung.

800 Haggises were eaten by Scotchmen to the dainty born.

4,002 Saxons shut up in the attempt to follow their example.

72,000 Bottles of "Mountain Dew" were drunk.

80,000 Scotchmen were ditto.

### Mr. Plimsoll at Derby.

THE Honourable Member attended a Temperance Meeting last week, and promised to bring in a Bill to modify the dangers of drinking beer by fixing a load-line. The moderate drinkers will be deeply interested in the Bill, as it is too bad to call a man by such a bad name as a drunkard, when he can carry better than other vessels who are leaky, and not fit for such dangerous service, especially with the deck-loads of large families.





‘NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.’

SO THINKS THOMPSON, AND HE VOLUNTEERS TO DRIVE A COW OUT OF THE PATHWAY FOR THOSE PRETTY MISS WILKINSONS TO PASS.  
BUT THE COW WON'T BE DRIVEN OUT OF THE PATHWAY, AND WHAT IS THOMPSON TO DO!!

THE “TUG OF WAR.”

“PULL, France; Pull, Marshal!” ‘Tis a sorry sight  
To see Wrong stubborn in the name of Right.  
To see the choice of France set down his heel  
Against the will of France and France’s weal.  
To see one who affects the Bayard pose  
As France’s friend in league with France’s foes.  
Call it no worse than blunder—though the line  
‘Twixt treason and such blunder is but fine—  
Sad to see e’en an honest blunderer do  
The work and will of a dishonest crew.  
“Pull, Marshal—pull—nor yield an inch!” they bawl.  
“Yield but an inch, and in the gulf you fall!”  
So in Law’s cause ‘gainst Law he takes his stand;  
On plea of Peace to civil war lends hand;  
Invests foul Treason in church alb and cope,  
Gives Wrong too much—and Right too little—rope;  
Order’s defender digs poor Order’s grave,  
And slays the Constitution he would save;  
In Freedom’s name joins those that Freedom dread,  
And paints her hideous as a Spectre Red.  
Gainst his own honour pulls, yet seems to say,  
‘Tis honour that forbade him to give way.  
‘Gainst France’s progress pulls, and France’s peace—  
France, still so blest with thrift and earth’s increase,  
Could she but break with her long-troubled past,  
Get Revolution’s shadow from her east,  
She must the prosperous paths of plenty tread,  
With graceful port and high-erected head:  
But this ill-chosen guardian still must check  
Her onward march, or guide it at his beck;  
Must have her foot move as he wills it fall,  
Or, failing his will, wills no move at all.  
So with no treasonous thought, perhaps, before,  
It comes to what we see—“The Tug of War!”  
On this side, France, that not an inch will bate,  
On that, the Marshal just as obstinate—  
For Rope, the little senatorial band,  
That betwixt Rights and Lefts takes central stand.  
If the rope holds—though sore the strain, we know—  
Small doubt, methinks, which way the Tug will go:

If the rope break—such ropes have snapped before—  
What follows?—*Punch’s Sibyl* says no more.

OFF HIS PEDESTAL; OR, WHAT NEXT?

Will he publish a shilling pamphlet to prove that all the contributions to a “Young Review” are, *ipso facto*, unreliable?

Will he inform a select audience at Hawarden that “he has it on the authority of an official at the Turkish Baths, who heard it from a waiter at the Alhambra, who gathered it indirectly from a Wapping Lascar, that the present Sultan absolutely doesn’t know the name of the only recognised Member for Greenwich”?

Will he appear, on a shilling gala day, at the Crystal Palace, and explain, in the midst of appropriate fireworks, the nature of his recent quarrel with the proprietors of a largely-circulated daily paper?

Will he make arrangements to take a part in the after-portion of a Christmas pantomime, and, at his own request, carry on a pre-arranged conversation with the Clown on the subject of Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES?

Will he, on or about the Fourteenth of February next, publicly, in the columns of the *Times*, accuse MUSURUS PASHA of having sent him an inexpensive and ribald valentine?

Will he, further, in Parliament, move for the appointment of a Select Committee “To inquire into, and report upon, the present condition and future prospects of Ottoman caricature”?

Will he, failing to dispose of his opponents and critics by Parliamentary debate, platform oration, and printed argument, travel about the country with a set of dissolving views, illustrating, by striking scenes, “The Life of an ex-Leader in Opposition,” and, thus provided, express his opinions in a neatly-written lecture accompanied by the piano?

Or will he, ignoring, as he can afford to do, the crowd of smaller men, leave them to criticise and carp, and mount once more to that quiet height of dignity, which his brilliant services have won and which his jealous reticence should guard?

THE RECENT GALES.—The Sea may be assailed with such epithets as greedy, furious, mad, wild, raging, and so forth; but it can never be called wreckless.





THE "TUG OF WAR."







## OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

SKETCH NO. I.—SRIMP-GATE-ON-SEA IN NOVEMBER.

(Communicated by Our Own Quiet Observer.)



Town of Srimpgate is a fair-sized, rather primitive, but gradually improving (improvement being in some instances a questionable benefit) seaport. Its name has evidently been Srimpgate, or the Gate of the Shrimps, just as we have Baagate and Lamagate, now apelt Lamagate, the only difference being that in these two latter instances the gate leads to the sea for the accommodation, and perhaps exportation, of the Baas and the Lambs (much the same), instead of leading from the

sea for the advantage of the Shrimpers and the disadvantage of the Shrimps. Except at two or three noted resorts, in and out of England, where they are absolutely nothing if not shrimpy, there is no place where shrimps can be obtained in such perfection as at Srimpgate-on-Sea. The "h" has been dropped out of the name, but, as it is only an "h," this is nothing very remarkable. Your Quiet Observer is so afraid lest the march of speculation should destroy the peculiarities of Srimpgate, that he sketches it while he can.

Srimpgate has two piers, East and West, as distinct from one another, but as firmly united, as Siamese Twins. Of these the East is the fashionable resort for promenading. There is an outer harbour and an inner harbour, and, at this particular season of the year, there is plenty of what is known about the coast as "Shipping," which, to a landsman's eye, when collected in a couple of "basins" (where a little soap might be useful, by the way), looks so uncommonly like a hopelessly entangled cat's-cradle of ropes, lines, and rigging generally, that the future extrication of the vessels, specially from the inner harbour, must present such a problem to the authorities in charge, as might drive to despair even the clearest-headed of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, and force the First Lord of the Admiralty, in a fit of desperation, to eject them all with torpedoes, compensate the owners with specie equivalent to their temporary loss in coals, ice, and herrings for Billingsgate, and then begin all over again on a new principle.

Your Own Quiet Observer has ventured to bring in, as it were by the heels, or, to put it more respectfully when speaking of high officials in naval uniform, by the cocked hat and epaulettes, the names of those mysterious personages The Elder Brethren. Your Observer is not, as a rule, superstitious, but he has his own ideas about these venerable and, to him (as he has never seen them), invisible beings. Were Your Observer a second Rip Van Winkle (which he might easily be at Srimpgate—you will notice the playful use of the word "Winkle," and pass on), and, were he to drop off to sleep, in the moonlight, among the ruins of some Martello towers, the wrecks of a few Admiralty piers, and the broken remains of a rotten breakwater looking like the skeleton ribs of some antediluvian monster, he would probably awake to find himself witnessing a spectral game of throwing for coconuts on the sand, played by grey-bearded, quaintly-attired phantoms, whose solemn leader would inform Your Observer that he was now, for the first time in his life, in the awful company of The Elder Brethren. As the spectre ceased speaking the dull boom of the sea would fall on the attentive ear of Your More-Quiet-than-ever Observer, and strange unearthly laughter would seem to echo along the cliffs, and lose itself round a distant point, as one Elder Brother after another knocked the old-fashioned Dutch clay pipe out of the mouth of the grim Aunt Sally. Your Observer, recovering his courage, would turn to where a ghostly purveyor of strange drinks, unknown to Your Observer, was filling the cups of The Elder Brethren, receiving in exchange money of an extinct coinage, and, seizing a goblet, would daringly exclaim, "Here's your health, and your family's, and may they live long and prosper!"—when, scarcely would the words have passed his lips, or, rather, scarcely would the liquor have passed his lips, for he would not allow a drop to be wasted, than a wild, weird cry would arise, followed by the sharp rattle of thunder crashing in with the prolonged angry roar of the sea, and the whole scene would be enveloped in total darkness! The next morning, a hundred years after, Your Quiet Observer, with a long white beard, a tattered umbrella of antique pattern, which would snap in pieces on being put up, and a very bad hat, would wander into Srimpgate, which he would find slightly altered of course, but not much, as

there is no great progress to be made in merely a century at Srimpgate, and he would stand on the pier surrounded by the younger portion of the sea-side visitors, with whom the worthy old man would soon be doing a pretty considerable business in small change and coppers, in return for wonderful yarns about the great mysterious Elder Brethren, with whom he had spent a night, playing Aunt Sally, so long, long ago.

Excuse this digression. But Your Observer could not help it: the subject has a strange charm for him; and, even now, an old Salt has just pointed out to Your Observer a trim-looking steamer in the offing, or, to be accurate, about half-way towards the offing, which, he says, is the Trinity Boat, and "aboard it are, likely enough,"—but here he pauses, as though, having already said too much, he were unwilling to trust a mere chance acquaintance with the secret. Your Observer, who, if he knows anything, knows human nature, specially at the sea-side, presses what at a distance might be taken for a small silver medal, upon the ancient mariner, who, thereupon, plights his solemn word to drink Your Observer's very good health, and then confides to him, but in a tone scarcely above a whisper, that on board that steamer there, yonder, out there you see, are, in all likelihood, The Elder Brethren! And what does he know about these Elder Brethren? If he drank Your Observer's health again, could he give any information on the subject? He wipes his lips with the back of his hand, and thinks that "when he was a boy, he recollected being taught something about the Elder Brethren at the Sunday School; but he ain't no scholar," he adds modestly; "and don't rightly call 't to mind, exceptin' always about Joseph, which he were ill-treated by The Elder Brethren, and that's about the first as he 'eard on 'em, and so his service to you, Sir, an' he'll just step round to The Willin' Sailor," which he accordingly does.

Your Observer once for all (perhaps, for the theme exercises a meameric influence over him) dismisses the Band of Brothers, and resumes his sketch of Srimpgate.

The harbour, at this season of the year, is quite a Nautical Babel. Here are Dutchmen, Single, Double, and Flying, in fact every variety of Hollander, dark-eyed, ear-ringed Italians, high cheek-boned Americans, sun-browned French, whitey-browned Danish, swarthy Spanish, fair-haired Norwegians—their conduct ashore being, as a rule, as orderly and correct as could possibly be expected of jovial sea-faring mariners from foreign parts, whose morals are supposed by the landsman, who lives at home at ease and is generally misinformed on most subjects, specially marine, to come under the heading which is borne as a special distinction by the preserved Norwegian Salmon, namely, Lax.

But at this moment the clock strikes, and the waiting fisher-maiden enters with the tray, on which, among other simple fare, is a plateful of fresh-boiled, tender, chubby, large-eyed shrimps, intended for the evening meal of Your Quiet Observer, who is down here for the Shrimp Cure, and finds himself progressing favourably, and as well as could be expected. He goes from labour to refreshment, intending to continue the sketch on his next piece of paper.

## Suitable to a T.

THE Bulgarian Manchester Merchants, happily rescued from sentence of death for doing nothing, as far as we can find out, might change the name of GEMHOFF for that of GETOFF.

£500 REWARD. STOLEN, &c.

WHAT we are more interested in just now than Bulgarian Atrocities are the Burglarian Atrocities. Colonel HENDERSON at a distance please accept this intimation.

WHAT THE BOARD OF WORKS HOPES TO BECOME (when it passes its Bill for buying up the Companies' Shares).—The Board of Water-Works. [Is it in that character that it declines to interfere with old Father Thames's diversions in the riverside parishes?]





### GARRISON INSTRUCTION.

*Instructor (lecturing).* "GENTLEMEN, A THREE-LEGGED TRESTLE IS A TREESTLE WITH THREE LEGS. YOU HAD BETTER MAKE A NOTE OF THAT, GENTLEMEN." (*Intense scribbling.*)

*General in Embryo (but not at present noted for smartness), after a pause of some Minutes.* "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MAJOR, BUT HOW MANY LEGS DID YOU SAY THE TREESTLE HAD?" (*Left sitting.*)

### CONTEMPORARY CAMPAIGNS.

A DAILY paper the other morning announced that on the previous Saturday, at Shepherd's Bush, the Members of the Gun Club had commenced their autumn "campaign." So then there are two campaigns now on foot in Europe, besides the one going on in Asia Minor. The campaigners at Shepherd's Bush will have greatly the advantage of those in Roumania and Armenia. Their operations will be only suspended for a few hours by the very wettest weather, and will not be impeded at all by frost, howsoever severe. They will never need more than a few hours' encampment on Wormwood Scrubs, nor have any the least necessity for a single night's bivouac. Every afternoon, as soon as they have done firing, they will all retire into comfortable quarters, victualled to a perfection unapproachable by any commissariat in the world. The Members of the Gun Club can never experience the smallest difficulty in getting their guns into position, because there is no chance that in the meanwhile they will ever get under fire themselves. The Turks are giving the Russians a great deal of trouble; but the Gun Club will have no such formidable customers as Turks to deal with. A campaign against Turks has disadvantages and drawbacks which do not attend a campaign against tame pigeons. The only danger that can possibly menace the assailants in the latter is perhaps a "raid" from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

### PONGO'S POST-MORTEM.

POOR Pongo!

So it wasn't late hours, Aquarium malaria, London fog, or London roast beef and beer, the excitement of visitors, or the impertinent familiarity of his relations on the DARWIN side, that brought him to a premature grave so soon on the heels of his visit to us.

The *Post-mortem* of Professors VIRCHOW and HARTMANN—when before had a Pongo two Professors sitting on his remains, and such

Professors!—reveals more immediate *origines mali*, and quite accounts for the present want of milk in his poor black cocoa-nut! His mortal illness was inflammation of the bowels. Its sources are not far to seek. A glove-button, iron wire, and pins, were found in his stomach! How had they got there? No doubt, Pongo fell a victim to his insatiable spirit of inquiry—"Nihil tetigit quod non deglutivit." He touched nothing he did not swallow. His appetite was not even above buttons!

We can hardly understand the conclusion of the brief paragraph which records Pongo's *post-mortem*, viz., that "the dissection supplies valuable information with regard to the treatment of anthropoid apes," unless it means that you are not to tempt them with a course of glove-buttons, pins, and iron-wire. We should have thought it needed no Pongo sent to the grave, or kept from the grave to teach us *that*.

### Millionnaire and Half-Millionnaire.

THE Indian Famine Fund has risen to close on £490,000. The Mansion House Committee has given notice of shutting up shop, but money still dribbles in. Let it dribble, says *Punch*, till JOHN BULL has raised the flow of his aid to India to the full-tide of a half-million. Then if such giving be, as we know it is on the Immortal WILLIAM's indisputable authority, twice blessed—as blessing him that gives not less than him that takes—the half million will amount to a million in blessings; and England's need—like *Othello's* great revenge—has, no less than India's, "stomach for them all."

### "TOOTH'S COLLECTION," HAYMARKET.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know if this is intended for the benefit of the Hatcham Martyr? (Not if Mr. ARTHUR TOOTH knows it.)





### "UTILE DULCI."

"A—YOUR SKIRT IS QUITE SAFE, MRS. MINIVER! A—PRAY TAKE MY ARM!"

### THREE ILLUSTRATIONS OF A THEORY.

THOUGH dogmatists and dullards long opposed  
His Theory with venomous persistence,  
DARWIN may now consider it has closed  
Its—"Struggle for existence."

To calm research, not fierce polemic raid,  
Truth yields her secrets. After fair inspection,  
The age twist Science and her foes has made  
A—"Natural selection."

Thou canst not, Zealotry, as blind as hot,  
Truth's champion slay, however hard thou hittest.  
DARWIN outlives detraction. Is this not  
"Survival of the fittest"?

### A PAPAL BENEDICTION.

It appears the DUC DE BROGLIE yielded not to the crushing vote against him in the Chamber, but to a demand for his dismissal transmitted from the Vatican. Although Conservative in politics, the Duke, it is asserted, is a Liberal Catholic. Hence we are informed that—

"When he assured the Senate that his Government had never thought of the restoration of the temporal sovereignty of the POPE, the ecclesiastical authorities at Rome resolved to categorically demand his removal within three days. Thereupon the Duc de BROGLIE was compelled to give way to his successors."

What a pretty picture is here given of French politics! Imagine Lord BEACONSFIELD resigning office at the instance of the Primate, or Mr. SPURGEON demanding the dismissal of Lord DERBY! But we are assured that the Church is at the bottom of the mischief which is brewing:—

"The POPE and his advisers are endeavouring at all hazards to lead the Marshal to solve the existing state of things by force, because they apprehend that if M. GAMBETTA, or any other Radical, should come to the helm now,

### HOW TO CALCULATE INTEREST.

DEAR PUNCH,

I CALCULATE that when your BEACONSFIELD took to cracking up his patriotism, he kinder overlooked the great United States, or he'd not have been so proud of his little game.

Talk of looking after British interests! Let him come and see how we look after ours. Guess if that's his notion of patriotism, he's got considerable some to learn. I'll tell him the way we fix our interests with the Indians—darn their skins!

We conclude that their territory is necessary for our interests. Waal, we're patriots, we are. So we make a treaty to say we won't take it. In April, say. Then in May we violate the treaty. They show fight, those cusses, they dew. Then we exterminate all around. And our interests are secured, you bet.

Now your BEACONSFIELD never looked after your interests yet,—not to that extent, he didn't. But if that's patriotism,—as you bet it is,—why don't the noble patriot politicate accordingly, and walk into Egypt right away, or annex the Indian Famine Fund, and let the population squar down natural.

If it's not patriotism, snakes and painters! what's he blowing for? Darn all half measures, says

Yours truly,

ELIJAH POGRAM.

### ON JOINT AUTHORITY

(Of Cabinet and Common Sense).

The only thing England has to do with the war—Help put a stop to it.

France, in conjunction with Germany and Italy, would, after the death of PIUS THE NINTH, an event which is now so imminent, demand from the new POPE the most effective guarantees of the acknowledgment by the Papacy and the Clergy of the supreme authority of the State."

"Force" means a state of siege, and possibly a *coup d'état*, and civil war to follow it. A Christian counsel this to come from the advisers of his His Most Christian Holiness, while he is lying on his death-bed. What a blessing are such counsellors to a Christian people!

### AN ITALIAN EXPERIMENT.

An incident in the Italian political Drama is thus noticed in a recent telegram from Rome:—

"The Chamber of Deputies, after half an hour's discussion, yesterday abolished capital punishment by a large majority, amid the applause of a multitude in the galleries."

In the British House of Commons the occupants of the galleries do not applaud legislation, and, even if they did, are not likely to demonstrate any delight in the abolition of capital punishment. Few of them, except Mr. PETER TAYLOR, are personally interested in the matter. The case might be otherwise with the audiences in the galleries of some British theatres. In those of Liverpool, and Birmingham, for instance, would not the abolition of capital punishment, if announced from the stage, be likely to draw down enthusiastic applause from the gods?

The abolition of executions, however, in Italy, as an experiment in *corpo alieno*, may be regarded with interest, if not received with applause, by the British Public.

### DARWIN MEMORIAL AT CAMBRIDGE.

It has been resolved, we read, that this memorial "should assume a personal form." But wasn't it a Monkey? Certainly nothing could well be more personal than *that*.





### A SPORTING PATTERN

(Suggested by the last New Old Thing in Bonnets).

### FROM THE SPIRIT OF THE GREAT SAM.

*Elysian Fields, November, 1877.*

SIR,

AMONG the Spirits most recently arrived hither from the English upper-world, are a few qualified, at once by observation and opportunity, to furnish us, who are happily removed from terrestrial influences, with information as to the changes in that mighty Metropolis which has given its name to one of the finest of my poems. Inasmuch as it is your profession, Sir, to inculcate morality by means of wit, irony, and fancy, it is more than probable that you are not totally unacquainted with the works of an ancient author whose functions, like his figure, resembled your own. I allude, Sir, to the famous fabulist and hunchback, *Æsop*. One of the most familiar of his apologues concerns an individual who, whether from a wanton love of mischief, or a malicious pleasure in diffusing alarm among the apprehensive, was wont to startle his neighbours by frequently raising the cry of "Wolf!" when there was, in fact, no such beast of prey in the neighbourhood. Sir, we too have our criers of "Wolf!" in these Fields of Asphodel.

For some years past, these mischievous or malicious Spirits have brought us, again and again, unwelcome intelligence of the approaching demolition of Temple Bar. Hitherto, such reports have proved to be mere cries of "Wolf!" where no Wolf was. Our latest intelligence, however, seems to be such as no sensible Spirit, however sceptical, would be justified in refusing to entertain. If, however, Temple Bar, so long threatened, be doomed at last to fall, what I would ask, Sir, as a former inhabitant of your great Metropolis, is to be set up on or near its site, as a memorial of an edifice that will scarce be permitted to pass away without some commemorative erection? While the Bar itself, carefully removed stone by stone, and then set up again, would find an appropriate destination at some point in the outer-walls of the Temple, its place in Fleet Street should not be left without a memorial of this venerable combination of the architecture of WREN with the sculptures of BUSHNELL.

I understand that you have lately introduced in England not only legislative but practical machinery of Compulsory Education. As to the effect this may have upon your rising generation, it would be premature, not to say rash, to speculate. To judge by the conversation of many of our latest arrivals from England in these Fields, the step has not been taken before it was needed.

One effect such an enforced development of education can hardly fail to produce—a more general acquaintance with my writings. My works, I have reason to believe, are now unknown, except to the curious. My *London* is forgotten; my *Rasselas* unread, or but referred to to point the empty braggadocio of a frivolous Minister.

Such fame as I may still claim rests, I hear, on the anecdotes of me, compiled and given to the world by one, whose reverence for me in life seemed alike inconsistent with his nationality, incommensurate with his intelligence, and irreconcilable with his habits. That SAMUEL JOHNSON should owe what reputation he still retains to JAMES BOSWELL, is an instance of the irony of fate as startling as any I have employed to point the moral of the most pungent of my Poems.

One anecdote of me, transmitted by my Scottish Biographer, recalls a conversation between myself and Dr. GOLDSMITH on the heads which then crowned Temple Bar. Others record my love of the great thoroughfare in which it stands; and one of the latter connects my name with the observation, at first slight trivial, "Sir, let us take a walk along Fleet Street!"

Sir, I am not at this distance of time disposed to retract that recommendation. Nor do I think that any one who may have followed it intelligently, will have had reason to regret his compliance with my advice.

I should be glad to learn that my statue was to be set up in the Strand, opposite the site of Temple Bar, looking towards St. Paul's, and with these words inscribed on its pedestal. I fear that, except yourself, Sir, there are not many now living who know the spirit in which Fleet Street should be perambulated, or are capable of deriving from their walk those lessons which it is capable of affording to the observer of men and manners. I was: so was Dr. GOLDSMITH: so was Sir JOSHUA: so was WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Let me hope that such a statue, so inscribed, may lead some to walk where I and these once loved to walk, and in a kindred spirit.

I address this letter to you, Sir, as I understand that you follow, at whatever distance, in the footsteps which I left imprinted in the *Rambler* and the *Idler*, and that, like me, you are at once an inhabitant and a perambulator of the most crowded, and, as such, the most instructive, thoroughfare in the world.

I have the honour to inscribe myself, Sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

### TEAPOT AND TIARA.

THE *Times*' Prussian Correspondent at Berlin announces that the German Government, in contemplation of a probable Conclave, "have signified their intention to devise a more amicable *modus vivendi*, if a temperate Pope, averse from interfering with the new political arrangements of Germany, be elected." A "temperate" Pope! Nobody needs be told how absurd is the insinuation imaginable in that invidious epithet. It used, indeed, to be said, truly or falsely, that Pío Nono's predecessor, GREGORY THE SIXTEENTH, was somewhat given to plenary if not sometimes overmuch indulgence in "intoxicating liquors." Of his present Holiness, to be sure, it may have been truly affirmable that, vexations notwithstanding—

"The POPE he leads a happy life."

Perhaps, too, although averse from a political *modus vivendi*, yet personally ever a model of good living, he has habitually so lived as to justify the statement that

"He drinks the best of sparkling wine."

Still, nobody has ever so much as hinted that the present venerable occupant of the See of PETER was ever in the slightest way of being half-seas over. The German Government's expression of a wish that the next Pope may be temperate, may possibly be one of BISMARCK's equivocal jokes; but to be a more temperate Pope in respect of his glass than the Prisoner of the Vatican, the next Pope would have to be a Teetotaler. It is on the cards that he may be. Time will, perhaps, show whether or no Prince BISMARCK will be able to arrange a *modus vivendi* with Cardinal MANNING, and Italy come likewise to terms with a Pope so temperate, that he approves of the United Kingdom Alliance.

"J'y suis et J'y reste!"

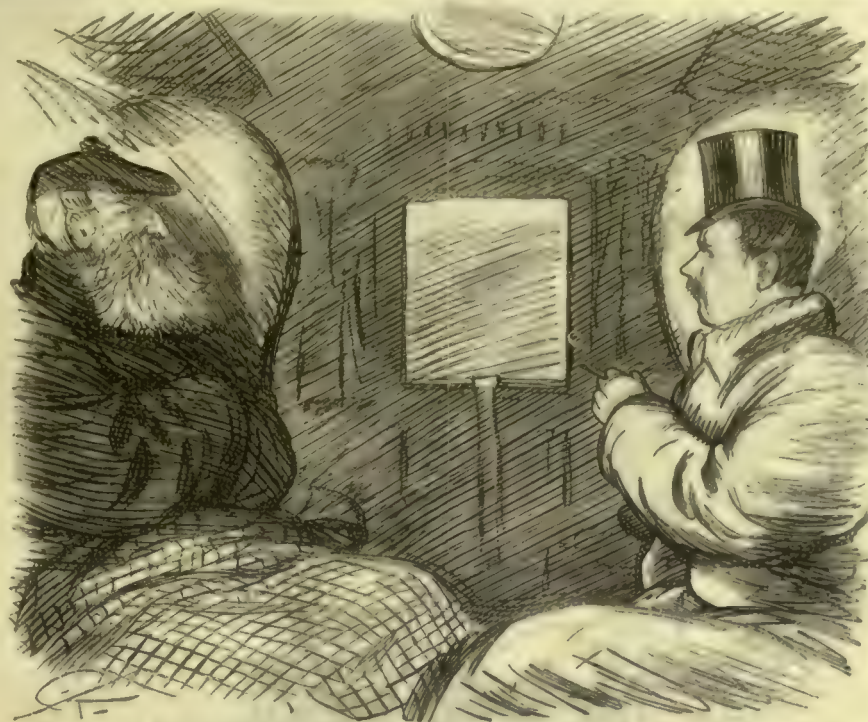
*Il restera?* Will he? Still the line's abloom,  
The look-out, never bright, grows duller;  
Yet 'gainst the Duke we'll back the Gallic cock!  
Magenta's not a staying colour.

### WISDOM FROM THE EAST.

HERE is a military maxim which, it is hoped, the big wigs of the Horse Guards have by this time worked into their system:—

"THE rifle for your adversary, and the spade for yourselves, are the tools of modern war."—(Colonel LOYD LINDSAY at the Westminster Dinner.)





## HIGHLY CONSIDERATE.

*Little Smithkin (debonairly). "OBJECT TO SMOKING!"*

*North Briton. "NAE IN THE LEAST, IF IT DOES NA' MAK' YE SAC'!"*

*[As Little S. said, he "cut the old Cad for the rest of the journey."]*

## SOME RECOMPENSE FOR A WRONG.

MR. PUNCH is happy to see that the Government, adopting the suggestion of a jurist whom modesty forbids him to name, have recognised the position that a just and generous country is bound in justice and generosity to make reparation to guiltless persons made examples of for their country's good.

"The three men named WILD, JACKSON, and GREENWOOD, who were wrongly convicted of an outrage on the woman BLACKBURN, near Burnley, and who, after being 'pardoned,' were released from Pentonville Prison, eleven days ago, each received on Saturday a letter, which had been sent by the direction of the HOME SECRETARY, stating that, on receipts being sent by them, a gratuity of £5 10s. would be forwarded to them."

For "gratuity" read "compensation." Though "compensation" is, perhaps, rather a large word; but in fixing such amounts or such sums, the Government must, of course, be limited by the means of the nation.

## Well Out of It.

It was wired from Paris the other day that ex-President General GRANT, on leaving the French capital for Lyons, paid a farewell visit to President Marshal MAC-MAHON. Did the President take the opportunity of obtaining from the ex-President advice how to back out of a fix with ease and elegance? Any way, he seems to have learnt the secret from somebody. If we may believe the last bulletins—which *Punch* is slow to do—"Il s'est soumis," and, being so, *Il y restera*.

## NOTES FROM DR. BRIGHTON'S CASE-BOOK.

**CAPTAIN FLATFOOT**, aged thirty-five. Smokes all day. Spends his time in billiards and louncing down the King's Road. Utterly bored. Can read nothing but *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*. Hates ladies' society. Has treated himself with "pegs" (otherwise glasses of brandy and soda-water), taken every half hour. Prescription—A course of lawn tennis.

**CLARA BABYINGTON NASH**, aged seventeen. Wears a light Ulster with three capes to it. Fond of talking slang. Thinks Major SMITH (who was in the Bombay Heavy Dragoons) "awful fun." Reads OUIDA's Novels. Says she smokes cigarettes. Skates at MELLISON'S. Prescription—Two years longer at her boarding school.

**HERBERT TENTERFOUR**, aged twenty-five. Spends his day in talking nonsense to the Misses BUTTERFLY. Dances all night at the Grand Hotel or balls of equal selectness in other parts of the town. Spends about eight times his income in the Club Card-room. Neglects his future and undermines his health. Prescription—Immediate return to his stool in the Government Office to which he belongs.

**IDA DYAWAY**, aged twenty-four. Ultra-romantic. Deeply in love with Major BRASS FARTHING. Enjoys moonlight strolls on the New Pier. Writes two letters daily to the object of her affections. Prescription—A good "talking-to" from old DYAWAY, who made his money out of tallow, and knows the exact value of Major BRASS FARTHING, both from a pecuniary and a moral point of view. If this has no effect, a lengthy tour on the Continent.

**The Hon. Mrs. DASHALONG**, between thirty and sixty. Wears dyed hair, Persian bloom, and pearl powder. Smokes. Drives a couple of ponies. Calls men by their Christian names. Flirts with the worst known *roués*. In every imaginable way sets healthy public opinion at defiance. Prescription—The cut direct.

**FRANCES FLACID**. Aged thirty-eight. Languid, lazy, stout, melancholy. Fond of eating. Hates walking. Sleeps eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. Prescription—Hard work.

**MR. PUNCH**. Age—the prime of life. Hates second-rate shops. Does not care for the sea when it is covered with fog or looks dusty. Tired of skating-rinks. Prefers to see Town faces in Town. Objects to third-rate scandal. Dislikes ex-soldiers. Cannot tolerate brass-bands. Never could believe in ozone. Fond of whistling "*Home, Sweet Home*." Prescription—London.

## IRISH TRIAL BY JURY.

In the Mitchelstown Libel Case, tried last week in the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, the Lord Chief Justice concluded his summing-up by telling the Jury that the publication of the letters forming the ground of action was, he had no hesitation in saying, "libellous; that it was a foul, unfounded libel, and that, considering the time, opportunity, and circumstances under which it was published, it was a libel of the most pernicious tendency." On the only two counts of the indictment on which the Jury could agree, their verdict was "Not Guilty." This is just what a Judge who understands Irishmen and Irish pig-driving ought to have expected. He ought not to need telling, that the next time he thinks the plaintiff's case overwhelmingly proved, he should charge for the defendant.

## Witnesses and Victims.

"A SOLICITOR," having been subpoenaed as a witness to attend an action in a certain Court, complains in the *Times*, that there being no accommodation whatever provided for witnesses at that Court, nor any other Court, he believes, of the Chancery Division, they, "are compelled (women as well as men) whenever, as frequently happens, they are ordered out of Court, to stand about in the open air for days together, in all weathers, which at this season is not only unpleasant but dangerous to health." If this be so, and any unfortunate witness, thus shut out in the cold, should catch his death, whom should a Coroner's Jury send to trial for manslaughter—the Office of Works, or the Permanent Secretary of the Treasury, or the High Court of Parliament, or the High Court of Justiciary? Somebody must be to blame.

## New Thing in Hats.

An article in the window of a Hatter's shop in Fleet Street is labelled, "The Patent Bismarck Flexible Silk Hat." The names of great Generals used in other days to be appropriated to boots; but there was never any Blucher or Wellington Hat. A fitness of things may be perceptible in the notion of a Bismarck Hat; as a hat is for the head, and head is the Great Chancellor's strong point. It may be difficult, at first blush, to imagine BISMARCK in a flexible hat. But when one comes to think of it, an inflexible head in a flexible hat is not at all a bad symbol for the Policy of Blood and Iron in diplomatic forms.

THE WORST CHRISTMAS WAITS.—Christmas Boxes and Hampers at the Railway Stations.









## MUTUAL JUDGMENTS.

SCENE—A Horse Fair.

*Customer* "YA-AS, HE MAY BE A JEWEL, A—BUT YOU WANT TOO MUCH FOR HIM. HE'S GOT SUCH AN UGLY HEAD AND LEGS!"  
*Irish Dealer*. "AN' FAITH, SOR, IF THE HORSE COULD ONLY SPAKE, HE'D BE AFTHER SAYING AS MUCH IV YOR HONOUR!"

suggestion of remedy was confident. Seeing that we can't cure it, prevention, in this case pre-eminently, would be ever so much better than cure. But how to secure prevention? There's the rub. We can hardly feel satisfied with the Doctor's suggestions—a rigorous dog-tax, a collar with the owner's name and number of his licence—like a Special War-Correspondent—and death to any dog found abroad without his collar!

Hard lines! to be collared for lack of collar by a stern policeman, and consigned to the fatal fumes, which are used in New York to quench the vital spark of the homeless, masterless dog—poor waif and stray, who has a master somewhere, if he could only find him, and is, nine times out of ten, more worthy of compassion and care than of execution.

But we have a Dog-tax—and we have dog-collars, and, alas, we have swift and sudden execution of homeless and masterless dogs—more's the pity.

How are we, then—if these precautions are made ever so stringent and universal—to prevent rabies? Here we desiderate more logical tific lucidity from our scientific Doctor.

One of the kindest, as he is one of the most cultivated of men, reared in due love and familiarity with dogs at his patriarchal, old-world home of Killerton, he would of a surety recommend nothing that he did not believe called for by the emergency of the case. And so we are forced to the conclusion that he sees no other way for it but death for the dog without a master, or at least, the outward and visible sign of one—a collar.

But it is a stern and a sad necessity, if necessity it be. *Punch* would have been loath to believe it on any less gentle, and thoughtful, and well-informed an authority than Dr. ACLAND. As it is—*Toby* . . . But no—thou art safe. No rabies to be feared for thee, but the exceeding wrath aroused sometimes over the never-ending accumulation in the waste-paper basket over which thou keepest guard, and thy wrath at the wrongs and hum-bugs of the world against which thou seest thy Master uplift his bâton.

So rest, rest perturbed spirit. "*Requiescas in pace*" in life by thy Master's side, in death in his family grave, not far from his heart.

## A REMONSTRANCE FROM ROMSEY.

MR. PUNCH—SIR,

TAIN'T often as we gets the chance of having a peg at your Honor, but summat in your last week's peaper has give it to me. You says that tho' we may walk to Romsey straight, we med goo back walking zigzag like. That med be all tru enof, but you said that seame last year. Please read. I han't got your peaper in which it was, but I can recolect near enuf:—

"And though the rhoad to Romsey's straight,  
 'Tis zigzag back from there;  
 Mind that, whenever you goes to dale  
 In pigs at Romsey fare."

I think the verses of which the above is one, was called "Rum uns from Romsey." Please zee the heading to last week's shove at us down Romsey waiy.

I will now take the liberty of telling you where you be wrong about us in some other respecs. Gwain to Romsey isn't by any means sinonimus with gettin drunk; and why? because we've got MUSTER COWPER-TEMPLE, and his good Lady, at Broadlands, both on um, to their credit, workin hard to put down drinkin o' beer, and tryin wi all thir might to persuade us to drink nothin but water or tea, and they have succeeded so well, that the sayin "haven bin to Romsey," if it ever were used, don't now apply to the pleace.

Where you be most of all wrong, however, is in callin of it Romsey on the mud. How could a place be on the mud? Mud's mostly soft. Besides, here's a little bit of a rime mead up afore you was born, or me neither, and I'm older than you, as I can very well remember your fust appearance:—

"Romsey in the mud,  
 Tytherley on the stoans,  
 Rumsey ate the mate,  
 Tytherley picked the boans."

I remain, Sir,  
 Your most obajiant humble Servant,  
 A ROMSEY PIGDALKER.



## GRADGRIND ON GOSCHEN.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,



As a man of business, I have seldom been more disgusted than I was in reading the report of the speech which Mr. Goschen delivered the other day before the Liverpool Institute. Mr. G. said that he wished to speak to his audience "as a business man"!!! It is precisely in that character I feel bound to enter my vehement protest against the pernicious fudge which he advanced on that occasion. Things are, indeed, come to a pretty pass when a man of facts and figures is found singing the praises of Imagination! Mr. G. has evidently mistaken his vocation. He a merchant, a man of business, a financier, a possible Chancellor of the Exchequer? Pooh! He was intended for a poet, or a writer for the *Family Herald*. Listen to him!

"While others pleaded on behalf of useful knowledge . . . he wished to speak on behalf of the cultivation of the imaginative faculties in the broadest sense of the term; and he was not afraid to say this before a Liverpool audience, because he would not admit that there was any antagonism between business and the cultivation of the imaginative faculties."

The deuce he wouldn't! I wonder the Liverpool audience didn't hiss him out of the hall.

"He wanted men to cultivate the power of forming ideal pictures."

Ideal pictures! Is this to be borne?

"He did not want them to know only ordinary facts."

I should say not. Facts are the pitiless foes of fudge.

"He regretted the theory which regards as stuff and nonsense all that does not bear upon the immediate practical duties of life."

Of course, Sir, a wholesale dealer in "stuff and nonsense" will reject any theory that interferes with his trade.

"He wanted them to breathe the bracing ozone of imagination."

Now, Sir, what, in the name of outraged common sense, is "the bracing ozone of imagination?" It is not an article quoted in the markets of the world. Is it a new quack medicine devised by this charlatan? He proceeds to defend the brain-softening practice of reading novels. Possibly, following his own prescription in this particular has reduced him to his present pitiable estate. He disparages the only kind of fiction for which a good word might be said, that in which daily life is faithfully photographed, in favour of that in which imagination is dominant, romance rampant, sentiment supreme. Sir, this is the very perversity of imbecility.

He eulogises *Alice in Wonderland*. Sir, some pernicious believer in "ideal pictures" surreptitiously presented that book to my youngest daughter, aged eight. I examined the volume. It is a tissue of the most insane absurdities, that would do credit to Colney Hatch. Of course, I burned the book, and put my daughter on bread and water for twenty-four hours as a penance for looking into it. And now this—this man of business—publicly praises it! Sir, he should be gagged. Coming from his lips, that one avowal may cause infinite mischief, and put practical parents to endless trouble. He proceeds to say that he would like boys to read anything rather than prose. Of course he would. Prose is the language of sense, poetry the jargon of lunacy. Naturally Mr. G. prefers the latter. Here, however, is his crowning imbecility: "Imagination, in its highest and broadest sense, is necessary for the noble discharge of imperial duties." Merciful powers! We are to rule India, I suppose, by imagination, instead of the strong hand. Perhaps that's why they have made a poet Governor-General. A nice mess he will probably make of it! Sympathy, imagination, sentiment, in dealing with subject-races and alien creeds! Fudge! Why I couldn't keep my clerks in order with such maudlin milk-and-water, "Toe the line, and no nonsense!"—that's the only rule for rulers.

Sir, this self-styled "business man" has started a crusade against facts. Yes, Sir, incredible as the fact may appear, so it is.

He disparages facts. I say there is nothing else in creation worth a sucked orange. He defends novels. I would do as OMAR PASHA did with the lot of 'em, when he burnt the Alexandrian Library. He'd import imagination into commerce, daily life, even into the Art of Ruling, possibly—for I really don't know where he'd stop—into the very LEDGER itself! I would confine it to lunatic asylums. I am confident that all the real business men of this practical land will be on my side. "Facts for ever, and no quarter to Fudge!" That is our motto. It is our bounden duty to rally round our standard in uncompromising hostility to this driveller with his "ideal pictures" and his "bracing ozone of imagination." Let Mr. Goschen give up commerce and politics, and take to rhyme-spinning, leaving the all-important, the only important, sphere of Facts and Figures to men of the same mind as,

Yours, uncompromisingly,

L. S. D. GRADGRIND.

## OBEDIENTIA DOCET.

(From the "Rev. A. H. Mackonochie's Complete Letter Writer," compiled for the use of all who may be in doubt as to how they ought to address "those who are placed in authority over them.")

I.

From a Subaltern on receiving a Private Reprimand from his Colonel.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

I HAVE received your "friendly" protest, dated the 3rd of March last, and if I have not thought fit to take any notice of that communication for nine months, you are at liberty to set it down to the fact that I have been engaged a portion of that time in playing in a cricket-match in the north of Scotland. With regard to what you urge against my wearing "the cocked hat of a Field Marshal and a false nose on parade," I have merely to point out to you that I consider your objections trivial in the extreme. Moreover, let me add for your enlightenment in a matter in which I as your subordinate, obviously the proper person, am to instruct you, that the decay of military enthusiasm can be traced directly to the disappearance of suitable adjustments of this kind. I shall, therefore, continue to appear in them as usual, and not deprive the noble fellows, who enjoy the spectacle, of this spur to duty which neither you nor six dozen Colonels shall compel me to relinquish. However, believe me, yours considerably,

A. FLATT (Ensign).

II.

From a Hopeful Child, about to return Home for the Holidays, to his anxious Parents.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

ON the eve of that pleasing relaxation from my studies, which, with a creditable regard for his own pocket, our worthy Principal has this term announced his intention of extending to the length of six weeks, I am writing you a few lines, and I trust you will both find them as palatable as they are meant to be premonitory. It must be fresh in your recollection that, on a former occasion of this kind, you took serious exception to the manufacture and discharge of fireworks in my bedroom, while, if my memory does not fail me, there was some sort of protest raised, either by one or by both of you, against, not only the preservation of live eels in the filter, but even the tuning of the piano with the firetongs, and a general attention to the entire clockwork of the house with hair-oil.

Now, it is not for me to have to argue about such obvious frivolities (you must pardon my frankness) as are your "reasons" for any abandonment by me of these interesting pastimes and pursuits, and so I leave it to your natural good sense and discretion to appreciate the position a child, who will be eleven next birthday, should assume and preserve in a matter of this sort. Let me then conclude, my dear Parents, by simply expressing a wish that I shall hear no more of this affair, and that my advent in the midst of the family circle with five pounds of gunpowder may be hailed, if not with open enthusiasm, at least with tacit but cordial acquiescence.

Wishing you, in the meantime, ridiculous though they are, all the usual compliments of the season, I am your dutiful but always judicious son,

THOMAS BUMPUS.

III.

From an Ophicleide Player, who is given to extemporising, to the Conductor who has sent him a remonstrance.

SIR,

THE unmanly and insolent protest which you have regarded it as "your province" to address to one who "plays under your leadership" (!), shall meet from my hands the contempt it deserves. It would be beneath my dignity, as a musician and as a man, to prove to you why it is not only a recreation, but a duty, to intro-



duce long passages a *piacere* on my powerful instrument into the *andante* of any concerto, *whenever and however I like*. No, Sir, you are a mere leader, and nothing more; and if you ever wish to know what it was that brought about the decline of the great Art of which I am a humble votary, you may be enlightened by applying to

Yours resolutely,

YOUR LEADING OPHICLEIDE.

IV.

*From a Stockbroker to a Client who has objected to an Investment effected on his Account.*

DEAR SIR,

You authorised me to sell out £9,764 Gr: Ind: Peninsular Stock at the then current price, and invest the amount realised in the Three per Cents. With regard to the latter part of your commission, it is, as you express it, "a fact that I have done nothing of the kind." On the contrary, I have put the whole lump sum bodily into a South Patagonian mine, guaranteeing an interest of 29 per cent. Well, what do you say to that? Am I to invest your property to suit *my* fancies or *yours*? Your astonishment is really ridiculous, and you can take whatever steps you like to "recover."

Yours, &c.

B. SWAMP.

V.

*From a disagreeable Visitor who annoys his Host, and has had it politely hinted to him that his room will be wanted shortly.*

1 A.M.—I have been turning over since 9'30, the extremely discourteous manner in which I consider that I have been treated, more especially by your reference to the fact that you expect the HUMPHERS on Tuesday fortnight; and I have only to meet that piece of information by another especially explicit. I shall not turn out. You asked here on a visit, no doubt, unconscious of the fact that I smoke in bed playing the hurdy-gurdy, get up after three, fire at the peacock with a revolver, and am fond of preparing birds for stuffing in the drawing-room after dinner. You, no doubt, will urge one or more of these things as an excuse for your dastardly and ungentelemanly conduct; but let me tell you, that this is your house and not mine, and that once within its walls there I stay. As to my violating the duties enforced by the acceptance of hospitality—nonsense. It is the guest who is to teach the host what his house is meant for,—and the sooner you learn with what sort of man you have to deal the better. I haven't been to Holborn for nothing! But I am too indignant to continue, and so close this, (and shall ring up a servant,) as I see it is now 3'17 A.M.

## POOR OLD ENGLAND.

*As painted by certain Patriots of the Period.*

I'm a very fine Old Lady, and the wonder of the world,  
On every sea my keels float free, my banner is unfurled;  
But neither pluck, nor power, nor luck, my stout old soul preserves  
From frequent fits of fidgets, and from bad attacks of nerves.

Despite my flag the world will wag, at a perplexing pace,  
A fact, you see, that taxes me to hold the foremost place;  
It's mine by right, but then to fight, and keep up fleets and things,  
Is a burden that no end of work and botheration brings.

*In statu quo?* Precisely so. I'm very well content;  
As I've all I want at present, new arrangements I'd prevent;  
Why can't all parties do the like, in peace and quiet dwell,  
And so preserve the state of things that suits my book so well?

But bless you, no! They want to "grow"; to grab where grab they can,  
And some have got the cheek to say that used to be *my* plan;  
Perhaps, but I know better now. Why can't they learn of me,  
To settle down on their own lots and live contentedly?

But when they hulk my little schemes, or get into my way,  
Block paths which I desire to use, or may desire some day;  
It puts me dreadfully about, it makes me very cross,  
I can't look on at other's gain which may portend my loss!

I've got a lot of land about, a longish way from home;  
Others are bound to cross my paths wherever they may roam;  
But then they shouldn't hang about, or settle near my tracks,  
As though they thought my game was good, and aimed at going snacks.

Ah! snacks, that's it. There's not a bit of pickings I have got  
But what they'd like to nibble at, or maybe bolt the lot.  
They're welcome, quite, to forage for themselves in other places,  
But, then, they ought to cry "Hold hard!" when'er they spy my traces.

It worries me. I do not want to spend a lot more cash  
In all sorts of insurances to save myself from smash.  
Some tell me that to guard my game I must not grudge expense,  
But I hold disarming others is the cheapest self-defence.

They mustn't grow so powerful as to give me cause for fear;  
Wherever I may wish to go all roads must be kept clear;  
All gateways open wide to me with no one to take toll—  
That's a patriotic policy, and soothing to my soul.

I'm a wonderful old woman, but my nerves are waxing weak,  
To hold my own in quietness is all that now I seek.  
Why can't the nations all keep still, like well-conducted boys,  
And not disturb my peace of mind by kicking up a noise?

## PAROCHIAL PLUM PUDDING.



"SPOTTED Dick," to the taste of children in general, is nicer than Suet Pudding. This consideration occurred to the considerate Birmingham Board of Guardians. Therefore they desired to substitute now and then for Suet Pudding, by way of a change in the Workhouse dietary, "Spotted Dick." Now, the dietary of the Birmingham Workhouse is regulated by the authority of the Local Government Board. "Spotted Dick" is a luxury which it did not comprise. So, to be enabled to augment it with that desired addition, the Guardians had to get permission from their superiors in London. According to the *Birmingham Post*, they

received, "written on highly official paper, with the wide official margin, and with the regulation official number in the corner," the following reply:—

"The Local Government Board approve of the proposal of the Guardians of the parish of Birmingham to give the children in the Workhouse currant pudding occasionally, instead of suet pudding. With regard, however, to the formula of the currant pudding, the Board are advised that a little sugar should form one of the ingredients of the pudding, to make it more palatable."

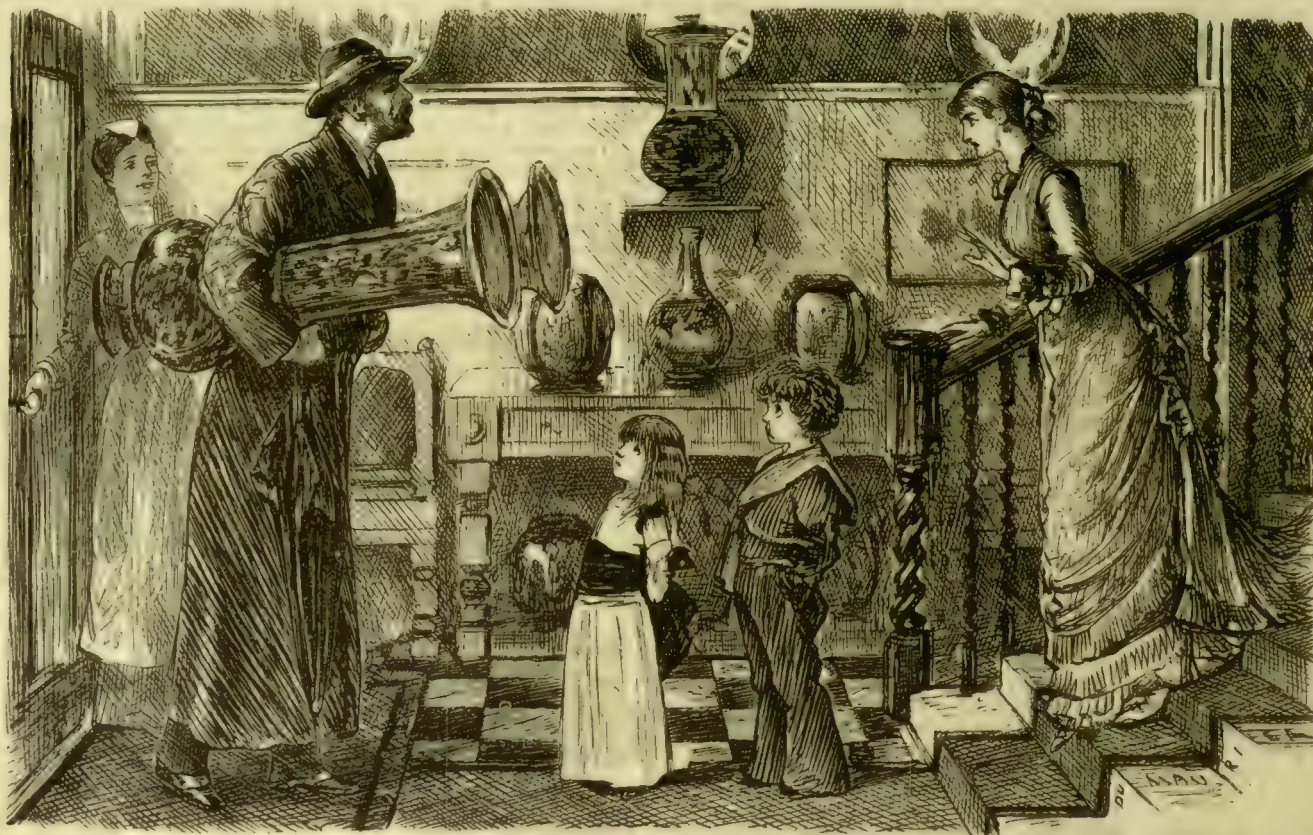
From this concluding official remark it shows that a "formula" for the composition of Currant Pudding had accompanied the request for leave to add it to the diversities of Workhouse fare, and that in the receipt for "Spotted Dick" sugar was omitted. Not to have known the ingredients of "Spotted Dick" argues the Birmingham Guardians to have known nothing of Cookery. Had there been a Lady on the Board, then, of course, one of the Guardians would have been Cook enough to know how to make "Spotted Dick." It is difficult to imagine even Workhouse Guardians actuated by mere parsimony in proposing a scheme for "Spotted Dick" without sugar. But if that sort of "Spotted Dick" was the Currant Pudding contemplated as a welcome change from Suet Pudding in the Birmingham Workhouse bill of fare, what sort of thing, we may wonder, is the customary Suet Pudding? Perhaps something of the kind that Schoolboys in the select academies of other days named "Stick-jaw." What a viand must be the Stick-jaw which would correspond with sugarless "Spotted Dick!"

The "Spotted Dick" which the Birmingham Pauper Children are now destined to enjoy will be sweetened, as the Local Government Board recommend, with a "little sugar." Let us hope that the Birmingham Workhouse "Spotted Dick"—*paces* the Local Government Board—will be worthy of his name; the currants not too few and far between. There may be economy without stinginess in serving the little Pauper Children with "Spotted Dick" as their first course, that so, the edge being taken off their holiday appetites on that, they may afterwards partake with due moderation of the Roast Beef, Turkey, and other good things which will doubtless succeed the Parochial Plum Pudding.

TAKING THE RISK.—Nowadays it is the buyers of silk goods who must "stand the hazard of the dye."

A VERY WISE PUSH FOR THE TURKS.—To Tirnova—a new leaf.





### APPLY QUOTED FROM THE ADVERTISEMENT COLUMN.

*Thrifty Wife.* "OH, ALGERNON! MORE USELESS CHINA! MORE MONEY THROWN AWAY WHEN WE HAVE SO LITTLE TO SPARE!"  
*Amiable Chinaman.* "POOH! POOH! MY LOVE! 'MONEY NOT SO MUCH AN OBJECT AS A COMFORTABLE HOME,' YOU KNOW!"

### A TROUBLESOME PEN.

INTERLOCUTORS—MR. PUNCH and *Shepherds*.

**PUNCH.** A skittish lot, eh, *Shepherds*?

*First Shepherd (wearily).* Ay, indeed!  
 Would we had never introduced the breed.  
 One plagues us overlookers more than flocks  
 Of sober muttons of the good old stocks.

*Second Shepherd.* Time was when sheep were sheep, and fed together,

Obedient to the lead of the bell-wether;  
 But this queer lot will keep no ordered way—  
 Their sole delight to break bounds and to stray.

**Punch.** Half-bred of course?

*First Shepherd.* Of a bad stock they come;  
 An Oxford mixture with a strain from Rome.

**Punch.** Why care to keep them?

*Second Shepherd.* Humph! maybe we don't,  
 If they'd clear out completely, but they won't—  
 For though they spurn all bounds, and scorn to brook  
 The mild restraints of collie and of crook,  
 You see, they like the feeding.

*Third Shepherd.* Were they pigs,  
 They could not play up more cantankerous rigs.  
 But porcine obstinacy they combine  
 With a sleek slyness seldom seen in swine.

**Punch.** Nor much in sheep?

*First Shepherd.* Well, this peculiar breed,  
 Though clothed sheep-fashion, are—ahem!—indeed,  
 I do not love hard words.

**Punch.** Plain words, my friend,  
 May often save much mischief in the end.

Especially when backed by action bold.

*Second Shepherd.* Why, y-e-e-s; but then perchance a rival fold  
 Might snap them up.

**Punch.** A right good riddance too!

*Second Shepherd.* Humph!—well, we do not quite know what  
 to do.

**Punch.** That's awkward—in a *Shepherd*; for you see,

When *Shepherds* are at fault stray sheep there'll be.

*Second Shepherd.* Well, not long since we put our foot down  
 hard,

And built this strong pen this queer lot to guard;

But, bless you! where's the use? They slip and creep  
 Out of the smallest cranny, do these sheep:

And vault where they can't wriggle.

**Punch.** Where's your crook?

*First Shepherd.* Nay, if the worst of 'em we try to hook,  
 Whish!—we're knocked over! The contrary lot  
 Would make the mildest *Shepherd's* temper hot.

**Punch.** No doubt a breed of bolters is provoking,  
 But when you cheek 'em p'raps they think you're joking.  
 And query, is it worth such pains to keep  
 Inside the pen such very headstrong sheep?  
 If they will break bounds, why not let 'em roam  
 Off to the place the cross first came from—Rome?  
 They'll scarcely find the feeding there so fat,  
 But sheep that will bolt must put up with that.  
 Cool they may be, yet scarce can claim as due,  
 Housing and feed and right of bolting too!

### A Crack in Freemasonry.

THE Grand Orient of the Central Lodge of French Freemasonry has been striking out of its programme what have hitherto been the corner-stones of the Masonic Faith, belief in the existence of a God and the immortality of the Soul; so cutting down its Trinity of belief to a Unity—the "solidarité of man." All *Punch*, though no Mason, can say is, that if Freemasons' faith be reduced to this, he would not give very much for the *solidarité* of Masonry.

The English Grand Lodge, through the mouth of England's Pro-Grand Master, Lord CAERNARVON, has met to protest against this amputation of two of the three legs on which Freemasonry stands, and if the Grand Orient persists in this grubbing up of its best, broadest, and deepest foundation-stones, the end will be a crack in the Great Temple reared on the hitherto solid pillars of JACHIN and BOAZ! *About omen!*





# AT THE CATTLE SHOW.

(A TROUBLESOME LOT.)







## PETTING EXTRAORDINARY.



THE *Edinburgh Daily Review*, the other day, informed us that a young American Lady residing in that city, whose name Mr. *Punch* does not care to immortalise, had lately had her favourite mare shod with shoes of solid gold, at an expense of between four and five hundred pounds.

This pleasant method of "making the mare to go," will, no doubt, find imitators among Ladies who delight to show their fondness for their pets, and who, though not restrained by common sense or shortness of cash,

have not hitherto been led with proper spirit. This young Lady's imitation of one of the worst of the Roman Emperors should give them courage. How delightful to the lover of the lower animals to read such announcements as the following:—

Miss SELINA GUSHINGTON has just presented her pet Pug with a very handsome solid-gold timepiece, in order that the dear intelligent creature may be able to be punctual in the hours of his meals. The timepiece is surmounted by a beautifully modelled statuette of her favourite turning up his nose at his victuals or at the lower orders, we have not ascertained which.

Mrs. M. T. HEAD has, we understand, provided for a very old Donkey long attached to the family a beautifully chased silver pitch-pipe, to aid him in getting the correct key-note in his bray!

An elderly unmarried lady, Miss FITZ-GIBBON, has presented to the Zoological Society a handsomely-bound copy of the complete works of Mr. DARWIN, as the nucleus of a library for the use of the inmates of the Monkey-house.

Miss SWEETLIPS, of Floriline City, Kansas, U.S., has lately, we are informed, presented her domesticated Skunk with a most exquisite Venetian-glass scent-bottle, which the playful little animal seems at present hardly to know what to do with, but will, no doubt, in time learn to appreciate, if not use.

## OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

No. II.—SKETCH OF SRIMPGEATE-ON-SEA IN WINTER.

(Panoramic View continued by Our Own Quiet Observer.)

SRIMPGEATE Harbour, in consequence of being much sought by seamen of all nations in difficulties, presents, in anything like a boisterous winter time, a most animated and picturesque appearance. The piers, the harbour, and that portion of the lower town which adjoins the harbour, are thronged at all hours by bronzed, weather-beaten men in every variety of costume. An Operatic Stage-Manager, at a loss for a novelty in grouping, has only to run down to Srimpgate-on-Sea, and take in the *tableaux* at a *coup d'œil*. Hither come fishermen from all quarters "when the stormy winds do blow," and from Srimpgate away they "sail with the gale to the Bay of Biscay, oh," or, to be more correct, for the most part to the North Sea fisheries. These hardy mariners are not afraid of the water, but they do seem a trifle nervous about soap. Your Quiet Observer has sometimes heard of poor sailors, saved by the skin of their teeth from a wreck, being "washed ashore." But this is a very exceptional case, and can only have happened to those who have got clean off. Washed ashore they might be, now and then—Sunday mornings, perhaps. But "washed at sea" must be of rare occurrence. Yet, on reflection, Your Observer remembers to have heard of "Tar Soap," but having his doubts as to this being "Soap for Tars," he will inquire into the matter, and report progress.

By the way, just now at Srimpgate the popular nautical song, "*Nancy Lee*," is being shouted about the place with such original variations as may suggest themselves to each individual singer. But with all respect for Mr. WEATHERLY, M.A. (there could

not be a better name for the writer of a nautical ballad than WEATHERLY), Your Observer has not noticed any NANCY LEES waiting about Srimpgate Harbour and Srimpgate Cliffs. Evidently, as the ancient hunting ditty has it, "All his" (Mr. WEATHERLY, M.A.'s) "fancy dwells upon NANCY, while he sings" (in this case, not "Tallyho!" but) "Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!" However, in justice to the Author, Your Observer feels bound to add, that, on referring to a copy lying on somebody else's piano, he finds that "Of all the Wives as e'er you know" (who's you?) "there's none like NANCY LEE, I trow!"—"I" is Mr. WEATHERLY, M.A.—and, consequently, this creation of the balladist's brain is an exception. But for exceptions "you" (the unknown "you" of the ballad) must not come to Srimpgate-on-Sea, "Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!"

"Oh! if you wish to meet with NANCY LEE—

Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!

You must not come to Srimpgate-on-the-Sea—

No, no, my Boys, no, no!"

And so on ad libitum-tum-tum, when you (the same "you" as before) are not acquainted with any more words.

While on the subject of the mariners' costume (Your Observer was talking about this before he was led away by NANCY LEE and "Yeo ho, my Boys, yeo ho!"), and putting aside the picturesque aspect of the mellowed colours of the fishermen's dresses, English and foreign, and those of the crews of cargo vessels of all nationalities, it will strike the observant eye that very few of the maritime population—what may be called here the "floating population,"—are ever measured for their clothes.

The peculiarity of the marine costume at Srimpgate seems to be, that everyone connected with the fishing interest wears everyone else's trousers braced up to the very last hole, so as to come, economically, as near the throat as possible, and thus keep the nautical chest warm. These nether garments appear to be constructed for holding four legs at once, comfortably. Occasionally, on the jetty, but very occasionally, there may be seen a person with tight brown "cords," as closely fitting as a hussar's cherry-coloured pants, horsey jacket and neckerchief, and an ostler's cap; from the top to a little below the knee he is decidedly groomish, or a help at a livery stable, but at this point the groom ceases, and the fisherman begins with the boots. Could his dress be adapted for regimentals, there would be the materials for a horse-marine ready-made to hand. He is, however, a fisherman, though it forcibly strikes Your Observer, that being a man of original mind and present resources, he has concluded an advantageous bargain for his stable suit with an ostler out of place, and, being his own *costumier*, has fashioned them to sea-atrial purposes. Not that it would astonish anyone who knows Srimpgate to find a nautical groom loitering about the harbour discussing points of the compass, piscatorial prospects, rigging and ropes, (and a horsey gent generally professes to "know the ropes,") on an equal footing with the regular professional old salts; and, being horsey such an individual might, if objecting to be called a horse-marine, like to come out as one of the ancient corps of Epsom Salts, and give a musical entertainment at "The Willin' Sailor," when he could delight his audience with "*All in the Downs*," or "*The Humours of the Roads*." They give these sort of sing-songs during the winter evenings at Srimpgate-on-Sea, and they merrily dance and merrily sing to the inspiring sounds of a cracked piano (which is *Tinny* without the Coote), coming out strong in a Chorus of this sort—

"So here's to the health of Old Admiral BLOKE,  
And my grog I will drink and my baccy I'll smoke,  
For my 'art it is merry and free."

All (with a good long pause on the first note)—

"For—my 'art it is merry and free."

Your Observer has never yet been able to master more of this song than the chorus, at present, but hopes to know all about it before many years have passed over his head.

No (to revert), a horsey sailor or a nautical groom would not be a matter of surprise here, where all the tradesmen, the nearer their shops approach, or the farther they are off from, the harbour, are more or less nautical. Your Butcher at Srimpgate-on-Sea hitches up his belt and murmurs (but heartily all the same to himself), "Belay!" as he takes your order, and flourishes his cleaver as though it were a cutlass about to operate on the prime cut of an enemy's carcass, whose ship he has victoriously boarded, and who lies at his mercy stretched out on the quarter-deck butcher's block.

The Civil Grocer (all the tradesmen are civil, most civil, at Srimpgate-on-Sea, in fact, their shops might be called the Civil Service Stores as far as civility is concerned)—well—the Civil Grocer says "Yes, Sir," or "Yes, Ma'am," as he makes a note of your half pound of tea and two pounds of loaf, and the usual quantity of currants, but he too cannot refrain from saying, "Avast heaving!" in an undertone to himself, while, if your order is a very good one, a large jar and his professional apron are scarcely suffi-





### A BLANK PAGE.

*Sir Patrick.* "THEN, I PRESUME YOU KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT CLEANING SILVER, WAITING AT TABLE, AND SO ON?"

*Jenkins.* "NOTHING WHATEVER, SIR! BUT I DO NOT SUPPOSE THERE IS ANYTHING WHICH INTELLECT MAY NOT OVERCOME!!"

cient to conceal the hornpipe which he is doing with his legs only, his hands being otherwise occupied, behind the counter. The stationer's boy, as he brings your pens, ink, paper, and envelopes in a packet, arrives at your house merrily shuffling, and Your Quiet Observer came upon two of them—two boys, the stationer's and the baker's—stopping *en route*, and indulging in a double shuffle round a corner, while a third whistled a nautical air.

Srimpgate being a remarkably healthy place, there are, of course, a number of invalids, and, consequently, plenty of Bath-chairmen and Bath-chairens. All the Bath-chairmen are nautical—in fact, so much so (at least to judge from their conversation, which is mostly limited to marine matters), that if Government wanted to augment its Naval Reserve, it has only got to secure the services of the Srimpgate Bath-chairmen. These worthies congregate every day at the Upper Cliff rails, and perhaps it is only at Srimpgate that the unique spectacle presents itself of a meeting composed entirely of Chairmen.

Your Quiet Observer has yet something more to say about Srimpgate-on-Sea, which he defers till next week.

### LAMP-LIGHTING AND LAMP-LETTERING.

THE *Times* gives particulars of an interesting invention which has stood the test of eight months' trial—an apparatus for lighting the gas lamps of a district simultaneously by an electric spark. The apparatus also turns on the gas which it kindles.

It is calculated that its adoption will save £100,000 per annum, at the rate of an economy of £1 per lamp in lamp-lighters' wages and equipment. Of course, our active and admirably-managed District Boards and Vestries will lose no time in bringing this convenient, and, at the same time, economical apparatus, into use in the Metropolis.

When they have their hand in at the lamps, may *Punch* be allowed to call their attention to another cheap and most urgent improvement? Why not paint on the lamps, or, at least, on every street-corner lamp, the name of the street—that those who ride in the dark may read?

It would be still better if every lamp were lettered and numbered

with the name of the street and number of the house opposite to it. How night-wandering strangers in London, and all diners-out, strangers or native, would bless the memory of Bumbledom, if the Vestries would make this much-needed and not costly improvement.

Who does not know the loss of time and temper, and the damage to good dinners, caused by the difficulty of hitting off street or number in winter time with a stupid driver, and the shifts even a sharp one is put to to find his destination in the dark?

The Underground Railway thus marks its stations. All who travel by it can appreciate the convenience. Let the District Boards of Works follow the lead of the District Railway. Why should not the disappearance of lamp-lighters inaugurate the appearance of lamp-letters? Or, give us the lamp-letters, and we will bear with the lamp-lighters a generation longer.

Members of District Boards and Vestrymen, when seen, make a note of. If School-Board children are to be lettered, why not street-lamps?

### Opportune.

MANY years ago, *Punch* had definitions of certain words—among them something like this:—"AGENT," a Gent acting for another Gent. It is derived from the Latin word, *Agens*, 'doing,' because the Agent is continually doing the 'Principal.' He is reminded of the old definition by some recent cases both in the commercial and theatrical worlds.

### SANITAS.

So they call the new antiseptic and disinfectant that is to neutralise everybody's smells, and make everybody's fortune. May it not—like so many other sanitary panaceas that have served to float Limited Liability Companies—prove *Vanitas*!

### THE TELEPHONE.

To hope for its success there's solid ground,  
Since all admit its principle is sound.





## AN ILLUSTRATION OF DARWINISM.

WITHOUT USE, AN ORGAN DWINDLES; WITH USE, IT INCREASES. FOR INSTANCE, THE ORGAN OF A GRINDER WHO, IN THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE, RELIES ENTIRELY ON HIS INSTRUMENT, IS INVARIABLY LARGER THAN THAT OF THE GRINDER WHO, IN ADDITION, USES A MONKEY. MOST OF OUR READERS MUST HAVE NOTICED THIS.

## A COUNTRYMAN ON "KILLED SEED."

A FIELD o' young turmuts is gay to behold,  
When 'tis yaller all over wi' patches o' gold.  
But 'taint all gold glitter like sunshine so bright:  
That there's charliok, unlucky in husbunmun's sight.

And the grain-crops, so plenty as sims on some ground,  
When they comes to be ripped med poor projuice be found.  
Barren wuts to bad farmun be like to be doo;  
Likewise charliok unlucky though smilun' to view.

But when crops, root or grain, comes up scanty and thin,  
Or broke out in bare spots like a mangy dog's skin,  
'Taint the fault o' sitch tillidge as 'counts fur the weeds;  
On the best land no shoots wun't come up from dead seeds.

The sower med goo forth his seed for to sow;  
But the live seeds is all o' the kit as 'ool grow.  
'Tis from they that red poppies and carn-flowers prevails;  
But dead seeds be like dead men—they don't tell no tales.

Now the dalers in seed has devized a deep thing;  
Mixes up with live seed seed killed dead as wun't spring.  
For they goos and they bakes it that no weeds med rise,  
And bear witness agin 'um to nobody's eyes.

To cotton and cloth we know'd tricks was applied,  
And we knows, too, that silk 's mixed wi' stuff when 'tis dyed.  
Loomamassy, how Progress in craft do proceed!  
There 's a species o' shoddy now mingled wi' seed.

Rogues be rogues, to be sure, aitch and all o' one strain;  
But the wust rogues for farmers be them rogues in grain.  
To chastise sitch offenders no fines wun't pervail.  
For their potion I'd gi'e 'em hard labour in gaol.

In the good times of old rogues like they, up and down,  
At the cart's tail 'd ben properly whipped droo the town,  
And then set in the stocks their misdeeds to requite,  
Or stood in the pillory, and sarve 'um aright.

For the tricks o' the Seed Trade 'oodst make theeself match?  
Thee goo, and thee get thee an old flannel patch

## "UTILE DULCI."

PEOPLE complain of the uselessness of the fancy articles which are the staple of Bazaar-stalls. But at Arundel lately they have set a better example. At the Bazaar about to come off there to defray the cost of a Church-Clock and Organ-Case, the programme informs us—

"Besides the usual useful and fancy articles for sale, various novelties are promised, among them being a litter of puppies and a fine young pig."

This is something like. A few years ago a zealous High-Church Churohman was unmercifully roasted for placing a pig's head at the foot of the altar-rails with other harvest-home offerings. But there can hardly be the same objection to a litter of puppies and a fine young pig at a Church-bazaar. Puppies, at least, are no strangers in such places, whatever pigs may be.

## An Unexpected Pleasure.

A LAYMAN having lately written to the Bishop of LINCOLN to know why the Bishop turned to the East at the end of his sermon, C. LINCOLN answers:—

"I was not aware of having done what you say was the case; and may I be allowed to add that it would not have been worth while noticing if I had done it? Life is not long enough for debates on such trivialities."

Hear! hear! hear! That Punch should find himself heartily saying, "Ditto to C. LINCOLN!"

From out of a blanket the Missus med spare,  
Or a petticoat as she no longer wed wear.

Soak in water loo-warm, nigh the vire let 'a stand,  
Then a hotbed in little thee 'st got to thy hand.  
Sow thy seeds in 't, all counted; the live uns 'ool sprout,  
By the dead, which they wun't, the deceiver's found out.

Whensoever I that there ixperiment tries,  
'Tis from few seeds I finds as e'er sprouts fails to rise.  
For I knows honest folks, and I dales where I knows:  
That's the way for a feller to rip as 'a sows.

## ENGLAND'S BLACK AND WHITE PAGES.

If Britannia's heart is so often saddened by certain black pages of her own account books, such as the hideous picture of vice, brutal coarseness, and not less brutal selfishness, brought to light by such an exposure as that of "Three Weeks with the Hop-Pickers," in last month's *Frazer*, or the statistics of Liverpool drunkenness, profligacy, and crime; or sessions and assize comment on the life of any of our large cities—Manchester or Birmingham, Bristol or Glasgow, Edinburgh or Newcastle-upon-Tyne—there are white pages in the same book, opened before us from time to time, to cheer us by their contrast.

Such a page is that which records the dinner given to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE at Exeter, at which the kindness of old acquaintance, the warmth of country neighbourhood and good-fellowship, and the cordiality of mutual regard and respect, are used to mellow the bitterness of party, and to sweeten the atmosphere of political strife. While opponents in the battle of public life can meet on such terms as prevailed at that Exeter dinner, there is no fear of cowardly manoeuvres, dirty dodges, or foul fighting. And so long English public life will be a field for the Gentlemen of England to fight in, and for the people of England to watch the battle, and take part in it, all on their right sides and in their fit places, without rancour, mutual distrust, or anything but the good old English rule of fair play, "a clear stage, no favour, and may the best man win!"





### AT THE AQUARIUM.

*Juvenile Physiologist.* "AND WAS THAT WHERE THE POOR WHALE LIVED, PAPA?  
DID HE BLUEBER MUCH BEFORE HE DIED, PAPA?!"

### "SMITH'S BEQUEST."

(See the "Times," December 4 and 5.)

THE SMITHS all dine together twice a year—on the birthday of their Benefactor and on Christmas Day.

The dinner is supplied by a SMITH, and cooked by a SMITH, and the waiters are all SMITHS.

The wealthiest SMITH presides, and the latest recipient of the testator's bounty occupies the Vice-Chair.

The only toast given from the Chair is "the Memory of our Benefactor," which is drunk in solemn silence. This year there will be an addition in the shape of "The Master of the Rolls," which will, doubtless, receive the same mournful attention.

After the cloth is drawn, the SMITHS relate anecdotes of their Benefactor's boyhood, and hand round precious relics, such as locks of his wig, fragments of his Alderman's Gown, a button from his waistcoat, his shoe-horn, &c.

They then expatiate on the benefits they have derived from the Bequest; and tell, in tremulous accents, how it has enabled them to send their wives and families to the sea-side, to engage accomplished governesses (with a Parisian accent) for their daughters, to replenish their cellars, to buy new pianos, to enjoy an occasional gallop with the Harriers, and to recruit their own health by pleasant little trips to Paris.

The SMITH who has last joined contributes Champagne to the feast.

The SMITHS write congratulatory notes and send presents (principally portraits of the Alderman) to each other on their birthdays. They intermarry, and are scrupulous in paying the last marks of respect to departed SMITHS.

Once a year the SMITHS visit the tomb of their Benefactor, and deck it with flowers. Afterwards they walk in procession down Smith Street.

The SMITHS being reasonably proud of a descent which can be traced through nearly two hundred and fifty years, and also naturally anxious to confine the testator's bounty to as few SMITHS as possible, narrowly scrutinise the pretensions of every fresh claimant,

### A SCOTCH FOSSIL.

"Dr. BEGG, speaking at the Free Church Commission, Edinburgh, Nov. 31, about stained glass windows in churches, said, 'He should like to see the people throw stones at these windows.'"  
—*Scotsman*, Nov. 22.

"WONDERS will never cease," it's said;  
To Science Embro's gien a leg,  
Since in her kirk this fin's been made,  
A Fossil man, ca'd Doctor BEGG!

The Fossil talks, too: through the auld town  
Ye'll hear it thunner like Mons Meg!  
Wha wants a stane to crack the croon  
Of POPE and Papist?—Hae, there's BEGG!

Gin any Roman read yon speech,  
Ma certie he wad get a fleg  
When at his head, wi' awsome screech,  
Flings itsel yon auld Fossil, BEGG!

A stained-glass winnock! Losh, it shocks  
His stammach like an auld shop egg;  
I trow, the speerit o' JOHN KNOX  
Can stir e'en stanes—see Dr. BEGG!

Gin scarlet clouts or storied panes  
E'er shock his een, 'tis he'll be gleg  
To set the mob a flingin' stanes  
As hard and heavy as yon BEGG!

Three centuries auld, if he's a day!  
Can't the curators fin' a peg  
In our Museum to display  
This weel-kept Fossil, Doctor BEGG?

Or since yon Laird o' Babylon—  
He maun be on his latest leg,—  
Seeks o' his "pairtibus" to mak' one  
O' Scotland, spite o' Doctor BEGG,

Fearless o' KNOX and Scottish tongue,  
That used to fetch him mony a deg;  
Nor mindin' the defiance flung  
By JANET GEDDES and Dr. BEGG.

If there need fence agin his bike,  
For folks that's gien to feel a leg,  
To build an anti-Papal dyke  
Tak' a few fossils just like BEGG.

so that the new SMITH, the first time he presents himself, is exposed to as many questions as the new boy at school.

The SMITHS felt great alarm when the War broke out between Russia and Turkey, fearing that the latter nation might take to piracy again, and that some disagreeable captives would come forward and claim their share of the Bequest.

The SMITHS all hope they shall live to see that happy time when the estate will produce £50,000 a year.

The SMITHS do not acknowledge the SMYTHS, or the SMYTHES, or the SMYTHS—only the original and genuine SMITH.

The SMITHS are strong Conservatives, upholders of things as they are, and opposed to all new-fangled ways and schemes.

Innumerable correspondents, all signing their letters with the same surname, write to express their opinion that if the benefits of the Charity are to be extended, it cannot be better applied than to the relief of another large and respectable class of the community—the BROWNS. The JONESSES and the ROBINSONS are understood to hold similar views. But the Clan SMITHS, to a man, woman, and a child, consider that British property-rights are bound up with SMITH's Bequest, and that any attempt to alter the appropriation of that most usefully employed of all funds will be "Confiscation." "And so say all of us—the SMITHS past, present, and future—which our name is already Lot, and will one day be Legion!"

### A New Liverpool Horror.

LIVERPOOL may well be deep in her own Black Books, may well figure on the first page in England's ditto. Think of a town, where, to say nothing of other offenders against the peace of its law-abiding inhabitants, widows, those objects of old *Tony Weller's* not unreasonable terror, have waxed so daring that one of them ventures to advertise in a recent number of the *Liverpool Mercury*:—

**WANTED** by a Young Widow Lady, a pleasant and superior Home in a Widower's House.

Talk of house-breakers! This is breaking into a man's house and his heart too, by the same act of burglarious entry!





### SANDHURST AND ITS MESSES.

General Bouncer (on a Round of Inspection at Sandhurst). "AUGH! CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT 'MESS' THIS IS!"

Cadet. "WELL, THEY CALL IT 'MUTTON,' BUT I WOULDN'T VOUCH FOR IT!"

### ÆSTHETIC HOUSE-BREAKING.

THE TOWN—with the exception of Messrs. AGNEW—heard enough last year of the theft of the Beautiful Duchess.

But we had supposed, notwithstanding the notoriety of that æsthetic "conveyance," that pictures were still out of the burglar's little game, and that the gems he was glad to collar did not include gems of Art. We were mistaken it seems. The taste for the Fine Arts seems to have spread to the Crackman.

Woodfield Lodge, Clayton, Sussex, the house of Captain BARNHAM, was lately broken into, and a number of valuable pictures untimely ripped from their frames and carried off, including portraits of Queen HENRIETTA MARIA, Prince RUPERT, the Earl of ROCHESTER, and members of the BAYNHAM family. Can it be that the Burglars were ambitious of planting a family tree, and resorted to this means of furnishing a gallery of ancestors? We have known of high-reaching *parvenus* rummaging the Wardour Street *bric-a-brac* establishments with this object; and stealing comes cheaper than buying, even ancestors.

But the look-out thus opened is not pleasant for owners of pictures. While the taste of the æsthetic burglar is confined to historical and family portraits, he will have only the run of our historic houses, and the owners of these are, as a rule, big-wigs who should be able to guard their treasures. But if the taste spread to modern *Genre*, think of the art-treasures of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, and all the manufacturing districts, where the seed of Art has been sown broad-cast by the hands of the AGNEWS! What pretty pickings in these places! Then if it rise to Old Masters, and from pictures extend to drawings, think of the plunder of the Devonshire treasure-house, or the portfolios of MALCOLM of Poltalloch, or WILLIAM RUSSELL, or FREDERICK LOCKER! Hitherto it has been thought that the difficulty of disposing of such treasures was their best protection. But æsthetic fences will, no doubt, be developed *pari passu* with æsthetic burglars, and the receiver will soon be as good as the thief at judging an Old Master, or appraising a young one.

### A ROUNDABOUT PAPER.

PUNCH is glad to give the publicity of his world-wide circulation to a wonderful tale, not of a tub, let us hope, though of a transport, taken from the Naval and Military column of last Saturday's *Daily News*. The *D. N.* prints the paragraph in small type. In this modest typographical garb the story might escape notice. A history so creditable to all concerned really ought not to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the minimum of minion. Here it is:—

"Last week an order was issued from the Quartermaster-General's Office, directing a detachment of the 16th Brigade depot to be sent up to Chatham from the depot at Burnley, to join the 30th Regiment. Instead, however, of the troops being sent direct to Chatham, which they could have reached by rail in the course of a few hours, they were taken all the way to Portsmouth, where they were ordered to embark in her Majesty's troopship *Assistance*, which conveyed them to Ireland. On arriving at Dublin the *Assistance* was again ordered back to Portsmouth, where, on the arrival of the vessel, the troops were disembarked, and finally sent on to this garrison by railway."

There! We call that something like a paternal Quartermaster-General's Office that does not shrink from putting the country to some hundreds of pounds expense, to give a deserving detachment the pleasure of an agreeable "outing," showing them one of our principal naval stations, and treating them to a run to the Irish capital and back. And by sea, too, and in the month of December! So nice and bracing for them, dear fellows!

We have all heard of the Circumlocution Office. That belonged to the Civil Service. The Military Service has improved upon it, and given us a "Circumlocution Office," over the door of which might be written, "The longest way round is *not* the shortest way home."

### Saying and Doing.

THE SULTAN talks in his Speech on opening his Parliament—odd to be opening his Parliament at the time it looks very like shutting up his European shop altogether—of the "equality his subjects enjoy in the eyes of the law."

What his subjects complain of is, that they enjoy no equality at the hands of the law, whatever they may do in its eyes. Legal equality in Turkey, they complain, between Moslem and Rayah, is a matter of eyes altogether; being, in fact, all my eye!

We hardly know on which view of the case to dwell—satisfaction that the taste for the Arts should be spreading in this unexpected direction, or sympathy with the picture-possessioners who may become its victims.

There is one comfort—an æsthetic burglar would be most unlikely to use a life-preserver, at least if there be truth in the famous couplet and copy-head,

"*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse ferus.*"

### Good News for France.

THE Marshal has yielded! His word of command is no longer "All Right—over the Left!" but "By your Left—March!"

In short—if the last reports may be trusted—the Marshal is, at last, out of the mud, and on solid Constitutional ground. While he keeps to his present better mind, obeys the orders of France his mistress, and follows the advice of his friends BRITANNIA and MR. PUNCH, as we wrote last week, "*Il y restera.*"

The stubborn and short-sighted old soldier seems to have through-out allowed himself to be made the cat's-paw of the DUC DE BROGLIE. He may congratulate himself on being, at last, out of a hopeless *im(de)Broglie*.

### A Superfluous Disclaimer of a Superfluous Licence.

MR. ALGERNON TURNER, in the name of Lord BEACONSFIELD, writes to the Secretary of the Manchester District of the Loyal Orange Institution to deny all knowledge of any foundation for the report that the POPE had written an autograph letter, thanking the QUEEN for leaving his hands free to carve out Scotland into Papal dioceses, with the ecclesiastical machinery thereunto appertaining. The dear old POPE needed no such permission. His hands are free to do his worst in the land of JOHN KNOX. He will be likely to get more knocks than Peter's pence by the experiment.



## THE LAST DAYS OF TEMPLE BAR.



"GOOD-BYE, OLD BAR!"

THESE will be no festivities this Christmas at the Mansion House, in consequence of the dissolution of the last of the City Gates. Every possible mark of respect to the departed will be shown on

this melancholy occasion. The Mace and Sword will be enveloped in crape, Gog and Magog draped in black, and the Lord Mayor's Footmen will wear their State-Mourning liveries.





### THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Jones. "DID YOU SEE THE STAR-SHOWER THE OTHER NIGHT, MISS JESSICA?"

Miss Jessica (with a rapid but comprehensive survey of the Heavens). "NO. BUT IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MUCH, FOR THERE ARE NO STARS MISSING!"

No dinners will be given by the City Companies while the work of demolition is in progress.

The Members for the City will retire to the seclusion of their country seats until the Bar is cleared away.

The farewell visit of the Corporation to the Bar is described as having been a most touching scene. The Chamberlain pronounced a moving oration. The LORD MAYOR at last had to be led off, supported on each side by the Sheriffs. Several members of the party could with difficulty be induced to leave a spot endeared to them by so many tender recollections and associations, and when they did tear themselves away, cast many "a longing, lingering look behind." Bits of mortar and cement, fragments of placards, old nails, and other precious mementoes, were eagerly sought after, and carefully wrapped up in paper, to be treasured as relics and handed down as heirlooms.

The men employed in the work of destruction have been specially selected for their good character and known attachment to the City, its rights and privileges. Many of them are Freemen, or connected with Freemen. They have been admonished to execute their task orderly, quietly, and in absolute silence. Tea and coffee, from the still-room at the Mansion House, will be served out to them at intervals by sympathising Watermen.

Every stone as it is removed will be folded in brown paper, and sealed with the Corporation seal. When the Bar is set up again, each Alderman, Deputy, and Common Councilman, will have the privilege of relaying one of these stones, which will be marked with his initials.

Hourly bulletins of the progress of the work will be despatched to the Mansion House.

The staff of Messrs. CHILD'S Bank will put on complimentary mourning.

A photograph of the Bar, edged with a deep black border, will be presented to every Member of the Corporation and of the LORD MAYOR'S household.

Many of the female relatives of the Aldermen and Common Councilmen have been hysterical since the erection of the scaffold for the decapitation and dismemberment of the Bar. In their visits to the West End they make use of the Embankment.

The Cabmen, as they went under the Bar for the last time, lowered their whips, to which a piece of black ribbon was almost universally attached.

The Shades of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, of Dr. JOHNSON and GOLD-SMITH (arm-in-arm), and of one or two headless persons, have been seen by several Spiritualists flitting about the neighbourhood.

Telegrams of condolence and sympathy are hourly received at the Mansion House from corporate bodies throughout the world.

The Remembrancer and the Architect have jointly composed an Elegy for the mournful occasion, which will be set to appropriate music, and sung by an efficient Choir on the last night of the Old Year in the Guildhall Crypt.

The Common Crier was left weeping when our despatch was sent off.

### CHRISTMAS! WAITS.

LONDON waiting for Cleopatra's Needle.

Christmas Diners-out in town and benighted Cabmen waiting for lamplight on street names and house numbers.

The Claimant waiting for ARTHUR ORTON.

Dr. KENEALY waiting for 20,000 sixpences.

The trees in Hawarden Park waiting for Mr. GLADSTONE.

MESSRS. BIGGAR and PARNELL waiting for next Session's little game of obstruction.

Temple Bar waiting for a new site.

Master TOMMY waiting for his Christmas mince-pies and plum-puddings.

The Family Doctor waiting for Master TOMMY.

Turkey waiting for her second wind.

Servia, Greece, Bosnia, and Herzegovina waiting for their slices of Turkey. And, lastly,

Every true Briton waiting to wish *Mr. Punch* a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

A HINT FROM THE NAVY.—Colonel HENDERSON is introducing Dog-watches in the Police.



## A REALLY NEW CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



At this time of the year the shops are deluged with Christmas numbers, in which Yule-tide is painted in the most glowing colours, Snow, robins, and good cheer abound in these so-called seasonable Annuals. For a novelty, *Mr. Punch* suggests that a grand extra number shall be published, by all the periodical-publishers in concert, in which Christmas shall be depicted as it is. Were this done, the following circular might be issued immediately:—

DEARLY CHRISTMAS!

*Mr. Punch* begs to announce the United Publishers' grand Yule-tide Annual.

Amongst the Illustrations will be found "A Row in a Family Party;" "The Doctor's Visit to the Nursery on Boxing-Day;" "The Man in Possession on Christmas-Eve;" "The Christmas Sermon—TOMMIE fast Asleep;" "Christmas in Seven Dials—Thrashing the Missus;" "Putting up Umbrellas on Christmas-Day," &c., &c.

The following seasonable Stories have been written for *Deary Christmas*:—"How JOHNNY NOGO spent Christmas-Day in the Debtors' Ward of Holloway Prison;" "The Story of the Clown who Used a real red-hot Poker;" "How ARCHIE MUDDLECASH found a Writ in a Christmas Pudding;" "How a certain Christmas was spent in Lodgings at Herne Bay;" "Christmas-Day at Doctor BRECH's Boarding-School, in which, instead of Death arresting all conditions of men, Father Christmas will be represented leaving his bills on representatives of all classes and callings.

Besides the above, *Deary Christmas* will be adorned with a magnificent double-page Illustration, entitled, "Bringing in the Christmas Bills," printed in black and white, with an emblematical border of funeral arabesques founded on the famous Danse-Macabre of the Fourteenth Century, in which, instead of Death arresting all conditions of men, Father Christmas will be represented leaving his bills on representatives of all classes and callings.

## OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

To the Gaiety to see the *Grasshopper*, and, after the *Grasshopper's* over, to the Oxford to see an Acrobatic Performance.

SIR,

*The Grasshopper* has been produced at the Gaiety. Those who have seen *La Cigale* in Paris must dismiss that fact from their memory before going to see *The Grasshopper* in London. *La Cigale*, on her native heath at the Variétés, began at about eight and chirped till eleven. There was a short piece before it, I fancy, of not much importance. *La Cigale*, however, was the *pièce de résistance*. It was in three long Acts, whereof the first gave promise of a brilliant melodramatic future—a promise never subsequently fulfilled. The two French Authors—for in France it almost always takes the same number to a piece as to a quarrel—had first-rate materials for dramatic work in their hands, and made nothing of them; for *La Cigale* is simply and plainly a very poor piece, *quod* piece, considered apart from the acting in general, and from Mlle. CHAUMONT's inimitable performance in particular.

The First Act was excellent, well played all round; DUPUIS good, PARADE capital, the Showman and his artistes very funny, and the CHAUMONT admirable. The Second Act was mere farce, excepting one excellent bit of comedy between Mlle. CHAUMONT and LASSOUCHE, who, however, finished what he had to do in the Act in the broadest burlesque style. The audience roared at it, because it was LASSOUCHE, I suppose, and because they had long before tacitly accepted the Second Act as a farce, and had been allowed by the authors to forget all about the dramatic interest of *La Cigale*. The Third Act, played in a scene which was a wild caricature of an artist's studio, was saved by some wonderful little pathetic

touches given by CHAUMONT, the unapproachable, who, by the way, had whipped up the business of the Second Act by her quarrel *à la mode de la Mère Angot* with the young lady who is no better than she should be, and much worse than one likes to see her.

To sum up, *La Cigale* is a very unequal and unsatisfactory piece, fairly answering its purpose, which was to exhibit the wonderful powers and peculiarities of Mlle. CELINE CHAUMONT—now graceful, now grotesque, and oftenest an indescribable intermixture of the two. And this is just what *The Grasshopper* seems to be. A better English *Grasshopper* than Miss NELLY FARREN would be difficult to find. If she does not do what Mlle. CHAUMONT did, it may be fairly replied that at the Gaiety the piece and performers must push along, and keep moving as rapidly as possible towards the climax of the evening; that is, the burlesque. For one, I wish that Miss NELLY FARREN could have had more elbow-room, but a first piece at the Gaiety must finish before 9'30, or else where would the burlesque be, while in these late-dining days few will enter the stalls before eight, and in view of the early closing regulations, nobody cares to remain in a theatre after eleven? *Ergo*, any first piece, to catch an entire audience, must commence at eight, and then cannot last more than an hour-and-a-half—a very limited time for three Acts, including the "Waits"—the Christmas Waits just now—while the curtain is down.

So *The Grasshopper* (without any reference to *La Cigale*) is a farcical piece, in which there is plenty of scope for Miss NELLY FARREN's fun, and opportunity for Mr. TERRY to score something out of the eccentric part of *Flippitt*, the harmonist in colours. M. DUPUIS (to refer for once to *La Cigale*) played this part in Paris, and, with greater opportunities, made less of it than Mr. TERRY does. Mr. SOUTAR is good as the Manager of the Acrobatic Troupe, and I should think that by the time this notice appears the scene between Miss NELLIE FARREN and Mr. ROYCE, culminating in a burlesque dance, will go enormously. Mr. MACLEAN's old Nobleman is a very good little bit, better than the French original, which was mere caricature; and, by the way, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD is to be complimented on two good names for his aristocrats—the *Earl of Bogland*, and his son, the *Hon. Mr. Morass*. The latter struck me as beautiful all round. *Lady Buckram* isn't bad as a name, and *Mrs. Leigh* a good realisation of the character.

So much for *The Grasshopper*. The burlesque of *Dr. Faust* goes as well as ever. The trio with Mr. TERRY's "*Luby Marguerite*" and dance, and then the Zazel business, are the two hits. Also, I quite understand the enthusiasm of the stalls, whose cry, just now, is *Vive la Rayne!*

Those who like acrobats, *à propos* of *Grasshopper*, should see the Wonderful Somebodies at the Oxford, whose names I couldn't catch—that's either the Chairman's fault, or the fault of the visitors who will give their order while the waiters are in the room, or the fault of waiters who would open soda-water and other popping drinks whenever I wanted to listen to anything, and never would give me a programme, so that I was perpetually being taken by surprise throughout the evening, never knowing what was coming next. Well, as I was saying these gymnasts, one female and two male gymnasts (if you add these up, Sir, you'll find it's three gymnasts altogether), are wonderful. Keep your eye on the star at the top of the hall in the roof, and—you'll see. I won't destroy the excitement by telling you what is coming; all I can say is, Look up! and if you enjoy the performance drink to the health of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## THE GATHERING OF THE EAGLES.

Down! The Bear's tightening grip has done its work.

A prisoner, baffled, bleeding, lies the Turk.

Down, not dishonoured; at the victor's feet,

Yet who dare say the conquest is complete?

A gallant fight! No gladiator, prone

In the net's folds, too strongly, surely thrown,

E'er better won the generous applause

Which greets stark courage, in whatever cause.

The breathless Bear, all scarred and staggering, stands

And licks the wounds dealt by those desperate hands,

Admiring, doubting, jubilant yet grave,

As the brave should be who have quelled the brave.

Down, but not dead yet! On the darkened air

Resounds the whirr of wings. The quarry there,

Prostrate at last, is one which ravening beaks

Have long been keen to rend; from far the shrieks

Of the obscener winged things are heard—

Eagle and vulture, kite and baser bird.

The Bear alone the foe has dared confront,

Alone of that fierce battle borne the brunt,

But to the field, for rending of the prey,

Many will flock that never shared the fray.





GLES.







Yon fallen fighter was a general foe,  
And those he spurned would spurn him, lying low.  
Some would fain rob the robber overthrown,  
And some would seize the chance to clutch their own;  
And so, with worse or better cause they flock  
Fast to the field, ere yet the battle's shock  
Is surely o'er. As yet the end is not  
To all the weary tale of war and plot,  
Of brute oppression, scarce less brutal zeal  
To grind oppressor 'neath avenger's heel;  
Of wrong that drags, of right that meanly shrinks,  
Pretence that struts, and selfishness that alinks,  
And pseudo-patriotism, small in act,  
But large in talk, of self-conceit compact.  
Has Peace no voice that may at last be heard?  
Justice no claim at length to be preferred?  
Who'll speak for honesty and human ruth,  
Fair-play out-clamoured, and scarce-heeded truth?  
Shall we leave Eagles, Kites, and Crows alone,  
To tear the quarry at such cost o'erthrown?  
Or will the Lion that has kept aloof  
Bestir himself at length in Right's behoof,  
Not Interest's only—stand betwixt the Bear  
And those he came to save, is bound to spare?  
'Twas Lion's fault they sought those dangerous arms;  
'Tis Lion's part to see they take no harms.

### COBBE TO THE RESCUE!



URELY not before it was wanted, Miss FRANCES POWER COBBE has been holding a Conference, preliminary to the publication of a paper, on the "Little Health of Women,"—a translation, no doubt, of the delicate French phrase "*Petite santé*," which means not so much positive illness as a general out-of-healthiness, something which justifies an interesting invalid in maintaining she is "not well," when at the same time she would hardly

feel justified in proclaiming herself ill. It is a very dangerous crisis for affectionate and impressionable husbands, who often find feminine attacks made under cover of *la petite santé* peculiarly irresistible.

When Miss COBBE proceeded to formulate the causes for this "little health," *Punch* can only feel astonished, not that the sex should have "little health," but that they should have any health at all.

Here is Miss COBBE's summary: Neglect of exercise, discouragement of appetite, tight-lacing, sentimental brooding over disappointments, lack of healthy occupation for mind and body, false hair, bonnets that don't protect the head, heavy-dragging skirts, high heels, and pull-backs.

This is a formidable list, and it might have been made larger—as for fashionable females—late hours, unwholesome excitement, crowded rooms, low dresses, sudden alternations of heat and cold, and many more potent causes of the ills that fashionable flesh is heir to.

If a crusade against these self-inflicted women's wrongs could be set going by the lady-advocates of Women's Rights, the "little health" of the Ladies would become larger, and might in time grow as large and lusty as that of their Lords.

Let us hope that the Cobbing which these fashionable insanitary practices have been subjected to, may lead to still more strenuous efforts to punish them with something worse than Cobbing—to their effectual putting down; till at length the British woman, even of fashion, can walk abroad without the false symmetry of a tight corset, the deceptive elevation of high heels, and the degrading thralldom of a "pull-back."

### OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

NO. III.—SKETCH OF SRIMP-GATE-ON-SEA IN WINTER.

(Panoramic View continued by Our Own Quiet Observer.)

A QUIET town is Srimpgate. The longer you know it the quieter you find it. The two main thoroughfares are constructed on the principle of "One at a time, Gentlemen, if you please!" In some parts, walking on the narrow strip of pavement would be an excellent preparation for tight-rope dancing. Of two foot-passengers, meeting, the weakest-minded goes into the road. Hence it may be easily imagined, that catching a train, when there are a few coal-waggons and a drove of cattle in the way, is a trying process for even the most angelic temper. It is only a Quiet Observer who can view these obstructions unmoved. "Unmoved" is quite the word, as whatever his hurry might be, there he would have to remain, if there were only an obstructionist dray before him. No objection, no explanation, no peroration would impress on the drayman the importance of the situation. Yet there are Vestry meetings and Board meetings, and Magistrates' meetings, and stormy Town Council meetings, and rows and rumours of rows, and Local Srimpgate Newspapers to increase the excitement. But nothing is done, or, at least, very little, for the improvement of the thoroughfares of Srimpgate-on-Sea.

Your Quiet Observer, venturing to inquire, "Why is this thus?"—which he cheerfully admits is no business of his—is answered mysteriously, "Vested Interests, Sir, Vested Interests." Why can't we have a good broad street? "Vested Interests, Sir." Why can't that old tumble-down house be pulled down, and the way cleared, before it comes down of itself with a run? "Vested Interests, Sir."

Srimpgate speculators do burst out into building sometimes, but their efforts are made on the outskirts of the town, where you will see occasional rows of modern Cockney villas suddenly cropping up in the middle of waste land, almost all untenanted, some closed entirely, others with plaintive appeals to the passers-by in the shape of hand-bills with such words in big letters as "Freehold—to be Sold," "Lease," "To be Let, Unfurnished," for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years,—"it may be," as the song says, "for years, or it may be for ever!" In this quarter may be seen one shop, which started wildly. A toy-shop: at least it seems to have begun as a toy-shop, perhaps under the impression that such extraordinary people as might be induced to come and live in this out-of-the-way place would be in want of amusement. From toys that shop seems to have gone in for sweets, from sweets into shop-eggs (a job lot apparently, still on hand after several months), and finally into everything at hap-hazard generally, the stock consisting of very little of anything at all, but displaying, as a genuine attraction to the accidental passer-by, three wooden hoops, five children's whips, the job-lot of eggs aforesaid, some old sweets in dusty glass jars, some dry biscuits, a few fly-papers with flies still there (frozen now), and a quantity of poor old shrivelled-up, second-hand apples.

But Your Quiet Observer has wandered away from the sea-shore of Srimpgate with which he is more immediately concerned.

On his way round and about and back again, Your Observer notices that if an abundance of weathercocks is a sign of a people's prosperity, then the Srimpgaters ought to be in the most flourishing condition. These weathercocks are not all of one mind simultaneously, but they get on very well, and suit themselves to the atmosphere in which they find themselves. There is one, on an eminence, that insists on pointing eastwards, when all the others are westerly,—but, perhaps, he may have ritualistic tendencies, and so, while all his blooming companions are weatherwise, he persists in being otherwise.

Old Srimpgate, which has never in its life until quite recently, pretended to anything like a fashionable existence, is *not* seen at its best, in what is called here, the Season; on the contrary, Srimpgate is then at its worst and weakest.

But now, in these winter months, when the mornings are bright, and it is so deceptively warm in the sunshine, and so remorselessly cold out of it, is the time of times for Srimpgate; that is, for those who have that true maritime instinct which displays itself in pilot-jackets and telescopes, and never quitting the shore. Yes, now is the time to see Srimpgate to advantage, when the sea, having got rid of such society as the Season brought to the sands, throws off all restraint, and not having to deal gently with bathers, goes in for tossing about the sons of the ocean, having a regular holiday week with the buoys, and playing pitch-and-toss with the fishermen and the native and foreign mariners. Now it goes in for real sea-horse-play, and, breaking through all bounds, it commences a series of, what may appear to it, as excellent practical jokes, such as knocking down sea-walls, breaking up vessels, sinking ships, attacking the life-boats, banging colliers against piers so violently as to smash both; doing all this at night (just as young larkers of the Tom-and-Jerry period about town used to select the small hours for wrenching door-knockers, "boxing Charlies," and so forth),





## MAL À PROPOS.

*Athletic Curate (from adjacent Parish, who had been following the Hounds on foot, and been "thrown out"). "WELL, SIR, DID YOU KILL HIM?" [He meant the Fox. But it was an awkward question; for the Horseman was our new village Doctor, who had been over the Country (he had travelled far, and was a good deal splashed), visiting his sick Patients all the Morning.—Explanations! Apologies!*

and then in the morning looking as quiet, calm, and gentle as if it had never been out rollicking about from midnight to dawn in all its life, and as if it couldn't say "bo" to a gull, or upset even a little rowing-boat, no, bless you, not for the world! What, *that* quiet-looking sea do all the mischief! Impossible! You can't believe it. What, that gentle, sunny-looking, sweetly-murmuring, playfully-plashing sea do anyone any harm! Never! It can't be! What, those shy, modest, little baby-waves, which just run a little way up the steps of the sea-wall and back again, so bashfully, so timidly, what *those* break out madly at night and knock down this solid masonry and carry away the huge stones? Bah! Impossible! Fact, nevertheless.

But after a storm how busy is everyone at Srimpgate! Up above, on the cliffs, old men are gathered together, their united ages amounting to several thousands (they don't die at Srimpgate,—they disappear gradually, and vanish to somewhere—perhaps the offing, where they live happily ever after), explaining to one another how it all happened, and how each one recollects it worse than this, bless you, on a similar occasion years ago. Telescopes of all shapes, ages, sizes, and capabilities, are brought out, and everyone who can get anything like a glass, is "looking-out for himself," and sweeping the horizon. The horizon ought to be a very clean place, at all events in the neighbourhood of Srimpgate, seeing what an immense amount of sweeping it gets from everyone here, professional and non-professional, daily. The only wonder is that it isn't swept away altogether. Nursery-maids, with suffering babies in perambulators, and shivering, damp-nosed, wintery children, are eagerly listening to the tales of the old Bath-chair men, all more or less nautical; shop-boys with baskets, porters with somebody's luggage, not caring a straw about whether somebody is in a hurry or not, are all drinking in the tales of the old salts, who know all about it, and who are delighted at getting a new audience.

Strange people, these old salts of the Cliff, something between ancient mariners and flymen out of place; but they are ready to work with a will if necessary, and will volunteer for the lifeboat as a matter of course, only to be refused on account of their advanced age. There they are on the Cliff, pointing out nothing in the distance to one another, each one professing to see it clearer than the

other every moment. Then to come down towards the Harbour. At the Consul's office—for Srimpgate possesses a Consul, which gives a classic tone to the place—there is a great deal of rushing up and down the steps leading to the Consul's door. In and out of the Consulate are constantly passing weather-beaten, foreign-looking men, with coal-heaving sort of hats, of very earnest demeanour, generally looking uncomfortable and ill at ease, but invariably mysterious. As Your Observer watches the Consul's visitors, it seems to him, that every one of them goes in with a pain in his conscience. They have the anxious expression of patients waiting for their turn in a doctor's ante-room. When they come out, two at a time, they are mostly arguing, in some unknown tongue, and never seem to have experienced much relief.

Your Quiet Observer, for his part, confesses to have a great curiosity to enter that Consul's office. To his own knowledge he has never seen a Consul, except in an illustrated History of Rome, and that picture has, he fancies, strongly tinged his present ideas on the subject. Sometimes Your Observer thinks to himself that he will invent an excuse for penetrating into the *sanctum*, and obtaining an interview; but, when it comes to the point, his courage fails. Yet there is a picture in Your Observer's mind's eye (or in the mind's eye of Your Observer) of what that august Presence must be. The classic scene behind those green blinds can be as easily imagined as described. Of course there is much red drapery, specially as a background to the Consul, who is sitting in a gilded chair, on a dais, like one of the KEMBLE family got up for *Coriolanus* (see old engraving). At each corner of the steps by which the Consul mounts to his seat on the dais, are two ancient tripods, on which burn two classic lamps; while somewhere, in a corner, is a small brasier, not so much for purpose of warmth as for the clerks to throw incense into, which, of course, is part of the ceremony on the Consul's taking his seat in the morning. Two Lictors, in full dress, modified by the climate of Srimpgate-on-Sea—Marine Lictors, with telescope-fascies—stand erect, guarding the approach; while on a peculiarly constructed chair with bow legs, massive elbows, and no back, sits, arrayed in all the glory of *toga* and trimmings, the Consul himself, CAIUS PLANCUS, pronounced "QUAF-US PLANCUS," on account of his having so much to do with





## A CANDID CHILD.

Landlady's Little Girl. "AH, MOTHER LOOKS NICER IN THAT BONNET THAN YOU DO!"

## SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

For—

**TOMMIE** (aged twelve months). A number of new faces gathered round the family board, with liberty to howl at them.

**BERTIE** (aged ten). A month's holidays, with privilege of turning home into a scene of constant terrors.

**FANNY** (aged eighteen). Twelve invitations to Christmas dances, and twenty-five gushing letters from school-friends.

**MARY** (aged twenty). A long letter from *him*.

**JOHN** (aged twenty-five). A much longer letter from *her*.

**JACK** (aged twenty-eight). Twenty-six tradesmen's bills marked "pressing," and an intimation from his banker that he has overdrawn his account.

**JAMES** (aged twenty-nine). A cheerful report from the Steward at his "place in the country," and a dozen invitations to spend Christmas at twelve different country-houses.

**FRANK** (aged thirty). A request from the Committee of his Club not to use the smoking-room after 4 A.M.

**FLORENCE** (aged thirty-two). A large "little account" for cosmetics from her hairdresser, and a long visit from her dressmaker with a longer bill.

**LUCY** (aged thirty-five). A really useful thing in Ulsters, and a cheque to be expended upon presents for the children.

**HARRY** (aged thirty-six). One shilling left him by his father's will.

**HENRY** (aged thirty-seven). Ten thousand a year from the death of a distant cousin.

**MARY** (aged forty). Thirty-six Christmas cards with good wishes for the season from as many nephews and nieces.

**PATERFAMILIAS** (aged fifty). Twelve school bills and a dozen earnest requests for places for the Christmas pantomime.

**GRANDPAPA** (aged seventy-two). An arm-chair by the Christmas fire, and an invitation to dance "*Sir Roger de Coverley*" with little *Rosie*.

**GREAT GRANDPAPA** (aged ninety-four). A chill, a doctor, a nurse, and a hearse.

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

COMMENTING on the Marshal's return to legality, the *Univers* says, "Disaster now begins." The *World* says, "Disaster now ends, and Peace and Prosperity begin."

## A GORDIAN KNOT.

THERE has been a discussion lately as to the relative intellectual standing of the Celt and the Saxon. The Celtic superiority in quick-wittedness seems to be generally admitted. Like other Irish characteristics, this appears to extend to inhabitants of the Pale, to judge by the following advertisement which has lately been repeated in several issues of a Dublin paper. It is evidently addressed to a very quick-witted public, as only such a public could extricate the advertiser from the hopeless tangle in which he has mixed himself up with his late and future employers:—

**BUTLER** in a Small Family.—A young Man, Protestant, wishes to procure a situation as above; my last master gave me an excellent discharge as Butler, and trusted the keys of wine and wine cellar, and acted as Valet, and made myself generally useful and most obliging; strictly sober, and honest, and all the excellent recommendations; also an excellent place for the past nine years: another noble lady who has received an excellent character of me, and she is anxious to enclose it to any Lady or Gentleman who may engage him as a trustworthy servant; wages, £20 a year, and find my own dress clothes, or £16, with two suits in the year. Please address county Carlow Post-office, will be heard for a week.

## Something like a Bargain.

Who says London has got nothing by way of equivalent for the millions spent on her Sewerage Works? Ask Captain CALVER. She has got a cesspool between Gravesend and Blackwall—names not of pleasant omen—eight miles long, 750 yards broad, and a yard and a half deep, brim-full of odoriferous and oscillating sewage!

Call that nothing! If it needed a CALVER to reveal this cheering fact, how huge a calf must be the Metropolitan Bumble whom this CALVER has brought to light in our *Cloaca Maxima*, the Thames!

## Hydrocephalous?

"Many supposed that there was a lack of water in India, but there was only a lack of brains."—SIR ARTHUR COTTON at Manchester.

"WITHOUT irrigation our system is rotten";—

With conviction to Manchester so preaches COTTON:—  
COTTON's teaching in Manchester can't be in vain,  
But e'en water may harm when it gets on the brain.



## CHRISTMAS ON THE CARDS AND IN THE CRACKERS.



ALTHOUGH the flowers of summer have never hitherto been coaxed into blossom in our Christmas gardens, such a phenomenon is, at least, on the Christmas cards, and the Christmas crackers. Never do we remember such an outburst of floral splendour as now brightens the stationers' windows, thanks to the unprecedented activity and ingenuity of such spirited Christmas

gardeners as Messrs. DE LA RUE, MARCUS WARD, and their rivals. Not only do these magicians make all sorts of flowers blossom at Christmas-tide, till the old-fashioned evergreens of the season with their monotonous relief of red holly-berries, and pale neutral-toned fruits of the mistletoe bough, are fain to shrink into the background, outblazed; but they can people their floral Christmas world with all manner of birds and beasts, actual and antediluvian, with gnomes and elves, nixies and pixies, and

even with Watteauish little men and maidens in the most charming costumes, and the prettiest groups, of that good old time which is a great deal too good to have ever been true. King Christmas has, in fact, quite dethroned Saint Valentine. *Punch* is but too conversant with the Postman, and knows better than any one the all-engulfing capacity of the waste-paper basket. But for some days past he has been sitting patiently under an unceasing down-pour of Christmas books from publishers whose name is legion, Christmas cards, Christmas calendars, Christmas wall-decorations, Christmas pocket-books, and Christmas purses showered on him by the liberal hands of DE LA RUE, MARCUS WARD, and their fellow-caterers for the Christmas market. And then comes the bombardment, fitted to these days of war, of whole volleys of crackers and cosagues fired by Captains CADMAN and SMITH, from the most ingeniously contrived batteries, concealed in portmanteaus, trunks, Eau-de-Cologne bottles, blue china mugs, and scores of other forms as quaint and far-fetched, till he is literally buried in flowers and embalmed in sweetstuff before his time. If only *Punch* could deal out all these cards, use all these diaries, keep all the Saints' days of all these calendars, pull all these crackers, plunder all these cosagues, and fill all these purses! As it is he can only show his admiration of the grace and prettiness of these mementos of the moment, meant apparently, like sugar-plums, to take out of the month the bitter of Christmas Bills, by denying them the dishonour of the waste-paper basket and the closing ceremony of cremation.

All must admit that never before was so much grace of design, brilliancy of colour, and fertility of invention employed for the honour of Old Father Christmas and the delectation of his votaries, young and middle-aged. Our Schools of Design have done something for the Art of the Christmas card and the Christmas cracker, as well as for the papers on our walls and the china on our tables.

Mr. Cross might take "Our Christmas Cards and Crackers" as the text of his next æsthetic sermon. Nay, JOHN RUSKIN, our æsthetic Jupiter Tonans, in his Olympus of Coniston Old Man, may even now be forging, out of their *disjecta membra*, thunderbolts for the luckless heads of WARD, DE LA RUE, CADMAN, and SMITH, and lesser offenders of the same stamp.

Let them look out for squalls if that monarch of all he surveys in the Arts proceeds, as our American cousins say, to "give them thunder." Meanwhile, *Punch* can only admire, as he abides, the "pelting of the pitiless storm," while he feels that there may be such a thing as a deluge even of the most delectable Christmas Cards, and Christmas Crackers.

### THE SHORTEST DISPATCH OF THE WAR.

My dear CZAREVNA,  
We've taken Plevna.

Yours,

ALEXANDER NICHOLATIEVICH.

"ROGUES IN GRAIN."—The sellers of "killed" seed.

## AN INFLEXIBLE VERDICT.

PUNCH asked—when the *Inflexible's* stability was doubted, And REED roared loud, as REED does roar, and Constructors' critics shouted,

And BARNBY and the Admiralty were generally scouted—  
"Will she swim, OBADIAH, will she swim?"

*Punch*—as M.P. for Great Britain—saw her model in its tank, With his own eyes saw her floating, thought her anything but crank; But the great REED wasn't satisfied, and hinted hanky-pank  
Had been tried on to persuade us she could swim.

Then came tall talk in Parliament, hard hitting in the Press, And things seemed getting in a snarl, poor WARD HUNT in a mess, And between the black and white both ways 'twas mighty hard to guess—  
"Would she swim, OBADIAH, would she swim?"

So they named a Committee, the tip-toppest that could be, An Admiral, a Doctor, an F.R.S., and a C.E., To sit on the *Inflexible* inflexibly, and see—  
"Could she swim, OBADIAH, could she swim?"

And now that Committee has sat and made report, Which comes down on each question with sharp clause, if not short, And Constructor BARNBY may on ex-Constructor REED retort—  
"She will swim, OBADIAH, she will swim."

If the dicta of HOPE and WOODLEY, of RENDEL and of FROUD, With scientific specialists and unscientific crowd Against J. R. REED his dictum their due weight are allowed,  
"She should swim, OBADIAH, she should swim."

Of course REED isn't silenced,—it is not his way to be. He has the last word in the *Times*; won't let things drop, not he: 'Gainst Constructors and Reporters he has set forth his decree—  
"She shan't swim, OBADIAH, she shan't swim."

But, in spite of REED his roaring, let's hope BARNBY's not depressed, And that no post-mortem grumbling can break poor WARD HUNT's rest; And that Britons all may chorus, under E. J. REED's protest,  
"She will swim, OBADIAH, she will swim!"

## MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT.

"A numerous population, non-combatant and inoffensive, women and children, whose life and honour ought, according to the usages of war, to have been respected, have been subjected to cruel treatment, revolting to humanity."

THIS is a passage from the SULTAN'S Speech on opening his Parliament. It is gratifying to find the Padishah so frankly avowing the horrors of Batak, Olti-keni, and Philippopolis. All the more, when he adds—

"I am pleased to hope that in the future nothing will prevent the truth in that respect from coming to the light."

After this fresh confession, we may indeed say, "Never too late to mend."

## The Difference to a T.

MAJORITY won't vote supplies;  
MACMAHON swears that he won't trudge it.  
"Until you budge"—the Chamber cries,  
"We, as purseholders, will not budget."

## Protestant Degradation in Ireland.

An indignant Irish Protestant writes to us—"Talk of the equality of the Protestant and Papist before the law since GLADSTONE'S suicidal measure of Disestablishment! Look at this—a public advertisement out from the Dublin *Daily Express* of the 7th instant":—

WANTED, a steady, sober, and respectable Protestant to drive in single harness!

## REASSURING.

It should surely have occurred to the minds of the owners and other parties interested, that the protracted absence of the lately missing Atlantic steamer might have been accounted for by the fact that *The City of Berlin* was on the Spree.





## HARD TIMES.

*Principal.* "WHAT ARE THE FIRM'S REQUIREMENTS, MR. SCREWCY?"

*Head Clerk.* "HORSE WANTS FOUR NEW SHOES, SIR."

*Principal.* "THAT ALL! HUM! WRITE FOR TENDERS TO THREE OR FOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL HOUSES—SHOES TO BE DELIVERED AT OUR WORKS—STATE UTMOST CREDIT—AND HOW MUCH IN CASH THEY'LL ALLOW FOR THE OLD ONES!!!"

## GHAZI OSMAN AND THE NEWSPAPERS.

FOR daring fabrication of false news, and unscrupulous propagation of such news knowing it to be false, the present War stands, we would fain believe, alone among the collisions that in our time have enlisted neck-or-nothing journalism. But on this side the Channel, at least, the Turcophile and Russophobe Press can boast a proud pre-eminence in *suppressio veri, suggestio falsi*, discolouring and distortion of facts, invention of fictions, and every other device of mendacity which greatly-daring partisanship can employ for the advancement of its ends, or blind and besotted prejudice can accept and avail itself of, under the comprehensive cloak of pious fraud.

One of the most striking illustrations both of large liberty in lying, and of bigoted readiness not only to swallow the lie, but to moralise on it after the writer's own one-sided fashion, is to be found in the circumstantial story of Ghazi Osman's suicide, which reached this country through the channel of "Our Special—very Special—Correspondent" of the Turcophilest of Turcophile journals; and the comment upon it in another equally rabid organ of rampant Russophobia and savage Slavodism. At once accepting the story of the gallant Ghazi's death, as intrinsically probable, the indignant journalist proceeds:—

"Such a man, sorely wounded, bitterly disappointed, and despairing of his cause, might well have felt the cup of humiliation filled to overflowing when he found himself an object of high 'magnanimous courtesy' among the superior persons of the Russian camp. To be fed, paraded, and patted on the back by Russian and Roumanian generals must have been torture to a man in his situation and with his spirit. It ought to surprise nobody if he died of it, or through its operation."

More authentic, and of even date with the circumstantial lie telegraphed home by the "Our Special Correspondent," is the conquered General's own despatch to his brother—just what the letter of such a man might be expected to be, straightforward, simple,

calmly accepting and recording defeat and captivity, handsomely and gratefully acknowledging the chivalrous recognition of courage by the victorious enemy, and the "benevolent" treatment of prisoners and wounded by their captors:—

"Our provisions being totally expended," writes the Ghazi, "I determined to make a supreme effort to break the iron line surrounding us on every side. You know the result. I am a prisoner, with the remnant of my brave army. The courage and intrepidity of my soldiers have been highly appreciated by the Russian Emperor and his brother, the Grand Duke NICHOLAS. All our soldiers are prisoners, and are treated with benevolence. Our wounded are cared for with kindness. I am slightly wounded, but am in good health. My place of residence has not yet been named."

Which is most creditable,—the plain unvarnished narrative of the Turkish hero, or the uncharitable, unfair, and malignant comment of his big-mouthed friend in the English newspaper-paragraph?

GHAZI OSMAN, if he be cognisant of this kind of sympathetic "pating on the back," from his newspaper partisans in London, may well add "Save me from my Christian friends" to the other petitions of his Moslem prayer.

## Christmas Crackers.

To pretend that you only go to a Pantomime for the amusement of the children.

To assert that Brighton is improved by the presence of the Boxing-Day excursionists brought down to spend a happy day at the seaside for three-and-sixpence.

That you have been in the habit of saying grace all these years in a really thankful spirit over Christmas Turkey and Plum Pudding

DOMESTIC, IF NOT FOREIGN.—An accomplished fact. The impending Partition of Turkey.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

(Off the Christmas Tree.)

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.—Five pounds of *Ra-hat-la-koum* (lumps of Turkish delight), wrapped up in a Sibylline leaf.

MR. SECRETARY CROSS.—A Detective's staff and bull's-eye on improved principles.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.—A dozen of best Cape champagne, and a set of Caffre head-ornaments.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.—A model of a ship-of-war, warranted to float without a Commission of Inquiry (flexible material).

THE EARL OF DERRY.—A bottle of the new non-marking fluid, with pen and paper to match, for despatch-writing.

RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL E. HICKS-BEACH.—A Home Rule, with the measures marked in orange and green alternately, and a group of the Kilkenny oats in hard-bake.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.—The new game of *Over the Frontier*, with counters and forfeits complete, being an Indian form of the popular Japanese entertainment Go-bang.

## A TALE OF TERROR.

DEAR PUNCH,

I SEE a Novel advertised, called *The Missing Will*. The title is suggestive of a henpecked husband, and I, for one, can sympathise most fervently with the poor fellow, for I am sharing his sad fate. My own will has been missing ever since my marriage, and I have a small hope of recovering it, except by a divorce. Perhaps the tale may be intended to warn men who are trembling on the brink of matrimony, that a man's Will surely vanishes before a woman's Won't.

I conclude in some alarm, for I hear my wife's voice calling me.

SAMPSON SHAKERLEY.

P.S.—Except in certain cases, a Lady's will is legally not valid after marriage. A pleasant legal fiction this, as many a poor victim has found out to his cost.

## FRENCH NATIONAL "DEVELOPMENT."

THE Crisis in France has been a struggle for existence of Parties, and it has ended in the survival of the fittest.



## PLANTING THE HUGHENDEN TREE.



Did the CZAR in far Bucharest shiver?  
 Did GORTSCHAKOFF thrill with a dread?  
 Did the SULTAN in Stamboul feel less of  
 The thorns where he pillows his head?  
 As from luncheon in Hughenden Manor  
 The QUEEN and my radiant Lord B.  
 Walked out to the lawn, and proceeded  
 To plant a memorial tree!

Oh, what was the tree my Lord ordered,—  
 Or was it the QUEEN that bespoke?  
 Was it poplar, or alder, or laurel?  
 It could scarcely have been British Oak.  
 Or a tree of some Asian order,  
 Till now to our *Silva* unknown,  
 From a Hebrew root shot up in no time,  
 With a coronet-flower, newly blown?

HIGH is Aylesbury's fame for her dairies,  
 High is Aylesbury's fame for her ducks,  
 But High-Wycombe enjoys greater glory,  
 The most-favoured borough in Bucks!  
 The renown of a Hughenden Manor,  
 The luck of a BEACONSFIELD nigh,  
 To shed on her doings and dwellers  
 The light from an Asian sky.

One industry that favoured borough  
 Has based on her fair beechen woods,  
 The making of chairs, pails, and platters,  
 And all sorts of "turnery" goods.  
 All fashions of backs and of bottoms,  
 Of arms and of legs—four by four—  
 That from kitchen and bed-room ascending,  
 To Windsor, in apogee, soar.

At length to that neat little borough  
 Where so many Windsors they frame,  
 In this blessed month of December  
 The Lady of Windsor there came!  
 VICTORIA, *in propria persona*,  
 To Hughenden Manor drove o'er,  
 With Hughenden's Lord to take luncheon,—  
 A grace deigned few subjects before.

Sore travailed the brains of the borough,  
 Of Aldermen, Town-Clerk, and Mayor!  
 Who shall tell of the meetings and motions,  
 And appeals—as of right—to the Chair?  
 How should High Wycombe rise to its highest,  
 Its loyal invention to show,  
 In building an archway triumphal,  
 For the QUEEN underneath it to go!

Christmas evergreens, holly and laurel,  
 Were there, but such archways were stale;  
 Mere battens, distemper, and canvas,  
 Were all in the common-place pale;  
 Till 'twas planned—who proposed it we know not,  
 His blushes posterity spares—  
 Both her trade and her loyalty Wycombe,  
 Should proclaim in an archway of chairs!

Of all arches ever passed under  
 By Royal Procession before,  
 Never arch displayed loyalty greater,  
 And none e'er struck Royalty more.  
 There was but one feature a-wanting.  
 As a crown of the arch in the air,  
 Had Lord BEACONSFIELD posed, emblematic,  
 A-poising a neat Windsor chair!

Pass we o'er the address and the bouquet,  
 And the Bucks Volunteers on the green,  
 And drive on to Hughenden Manor,  
 Where its honoured Lord welcomes his Queen,  
 His Empress—to whom he has added  
 A title was ne'er Queen's before,  
 And now, his full cup over-brimming,  
 As his guest sees her darkening his door!

Was 't a growth from the islands Pacific,  
 Or a shoot from some battle-fed seed,  
 With promise of *Sang-de-Bœuf* blossoms,  
 And wood good for gun-stocks at need?  
 Whatever the tree that was planted  
 At Hughenden Manor that day,  
 To the trees our QUEEN plants 'tis the usage  
 That we should have something to say.

There's war on Bulgarian mountains,  
 And war in Armenian plains,  
 But to England, that watches the battles,  
 Thank God! blessed peace still remains;  
 And ere she takes hand from the ploughshare  
 And loom to lay hand to the sword,  
 Be assured she will well weigh the reason,  
 With due faith in her QUEEN and my Lord.





## MONEY "TIGHT."

*British Subaltern.* "BY-THE-BY, SMITH, CAN YOU LEND ME THAT SOVEREIGN I GAVE YOU THIS MORNING FOR A CHRISTMAS-BOX?!"

## SAVING THE EMPIRE.

(Or, how a "Spirited and Emotional, but Intelligent Minority" would manage it for us if they only had the chance.)

SCENE—A public spot in the centre of the Metropolis, during an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm. Throngs of all classes of the community, wild with excitement, crowd every available inch of space, while several distinguished members of a "War Ministry," who have held office for some hours, and have clambered on to the base of a convenient column, are addressing those in their immediate vicinity.

A Secretary for Foreign Affairs (concluding a stirring peroration). And, lastly, Gentlemen, that we may meet the forces of an opposing world, let us, with a united front, destroy all pitiable party differences, and bury the animosities that spring from greed of place in the common grave of a wide and generous Coalition. (He embraces a couple of Obstructives, in tears, amidst loud and prolonged cheering.) Yes, Gentlemen, Union is Strength. Home Rule is an accomplished fact; and in order that all men of all shades may rally round the flag of our beloved country, we have no hesitation in accepting the principles of these worthy patriots en masse. (Shakes hands warmly with the authors of several Parliamentary Bills for the Abolition of Public-Houses, the Disestablishment of the Church, the Extension of the Franchise, the Division of Property, &c., &c.) And now, finding posts for those who should never be suffered to wither in the chill gloom that lies beyond the bounds of office—(buttonholes several influential ex-Cabinet Ministers)—and thus conciliating all the clamours of faction, we are prepared, without fear of criticism or reproach, to consult the interests of the great Empire it is our privilege to serve, and to face the worst! (Enthusiastic cheering.) And now we will hear the splendid news that has just reached us from the Viceroy.

A Secretary for India (waving a lengthy telegram above his head.) Splendid, indeed! By dint of indomitable perseverance we have succeeded in bringing about five frontier wars at one and the same moment, while Thibet, Upper Tartary, Japan, and the whole of China Proper have been threatened with invasion simultaneously.

A Secretary for Foreign Affairs (shaking him by the hand with

much emotion). Thanks! Thanks for the welcome news. That is the way in which a spirited Government should obviate any possible danger at Calcutta! (Great cheering.) And those approving shouts embolden me to announce that with a view to our doing to-day what our fathers have done before us, we have thought it as well to send an ultimatum to every Court in Europe! Yes, Gentlemen, Her Majesty's Government are determined that Wapping shall be secure (deafening cheers), and it is thus that their ardent patriotism wisely anticipates events. [Great cheering.]

A Secretary for War (pushing to the point). Excuse me, but these are emotional times, and the tears flow freely from my eyes with joy as I announce that the country will not find this department unprepared! (Renewed cheering.) All males between the ages of thirteen and ninety will instantly be hurried to the front. The pipes of all the leading gas and water companies will be dug up, cut into lengths, rifled, and served out to active volunteers to use them as they can, while a picked corps of seven hundred half-pay generals, under the command of the editor of a daily paper of world-wide circulation, will forthwith be despatched secretly to some important spot upon a foreign coast! The crisis demands great sacrifices, but when the hour of danger strikes, this is not, by any means, the department to avoid them. [Renewed cheering.]

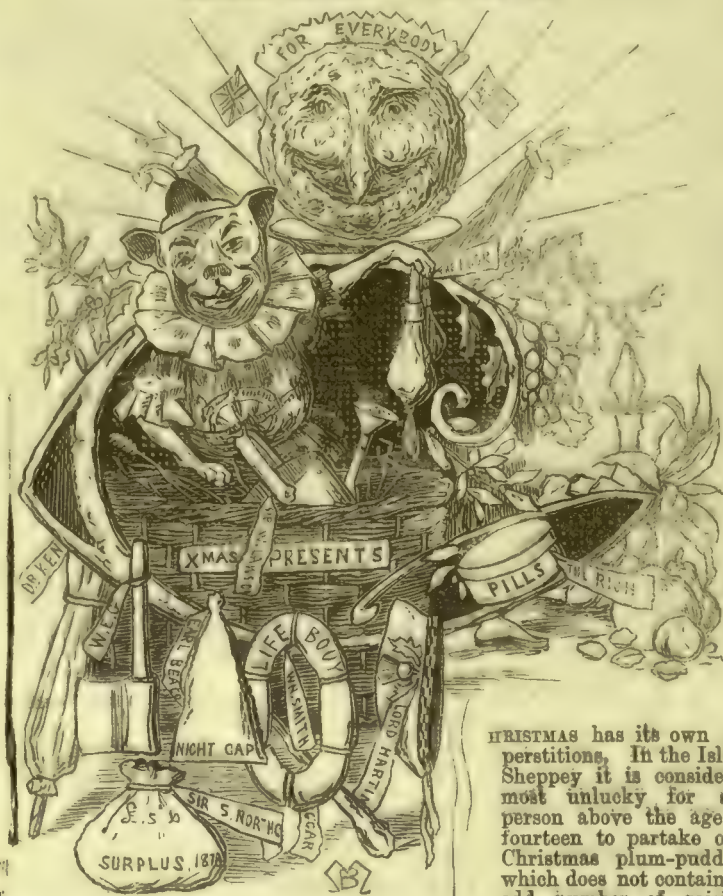
A First Lord of the Admiralty. Spoken like a spirited Minister! For myself, I have only to add that the whole of Her Majesty's fleet, together with the entire mercantile marine of the Empire, is now steaming down the Channel under sealed orders to blow up and utterly destroy every seaport town in the two hemispheres. This, of course, as an initial measure of defence. I am no sea-lawyer, but I hope I am enough of a diplomatist to appreciate the necessity of maintaining untarnished the splendid memories that still linger round the name of "Trafalgar." [Enthusiastic cheering.]

A Foreign Secretary. Just so. And I think, Gentlemen, that perhaps with that we may conclude the programme of our arrangements for this morning!

[Left speaking as a great and united people march off to defend in the most irrational manner something somebody has called "the mighty heritage bequeathed to them by their sires;" but what that is exactly nobody has any very tangible conception.]



## SEASONABLE FOLK-LORE.



CHRISTMAS has its own superstitions. In the Isle of Sheppey it is considered most unlucky for any person above the age of fourteen to partake of a Christmas plum-pudding which does not contain an odd number of raisins. The universal cry through-

out the Island is—Have the plums been counted (by a fair woman), and what is their total amount?

The inhabitants of Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire, where those two counties border, cling tenaciously to a quaint custom which they are believed to have derived from the Danes. The mince-pies made in Lincolnshire for consumption on Christmas-Eve and Day are sent (in a willow basket lined with tiffany and covered with holly-leaves) into Nottinghamshire to be warmed before they are eaten, and, *vice versa*, the Nottinghamshire pies are conveyed into Lincolnshire with the same ceremonies.

In the Lake Country, the robin-redbreasts at this season wear ruffs round their necks made of gilt-edged note-paper. These ruffs are put on the birds on Christmas-Eve by the Churchwardens, and taken off on Twelfth-Night by the Ministers of all denominations. The beginning and end of the ceremony is announced by the firing of cannon.

In the remote parts of Essex, there are three things which it is held to be unlucky to do between St. Thomas's Day and New Year's Eve—to make your will, to ride a white pony, and to marry a second cousin. The same superstition prevails in Devon and Cornwall, but with these differences—you may make your will, but not a codicil to it; you may ride a white pony if it has a chestnut star on its forehead, and you may marry your second cousin if she has no false teeth.

In the borough towns in Dorsetshire, the Mistletoe is gathered at sunrise by the Town Clerk, who rings a muffin-bell and blows a hunting-horn (alternately) in the woods for half an hour before the ceremony begins. He is assisted in his duties by all those of the inhabitants, between the ages of eleven and twenty-one, who were born on Christmas Day.

In Yorkshire and Durham the parish Pinder performs the same office. He wears a cocked hat and a sword, and distributes the branches in the twilight, singing the National Anthem all the while, and accompanying himself on an Æolian Harp.

In Suffolk, an acidulated drop, in the shape of a true lovers' knot, is inserted on Christmas Eve in the turkey stuffing by the hands of the last-born child in the family. Whoever has the good fortune to get this drop, when the bird comes to table, is certain within the next twelve months either to find a treasure of gold coins in a ploughed field, or to sit in a window-seat eating medlars and reading the best metaphysical work of the year.

The Staffordshire man or boy considers he has not faithfully discharged the duties of the Season unless he eats a portion of pork-pie (stuffed with raisins) every day from Christmas Eve to New Year's Eve (both inclusive). The pie

must bear his initials on the top, surrounded by a plain circle, and be baked before noon by a woman who has never been on the Continent.

In the Isle of Man, on New Year's Eve, they drink elder wine flavoured with rosemary, and eat buns soaked in warm ale. When the clock strikes twelve the company all rise, link little fingers, dance round the hearth on one leg, and sing "*Rule, Britannia!*" to the accompaniment of the hand-bells.

The customs and superstitions of the Channel Islands at this season are a mine of interest to the antiquary and connoisseur. The horror of carraway-seeds, the respect paid to the magpie, the indispensable ingredient of *caviare* in the mince-meat, the shouting the names of departed ancestors down the streets at midnight, and the curious practice, among the lower orders, of pelting each other with hard-boiled eggs (painted bright orange) on Boxing Day, may be cited as a sample of the old-world usages which still linger in these delightful retreats.

In North Wales it is held to be lucky to eat an egg from the wrong end on New Year's Day. The egg must be a turkey's egg, and stained purple, and the person who takes it out of the nest must have blue eyes and a majestic countenance.

In South Wales ill-luck is considered to attach to the man who does not either wear a new hat on Christmas Day, or part his hair down the middle, without speaking a word to any one, before breaking his fast in the morning.

Both in North and South Wales, to spill the salt at table on Christmas Day is looked upon as a particular misfortune, which can only be remedied by the transgressor standing at the open street-door, during the rest of the meal, with a blood-orange in each hand, stuck with chips saved from the last Christmas Yule Log, for presentation to the first Bishop who passes by the house.

## OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

NO. IV.—TWO FIGURES. SKETCHES FROM SRIMP GATE.—THE FIRST BEING AN OLD SALT ASHORE.

YOUR Quiet Observer has two sketches on hand which will conclude his Srimp gate subject. The first is of a weather-beaten Old Salt, who lounges about the pier, and whose tales of wonder, which have long since ceased to astonish the natives, must be taken by visitors *cum grano salis*, not, however, to be supplied by the Old Salt himself.

BILL BOLDER has been to sea in his day; in what capacity has perhaps never been exactly clear, except to his contemporaries. It is difficult to get at the truth about Old BILL; it is more than difficult to extract it from Old BILL himself. He is the very type of the sort of on-shore mariner, previously described by Your Observer in his picture of Srimp gate. He is all boots and trousers, which latter might be termed "breast-works," as with a very little trouble, he could pull them up over his head and go to sleep in them; not only without experiencing the slightest inconvenience, but with a considerable amount of personal comfort. They realise the slang term some time ago applied to this article of dress, namely, "bags." His hat would be equally suitable for a Dustman, a Coalheaver, a Mud-collector, or a Sea-fisherman. There is rather a determined expression on Old BILL's face, as if of a man, who having told a story, meant to stick to it against all comers. He has an index-nose, so to speak, which seems to be always pointing seawards. His nose does duty for his hands as far as pointing is concerned, his hands being either in his capacious pockets, or engaged in holding a big telescope, by which BILL BOLDER makes his livelihood.

Old BILL's trade is confined almost entirely to the summer season, when, without stirring from one and the same spot on the pier, he does a marvellous amount of flat-fishing and flat-catching. The flats of Deal are nothing to the flats that come down from London to Srimp gate-on-Sea in the summer. For them BILL BOLDER has his choicest stories and his heartiest and most impressive manner. For them BILL exhibits his telescope, and gives what is, in its way, quite a lecture on the marvellous powers of this unequalled glass—which unequalled glass, by the way, leads to many other glasses of a very different character, BILL's capacity as a swallower being only rivalled by that of his Cockney



audience, whose open mouths would take down the Sea Serpent itself, if Old BILL only insisted that he had seen it himself, and that if they got the glass in the right focus they could see it for themselves out there, bless your dear eyes, in the offin'. Woe be to the vent'uresome person who would dare dispute the merits of the telescope, or throw a shadow of a doubt across the brilliant narratives of WILLIAM BOLDER. "Spouse you think as that ain't true what I'm a sayin' of," retorts BILL, with intense irony. "Spouse you think as I didn't do one 'arf o' what I've been a tellin' you? 'Spouse you won't believe as this here werry telescop wern't give to me by a great naval hoffer for savin' of more nor two hundred o' lives at sea? 'Spouse you 'll not b'live BILL BOLDER's word, not when he shows you the inkakeipshun itself wot is engraved on this here werry telescop. Now then—*thur!*" and triumphantly he exhibits the polished brass of the telescope, whereon is engraved as plainly as possible information to the effect, that "This glass was presented to WILLIAM BOLDER, by a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, for having saved two hundred lives at sea."

Then the telescope is shut up, and so is the person who had dared to doubt the word of BILL BOLDER. How the shillings and half-crowns come out after this, not only as further testimonials to the unexampled bravery of the gallant old Tar (and no further questions asked), but also to soothe the ruffled feelings of the hero who has lived to hear a slur cast upon the integrity of his hitherto unblemished character! It takes a great deal of liquor to wash out such a stain as this. But BILL BOLDER manages to get over it, and in half an hour more he will be going through a similar performance before another audience, and with undiminished success. No one has yet inquired the name of the generous Lieutenant of the Royal Navy from whom this tribute of admiration originally came. At all events, his good deed is written in BILL BOLDER's brass. BILL makes his hay while the sun shines, from May till October, when he retires for the winter, and enjoys his well-earned repose, until the first warmth of spring, and the appearance of the bathing-machines induces him to quit his retreat, when out he comes fresher than ever. Oh, rare BILL BOLDER!

## THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Or, *The Christmas Letter-Writer.*



I.  
SIR,—FOR the eighth time I must request your immediate payment of your outstanding three quarters parochial rates. I am not unaware of your Christmas engagements, but if my demand is not at once complied with, I shall be compelled to forward you an oblong slip of paper, inviting you to meet ALEXANDER EDWARD COCKBURN in the Queen's Bench at Westminster within fourteen days.

Yours, &c.,  
J. BUMBLESON,  
Vestry Clerk.

II.

SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your promised invitation, but I regret to add that I shall not be able to accept it, as owing to some hasty remarks once delivered at the C. Q. B. by the Lord Chief Justice in relation to myself, some mutual embarrassment might be caused by our being again thrown together. By the time this reaches you I shall have followed my Doctor's advice, and have sought a more genial clime. Letters can be addressed to me, Poste Restante, Monaco.

Yours, &c., J. DIDDLEB.

III.

MY VERY DEAR MADAM,

WHEN this epistle reaches your hands your offspring will be in your arms. It is with pleasure that I am enabled to give a report of your son which will doubtless be most gratifying to so admirable a parent as yourself. Your son's scholastic attainments are of the highest order, and I can scarcely decide which is the most remarkable, his devotion to the languages of Greece and Rome or his love of modern *belles lettres*. He is a most gentlemanly boy, and deservedly popular.

I enclose the term's account of £84 12s. 6d., and beg to call your attention to the fact that the college will reassemble on the 18th prox.

Yours very truly,

I. SWISHILL.

IV.

SIR,

My son has returned with a black eye, and smelling strongly of smoke. I do not yet know what may be the sum of his school acquisitions. Up to the present he has displayed two—a large guinea-pig and three white mice in his trousers' pockets. Your bill is exorbitant, and my son will not return next term.

Yours, &c.,

CORNELIA GRABKUS.

V.

MY DARLING SISTER,

ACCORDING to the promise you made when you stopped here for three weeks in the summer, the girls and I are looking forward to a slight visit to you at this festive season of the year. The two girls are much grown, and ANN being fourteen and ELIZA now twelve, are quite old enough to mix under your tuition in the great world of London. They can play the "Sweethearts' Waltz," both as a duet and a solo, and will thereby be able to amuse your guests. Mudborough is very dull just now.

Your loving sister,

JANE.

P.S.—I have forwarded you a hamper containing a hare.

VI.

MY DARLING SISTER,

How provoking of you not to have reminded me of my promise before. You must know what a perfect wretch of a memory mine always was. I have asked our poor Aunt here for Christmas. She is devoted to my two boys, but, of course, I shall put in a good word for your girls. I am not covetous of her money. Poor, dear children, how sorry I am they cannot come to town for the holidays. But time soon passes, and next Christmas you must all come.

Yours everly,

EMILY.

P.S.—The hamper was unpaid, and the hare was—well! This muggy weather!!!

VII.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR well-known generosity as a Theatrical Manager alone tempts me to ask you a favour. I have several friends from the country who have never seen a Pantomime on Boxing Night. Will you please send me by return of post, seven stalls, or I don't mind dress circle seats, if they are in the first row? If you have any tickets for the pit, I should like to give my servants a treat. Excuse my asking, but I met you at an evening party at Mrs. A. MATHEWS once, and consider you quite in the light of an old friend.

Yours sincerely,

JULIA MCCRUSUS.

VIII.

THE Manager of the Polyolbion Theatre presents his compliments to Mrs. MCCRUSUS, and is glad to say that every seat in the house is engaged for Boxing Night. The Manager regrets that he has forgotten Mrs. A. MATHEW's evening party, and the delightful meeting alluded to by Mrs. MCCRUSUS.

IX.

MESSRS. JEWITT AND TRAEZER beg to enclose Mr. O'MULLIGAN's account with their clients, COOL AND PEABODY, (which has now been running three years), with their charge for the present application amounting to £3 10s. 6d. Messrs. J. AND S. have to state that their clients have been compelled to stop payment, that their affairs are in course of liquidation, and that prompt settlement of this amount will prevent the accrual of legal expenses.

X.

MR. O'MULLIGAN begs to inform Messrs. JEWITT AND TRAEZER that he is in the same position as their clients. His affairs also being in liquidation, he begs to refer Messrs. J. AND S. to the liquidators for their own demand, as well as that of their clients, Messrs. COOL AND PEABODY, and hopes they may get it.

## The History of a Life.

IN FIVE SITTINGS.

(Dedicated to the Author of "Lothair.")

A LAWYER'S Stool.

An Author's Library Lounge.

A Parliamentary Seat.

A Treasury Bench.

A Triumphal Arch—of Windsor Chairs!

ACCEPTABLE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—Marshal MACMAHON's *étrennes*—Constitutional Government to France.





### CHURCH MILLINERY.

WANTED, AT MADAME CUNÉGONDE'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR READY-MADE VESTMENTS, REGENT STREET, TWO OR THREE TALL, GENTEEL-LOOKING YOUNG MEN, OF CLERICAL ASPECT, FOR THE TRYING-ON DEPARTMENT.

### GREAT INVESTMENT—UNRIVALLED OPPORTUNITY!

TURKEY-IN-EUROPE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Capital Five Hundred Millions, in Twenty Shares of Twenty-Five Millions each. Formed to buy up and utilise a most important Property in the East, the present holders being compelled to wind up.

#### Directors.

ALEXANDER ROMANOFF, for Russia.  
FRANCIS JOSEPH HAPSBURG, for Austria.  
WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN, for Germany.  
VICTOR EMMANUEL, for Italy.  
GEORGE AUGUSTENBURG, for Greece.  
MILAN OBRENOVICH, for Servia.  
NICHOLAS Njégòs, for Montenegro.

(With power to add to their number.)

Secretary for the East—His Highness the Khedive of EGYPT.

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Directors of the National Banks of Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Athens, Belgrade, and Cettigne.

*A more detailed programme will be shortly issued.*

It is understood that the Director ALEXANDER ROMANOFF has a Mortgage of One Hundred Millions on the property, of which, however he is willing to take payment, principal and interest, in paid-up Shares, besides giving his valuable aid in the management of the property—which will be taken as a going concern.

#### COMFORT FOR FRANCE.

REPUBLICANS of France, dismiss your fears:  
You may be GRÉVY-eyed, yet have no THIERS.

### HOLLINGSHEAD ON THE PLACE OF CARICATURE IN THE ARTS.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD disclaims all intention of personal disrespect to Mr. WHISTLER in his introduction of a caricature of him and his pictures in his successful adaptation of *The Grasshopper*.

MR. WHISTLER, he says, attended the last rehearsal, and like the Russian *Commandant de Place* on the Coblentz Column that recorded the invasion of Russia by the French, inscribed his "*Vu et approuvé par nous, WHISTLER*," below Mr. PELLEGRINI's "*charge*." In fact, it was in answer to an invitation from Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD for this purpose, that the Artist wrote playfully back, "WHISTLER, and I'll come to thee, my lad!"

"Pellegrini," in English, means "Pilgrims." MR. WHISTLER, we understand, playfully congratulated his caricaturist on his "Pilgrim's Progress," attributing that Progress to the influence on the Pilgrim's style of even an attempt to turn him (W.) into ridicule. Pellegrini, as WHISTLER triumphantly remarked, cannot even satirise the author of Colour-symphonies without giving his own miserable art a shove up. "Such is the effect," added the great Colour-symphonist, "of poking fun at genius, even with the wrong end of the stick!"

#### A Proclamation.

##### SHEEP!

FOR many years you have been oppressed by the Wolf. Last summer you defied him, and would assuredly have been eaten had not the Shepherds interfered on your behalf. Then the Wolf, in spite of his teeth, was forced to retire, and you promised to leave him alone. You have chivalrously kept your promises. As the Wolf had teeth, you wisely waited until they should be drawn.

Sheep!—noble, patriotic Sheep!—thanks to your good and strong friend, the Bear, the Wolf's teeth are drawn and his claws clipt! It is, therefore, now your bounden duty to go and kick him, and when it comes to cutting up, to take as much of his carcase as the Bear will give you.

Given at Our Court of Belgrade.

(Signed)

LAMBEIN.

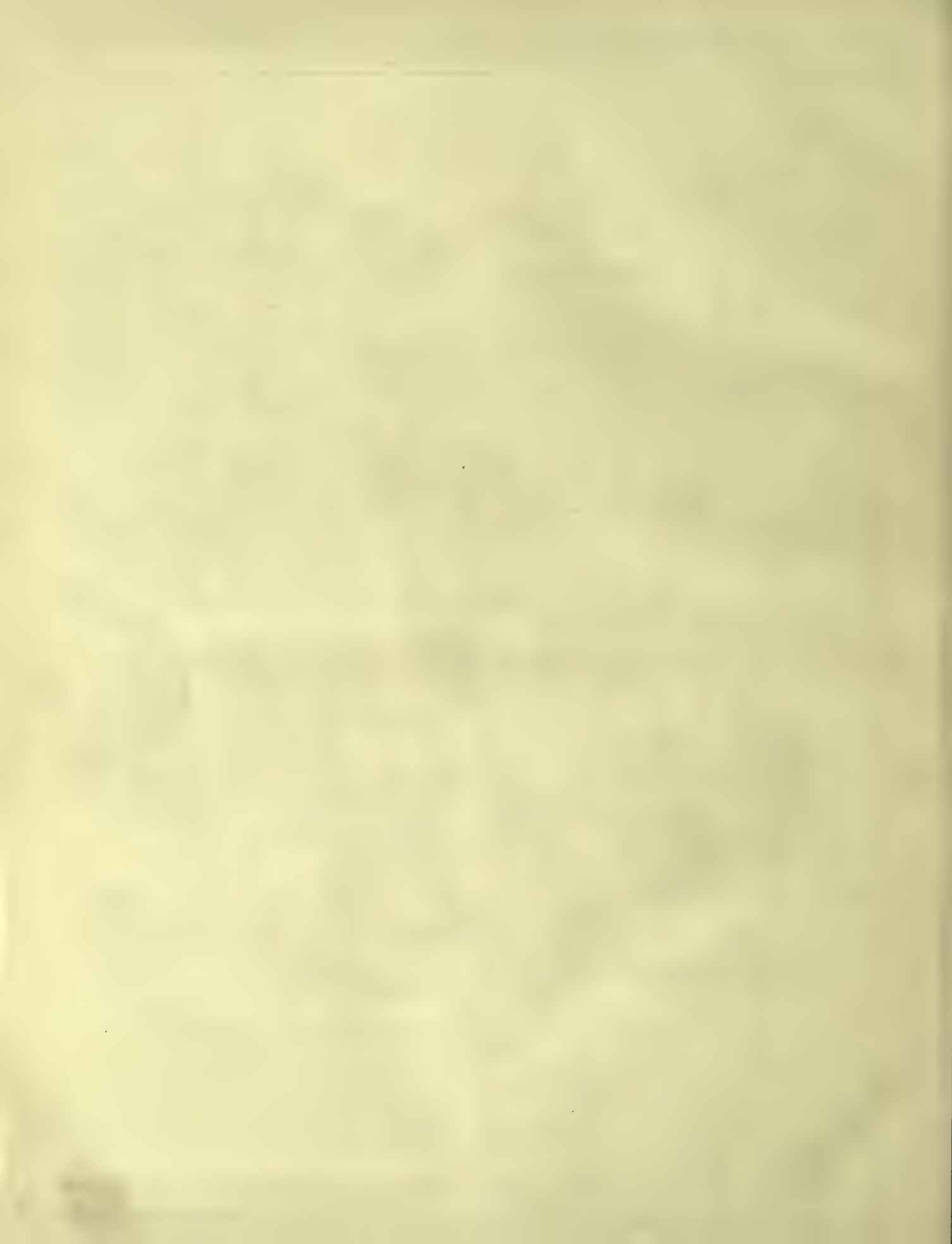




“OUT OF THE MUD!”

M. LE MARÉCHAL. “JE N’Y SUIS PLUS—MAIS—JE RESTE!!!”







## HOW FATHER O'SHEE LAID IN HIS CHRISTMAS COALS.



YOUNG PATSY MOLLOY was as purty a boy  
As was ever of widdy the pride and the joy;  
And as for his Ass, sorra crather could pass  
That beautiful baste, but for one fault, alas!  
When she felt she'd a load, you might kick and might  
goad,

But divil a fut would she move on the road,  
Till you 'd tickle her bones wid a handful of stones—  
And that hint she 'd take, the desatful ould toad!

The Widdy, half dead with ould, looked in the shed,  
But sorra the peat ould she find, so she said,  
"Sure I'm clane out of few'l, and the ould is that  
crew'l;

Take the baste for a load of Wallsends, PAT, my jew'l!"

PAT went, filled his cart, and for home made a start,  
But the baste wid her tantrums well-nigh bruk his heart;  
For never a stip would she move, the ould rip!  
But she stood like a pig wid her legs wide apart.

"Ochone! wirra-'sthrue! Arrah, what will I do?"

Cried PAT, as he sat in a terrible stew.

Then he called on the Saints, and he called on the d—  
(I won't say the word—sure it wouldn't be civil!)

When, as good luck would be, by strowls Father SHEE,  
And he says, "My son PATSY! my son PAT!" says he,

"Sich language is really shocking to me.

Sure, what is the matther?" "The matther!" says PAT,

"Now, saving your priseness, by this and by that!

The murdering brute will not budge—not a fut."  
Says the Priest, "Why not bate her?" Oh wasn't he  
cute!

"Is it batin'?" says PAT. "By the Saint in my hat!

'Tisn't batin' she cares for—bad luck to the slut!

Ochone and ochone! if I 'd only a stone—"!

"A stone!" says the Priest—ah thin, wasn't he artful?—

"A stone! Why, ye Omadhaun, look at yer cartfull!"

"Thru for you!" PAT sings out; "them's the jockeys  
'll do."

And clutching two handfuls with joyous "hurroo,"

He let fly in haste at the back of his baste,

That not likin' the taste, started off as if chased

By the ould one himself, for a good rood or two.

But PAT knew the thrick, and whenever she 'd kick,

Or stop in her canther, the coals would fall thick

On her ribs and her back, till the road was asthrew

Wid best Wallsends, and PATSY's poor baste black and  
blue!

Ten minutes, and cute Father SHEE you 'd have seen,

Wid his shovel and crate, and his purty colleen.

And says he, "Colleen dhas, sure 'tis wicked to pass

The good things that's sent, though they 're brought by  
an ass.

D'ye see them black diamonds? It's elegant coal—

Shovel up every lump, if you vally your soul!"

As for PAT and the widdy—I will not be guessing

What he got—but I 'll go bail 't wasn't a blessing!



## PARTURIUNT MONTES.

CABINET Councils! Royal Visits! Reports that contradict each other on the most undoubted authority! Gossip at high tide! *Gode-moucherie* in full swallow!

The Mountain of Official Resolves is in labour. What will it bring forth—Mouse or Earthquake, Dispatches, Demonstrations or Defiance, Big words or Great Deeds, muster of armies for war and movement of fleets for battle, or only bandying of big words and brandishing of official pens, with no bloodshed behind them? Thus far, there is but one birth of the Labouring Mountain which England and the world knows of—the Meeting of Parliament three weeks before the usual time. But whether this will be to sanction wary resolves or warlike, to vote money or ships and soldiers and ratify resolutions of action, to open a safety-valve for pent-up popular steam, or to provide buffers of tall talk for Ministerial responsibility, to strengthen weak hands and brace up tottering knees or to show strong arms ready to strike in, and our Collective Wisdom chorussing Mr. MAC DERMOTT, to reveal divided counsels or to announce the welded will of a United Nation, it is for time to show—not for *Punch* to prophesy.

Some things, however, he will say, believing it timely and even urgent to say them.

If Parliament meet but to promote peace, and assert BRITANNIA'S right to a voice in settling its terms, then "well met" says *Punch* to Parliament. But if all hands be piped to shift H.M.S. *Britannia*'s neutral anchorage-ground, and bring her within the drift of the war-current, then it will be in an ill hour that the crew were "rouned up," because it will be with half a heart and a divided will that they will obey—if they obey—the boatswain's whistle.

That the Parliamentary Bull's-eye may just now be turned on to the Cabinet-room, the Parliamentary Bull's-eye held close to its keyhole, the Parliamentary Bull's-eye heard by way of clear and concordant undertone in its deliberations, and the Parliamentary Bull's-foot set down unmistakably and with a will—that reason enough for *Punch* and Great Britain to be thankful that our Collective Wisdom has been called together, whatever is to be hoped, or feared, of the labouring mountain whose travail the Clubs are so loud about.

NATURE'S "COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."—"A muggy Christmas and a sloppy New Year."





**"OVER THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS' FRANCHISE."**

WHEN THEY DO DISAGREE, THEIR DISAGREEMENT IS WONDERFUL.

**WHAT HE HAS LAID HIMSELF AND OTHERS OPEN TO.**

IN spite of his refusal to enter into a tree-felling contest, Mr. GLADSTONE continues to be overwhelmed with challenges. He has been kind enough to forward us a selection of a few typical ones:—

*No. 1.—Postmark, "Lower Tooting."*

PROFESSOR BROWN's compliments to Mr. GLADSTONE, and Professor BROWN understands that Mr. GLADSTONE is fond of delivering Lectures. The Professor has for the last forty years been taking his celebrated entertainment, "Five-and-twenty Minutes with the Cannibals," round the Provinces. The Professor will be happy to lecture against Mr. GLADSTONE for ten pounds a side. Each lecturer to bring his own dissolving views and character costumes.

*No. 2.—Postmark, "Hackney."*

MR. PENNY A. LINER begs to welcome Mr. GLADSTONE as a brother contributor to periodical literature. Mr. P. A. LINER desires to enter into a friendly competition with Mr. GLADSTONE. Say for ten shillings a side. Both authors to furnish an article. The subject to be chosen by the Editor of the *Hackney Morning Thunderbolt*, who might also act as Judge. A card by return of post would oblige.

*No. 3.—Postmark, "New York."*

ELDERED E. SLOCUM presents his compliments to the Right Honourable Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., and would be glad to make a deal with him. ELDERED E. SLOCUM has seen pictures of the Right Honourable Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., in many positions as a woodcutter. ELDERED E. SLOCUM begs to say that a Lecture Entertainment in that connection would pay over here. ELDERED E. SLOCUM is prepared to conclude an engagement with the Right Honourable Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., for the regular lecturing round of the United States and the Canadas with "A Lecture on Lumbering by a British Ex-Leader." Mr. ELDERED E. SLOCUM would find the lumber, but Privy Councillor GLADSTONE, M.P., would be expected to bring his own axe and jaw. Cable terms.

*No. 4.—Postmark "Paris."*

THE Author of *The History of a Crime* sends his paternal greeting to the Feller of Trees. Intellectual Art converses with Manual Toil. The Author of *The History of a Crime* once insulted a regiment of soldiers out of an omnibus window. The Feller of Trees has been photographed in his shirt-sleeves. Both have showed to an astonished world that they possess a delicate sense of the ridiculous. Why should not these two contemporary illustrations unite in a record of their trials, tributes, triumphs, political and personal? It would be a glorious work! It would be more. It would be a curiosity.

*No. 5.—Postmark "Dublin."*

MR. PAT MOLLOY has noticed that Mr. GLADSTONE has lately paid a visit to Shillelagh Wood. Mr. MOLLOY has been told that Mr.

GLADSTONE cut an elegant sprig from that same wood. Mr. MOLLOY has himself a very well-balanced and well-seasoned selection of twigs of the same timber, and is game for a friendly quarter of an hour with Mr. GLADSTONE if he'll do him the honour to tread on the tails of his coat, or allow Mr. MOLLOY to perform the same *pas* on the tails of Mr. GLADSTONE's. Each Gentleman to bring his own alpeen, and find his own plaister.

*No. 6.—Postmark "Fleet Street."*

Mr. *Punch* has noticed with much pain that Mr. GLADSTONE, since his retirement from office, has been in the habit of placing himself in undignified and, occasionally, ridiculous positions before the Public. In his youth, Mr. *Punch* was in the habit of making a show of himself in the public streets. On reaching years of discretion, Mr. *Punch*, remembering that it was *infra dig.* to posture before a gaping crowd, adopted a bearing more in keeping with his years, antecedents, and character. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot do better than follow his friend Mr. *Punch's* example.

But this correspondence with the Right Honourable W. E. G. and the hosts whom he excites to emulation, has not been the only effect of Mr. HOPKINSON's challenge. It has led to the making of a series of similar offers in other and scarcely less distinguished quarters.

The following, a few out of the many replies thus given rise to, may possess some interest for those to whom the lighter recreations of noteworthy men afford matter for philosophic reflection:—

I.

*From the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, on his being invited to paint a Pantomimic Transformation Scene.*

SIR,—I CANNOT but regard the challenge you have been so good as to send me as a *naïve* and notable compliment; but I at once give in. The excellence to which I have attained in the art of opening out, as it were, on the astonished gaze, sudden scenes of striking and unanticipated splendour, is not such as to enable me to enter myself as the rival of those whose triumph may be said to consist rather in the calm beauty of growing and gradual development than in the blinding bewilderment of sudden and surprising change. Under these circumstances I must be content to leave you to your laurels, and subscribe myself

Your faithful Servant,

BEACONSFIELD.

II.

*From the Emperor of RUSSIA on his being offered several points in a game of Beggar my Neighbour.*

SIR,—I AM commanded by my August Master to inform you that, while thanking you for the considerable odds which you are disposed to offer him in the event of his being willing to take a hand with you at "Beggar my neighbour," he regrets that he is quite unable to accede to your request through an hereditary ignorance of the nature of the game to which you refer.

Accept, &c.,

GORTSCHAKOFF.





## AN APOLOGY.

*Chinamaniac Mistress (with tears in her Voice).* "SEE, MARY, WHAT YOUR CARELESSNESS HAS DONE! YOU HAVE BROKEN ONE OF MY FAVOURITE CUPS!"

*Maid.* "YES, M'M. I'M VERY SORRY, FOR I'M VERY PARTIAL TO OLD CHINA MYSELF!"

## III.

*From Mr. PARNELL, on his receiving a Challenge from the Proprietor of a damaged Steam-Roller.*

SIR,

I AM not surprised that, provided you can get your machine on its side, lengthways across Temple Bar, you should back yourself to stop the entire traffic of Fleet Street. But I am not accustomed to entering into trivial contests of this kind. Get a couple of Circuses, half-a-dozen Furniture-vans, and a Wild Beast Show into Pall Mall Place, and back, and then I may look at you.

Yours, &c., S. C. PARNELL.

## IV.

*From Marshal MACMAHON, on his refusing to be fired, for a Wager, from a Cannon.*

MONSIEUR,

YOUR challenge, inspired doubtless by my recent situation, has been made under a complete misconception of the circumstances which surround and direct me. It is true that, notwithstanding that the gunpowder was ready in the Chamber, I have reposed for some time with my head looking from the cannon's mouth. But I had no intention of being fired off. No. That is the business of acrobats, not of Presidents. I have, therefore, got out.

Accept, Monsieur, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

MACMAHON.

## V.

*From Prince BISMARCK, on being invited, by the Stationers' Company, to write a Prophetic Almanack against the Editor of "Old Moore."*

You want to know what's going to happen next? Try your own Sphinx.

Yours, &c., BISMARCK.

## "JE N'EN VOIS PAS LA NÉCESSITÉ."

THE Italian House of Commons has voted the Penal Code proposed by the Minister of Grace and Justice, Signor MANCINI, which, besides abolishing capital punishment, amid the applause of the galleries, admits necessity or uncontrollable impulse—*forza irresistibile*—as an extenuation of crime. This, in the event of its being finally enacted, would indeed be a saving clause for criminals. If, according to our English form of indictment, Italians commit crimes because of "being instigated by the devil," and necessity is to extenuate crime, and "needs must when the devil drives"—who need ever be hanged, even if the gallows were left standing? Luckily, Italy has a House of Lords in her Senate, which may be safely trusted to veto—if, indeed, it have not already vetoed—Signor MANCINI's rather rash and risky measure, and leave *forza irresistibile* still face to face with Jack Ketch—to try conclusions which is stronger, the irresistible impulse that leads to cutting throats, or the fear of the penny cord that compresses them. *Punch*, on the whole, backs penny cord—particularly in a land where most men carry knives, and where assassinations run to the tune of some thousands per annum.

## A CHRISTMAS CATECHISM.

(For the Use of Infant Schools.)

Who made the first Plum-pudding, and did he take a pill after it?

Was kissing under the Mistletoe in fashion with the Druids, or were they more in favour of kissing under the rose?

How came it that St. George was long esteemed the patron Saint of Snapdragons?

Why is it that a Beadle always gets a Christmas-box?

Do you think that *Robinson Crusoe* in all his foreign travels ever climbed a Christmas-tree?

Who invented Mince-pies, and how many did he eat?

Are you fond of Christmas Waits, and which do you like best—the long Waits that occur between the scenes on the first night of a Pantomime, or the short Waits that occur when you buy a pound of plum-cake, or an ounce of sugar-plums or toffee at a street-stall?

Where were Harlequin and Columbine when the limelight went out?

SERVIA RECHRISTENED.—Time-Servia.

## A REMARKABLE PIECE OF NEWS.

HERE is a startling piece of intelligence from the *Glasgow Herald*. We should scarcely have expected it to reach us *viâ* Irvine:—

"IRVINE.—The Harbour-Master reported that the north pole had been washed away, and he was instructed to have a temporary one erected at once, and to make arrangements for the erection of a permanent one."

This will naturally be annoying to Captain Sir G. NARES, Captain STEVENSON, and their gallant shipmates of the *Alert* and *Discovery*. They can never hope to "pick up" the old Pole now! On the other hand, the erection of a temporary substitute, and then the provision of a permanent Pole, will furnish agreeable and useful occupation to the Arctic voyagers of the future, whom we presume the Harbour-Master of Irvine will at once proceed to enrol. It is a very flattering commission for a provincial official, and one who, hitherto, however respectable, has certainly not been prominent in Arctic enterprise.

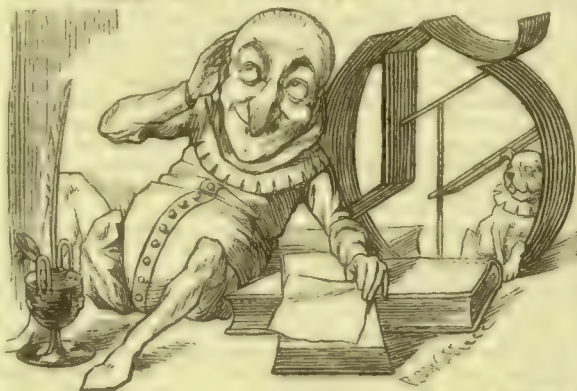
## Christmas Games

(For European Powers, big and little).

AUSTRO-HUNGARY.—The Race Game.  
 England.—Cross Questions and Crooked Answers.  
 France.—Consequences.  
 Germany.—Beggar my Neighbour.  
 Russia.—The Krieg-Spiel.  
 Servia.—Follow my Leader.  
 Greece.—Catch as Catch Can.  
 Turkey.—Forfeits.



## ALL ON THE VERY BEST AUTHORITY.



Our little birds were never busier, but the difficulty is to reconcile their chirpings. Here are specimens of the sort of things they bring us, and "all on the best authority," of course:—

Inquiries have been directed to the Horse Guards, in the Ordnance Branch and Store Department of the War Office, and the Transport Branch of the Admiralty,

within what time an expeditionary force of twenty-five thousand men could be fed, mustered, equipped, and embarked for the Mediterranean.

They have received no orders, and had no special inquiries, either at the War Office or the Admiralty.

The Fleet has been ordered to enter the Dardanelles.

The Fleet is to remain at its old anchorage-ground in Besika Bay,

An expeditionary force will sail for Gallipoli before Parliament meets.

The Mediterranean garrisons can't spare a man. It would take us, at least, three months to equip and set twenty thousand men in line of battle within striking distance of the Russians.

The QUEEN told THEODORE MARTIN, when he dined at Windsor the other day, that she considered the behaviour of the Russians quite as bad now as before the Crimean war, and that she didn't see why this country should put up with it any longer.

Her MAJESTY told LORD BEACONSFIELD at Hughenden, the other day, that she considered the immediate summoning of Parliament the best guarantee for the preservation of European peace, and that she was confident it would not be disturbed.

The Cabinet is hopelessly divided. BEACONSFIELD is nobody—has quite lost his nerve. The Marquis of SALISBURY all but snapped his fingers in his face at the last Cabinet Council, and he did not seem even to resent it.

BEACONSFIELD is master of the situation. Absolutely leads DERBY by the nose. SALISBURY is nowhere. He and CARNARVON have been completely snuffed out. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is flaccidity personified, and CROSS daren't call his soul his own.

They are going to ask Parliament for six millions. They have offered Russia an ultimatum.

You mark my words, the sensible party in the Ministry only want a Parliamentary buffer between them and the Impracticables, in and out of the Cabinet. Bless you—they don't mean to do anything.

Europe will be in a blaze in two months.

The three Emperors will settle everything off their own bats. We shall bluster a bit, but it will all end in ink.

We mean to take over the Turkish Fleet from the SULTAN, nominally as a guarantee for the bondholders—of course, to keep it out of the hands of the Russians.

We have told GORTSCHAKOFF we shall consider his insistence on the passage of the Dardanelles for Russian war-ships a *casus belli*.

Ministers are quite ready to discuss the terms on which ships of war may pass the Straits—on the principle of "One down, another come on."

It has been decided that we are to defend the lines of Chekmedjé. We have had ten Engineer Officers planning the works there these eight months, and laying out the camping ground. All the commissariat contracts are made.

The Cabinet have kept us quite clear of the mess so far, and depend upon it they'll bring us through it without war.

The Government means to put its foot down, and is satisfied it has the country at its back.

The Government has not the most distant idea of fighting. They admit

they've a divided country behind them; and Lord DERBY said to a friend of mine only the other day, that he had never known a war but the first thing that went was the Ministry. That don't look much like meaning business.

And so on, *da capo*—Russophobe and Turkophile, Black and White, Peace and War, Right and Left, Ding Dong, Hammer and Tongs—right in each other's teeth—but ALL ALIKE ON THE BEST AUTHORITY!

## REGENERATE RUSSIA.

THE ex-Premier has added another to the series of letters which have recently won him such special celebrity.

"Did you really, illustrious WILLIAM, in the year 1854, deliver the subjoined sentences touching the Crimean War, on your legs in the House of Commons? Because if you did, they seem rather to falsify your present position:—"

"I apprehend that what we think to secure by the war is not the settlement of any question regarding the internal government of Turkey, as this will be a work for many years, but there is the danger of the absorption of the Turks by Russia, which will bring us greater evils than those which already exist. This we are called upon to resist by all means in our power."

To the question substantially proposed as above by a "Sheffield Liberal" our WILLIAM thus replied:—

"SIR,—I do not doubt I said, and it was quite true if I did, that the immediate object of the war in 1854 was to repel the aggression of Russia upon Turkey. Russia made a demand at that time which did not concern the redress of the Christian grievances, but in the opinion of all Europe attacked Turkey in violation of public law. The war aimed at repressing that violation of law, but with it were combined measures which were then believed to be realities, and to provide for the redress of grievances.—Your faithful Servant, W. E. GLADSTONE."

Thus completely sweet WILLIAM, that flower of Statesmen, shuts up the questioner of his consistency with his old self, and his former speeches. No doubt in 1854 BRITANNIA went to war with the object of repressing Russia's violation of public law, though not altogether irrespectively of British interests and of the circumstance that she then had France for an ally. Now she means to wait till she is sure British interests are in danger. Who can say that they will be? In 1854 Czar NICHOLAS did not profess to have any other object in attacking Turkey than territorial conquest. Czar ALEXANDER in 1877 has professed as his object the enforcing of good government for the SULTAN's Christian subjects, and disclaimed any other. There may be those who hope shortly to see the PORTE concede this demand, and there an end; peace restored early in the New Year—perhaps before Parliament meets on the 17th of January—who knows?

In that happy event, the business for the despatch of which Parliament is summoned to meet on that early day may be whittled down to a talk about the terms on which peace has been made. This will be an eminently Parliamentary occupation. At any rate, no debate whatsoever can arise on any Russian stipulation for "material guarantees" involving territorial acquisition, or on any demand for an exclusive right of passage through the Straits for Russian ships of war. It will by that time have been proved to the satisfaction, if to the confutation, of Turcophile alarmists, that the Christian cause was not a mere pretext for the present war, and that although in 1854 Russia warred for mere spoliation, in 1877 she did battle from an exalted sentiment of Christian sympathy. It may be so. NICHOLAS was one Czar, ALEXANDER another. May the moderation of Russian proposals very speedily demonstrate such a difference between the two Czars, and their respective Russias and policies, as will triumphantly attest the discernment, as well as the consistency of our most excellent WILLIAM.

## Permutations and Combinations;

Or, Fourtoun v. Dufause.

MACMAHON, in his reckoning on a coup,  
Employed, in combination, one four two;  
But finding France that figure would ignore,  
He tried, in permutation, one two four.





### A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.

"NOW GO TO SCHOOL, AND BE A GOOD BOY. AND MIND YOU DON'T USE ANY RUDE WORDS!"

"RUDE WORDS! TELL ME A FEW, MUMMY, AND THEN I SHALL KNOW, YOU KNOW!"

### GOOD WOMAN'S WORK.

PUNCH lately uttered words of wisdom on the "little health" of the Ladies. He is reminded in good time of the "Ladies' Sanitary Association,"\* whose business it is to spread the knowledge of those laws, by observance whereof—

"Those may get health who ne'er had health before,  
And those who have little health may make it more."

In 1857, a few wise women, impressed by a sense of the widespread ignorance of the laws of health, and the vast amount of preventible illness and death thence arising, set to work to get together and circulate plain knowledge on the subject. Some wise men helped the wise women. They began with Lectures to Ladies, and went on with Tracts. Never was a more praiseworthy or helpworthy tractarian movement than that which sprang from the "Ladies' Sanitary Association," in words of wisdom on *The Worth of Fresh Air, The Use of Pure Water, The Value of Good Food, How to Nurse the Sick, The Health of Mothers, How to Clothe and Manage a Baby, The Power of Soap and Water, &c., &c., &c.*, and other such "homely" truths, which have circulated in swarms from their eighty-six thousands to their tens, doing as purifying and sweetening a work as the insects who spread the pollen of the flowers.

With an average yearly income of £350, the Association has, since 1857, published seventy such tracts, edited by scientific men but written in simple language. The publications of the Association have had a circulation of nearly two millions, have been translated into several languages, welcomed at hospitals, working-men's clubs, lending libraries, mothers' meetings, and schools, and distributed by Clergy of all denominations, Scripture-readers, City Missionaries, Sisters of Mercy, Bible-women, and Sanitary Missionaries.

The paper on *Overwork* served to prepare the way for the "Early Closing Association." *The Dance of Death* helped to call attention to the use of arsenic in ball-dresses, flowers, and wall-papers. *Dress and its Cost*, pleaded not unsuccessfully for over-taxed seamstresses, working weary hours in ill-ventilated rooms, and from the same source came the present effort to obtain seats for shop-women, who suffer so much by long hours of standing behind counters, which is procuring relief for them steadily, though slowly.

The delivery of practical lectures on health, sanitary improve-

\* The Office is 22, Berners Street, and its Secretary is Miss ROSE ADAMS.

ments, and domestic economy, formed another principal feature in the Ladies' crusade. Some seventy courses have been delivered on physiology, public health, gymnastics, chemistry, cooking, and nursing. Branch associations have been formed, day nurseries have been opened, houses cleaned, cleansing materials lent, clothing clubs formed, and even a company for building suitable dwellings for the poor. Poor London children have been fed, cared for, and made happy, in a humble way. Baths, washing-tubs, pails, brooms, and brushes, disinfectants, cooking utensils, and nursing appliances, patterns of garments, made and unmade, text-books on domestic economy, models of filters, drain-traps, ventilators, invalid cooking and nursing appliances, have been kept and lent for purposes of illustration.

The Association has helped to introduce into schools text-books of domestic economy, and in its last tract, *Our Schools and Public Health*, has tried to draw the attention of all engaged in training the young to the importance of teaching physiology and the laws of health.

In the face of the needs pressing and the work accomplished, the Association may fairly take credit, in its own words, for having laboured, "by God's blessing, to secure happier, purer, more intelligently-managed homes for England, and a healthier, more temperate, truer manhood and womanhood for her sons and daughters." *Punch*, at this Christmas-tide, can have no fitter function than to point to what these Ladies have done, and to ask all his Lady-readers not only to wish well to, but to join and aid, their wise and kindly efforts.

### NEW YEAR'S LEAVES.

(That might be "turned over" with advantage.)

ON and after the First—

LORD BEACONSFIELD might abandon the oracular diplology of Delphi for plainer English.

MR. BRIGHT might look rather less to the points of his oratory, and rather more to the accuracy of his data.

MR. GLADSTONE might leave the themes proper for the stump to the mountebank who is in place on it, and preserve unimpaired the hard-won dignity of a great name.

LORD DERBY might manage to see less than seven distinct sides to every question, and, when occasion requires, might even bring his great mind to a definite statement in black and white.

MR. LOWE might relinquish his taste for political calisthenics, and try six months as a farm labourer without the franchise.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA might give up a military parade or two at St. Petersburg, and try an experiment in "Civilisation without Gunpowder."

MR. MACKONCHIE might deny himself a little bit of trimming, a vestment, a mop and a mow, and a flower-pot or two, and inculcate by his practice some of the obedience and respect to authority which he preaches.

MARSHAL MACMAHON might avoid being thrust by his advisers into contemptible situations, accept accomplished facts, and brush up his best cooked-hat for the Opening of the Coming Exhibition.

THE BRITISH MASON might gather from experience that his Employers were not created solely for his convenience, and, the next time he has a chance of a job, not be fool enough to hand it over to a set of Foreigners, because he is too dense to understand a simple sum in Rule-of-Three.

THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT might give up a hopeless contest with the "logic of events," and set about the more rational business of paying up arrears to the Holders of its Foreign Debt, together with a handsome bonus.

THE PATRIOTIC ALARMIST might fall asleep without thinking out a Government Plan for the Defence of the Isle of Dogs, and define "British Interests" without either referring to PITT, quoting PALMERSTON, or using a rhyming dictionary, and

The Man who takes a Common Sense View of It, might pay a little less attention to the scares of the hour, and quietly wait the Opening of Parliament.

### Misnomers.

Who would expect to find our War-deprecating and Tree-felling ex-Premier in a seat inscribed "Ha! War-den!" while his rival, who never handled an axe, sits in "Hughen-den"? Surely the names must have got transposed. Or is it merely a brace of cases of the right man not in the right place?

### SHAKESPEARE TO WIT.

SCIENCE has lost a distinguished follower in HERR RUHMKORFF, the inventor of the famous "coil" which bears his name. HERR RUHMKORFF, who was as benevolent as he was scientific, has just "shuffled off this mortal coil" at Paris, at an advanced age.



## PUNCH'S NEW-YEAR'S CRACKERS.



LEARLY no one has yet discovered what cannot be packed into these ingenious devices.— *Daily News on Cosaques and Bonbons.*

SNAP! Bang! Pull on, my merry men,  
 The Sage stands by, your sport surveying.  
 'Tis good to frolic now and then,  
 And *Punch* provides you games for playing.  
 Yet Wisdom's ever-watchful eye,  
 From veriest trifles knowledge gleaming,  
 In your disportings may espy  
 Some pregnant or prophetic meaning.

Here Sphinx and Woodman tug and strain,  
 At rival policies, whose tissue



*Punch* fain would hope, in common gain  
To her whom they both serve, may issue.  
May both those wreaths still intertwine  
BRITANNIA'S brow, and bloom upon her :  
For one of safety is the sign,  
The other is the crown of honour.

Here Russ and Turk, whilst Yule-bells chime,  
Pull angrily in hostile fashion.  
Alas, that at this holy time  
Religious zeal means ruthless passion !  
But see the olive-branch and scales !  
May their fair omen find fulfilling.  
Where Justice potently prevails,  
Peace is a handmaid prompt and willing.

France and her Marshal foot to foot  
Tug hotly ; they should pull together.  
France wins ! May Freedom's tree take root,  
All winds defy, all tempests weather.  
The Phrygian Cap ! Who dreads it now,  
Save foes to Liberty and Progress ?  
France fits it calmly on her brow,  
And fears no more the blood-stained ogress.

Priest pulls 'gainst priest. A sorry sight  
That little fits the genial season.  
*Punch* bids them heed the rule of right,  
And listen to the voice of reason,  
Or bonds will snap ne'er to reknit,  
Like New Year's crackers rent asunder ;  
And a Fool's cap be found to fit  
The heads of all these sons of thunder.

Labour and Capital at strife,  
Tug, till Trade's vital ties seem riven.  
A foolish fight ! War to the knife  
Is not the watchword sense had given.  
Make friends, or wealth may flee our land ;  
Hard times with every strain grow harder.  
Two symbols all should understand,  
A leaking purse, an empty larder !

Fool Fashion pulls 'gainst Common Sense ;  
In so-called Science "ism" 'gainst "ism."  
While ignorance, purblind or dense,  
Leads the wild dance of school and schism.  
So *Punch*, the sage, whose mirthful page,  
Ranks him with Reason's stoutest backers,  
Commends to a discordant age  
The morals of his New Year's Crackers.

#### REASONS FOR THE EARLY MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE England may find it necessary forthwith to despatch an ultimatum to Russia.

BECAUSE England is anxious to utter a distinct reiteration of her neutral policy.

BECAUSE England purposes the immediate annexation of Egypt.

BECAUSE England wishes to reassure the KHEDIVÉ against reported intentions of aggression on his realm.

BECAUSE Lord BEACONSFIELD wishes to open the way to his contemplated resignation.

BECAUSE Lord BEACONSFIELD intends to lay down a more vigorous line of action for the Government.

BECAUSE Austria has expressed her determination to go hand and glove with England.

BECAUSE Austria has revealed herself as the uncompromising ally of Russia.

BECAUSE India is in danger.

BECAUSE it is necessary to prove that India was never safer than at the present time.

BECAUSE it will annoy Prince BISMARCK.

BECAUSE it will relieve Prince BISMARCK of an overwhelming sense of responsibility.

BECAUSE the Militia can be called out at once.

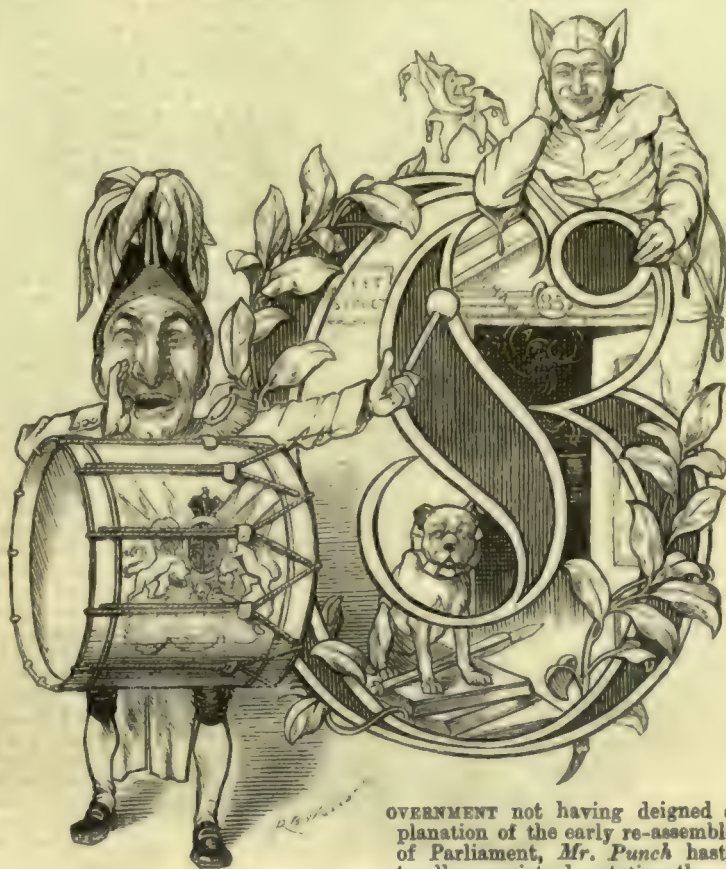
BECAUSE we are so thoroughly secure, thanks to our Volunteer Forces.

BECAUSE Lord BEACONSFIELD likes surprises, and no one expected it.

BECAUSE Lord BEACONSFIELD has such perfect confidence in the nation, and everybody was anxiously waiting for the announcement.

And lastly, because *Mr. Punch*, after mature deliberation, thought—but stop, *this* is divulging a Cabinet secret.

#### "THE STATE OF PUBLIC FEELING."



GOVERNMENT not having deigned explanation of the early re-assembling of Parliament, *Mr. Punch* hastens to allay anxiety by stating the real motive.

Immediately upon the opening of the Session, the Government, anxious to gauge public opinion on the Eastern Question, intend to propose a Select Committee to ascertain the opinions of those "who know all about it." These persons will not be sought in Parliament itself, but in a select circle of London Clubs, drawing-rooms, and newspaper-offices. The Committee will examine and report on the opinions of the loudest of the witnesses. Specimens of the evidence likely to be produced are given by anticipation :—

The Hon. NOODLE FITZNOODLE, examined :—"Am in favour of the Turks, and hate the Russians. Why ? Well—really—you know—the Turks are such gentlemen, and the Russians are such blackguards." Oh, yes, have heard of the Bulgarian atrocities. Never believed in them much. Had a sort of idea they were got up by that fellow GLADSTONE, don't you know, because he wanted to make a row of some sort. Yes, 'political capital,'—just so ; that's what I mean. No, I don't exactly accuse him of inventing the massacres. You're so sharp—take a fellow up so. Well, I dare say the Bulgarians massacred a few Turks, and then the Turks massacred a few Bulgarians, and then GLADSTONE said it was all the fault of the Turks ; that's my notion. Dare say the Bulgarians deserved massacring ; dare say they are a low Radical lot—Communists—that sort of thing—don't you know ? No, have never read any history ; don't care to care for it much ; don't read newspapers much, either. Have a general sort of idea that a Russian is a savage, eats tallow-candles, kills Poles wherever they come across him, and flogs people who won't go to his church. Am rather tired of answering questions ; makes one so confoundedly dry, don't you know ?"

Colonel SLASHER (*late of the Forty-First Smashers*).—"Was never asked to give reasons for my opinions before ; think it rather impertinent to ask my reasons for advocating war. Am told the Russians want to take Gibraltar, or India, or some place. Don't know the distance between Kars and Calcutta ; should say about a hundred miles, perhaps more. My advice is, send our fleet to Constantinople ; land a few thousand men ; occupy Bulgaria and Armenia, and then the job's done—nothing plainer. Don't know anything about our Transport Service. Allies ? No, never thought of them ; am not aware that we have no allies, and don't see why we need any, if we haven't. Loss of lives ? Well, what is the good of soldiers if they can't fight ? Sacrifice myself ? Oh ! I'm retired, or should be happy ; must stay at home to keep up popular enthusiasm—British prowess—all that sort of thing. Why, it would be something to come down to the Club for—something to talk about ; no excitement in life now."

Mr. LEO RAMFANT.—"Am a rising politician, and a writer of Leading Articles. Am considered rather an authority on the Eastern Question. Give Russia a



'piece of my mind' every morning. Am satisfied I have plenty of the commodity to spare. Believe that the voice of the Military Clubs is the *Vox Dei*. Know that 'Society' is in favour of the Turks. Consider that the Upper Ten Thousand is more likely to be right than the Lower Thirty Million. Believe that Lord BEACONSFIELD is a second CHATHAM. Was not aware that Lord CHATHAM called Russia 'our natural ally.' If so, am of opinion it was a slip of the tongue for Turkey. Am aware that the most eminent historians agree that the Ottoman Empire in Europe is doomed. Do not believe in eminent historians. Prefer mystery to history, and hysterics to both. Believe the Liberal Papers to be in the pay of Russia. Believe I am justified in saying that a High Personage favours the Turks. Have heard so from a friend, who heard a friend say at the Club that the news had come direct from a Royal coachman."

### FATHER TIME LOQUITUR.



AUGH! bless me! ugh-ugh! good gracious!  
What's this Stygian reek pestiferous,  
Rising strong and stercoraceous,  
Olephant, odoriferous?  
Can it be—tut-tut! such tricks  
I hate!—  
Someone's left the candle guttering,

Earth with noxious fumes to asphyxiate?  
Shocking oaths I can't help muttering!

Fetch instant an extinguisher!  
Horse! hurry! ere ye be too late—  
This effluvium is a thing which a  
Fiend might use the Earth to etiolate.  
Bring my matches, quick! a clearer light  
Flash on this worm-eaten planet's density,  
Lest some blind and blundering ærolite  
Strike and hurl it down the Immensity!

### OUR WINTER EXHIBITION.

No. V.—TWO COMPANION PICTURES TO BILL BOLDER. THE LAST OF THE SRIMP GATE SET.

By Your Own Quiet Observer.

YOUR Observer has already quietly observed, that, on and about the piers and quays, there are several bustling persons in official costume, some closely resembling what seems to be the German idea of our policeman, as represented on the *bon-bon* boxes imported into England at Christmas-time. One burly, rubicund individual, with a sort of waterman's or fireman's badge, in silver, fixed in front of a worse than ordinary chimney-pot hat, appears to be attached to the bridges leading from the outer to the inner basin. He has great opportunities of improving himself in all languages, as he has to open his bridge for the passage of vessels of various nationalities, and as they take a long time in going through his little Suez Canal, and as the sailors on board are mostly ready and willing to converse with any bystander, specially an official, the gentleman with the

undecided silver emblem in his hat, ought by this time to be a well practised linguist.

Your Observer, however, has noticed that this person's English is of the roughest and readiest school, and that the official in question, in spite of a rum-and-watery aspect, is of a rather morose and soured disposition, only addressing himself on topics of absolute and indispensable professional necessity to his mate, taking little heed of any vessel as it passes under his very nose (and his is a very nose), and relapsing immediately into a taciturnity from which nothing but Duty's call (the call of duty would come from the Custom-house, with which he is probably connected) can arouse him.

Who remembers the song of "Jolly Nose"? Not your Quiet Observer for one, that is, as sung by the late Mr. PAUL BEDFORD in *Jack Sheppard*, but it is to be found in HARRISON AINSWORTH's romantic account of that housebreaking hero. But if ever there were a jolly nose misplaced,—and more's the pity,—it is to be seen on the face of the taciturn Bridge-gate opener at Srimpgate-on-Sea. Silence in such a man is golden. If he were to indulge in chattering, and picking up scraps of knowledge in all languages, how long would it take twenty vessels to pass from the outer to the inner harbour? This is not a conundrum, it is a problem, whose solution is rendered unnecessary by the exemplary conduct of this worthy official, whose life is framed in accordance with the one great nautical commandment—"You must not speak to the man at the wheel." Other men have not the temptation to which he is exposed. All sorts of men, at all sorts of wheels, are daily, sometimes hourly, passing through, within a few inches of his festive nose. What wonders cannot these mariners from the North, South, East, and West, reveal to the man with the silver badge? News from France, from Holland, from Norway, from Russia, from Italy, from everywhere he can obtain, *viva voce*, for the mere asking. But never a word passes his lips. Of what passes his lips—well that is a matter out of business hours, an affair between his nose and his chin, which concerns no one but himself. So here's his health in anything he likes best.

There's another official at the gate, stern and watchful as Cerberus. Of Puritanic tendencies, Your Observer imagines, from having heard an austere rebuke given by him to some small children, who, in the joy of their little hearts, were carolling forth a profane song on Sunday.

But the harbour would be nothing without its Master. What his official dress is, Your Observer is unable to say with anything like precision. It is not unlike a police inspector's, only without the cap. Gloves appear to be an indispensable part of his costume. Government has no neater servant in its pay, than the Harbour Master of Srimpgate-on-Sea. He is trim and taut as a newly-rigged yacht. If "taut" is not the word, it should be. It is a post of great importance, and there cannot be a man more fitted for such a post than Captain BUBBLE, who is importance itself. What he was ever Captain of, Your Quiet Observer has never been informed, but a Captain he must have been, for he looks all over just the man who wouldn't allow a speck to be seen on the quarter-deck, and who would read prayers, and a sermon into the bargain, to the Crew on Sunday morning, in the absence of a Chaplain.

On the day after a storm, when the tugs are towing in the wrecks, when severely damaged vessels with their topmasts broken, their sails in shreds, and their sides stove in, are entering their haven of rest at Srimpgate, then Captain BUBBLE is to be seen at his best and bravest. All Srimpgate is out on the pier; the excitement is at its height. What has happened to this vessel? what to that? They follow in, one after another; the harbour is becoming crowded, and space valuable. Standing on a coign of vantage, well-buttoned, well-booted, and well-gloved, Captain BUBBLE shouts out his directions to the steersman of each luckless craft, as it glides in between the stone piers, making for its welcome moorings. The Captain's intentions are excellent, but the Captain's words, though loud, are about as intelligible as the speeches of the figures with big heads in the opening of a Pantomime. The bystanders do not understand them, but this is of no consequence; those on board the vessel to whom the words of advice, or of command are addressed, either do not hear them, which is unlikely, unless they are deaf, or fail to appreciate either their value, or their own dependant position.

A weather-beaten ship is sailing in limpingly, so to speak, being thoroughly crippled. Weather-beaten men on board have their eyes intently fixed on the harbour before them; they look neither to the right nor to the left, and consequently do not happen to see Captain BUBBLE, who, like the cherub in DIBDIN's ballad, is perched up aloft, on the pier, keeping watch for the safety of poor JACK. The steersman's gaze never wanders from some point straight ahead; for that he is making; from his course he will not swerve. But once on Captain BUBBLE's territory, or mare-tory, that eminent individual will not allow many seconds to pass ere he lets them know who's who in the Harbour of Srimpgate-on-Sea. If they think they are going to any point they like, and just how they like, without any interference on the part of the Commander of the



Harbour, they are very much mistaken, no matter what their rank, or their nationality.

"Keep your—wow wow wow wow!" shouts the Captain to every one on board.

Not the slightest attention from anybody.

"Keep your wow wow wow wow!" shouts the Captain louder and more energetically.

He might as well have said it (whatever it was) in a whisper, so utterly do the crew ignore his existence. This is decidedly annoying. He raises both his gloved hands to his mouth, so as to form a sort of speaking-trumpet, and bawls out, furiously, a lengthy direction, in which only the words "hard" "port" "helm" are distinct, the rest being all represented by "wow wow wow" as before. This supreme effort seems to raise Captain BUBBLE's stature by about two inches above his ordinary height, and a tremor runs through the crowd on the pier, lest the Captain should be literally carried away by his excitement, and go head-foremost into the water.

At last the Captain of the vessel, or some one in authority standing by the helmsman, appears to have become aware that some one is addressing him. Without altering his position, or taking his eyes off the point in view, he quietly extends his right hand, and makes much the same movement with it, as the leader of an orchestra does with his left, when he wants his band to reduce itself to *pianissimo*. It is a deprecatory action, and signifies, if anything, "We're all right, my good friend: Don't make that horrid noise!"

Whether Captain BUBBLE reads it in this way, is more than Your Quiet Observer can assert, but its effect is temporarily quieting, and, strange to say, Captain BUBBLE appears quite satisfied with the result of all his shouting and hallooing, just as if he had been only anxious to obtain from the new-comers some sort of recognition. He pulls himself together, recovers his voice, and prepares to receive another ship, which has been following in the wake of the first, when precisely the same performance is gone through, as it would be if there were twenty ships all one after the other.

Another great occasion for Captain BUBBLE to come out strongly is, when some large foreign vessel has to quit her moorings, and take her departure. She has been in for repairs, and the Srimpgeaters have all become interested in her. She has been to them an object for a walk on the pier. They have watched her return to convalescence, from the day when, in a very shattered condition, she entered their hospitable harbour. They have become attached to her, and are very sorry to part with her. Nevertheless, as she must go, they come out to bid her *bon voyage*.

The slightest thing brings all Srimpgeats out on to the pier. There wasn't a soul on it a minute ago: it is crowded now. There is the tug, with steam up, ready to drag the ship out to sea. There is much hauling and shouting on board, specially in a foreign craft, and Captain BUBBLE is bellowing himself hoarse, from his usual elevation on a stone block, and no one on shore, or on board, is paying the slightest attention to his invaluable advice.

The excitement is worked up to its culminating point by the persistent stupidity, or obstinacy, of some person or persons unknown (invisible to the bystanders on the pier, and apparently also to those on the ship itself), who will *not* haul something or other, in the stern, sufficiently taut. Captain BUBBLE shouts at the invisible obstructionist until he is more than usually hoarse, and so, by this homeopathic remedy, nearly recovers his ordinary tone; the Captain of the ship calls to this dense individual, a mate implores him, the Pilot cajoles him (he doesn't *see* him), addressing him cheerily as "My Lad," and appealing to him thus: "Now, my Lad, *do* haul taut the (whatever it is)"—but all to no purpose; the person so adjured and implored (for even the bystanders join their entreaties to those of the others) either won't or can't haul it taut, and so the vessel is delayed for half an hour beyond the time for starting.

At last, when all the commanding, cajoling, imploring, and ordering, in good and bad language, has ceased, and when even Captain BUBBLE is tired out and helpless, it suddenly appears that the somebody in question (in what part of the ship he is, or who he is, remains a mystery to the end) has done what was wanted, and then the ship gets under weigh, the steam-tug puffs and grunts, and Captain BUBBLE strenuously shouts out his last piece of unexceptionable advice in so emphatic a manner, that the bystanders, thinking that he is warning the departing Crew against some most terrible danger, imminent there and then, at the very entrance of the Harbour, would clasp their hands in shuddering terror, were it not for the calm demeanour of the Pilot in charge, who simply nods a familiar farewell to Captain BUBBLE; whereupon the latter at once descends from his pedestal with the thoroughly satisfied air of a hero, who, at all risks and hazards, has done his duty under most trying circumstances, and has saved the lives of innumerable fellow-creatures.

Fire, Captain BUBBLE! When thou art gone—*adieu omen!*—it will be a difficult matter to supply thy place in the Harbour of Srimpgeat-on-Sea.

## CHRISTMAS APPEALS.



WRITING from the Gourmet Club, Mr. GUTTLER plaintively appeals to the large circle of his friends, and implores them not to press him to partake of either mince-pies or plum-pudding at this extremely festive and indigestive season, and if possible to spare him the sight of either roast beef or boiled or roast turkey for the next three weeks at least.

Mr. and Mrs. ROSELEAF of the Turtledovecot, Cooington, appeal to their dear relatives, the GROWLERS and the SNARLINGS, that no cross words or looks may be suffered to disturb the harmony of the evening whereon the usual family gathering takes place.

Miss WALLFLOWER has some notion of circulating a piteous appeal for compassion to the young gentlemen of her acquaintance, when they behold her pining for a partner in the valse.

Master TOMMY TUCKER will, as usual, plaintively appeal for a second helping of plum-pudding.

A piteous appeal has been addressed by Mr. JOLLYDOG to his dear wife by no means to sit up for him if business should compel him to be late in coming home.

Old Mr. SINGLETON KERR MUDGEON has had serious thoughts this Christmas of appealing to his relatives to abstain from bothering him with calls and cards and compliments of the season, which serve only to remind him that his next of kin are waiting to step into his shoes.

Many hundreds of appeals have been issued by small children, imploring dear Papa to take them to the pantomime, and beseeching dear Mamma to let them have a Christmas party.

Miss SELIMA SLYPUSS, in her utter helplessness, appeals to Cousin CHARLEY, not to catch her under the mistletoe, which is hung *most awkwardly* just outside the dining-room, exactly where he once suggested that it should be placed.

## "CRUEL ONLY TO BE KIND."

THE *Standard*, lately told us, under the heading "Christmas Festivities at the Hospitals," that "At St. Thomas's, 280lbs. of nice rich plum-pudding was served out to each patient." Surely this must have been on the principle of *flat experimentum in corpore vili*, with the intention of giving next day a grand demonstration of the power of Hospital treatment in cases of indigestion. The report concludes with an allusion to the evening which followed this awful festivity, when, as we are told,

"Those who were convalescent appeared highly delighted at the kindness shown to them by all the officials, and even more delighted in attending to those more unfortunate patients who were unable to move from their beds."

The wonder is, not that some of the patients were unable, but that any were able, after such a Christmas cram, to move from their beds!

## A Case for Sir Wilfrid.

We presume that "Hydraulic Jacks" must be a new-fangled phrase for Teetotallers who may take service in the Navy.

That we have been fortunate enough to secure some such exceptional blue-jackets, and that the Admiralty is doing its best to undermine their temperance principles, we gather from a recent Admiralty Circular, which we reprint from a Portsmouth naval organ:—

"My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty are pleased to direct that in future fresh water is to be used for Hydraulic Jacks on ordinary occasions, but that when it is probable that the temperature will be sufficiently cold to freeze the water, spirit (rum), in the proportion of *one of spirit to two of water*, is to be mixed with the water for the Jacks. The rum is to be drawn from the Paymaster by the officer (engineer or gunner) in whose charge the Jacks are placed, but Commanding Officers are to see that proper precautions are taken to guard against misuse of the spirit."

LIVERS AND THEIR COMPLAINTS.—"Is Life worth living?" Mr. MALLOCK has been asking in the *Contemporary Review*. We suspect it is, in a great measure, a question of the Liver.





### AN INCOMPLETE AMUSEMENT.

*The Squire.* "WELL, MOSCOO LE BARRONG, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE MEET OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS THIS MORNING?"

*Distinguished Frenchman.* "O VER MUCH! ZE PAYSAGE IT VOS BEAUTIFUL; ZE LADIES, ZEY VARE SHARMEENGs; AND ZE C'STUMES VARE ADORABLES! BUT—ZARE VOS NO PROMENADE!—NO BAND OF MUSIC!—NOSSING!"

### "PAX VOBISCUM!"

LET her come in! The New Year cannot bring  
A guest more welcome, or a friend more needed.  
Whilst echoes of our Christmas chants yet ring,  
Is her benign appeal to pass unheeded?  
Hath "Peace on earth" lost meaning in their minds  
Who mouth the text at this our holiest season,  
But whom the red mirage of War so blinds  
To the high beacon-lights of ruth and reason?

Let her come in! Her claim is not the first,  
Whilst evil lives to slay, and wrong needs righting.  
There is a peace whose calm is more accurst  
Than e'en the fiercest storm of righteous fighting.  
But once the storm hath stricken—for the right,  
As most men hold—and ancient wrong lies broken,  
Let Peaceful Counsel bring her guiding light,  
And sheathed sword twined with olive for a token.

Let her come in! Midst shipwreck's shocks and strains,  
The hand of reason may well leave the rudder;  
But thinking on those blood-dyed Eastern plains  
The hardest hater of hoar wrong might shudder.  
Not blood, not vengeance, is the Christian cry,  
Death to the wrong, but not wrong-doer's slaughter!  
Carnage is scarce so fair that we need fly  
To hail the red-armed Fury as "God's daughter."

Let her come in! Whilst loud the joy-bells greet  
The opening Year, a woful world may listen  
To hear the gentle fall of those fair feet,  
At whose soft sound Hope's sad eyes well may glisten.  
Princes and Politicians, here's a guest  
Whom roughly to repulse were blindest folly.  
Let her come in, while with glad welcome's zest  
We twine her olive in our Christmas holly.

### ROBINS IN THE WRONG PLACE.

At a swell wedding in the Hunting Metropolis, we read of Eleven Bridesmaids in white Cashmere polonaises, trimmed with holly, mistletoe, and Robin Red-Breasts—dead Robin Red-Breasts!!

Since the time that kindly bird covered the Babes in the Wood with leaves, even schoolboys' blood-thirstiness and roughs' recklessness have spared the Robin—the bright-eyed, fearless friend of man—the sweet little singer of winter.

It was reserved for these Eleven dainty Bridesmaids—or rather, let us hope, for her who, without their cognisance or consent, planned their trimmings—to rise superior to the piety which spares the "little bird with bosom red."

May the spirits of the slain Robins not sit, like the slain Albatross on the conscience of the Ancient Mariner, on the souls of those Eleven Bridesmaids. But we should like to give a trimming of our own to the unwomanly woman who devised this cruel accompaniment of the holly and mistletoe, emblems of kindness, good-will on earth, and innocent kisses.

### On False Pretences.

WHEN Mrs. CRAWSHAY started her plan of "Lady Helps," the last thing probably that she thought of was providing a mask for meanness, anxious to shirk a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. But this is what the name, and any inducement it may hold out to youth and inexperience, are being used for, if we may judge by this advertisement from the *Standard* of the 21st ult. :—

**WANTED,** a LADY HELP, on Jan. 3; salary, £10. Suitable for an Orphan wishing to find a home. Must be able to walk out with and teach young children; an early riser, able to attend to wardrobes, very cheerful, and steady.—Address, &c.

What a cheerful look-out for the "orphan wishing to find a home!"

TEETOTAL FESTIVITIES.—Cakes, but no more ale.





“PAX VOBISCUM!”









"IMITATION THE SINCEREST FLATTERY."

### OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

*At Drury Lane Pantomime, of course, with a Brief Philosophic Study of Master FREDERICK VOKES. Mention of some other places, and Promises for the Future.*

SIR,—This comes greeting. I hope every one by this time has spent a very Merry Christmas, and commenced a Happy New Year, and Your Representative "can't say no fairer than that."

"Oh! the Mistletoe Bough," as the old song says, when "The boar's head smoked in the Castle Hall"—a sight, I confess, I should like to have seen. Imagine a boar's head *smoking*! We have all seen one with a lemon in its mouth, but with a pipe—never!

Mr. E. L. BLANCHARD ("Bless him!" say the Boys, and "Let us kiss him for his Pantomimes!") say the little Girls) should have this sort of boar's head in one of his Christmas Annuals at Drury Lane, of which the latest for 1877 is not one whit, or one wit, behind any of its predecessors. In some respects it is better, that is, to the taste and fancy of Yours Truly, who owns to a weakness for what are known as Comic Trick scenes. Can there be too many plums in a plum-pudding? No! That there are as good plums out of a plum-pudding as there are in it, is a certainty, or what would become of our hopes of another Merry Christmas and another Merry Pantomime? I like to see mysterious, bodiless hands crossing the stage and beseeching the entire VOKES family to follow them to the Enchanted Cat's Castle. These, though evidently quite new hands, are in excellent working order, and have a wonderful Grimm-goblinsque effect.

The VOKES's will never want helping hands as long as they are able to appear before an appreciative public. Then that scene where FREDERICK VOKES encounters the violence of the storm, and has his clothes blown off his back, finally protecting himself and sisters from the inolemeny of the weather by getting, all of them, under an umbrella, and dancing like mad, of course to keep themselves warm. Depend upon it, this is what they do in private life. It must be. I can see them, in my mind's eye—HORATIO—coming

### MEMS OF MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

*Mem.* To take more exercise, and not smoke so much.  
*Mem.* Not to dog's-ear my new books, nor wear my new boots down at heel.

*Mem.* To get up every morning directly I am called.

*Mem.* Never, under any provocation, to allow myself "forty winks" after dinner.

*Mem.* Not to be sulky with my wife when she has lured me into shopping with her.

*Mem.* Nor to grumble when she drags me out at night to a four-mile off "At Home."

*Mem.* To join no more new Clubs, and to spend less time and money at my old ones.

*Mem.* To give up playing cards—at least for more than penny points.

*Mem.* Not to forget to recollect that we really *must* invite my dear Mama-in-law to come and stay a month with us.

*Mem.* Not to waste my precious time so much in reading trashy newspapers and trumpy French novels.

*Mem.* To cultivate a deeper sense of conscientiousness in regard to the return of borrowed books and silk umbrellas.

### HETERODOXY AND HOSS-BACK.

To the stable mind generally there is, perhaps, no sort of news less readable than ecclesiastical intelligence. Yet habitual fox-hunters, and all men given over to the Noble Animal, must needs feel a keen interest in the question pending in the Established Protestant Church of Prussia respecting the orthodoxy of the Rev. Herr HOSSBACH. This Olergyman was lately nominated incumbent of St. James's, Berlin, by a majority of his congregation. Petitioned by a minority, the Brandenburg Consistory Court has refused to confirm Herr HOSSBACH's appointment. The case stands referred to the Supreme Consistory, with whom it rests to decide whether or no HOSSBACH shall keep his seat. HOSSBACH, in the meantime, sticks on, and goes in to win. He stands a good chance, for HOSSBACH is a very Broad Churchman, and his pace is far beyond that of the ordinary clerical canter.

GOOD NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.—To buy *Punch's Almanack*, and turn over all its new leaves.

down Bond Street on a wet and windy day; Miss VICTORIA, Miss JESSIE, and Master FREDERICK; their heads put together under a model SANGSTER's parapluie, and only the Ladies' skirts and boots and the Gentleman's legs visible, as people make way for the talented trio from the Oxford Street end to Piccadilly.

There is no dancer, no pantomimist, so terribly earnest as Master FREDERICK VOKES. Everything is a puzzle to him in a pantomime. He is always encountering everything for the first time, and being equally bothered by it. He is astonished at seeing his own leg go over his sister's head. He is more than astonished, for an expression of intense regret deepens the habitual pensiveness of his countenance, suggesting to the spectator the idea, that nothing in life causes him so much real annoyance, as the utterly thoughtless recklessness of his own legs. He would disown his own legs if he could. He would apologise for their extraordinary conduct, were there time to pause in the tune. And yet the Ladies, his sisters, "over whose heads," as Novelists used to say, FRED VOKES's legs have passed, do not seem to mind it. Mind it! they jig away and smile, and appear quite unconscious of the cause of their unhappy brother's almost overpowering anxiety.

Miss ROSINA having retired from the very active service of the winter Drury Lane campaign, her place is taken by Mrs. FRED VOKES (*née* MOORE—*nay, more* now, as she is Mrs. F. V.) who, in her turn, dances away hand in hand with her husband, who regards her from time to time with almost tearful eyes and suppressed emotion, as though inquiring whether she might possibly be angry with his way of going on and going off, whether she has observed a leg whisking above her in the air, and if so, whether she will believe him when he assures her, on his honour, that it is one of those circumstances over which he, alas, has no control. Yet, "my legs are my fortune, Sir," he said—to Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON, speaking for himself and talented associates.

The *La Chatte-ron Blanchard* Pantomime is highly to be commended this year. Amusing it must be from its subject; and the Cats' Cookery Scene, where all the felines run after a mouse, is most Amousing. There is a first-rate Cat, who executes marvellous





## ZEAL.

Master of Hounds (gloomily). "WELL, I SUPPOSE WE'D BETTER GO HOME?"

Suffolk Farmer. "SIR, I TELL 'E IT'S YA BE-AUNDEN DEUTY TO STICK TO UT TILL YA BEETUS BUSTES THESELVES WITH WAATER!"

somersaults: he must be a pupil of Mr. RAWDON VOKES. Gymnastic capers that are out in the winter ought not to be called *summer*-saults. Oh, Sir! where do bad punsters go to? To Pandemonium, of course. Oh! But I will turn the subject over in somebody else's mind, my own being at present fully occupied.

Master FRED VOKES's business with the invisible RAWDON must be closely watched by the intelligent spectator. It is immense. Master RAWDON represents an invisible Goblin, but not an intangible one; so that, though he cannot be seen, he is a material obstruction. Master FREDERICK, not seeing him, runs against him: he can't imagine what it is stops the way: there is an invisible obstacle, as stubborn and as surprising in effect as would be an invisible brick wall. Master RAWDON enjoys the jest as only a goblin could. It is such unaccountable perversities as these that deepen the gloom on Master FREDERICK's face, and cause him to shake his head slowly, as he murmurs to his sister, "There is more in heaven and earth, VICTORIA, than is dreamt of in your philosophy!"

*Hamlet!* Why doesn't he play *Hamlet*? A Ballet-Pantomime *Hamlet*, as serious as the play itself, from a Frederick Vokes point of view. Let RAWDON VOKES be the *Ghost*. Let VICTORIA be *Ophelia*. Miss COVENEY, who is almost one of the family, should be the Queen-Mother. And if there are not materials there for a Vokes *spécialité*, I have mistaken my company. Master FREDERICK VOKES, in *Hamlet's* suit of sables, with that pained expression on his pale, wan countenance, would be the Prince of Denmark down to the ground. What a dance he would have with *Ophelia*! What scenes with RAWDON VOKES as the *Ghost*! How he would "follow" as the *Ghost* "leads on."

But to return to the Pantomime, which those who have seen it once will be delighted to do. MR. BEVERLY's Lake of Water-Lilies is as beautiful a scene as even he has ever painted. The *tableaux* formed by the characters in the first Scene, representing Mr. FRITH's "Coming of Age in the Olden Time"—(Ah! there'll be another sort of coming of Age when the Olden Time arrives!—but that's not yet)—was admirably managed.

So thank you very much, Messrs. BLANCHARD, BEVERLY, and all

concerned in the production of the Drury Lane Annual under the management of Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON, who ought to have danced in his own "F. B. C." ballet. Perhaps the Lord Chamberlain wouldn't let him; or perhaps he *does* dance, all by himself, out of sight, at the wings, while the "F. B. C." is going on in front.

It is impossible to be everywhere at once. And, therefore, I must leave the Covent Garden Pantomime, the Aquarium, and the Gaiety afternoon Pantomime of *Valentine and Orson* for next week.

MR. J. L. TOOLE's *Trying a Magistrate* at the Globe is a solo performance which keeps the audience in a roar. Miss LOTTIE VENN and Miss RACHEL SANGER at the Strand play a sort of burlesque Robertsonian Love-scene in *The Red Rover* charmingly. *Fatherland* is to come out at the Queen's. *Fatherland* is a translation of *Patrie*, but it sounds German.

M. SARDON's *Dora* will be produced at the Prince of Wales's in January, but let us hope that the time is not far distant when we shall have as many original English plays as there are now translations and adaptations. The various causes of the present translatatory and adaptatory state of the stage in England, are best known to those who are, literally, behind the scenes.

With the Compliments of the Season, I beg to assure you of my most distinguished consideration, and sign myself

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

## DOCTOR DUCTOR.

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death."

THROUGH what odd holes truth may leak out sometimes! Here is a copy—*verbatim et literatim*—of a Certificate given, the other day, to a Registrar of Deaths by the Secretary of a Foresters' Court in Bedfordshire:—

"December 2nd, 1877.

"Dear Sir,

"This his to certify that I am of opinion that JOHN M—— died in accordance with Doctor's instructions."





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